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Foreword: Professor PG Raman

As an architect, artist, educator and patron Pancho Guedes is a highly significant and at times controversial figure. Had he been an architect in the west instead of Africa, the media would have made lot more of him than they have done now. But then, that is what we have come to expect from our Euro-centric critics and writers. His work and teaching has been impressive in terms of scope and importance, and as the contributions of his admirers in this book reveal, he has exercised significant influence in the field architecture, art and education. Not having been Pancho's student or a colleague and knowing him only from published works and reputation, one's first emotion is one of envy. How can one not be envious, of someone with such a high calibre of buildings to his credit? How can one not be jealous of someone who paints, sculpts, teaches design, history and anything else you care to think of, mentors – not just the prodigiously talented but also the uncertain who we all know are the majority, provides patronage, mercilessly pokes fun of the self-righteous, the bureaucratic and the undeservedly successful, and gets away with it? There are those who try to emulate Pancho. But it is pointless because these characteristics are organic and particular part of his nature and nurture. Not very many could survive the enmity he faced at Wits and emerge triumphant. It is indeed a miracle that the Dons at Wits agreed to give him the Honorary Doctorate. Even now, one meets intelligent academics at Wits who disliked his irreverence and who say that they did not support the proposal. This makes the award all the more poignant – after all there is hope, humanity and loftiness, even in the academic world.

Many thoughtful students of Pancho say that he could not tolerate opposition. How can this be in such a caring and concerned person? Well, it may be because he knew that petty-minded competition dissipates energy and the group that shows mutualism is the one that survives and thrives. The young should know that they have a lot to learn, take time to find where they want to go rather than engage in meaningless squabbles. Nevertheless, it is often said that Pancho Guedes, himself a rebel, cannot accept those who rebel against him. Was this really true? The sense one gets is that he wants to channel rebellion into positive action and hence

his dictum "you can do anything you choose to do..." on which Marilyn Martin builds her paper. But Pancho went further. If you do not use your dissenting voice to practical effect you become unhappy and if you are unhappy in your place of work you must do something about it or just leave. Quite a reasonable stance to take, one would have thought. However, this should not be an occasion to delve into to the frailties of the great man, real or imagined, nor should it be one of justifying them. As Jose Forjas suggests, it rather ought to be one of celebration and through it establish new references for our students, architects and artists. What then are these new references? Like Le Corbusier, Aalto, Pietila and Stephen Holl, Pancho paints, sculpts, designs and builds buildings. But there is a difference. Le Corbusier brought a certain habit of composition to architecture from his purist paintings. For Aalto and Pietila painting and sculpting were "heuristic devices" and Stephen Holl's watercolours are about the simulation of intended architectural qualities in his designs.

For all four, paintings and sculptures are representations of their intuition. But Pancho Guedes exemplifies Benedetto Croce's conception that intuition and representation are interchangeable terms. Pancho thus sculpts his architecture and architects his sculpture – a uniquely non-European outlook.

How to eschew design impulses of the fashionable and how to subvert our students from doing so are the preoccupations of every good architect, every good teacher. Pancho's recourse here is to history. Along with many philosophers of knowledge, Pancho would probably suggest history is at least as revealing as any rational thought process. But it is fair to say Pancho's emphasis is on erudition and not on academic learning. In addition there is his passion, his critical eye, his empathy for his students and colleagues who genuinely struggle. These are some of the legacies of Pancho and if we are serious about empowering the previously disadvantaged, we need them now, more than ever before.

Professor PG Raman is currently Head of School of Architecture & Planning at WITS University, Johannesburg, South Africa.



Ivan Kadey

Days after I handed in my thesis (with Pancho as my supervisor) I had this numinous dream: I was walking in the light of a moonlit night through a suburban labyrinth on small hills like those of Melville. Drawn to a warm honey colored glow emanating from one of the houses I found myself at a large, luminous window, and beyond the window Pancho, who coming to the door, greeted me warmly in welcome and sharing the view of the light, told me, "Now you know my window".

Pancho taught us to invent buildings from dreams; to go beyond waking consciousness into the realms of magicians and sorcerers. He inspired us with the buildings he'd dreamt into reality. With his plans, sections, elevations, axonometrics, models, sculptures, paintings, furniture, photographs, variations, styles, genealogies and families - with his unbounded energy and encouragement.

Later, in the eighties, I developed and taught the first

year course at Wits, where I thrived in the freedom created by Pancho's leadership as Head of the School of Architecture. Never judgmental, and always guided by the quality of light given off by the work, Pancho gave us unbounded opportunity for architectural invention and production.

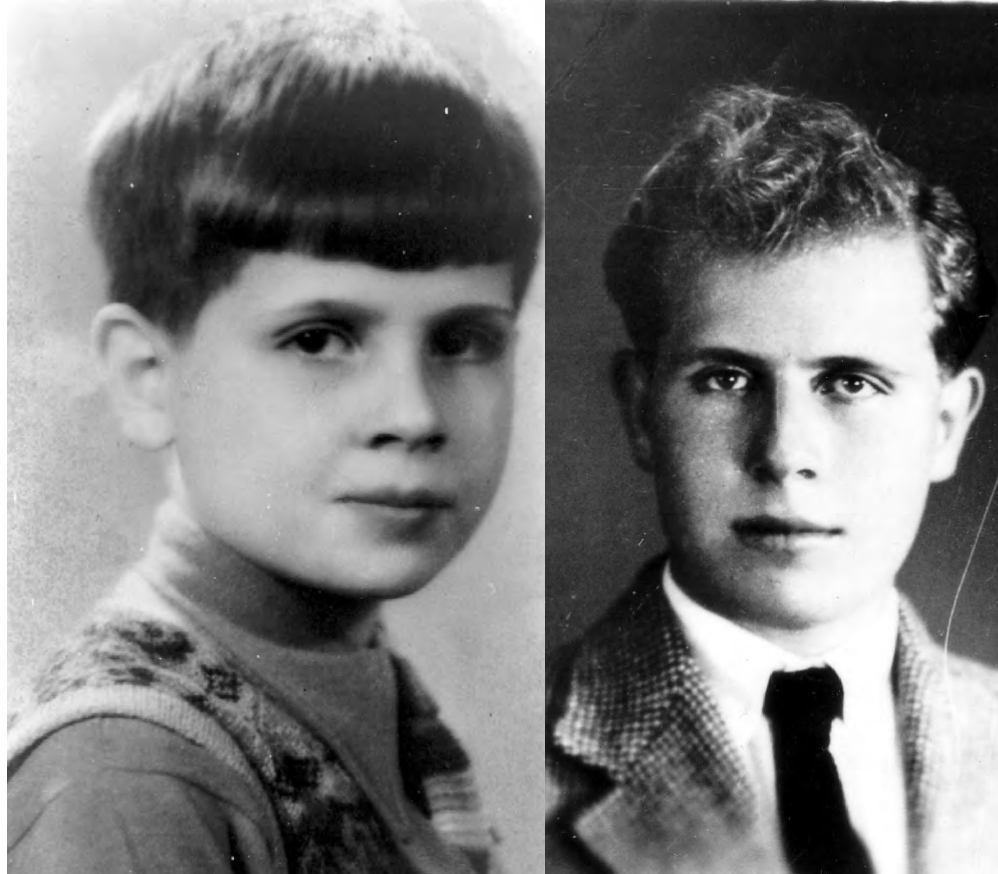


The years since I left South Africa have served to amplify my appreciation of Pancho and his achievements. The indelible images I hold of his sparkling buildings. From the pyramidal fugues, to the sensual, animate apartment blocks - all enriched with a wealth of detail and invention.

Now, December 10th 2003, I join in celebrating the University of the Witwatersrand honoring Amancio d'Alpoim Guedes with the Doctorate Degree. And dream again of standing at Pancho's window of numinous light.

Salute!

Ivan Kadey, Architect, Musician & Acoustic Consultant is currently practising in Santa Monica, USA.

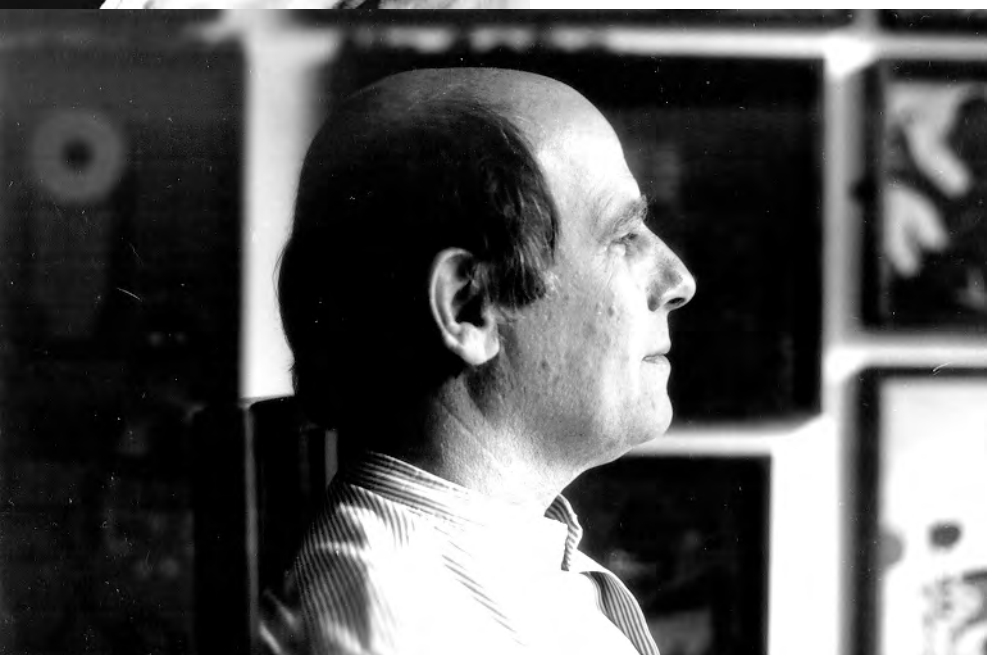




Ronald Lewcock

Pancho embarked on designing ironic architecture at an exceptionally early age and went on to achieve an oeuvre surpassing the hopes of almost all other architects. Technically and practically he yields to no one and imaginatively and humorously he is unsurpassed. With more fondness for the solid and sculptural than most modernists, he is nevertheless playful with space, light and shade, and can be as hard-nosed as anyone about scientific sun control, adequate daylight and good acoustics.

Pancho
Daring, fearless, informed,
adventurous
Ranging, laughing, crying, boisterous
Wide-awake.
A lion for love and work



Explosive motorcars, burning fuel tanks,
Wild riding with cameras and hydroplane
Rickshaws and taxi ranks
Dhows, punts and champagne.

Boudoirs and earth closets
Concrete and rough bricks
Flying paths and thatch ricks
Flying roof and stone whats-its

Taking licence for humour in creativity
Like Jarry in *Ubu Roi*, Eric Satie in
Three Pieces in the form of a Pear

Breton and Gide in expressivity
Freedom and independence in Dada:
Habitable women for Tristan Tzara
Thatched hospitals on the Costa Brava

Pregnant buildings for Duchamps
Bachelor apartments for questionable romps

Round-eyed, swinging walls, in bouncing,
Hysterical construction for Ionesco
Exuberant in trouncing
Roualt, Perret, Rousseau

Boxes of rolling waves, twisting
And turning into corners, catching
Concavities and crevices of Smiling Lions
Who hold out their paws, digits extended
Always watching.....

Cavernous, curvaceous, fluid ceilings
For Malangatana's painted heedings.

Churches turn into crosses at entrances
And extremities - cubical compartments
With gondolas terraces roofing

Ironic, erotic architecture
Always architectonic.
Periscopes watching over seas of trees
In manner metronomic

Hide and seek games for old men in the sun
Surrounded
By children wearing strange hats for fun

Consuming fascinations
With structural systems and geometrics
Axonometrics
And mathematical projections

Hard to emulate
Impossible to equal
Everywhere humour, love
Life lived to the full.

Ronald Lewcock, a graduate of UCT, practiced and taught architecture in Durban in the 50s & 60s. He has taught at the Cambridge, AA and MIT. He is currently professor in the Doctoral Program in Architecture, Georgia Institute of Technology, USA.

Revel Fox

Amancio d'Alpoim Miranda Guedes, or Pancho, as he is affectionately called by everyone, including his students, took over the Department of Architecture at the University of the Witwatersrand in 1975, when circumstances in Mozambique made it impossible for him to continue living there, occupied the Chair with distinction for fifteen eventful years, before returning to Lisbon on his retirement.

Born in Portugal in 1925, he came to the Portuguese territories in Africa as the child of a doctor in government service, and spent much of his life in Maputo, or Lourenço Marques, as it was then called.

It was there that he began his architectural career in 1950, as intensive building activity got under way at the end of World War II. It was a boom which established the demand, and provided the opportunity for some of the most creative and prolific of architectural careers the world has seen. In the twenty-five years in practice in Mozambique, Pancho's achievements were prodigious.

Working in comparative isolation, he established a large private library and subscribed to a formidable number of periodicals, assimilating everything with photographic precision and instant recall.

From the outset, Guedes' career was unique. In an outpouring of creative energy, he accepted no boundaries between painting, sculpture, and architecture, and applied himself to all three simultaneously. Inevitably, the fusion between them became so seamless that they could not be easily separated, and this interaction characterised much of his work.

But the artistic dynamism did not stop there. Not only did he bring his influence to bear on everything around him, he also became patron, sponsor and mentor to local artists, sculptors, poets and musicians who were attracted to the studio at 61 Rua de Nevala where Pancho lived and worked.

And how Pancho worked! The days were never long enough for him to develop all the ideas and images that flow from his inventive mind. Fortunately his work and his life are so closely related that they have always occurred at the same place in the happy coincidence of house and studio.

Those who were privileged to visit that enchanting ménage will recall a lively

combination of home, workshop and office under the capable control of his wife, Dori. One would encounter three children – Pedro, Veronica and Fredo (Katarina came later) – a couple of apprentice draughtsmen, a visiting architectural student, the artist Malangatana painting huge canvasses, the wood carver Filipe making a Chanfuta temple under close direction, cleaners from the Smiling Lion apartments embroidering cushions from a Guedes maquette, and Luis Honwana with one of his short stories for comment, transcription and publication. On a good day you might also encounter Dori's dressmaker Luiza, Fredo's violin teacher Mr de Blij, and a blacksmith discussing an intricate metal screen to be wrought in the unmistakable Guedes manner – the Stiloguedes, as it has come to be called.



To paint and sculpt well is no small achievement. To "design and build enough buildings to make up a good-sized city" is something quite different. In the period of a short quarter-century in Mozambique, Pancho did several remarkable things: He "invented" not one, but several original and individual architectural styles. He applied his ingenuity and his pragmatism to providing accommodation for houses, schools and churches, using advanced construction technology as well as the traditional African techniques of grass and mud. He employed the limited skills and resources of an East African port to build architectural masterpieces that are internationally acclaimed.

Throughout his life he has been drawn to whatever he has considered fine and

worthy of note, and he continues to photograph, measure, record and collect with an unmatched zeal.

The dedicated scholar is by nature a good teacher. So great his enthusiasm, and so witty and perceptive his delivery, that he has entertained and delighted wherever he has been, and he has been everywhere! Inevitably, the subject most popular with audiences is a catalogue of the magical world of the work of Pancho Guedes.

His departure from Mozambique came at a time when the Department of Architecture at the University of the Witwatersrand was in urgent need of a new Head, and Pancho accepted that post.

He was no stranger to Johannesburg, having been to school here, and having graduated from the department he was now to direct. He came to Wits with little academic experience, but as an acclaimed architect with a considerable international reputation, and he turned to teaching with the same commitment and energy that he applies to everything he does.

There can be no doubt that the Guedes years at Wits will be remembered as an exciting and notable epoch, and a high point in the teaching of architecture anywhere. Through him, students have rediscovered the appreciation of great architecture. His encyclopaedic knowledge of buildings of all ages has opened their eyes to wonders beyond the purview of the glossy magazines.

Through his own virtuosity as artist and draughtsman, he revived the lost craft of fine drawing. Because he has lived and practised the art of architecture with such consummate devotion, he has set an example his students will always wish to emulate.

In 1990, Pancho retired from his post at Wits and moved with Dori to Lisbon, back to his place of birth. In doing so he completed one circle, and started a new series of adventures.

The Lisbon years have seen heavy teaching commitments and a continuation of the creative drive that has characterised his career. As usual he organised himself in a special way: a city base with home and studio in an attractive old building in the picturesque Alfama, and a country home in Eugaria not far from the summer palace at Sintra. The passage of time has seen Dori and Pancho upgrading from an attractive cottage near the main road to a spectacular Guedes design on the

hill above, in which I believe they are now fully installed. The problem of a precipitous access from the road above the house, which I was convinced was insoluble, has been resolved by what Pancho calls his "Highway to Heaven", a death-defying route which he negotiates daily in his Citroen.

I am told that he is still teaching at both the Universidade Lusofona and the Universidade Tecnica de Lisboa, with enthusiastic student response. And, as if that were not enough, he has several interesting architectural commissions in progress. He is completing plans for the extension of a 15th century old age home in Mesao Frio, the place where Pancho's parents and their families lived, and where some family members still reside. He is also busy with plans for the Malangatana Foundation, a museum and cultural centre at Matalane, the family kraal of his old friend and protégé in Mocambique. A recent project has been the design for a



circus school in Cape Town on the site of an old reservoir. These are a few examples of the many exciting projects which are a part of Pancho's current programme.

When I first knew Pancho, he had not yet completed his studies in architecture, although he already had a thriving practice in Maputo. I have followed his scintillating career for about fifty years since those wonderful days, and I was delighted to hear that the university at which Pancho had both studied and taught with distinction, was about to award him an honorary degree: a well-deserved and fitting tribute to a remarkable alumnus.

I join his family, friends and colleagues in wishing him well on this very special occasion.

Revel Fox is a renowned Architect practicing in Cape Town and a long time family friend of Pancho & Dori Guedes.



Ian and Lynn Bader

As architectural students, Pancho burst into our consciousness fully formed, with an astounding portfolio of built work, a legendary membership of Team X* and a published reputation as a “surrealist”.

His aspiratory, accented English – the h’s had disappeared – confirmed his exotic identity, declamatory, abridged, perpetually summery and confident.

He taught primarily by example. Pancho worked quickly and spontaneously.

Drawing with a staccato certainty, his line was without pretension or ambivalence, a strategic mapping of possibility informed by an instantaneous,

unspoken dialog with experience.

Signatures abounded, a triumphant confirmation of identity, “amancio d’alpoim guedes” lettered in lowercase. The letters were precise and independent, individual presences, deliberately placed like carriages in a train on the move. So too were the buildings many, each individually independent yet associable into collections. Saturated with personification, each was part of a family of ideas, members of a crowded tribal assembly.

The work was gregarious, rich in antecedent. For it, the entire history of architecture was an easy repository of syntax and ideas. Jokes, puns and other literary caprice abounded.

Pancho worked alone. His gestures, personal and particular, were unencumbered by ideology, the connection between head and hand, immediate. The designs were conjured up, imaginatively conceived, the workmanlike mapping of an alert inner world.

The buildings had a sure-footed, earthy quality. They were mostly mathematically conceived, but often voluptuously womb-like. His celebration of substance made space and light strikingly present.

He was populating the planet with his production. If not buildings, then paintings, or figurines that often came in multiples, in a variety of materials, wood, glass, even cast chocolate. Flat heads with target eyes, forced smiles and unconcealed grimaces. Gridded, bulging and protuberant, Pancho was speaking a visual language he had invented, unencumbered by hesitation.

Pancho was an innocent, or was his unselfconsciousness based on an ethical certainty? The world, in which Pancho was building, simpler then and closer to the vernacular, had already begun to disappear. The dreams, which his ideas provoke, continue to assert themselves with urgency.

We hear that he is currently completing a road up to the “Eye House”.

Ian and Lynn Bader graduated from WITS University in the 1970s, currently practicing Architecture in New York, USA.

** Founded in 1959 as a successor to CIAM it included Aldo van Eyck, Georges Candilis, Alison and Peter Smithson as members and focused on integrating architecture with social and environmental concerns.*

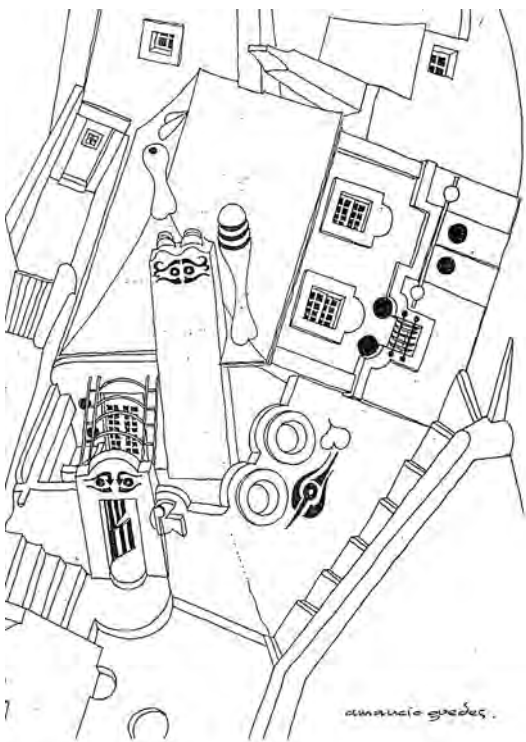
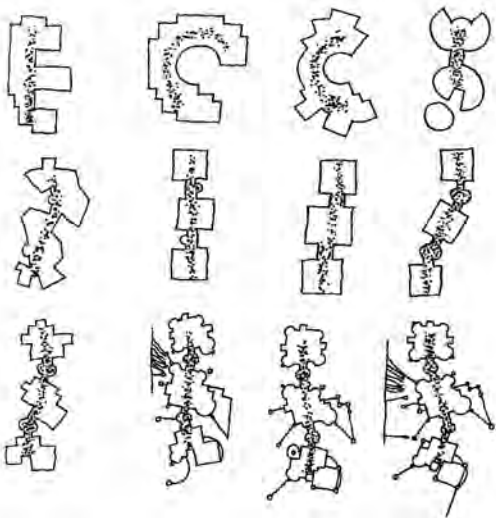
Lars Lerup

Fecundity is the word I am searching for. Although *fecondità* exists in Italian the word I prefer is *abbondanza* as in “*ci sono pere in abbondanza*” but rather than a plentitude of pears I am thinking of a alphabet of names, a school of styles, and a deluge of buildings. Names like Adam, at the beginning, Amancio with its peculiar Portuguese pedigree, D’Alpoim that like allpoems (surreptitiously slipping into English via similarity) comes in one foreshortened al-poim, (is this by any stretch of the linguistic confine pear-in Portuguese?) or at least pomme as in French for the globe of an apple) now elegantly adorned with an apostrophe, and Pancho like the Mexican revolutionary Pancho Villa – thoroughly architectural by the way – as in Villa Adriana. Yes I am glossing on no one other but you-know-who: Guedes-the-guide for so many, if for me only indirectly through our man Stan (Saitowitz) – yours and mine to share.

I met him once, that is the poet Al Poi(e)m(e), but what I know of him is all through Stan one of the many tributaries to Guedes la riviére – the river, the flood, the serpentine, the deluge, the f-l-o-w – and I wondered how could all those names, styles and buildings have sprung forth from that impressive yes, but solitary dome? I guess that is what we mean by global that now like a beacon glows in its new-won recognition.

What about the Stiloguedes and the other cuts of Saipal (*o pão da Cidade*) smelling gloriously in the morning-air of Lourenco Marques? And that huge memory-palace of abodes – mais ou menos exilado – from the master’s view, but clearly living in his mind and lived in by a new generation of Mozambicans (imagine caressing your loved one somewhere in the voluptuous section of Prometheus – lucky them no aphrodisiacs needed!) And among us the architects reminding us over and over again that we – even if momentarily exiled from our imagination – are still free to do in what ever manner, and that behind that hesitant hand of ours are many un-evolved stilos just waiting to spring forth. So thank you Adam – man of many names and minds – for both apple and snake. It is now up to the next generation to do the Paradise.

Lars Lerup is Professor of Architecture at Rice University, Houston, USA.



Wilhelm Hahn

Dear Pancho,

I'm relieved that Wits has decided to certify you as a doctor. You have been practicing so long as a doctor, without certification. When I met you in 1975 you already had many years in Mozambique and the bush behind you. At Wits I could see for myself how you did your rounds, how you examined, listened, gave opinions and prescriptions, how you attended to pregnancies, deliveries and post-partum depressions, not to mention christenings, where you proved yourself an accurate name-giver and an expert on lineage and parentage. Of course you yourself had engendered so many healthy families that your practical knowledge in this field could not be disputed.

Often I myself would deliver a little idea at tea time, only to have you turn it upside down and, whacking it on its bottom, pronounce it viable, or not!

But you did not neglect the later lives of these creatures, either. You were ever ready to suggest remedies for ailing edifices or those facing a change of life. You might recommend either surgical or cosmetic interventions to extend the lives of the elderly.

You were an enthusiastic dissector of ruins and quite happy to re-assemble discarded parts into exquisite corpses.

The processes and experiments you conducted in your own workshop must of necessity remain mysterious to outsiders, but the results suggest alchemy or even magic. You gave an inkling when you let slip that much of the work is done while you sleep.

In 1975, I heard you say in Cape Town that being an architect is being lost in a haunted house.

Hmmm...haunted...lost...

Why would I not then pack my bags immediately and move to Johannesburg? In you I had found a kindred spirit, a role model, an example of tireless creativity and a connoisseur of excellence in art and life. I thank you for this, dear doctor.

I remain your friend and accomplice,

Wilhelm Hahn taught at WITS University in the 1980s and was Professor of Architecture at Houston University, USA. He is currently resident as an artist in Cape Town.

Julian Cooke

The earth is not round
According to you
This lump of ground
is square too.
Apples fall to earth
Smoke wisps up
Cats gave birth
To kittens, not pups,
Or so they say
But in your amphibious day
You see that elephants fly
and mountains cry
When eagles wings sigh
across the feathers of the sky.

They said clever was right
Until the sunlit night
you showed 'tis the fool
Hears the words in the ripples
Read the signs in the stipples
In the dark deep pool.
You're a fool, you're a fool.

In a house said the wise
there windows and doors
and ceilings and floors
but you said: surprise
they have eyes, they have eyes
and nostrils, and bared fangs and lips
and skin stretched over their hips,
and real houses are ships
and temples, dragons and trees,
fruit and lovers and bees
nests, animals, flowers
sweet scented bowers
of stone and iron
for gods to lie on.
Look you said
See the Smiling Lion.

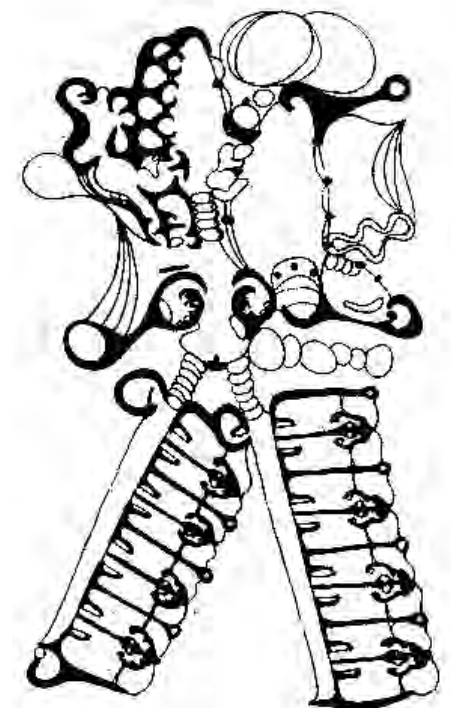
You showed a church with a pink
warm
Light, with a form
As serene as a queen
A glow with a sheen
With a gloss
With a jungle fruit cross
At the end of each arm
Of the Mother of calm.

You showed an office
With pyramid hats
And orifices
In slits and slats
And surfaces graded with light
And brilliantly shaded
And eyebrow spouts
To spurt the rushing rainwater out

And ventilating snouts.
You showed a gate
Like a leafy greeting
in a village street
whose cobbles played tunes
and a lamp like a dragonfly
prayer to the moon.

You scattered the grey land
with strange bones
and sparkled the sand
with precious stones.

Julian Cooke taught at the UCT School of Architecture. He is currently editor of *Architecture SA*.



Mira Fassler Kamstra

Lourenço Marques in the 50s and 60s – Portuguese Africa by the sea – in those days of stuffy South Africa – an impossibly exotic place of palm tree (before they were everywhere) lined boulevards, piri-piri chicken, Delagoa Bay prawns, checked plastic table-clothed tables in fluorescent lit pavement cafes, dimly lit nightclubs where we sambaed and rumbaed till cock's crow and were moved by the haunting sadness of the fado. A place where racial mixing, completely verboten in the homeland, was the norm, where the urbanity of apartment buildings smacked more of Europe than the suburbia we were used to – a place to which a visit became like some sort of rite of passage.

Perhaps my first view of the Lion House was from a high rise diving board – it probably wasn't, but it's a marvellous way to overlay the two heady/breathtaking experiences of my first L.M. trip as exhibition diver of the Wits team! Already then we had heard of Pancho Guedes – this magician who built sculptures in the name of buildings under the African sun with the aplomb of a master at a time when everyone else was searching for the way forward.

A while later the man himself, enfant terrible and agent provocateur materialised in the Dorothy Suskind at Wits to help shake the Department of Architecture to its foundations – an exciting and compelling – though for me with my divided loyalties – a not altogether comfortable experience.

Visits to LM in the 60s were concerned with family and pushing babies in prams on extended walks near the Polana – a good way to see more Pancho houses and apartments – but I felt, not the best way to visit a master. If I had only known then of how approachable and generous

both Pancho and Dori were, I may have got to know them sooner and may have experienced the interior of the famous home which I had so often passed.

Only much later while supervising the building of the fountain in memory of my father did I speak to Professor Guedes – the new head of the Department of Architecture at the University of the Witwatersrand – who paused on his way across campus and surprised me with some encouraging words.

Teaching first year followed in the late 70s when I was to experience at first hand the effect of Pancho on the Department – the rigour, the depth of knowledge underlying his passion for a transcendent architecture – where poetry, fantasy and art were seamlessly brought together, and whose making he shared with us in the profoundest of parables. His mischievousness, sense of humour and generosity of spirit inspired students and teachers alike.

Some balm to the void left after their departure was given by special time spent in Lisbon and Eugaria with Pancho and Dori when I experienced Pancho's Portuguese roots and once again shared their warmth and hospitality.

To assess Pancho's influence tangibly on me is impossible. Suffice to say that he has reinforced my desire to honour history, to value the human over the mechanical, to underpin the sensual with the intellectual, to never lose sight of joy. He has given me courage to follow my intuition rather than my colleagues. He has shored up my determination to fight the fight for beauty in the world – but above all, he has shown me what it is to be fully human.

Mira Fassler Kamstra taught at WITS University and is currently practicing as an architect in Johannesburg.

Luis Bernardo Honwana

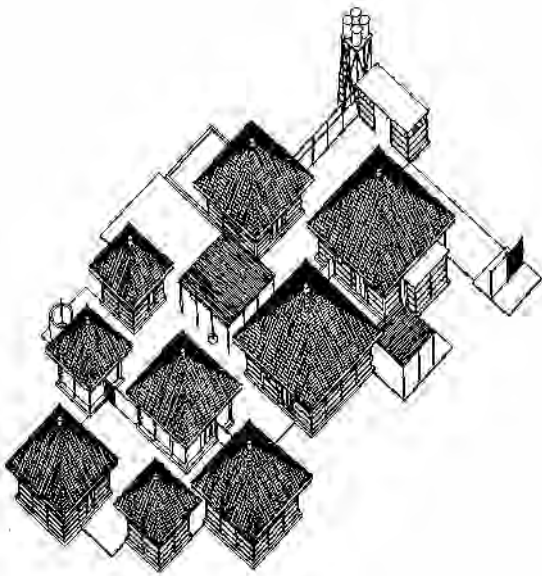
It is ironic that Mozambique's advance to independence should mark the end of the most important phase of Pancho Miranda Guedes' oeuvre as an architect. In effect, considering the sudden stoppage of all activity in the building industry as well as the disruption of the rest of the economy, Pancho decided to leave the country in this year of 1975, thus ending a cycle of 25 years of intense and profoundly innovating work manifested in nearly 500 architectural projects and in important contributions to other undertakings.

For many of us, although Miranda Guedes had never aligned himself to any political group, everything he initiated, supported or simply encouraged in the difficult social and cultural environment of colonial Mozambique always implied the ideal of the liberty and equality that would transform the country.

I met Pancho in 1962 when he was one of the great stimulators of cultural activity in the then Lourenço Marques. A well-known South African author was visiting the country, and I, as a journalist, went to interview him in Pancho's house where he was staying. In the succeeding years I came to have almost exclusive access to the illustrious visitors who were guests in the house at Rua de Nevala, next to the Smiling Lion – a privilege earned through the friendly relationship that rapidly developed between Pancho and me. At the time of the interview with the South African author I had already been in that house without the owner suspecting it.

On these clandestine visits I entered surreptitiously through the service door and made my way to the garage where one of my colleagues from the painting classes at the Nucleu de Arte was held in a regime of semi-seclusion. By giving him a space in which to work and a small subsidy Pancho had got him to leave his job as a servant at the Gremio Civil club, give up going to the Nucleu de Arte and stop mixing with other painters. This last condition he faithfully complied with, at least as far as I was concerned, though once we actually swapped paintings, Malangatana and I. The painting that I got in exchange for one of mine that he liked (I can't remember which now) was one of the first versions of the famous 'Dentist'. Of course when his strict patron realised that the painting was missing from the studio-



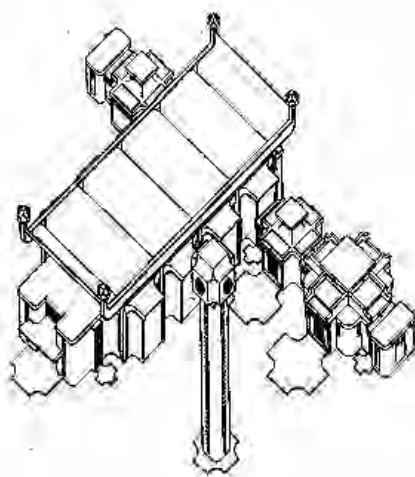


garage, Malangatana had to come secretly to my house in Xipamanine and cancel our deal.

Pancho's decisive influence in the launching of Malangatana's artistic career illustrates his intense and passionate understanding of Art which had the effect of demolishing the barriers that hemmed in the concepts of artistic expression in that society. Indeed, Malangatana's first one-man show resulted in an earth-shaking cultural shock to the white community – even the most lucid intellectuals could not conceive that one of their African contemporaries, and only a 'servant' at that, could traverse the zealously guarded frontiers of 'great art'.

Every new architectural project of Pancho Miranda Guedes became the object of intense debate in the city. The echoes of these discussions reached all segments of society, from which many of us, far from the epicentre of these intellectual confrontations, only got the impression that the architect's works did not please an establishment that we detested for many reasons. Later, when I got to know the work of Miranda Guedes, I began to recognise his buildings as veritable sculptures placed in a rather unimaginative urban setting. Every one of Miranda Guedes' buildings was a work of art that shared the same creative impulse, the same aesthetic rationale and the same expressive language of his paintings and sculptures.

Like many who visited Pancho's house and studio at Rua de Nevala, I also noticed the way that some of Pancho's projects borrowed, here and there, the decorative markings on local carvings, the surrealist motives of painters he admired, and the totem-like forms of his sculptures in wood and the embroidered designs of his own work. I remember particularly two



instances in which this characteristic was revealed to me most clearly – the project of the renovation and decoration of the Djambo Café in down- town Lourenço Marques and the design of the Church of the Sagrada Familia in Machava.

But Pancho's professional involvement was not limited to the purely urban spaces of the city – or to the concerns of the white population. The then Lourenço Marques was for him only one third of the city. The rest – greater in area and more densely populated, totally deprived of resources and services – was the "City of Reeds", Cidade de Caniço. Pancho urged that it was necessary to take Lourenço Marques an integrated city. As long as the municipal authorities were not capable of rehabilitating the reed city by providing sanitation, roads and other urban facilities – the city would remain dangerously ill.

But for Pancho the Cidade de Caniço was not merely a stage for the dramas and problems of the 'economically debilitated' – a euphemism used to designate the African population and echoed by the charitable institutions identified with the official policy of the regime. According to Miranda Guedes the Cidade de Caniço had as much cultural and human potential as the Cement City – and possessed reserves of creativity that needed to be stimulated – hence his involvement in so many undertakings and cultural projects in the Cidade de Caniço.

It was then not possible to cure the disease of the city in the prevailing political and economic climate. Unfortunately 1975 was not to bring about the so much desired improvement of the distortions apparent in the city. After independence, what the Portuguese had not done for lack of political will, the Mozambicans could not do for lack of funds and administrative ability – aggravated by the armed conflict

which involved the country until the collapse of the apartheid regime.

Today the city suffers from what another architect termed with a certain irony 'the process of ruralisation', where the essential components of the so-called urban culture progressively disappear.

The fluctuations between long periods of drought and devastating floods, allied to the lack of security in urban areas brought about the collapse of agriculture with the consequent migration of the population to urban areas. Because of insufficient public or private investment in building there is a very low rate of increase in housing, and in many cases the structures for the maintenance of the urban concentrations are totally inoperative.

This situation is common to the majority of the cities in the Sub Sahara, and is the visible evidence of the profound crisis affecting the continent.

Nowadays, as I pass by any of Pancho's



buildings in Maputo, I sometimes wonder what the architect, with his enormous provocative energy, would say about the widespread deterioration of various areas in spite of some signs of economic recovery. And I also ask myself how much time will have to elapse before the Mozambicans, instead of 'occupying' the city, will take possession of its culture and be moved to recuperate the notable pieces of urban patrimony – Pancho's legacy to the city.

Luis Bernardo Honwana is a renowned author of short stories, turned politician, and has now retired from his post as Director of UNESCO for Southern Africa.

Translated from the Portuguese by Dori Guedes.

Herbert Prins

Much has been said and written about the art of Amancio de 'Alpoim Miranda Guedes; his paintings, sculpture and architecture. What Pancho, (the name by which he is best known) has said and written about and his life's work provide much food for thought, discussion and admiration. Admiration for his brilliant intellect, his scholarship and his genius.

Genius may be defined as an extraordinary capacity for imaginative creation, original thought, invention or discovery.

Pancho may be said to be a genius but I have chosen to write about Pancho the guardian, teacher and academic and to leave it to others, who may be better qualified than I, to discuss his extraordinary talents as an artist, architect and scholar, except to say that for some architecture is an amalgam of science, technology, sociology, economics, politics, making buildings etc. ... and, in parenthesis, art. Pancho says that architecture IS ART and that making buildings is less important than making drawings. But Pancho's buildings are superbly detailed, technically competent, functional AND sculptural. Through his work he demonstrates the importance of buildings as objects to be experienced in space; that create and enclose space and are spiritually uplifting. This places architecture, as ART, at the core but does not deny the importance of technology and the human sciences.

It is not surprising therefore that Pancho, during his time as head of the department

of Architecture at the University of the Witwatersrand, placed the art of architecture at the forefront. Students were encouraged to seek in the history of architecture and within themselves the creative means with which to make ART rather than mere structure.

This is the message propagated by Pancho's work and in his teaching. Not everyone wished to/or could follow the example set by the master but the many who did were greatly enriched by the experience and by another distinguishing feature of Pancho: his humanity.

Pancho cares about people and is, to many students and colleagues, a guardian, father-figure. An extraordinary aspect of Pancho's guardianship is that it rarely fosters dependency. It is as though he empowers with confidence, those who come to learn and seek help, comfort and support. Pancho is able to discover and uncover qualities and talents in people, when nobody else has seen the potential. In many instances students would not have stayed on to complete the course but for his empathy and the encouragement and inspiration his nurturing afforded. Today most of those who Pancho helped are successful architects, doing their own creative thing and none are pale reflections of the master. Perhaps this is the greatest tribute one can pay to an academic.

Pancho is a born academic. Scholarship, in its most eclectic form, comes naturally to him. Because he brings to academia a well established architectural philosophy he is able to provide superb intellectual and creative leadership based on years of

practical experience and study but he has an Achilles heel:

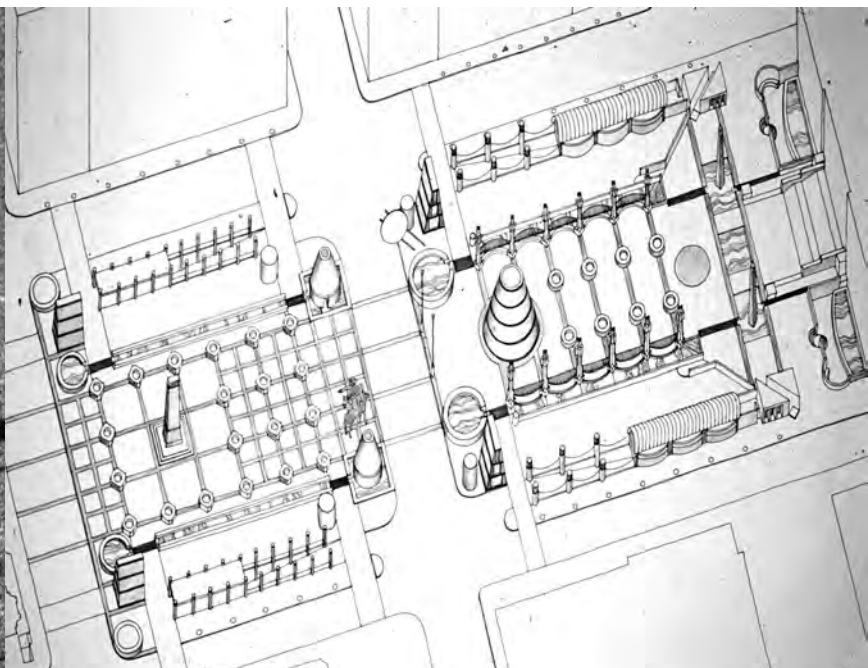
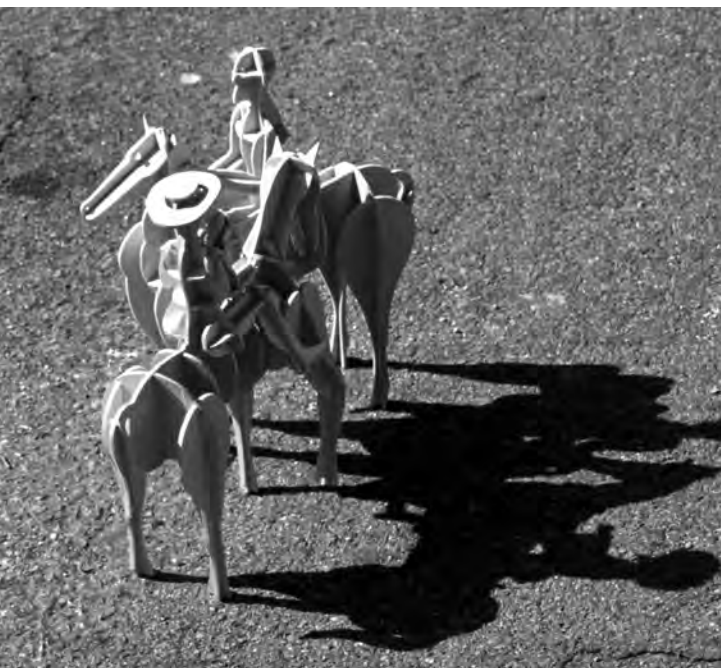
Pancho does not suffer the pomposity and pretensions of academic life easily and on occasions he felt compelled to deflate the egos of distinguished members of the University Senate, who did not appreciate his sarcasm and, at times, barbed wit. The reactions of the recipients of his humour were not always appreciative or helpful.

Pancho's years at Wits were memorable ones. They were significant for those on the staff of the department who worked with him. They were also inspiring times for the students, many of whom are today his devoted friends.

As a mark of their affection Pancho's friends from South Africa and abroad will be coming to Johannesburg to honour and pay their respects to him. Such tributes are in recognition of a great architect who, by sharing his beliefs, knowledge, experience and humanity, enriched the University he served for many years.

But in honouring Pancho we also honour Dori, his wife, companion and helpmate who, though in the background, provided support, a sounding board for ideas and who is a willing editor of his written work. Together they make an unbeatable team. I salute them both!

Herbert Prins taught for many years at WITS University, actively involved in the profession and the Institute of South African Architects and is currently involved in the conservation of South Africa's building heritage.



Peter Rich

The drawing entitled "the plan is in the mind" is a mythological representation of the worldview of a highveld tribe, viewed across time and space. Coming up between the bull's horn and the distant landscape of the veld, you, Pancho, have yet another idea. The idea is being symbolized as an egg emanating light, is charged with the potency of the creative act.



Jackson Hlungwani, the Shangaan sculptor and fellow shaman, spoke to you and I of the gift of having chosen your creative passage in life. The gifts that you gave those of us who chose this passage were multifold. You taught us to believe in, rather than to fear, our own intuition and that the act of creation is in the doing. You encouraged us to practice many different art forms, painting, sculpture, drawing, writing, design, preferably simultaneously, allowing one art form to inform another. Your example and presence enabled those of us who engaged with our creativity to fulfil and in some cases exceed our potential.

You accord the same reverence to a painting or design as you do to the birth of a child, all being part of the creative act of life. Diane and I cherish the brass angel coat hangers that you gave us for each of our four children.

On philosophy you share the view of Friedrich Schrodinger, that the best philosophy is the one that comes out of the situation.

In your quest for the architect to have all the same freedoms as the artist, you draw our attention to the importance of playfulness in design, and your lifelong

pursuit to explore the potential to achieve in your work the innocence of perception of the child. It is a blessing that your son Pedro, through his drawings, can take us all there.

Upon entering Architectural School myself, I embarked on a pilgrimage to visit you in the then Lourenço Marques (LM- now Maputo), accompanied by Diane the young woman who was to become my wife. The situation of our meeting with you, Dori and your family, was fuelled with fervour by the intoxication of Diane and I being madly in love, spawning the gift of a lifelong and life changing friendship. The voluptuousness of the sculptures proclaimed the space of rua de Nevala 915. Malangatana's dreamscapes evoked reflection and introspection. Naïve artists were prodigiously producing and creating art works in the yard and garage. Kitty, who was 3 years old, accompanied a site visit to the Red House under construction. The contractor clicked his heels together and bowed acknowledging the instruction from you to demolish and recast the entire reinforced concrete staircase whose bottom riser was incorrectly out of alignment. The exposure to your work, your family, and your home gave me the added gift of opening my eyes to Africa through art. This is where my passion for the contemporary art of living African cultures had its genesis. Ndebele homesteads lined the roadside through the Transvaal en route to LM. Their iconography in interpreting the changing western fashions seen in neighbouring towns and visits to cities, together with the remarkable architectonic sensibility displayed in the homesteads realisation, prompted and provoked comment.

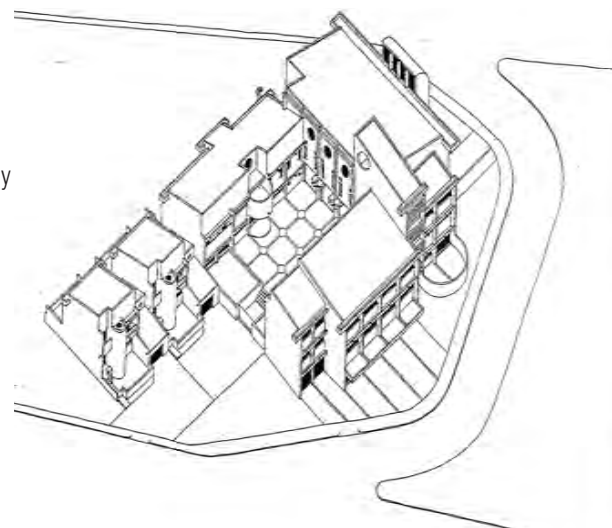
This discourse was to be extended yet further in working as an assistant to Julian Beinart on decoding and recording the urban imagery portrayed on the walls at WNT, awaking the penchant I was to develop over the next 30 year period for recording and documenting the rural and urban settlements and spaces of African cultures in transition. For this I am eternally grateful to you both. The accompanying drawing entitled "the plan is in the mind" is a mythological tribute to that dialogue.

Peter Rich is an adjunct Professor at WITS University, an authority on Ndebele Architecture and runs a practice in Johannesburg

Joao de Pina-Cabral

I met Pancho Guedes when I was a boy, at my father's house, and was immediately caught by the sharpness of his wit and the unconventionality of his creativeness. The buildings he designed for my father's diocese were more than architectural structures, there was theology and politics written into them. Later, at the University of the Witwatersrand, he welcomed me and seduced me by challenging my newly acquired intellectual fascinations. I found out that he knew southern Africa like few people did and he had an historian's understanding of his chosen land. The red house he shared with Dori in Jo'burg was a constant source of new discoveries and new acquaintances. Later still, in Sintra (Portugal), we came to be neighbours by chance. I finally realised the vastness of his creative genius — he is an artist for whom architecture is humour, is fiction, is painting, is sculpture, is ... and that for an anthropologist like me is specially valuable, a deep engagement with the human world. As I read back the essays he wrote in the mid 60's about Mozambique, I find his voice still shocking in its daring and in its engagement. Pancho's gesture of intervention aims not at changing the world but at gathering it for human use — his houses are both functional and great fun. He does not try to totalise, to close the world, to resolve it; he is as much an anarchist as he is a humanist.

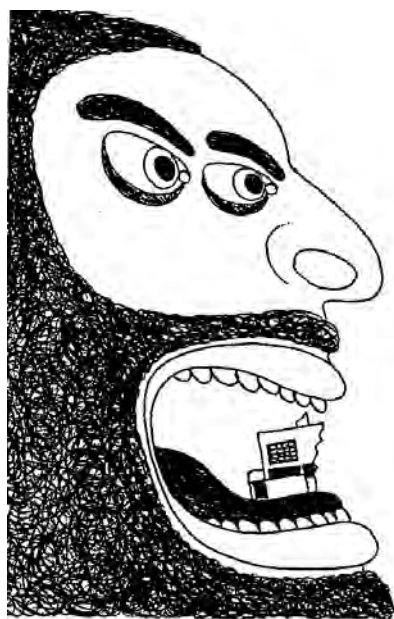
João de Pina-Cabral is a Senior Research Fellow and Chair of the Scientific Board of the Institute of Social Sciences of the University of Lisbon. He is currently President of the European Association of Social Anthropologists.



Julian Beinart

To honor Pancho is to remember, with love, a time some forty years ago when one was young enough (and the new Africa was as well) to be passionate about possibilities with all the innocence of discovery. Without the careful notations of memory of John Ruskin, to recall now is to abstract, perhaps even to invent, a past that rotates around Pancho, his place and his family, and to rejoice that one was blessed to be close to it.

One of the themes to recollect from those years is Pancho's singular ability to maintain the most intensive intellectual connection with the international world midst the isolation of colonial Africa. Pancho knew everything that was fundamental in art and architecture. So he could see both sides of the coin at the same time: the drawings of Klee as well as the Potemkin Village reed-house paintings on the road from the airport.



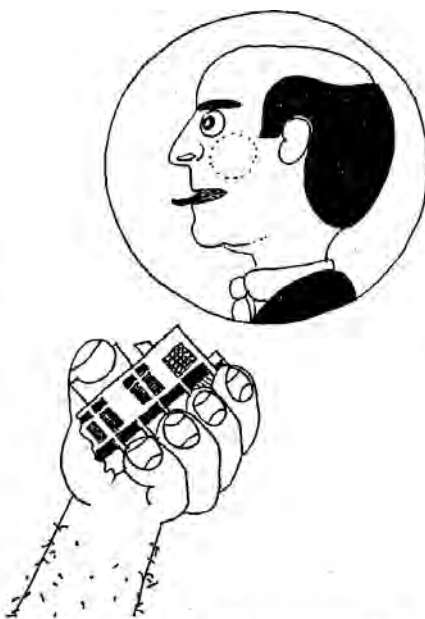
A LUTA CONTINUA

My writings of that time about the painters Malangatana and Motjuoadi, the recordings of African jazz, the rubbish-door cover photographs for "The Classic", stem from his transforming evocation of the popular. So did the five summer schools, originating in Mocambique, held between 1961 and 1965 in five African countries where the design curriculum tried to mesh Bauhaus basic design with the spontaneity of untutored Africans.

My work in Western Native Township followed the trajectory set by Pancho. In Italy I had experimented with the complete

documentation of the essential structure of a small town. But in WNT the innate power of the popular – Pancho-inspired – was what was on vivid display. These wall drawings were on the covers of three US and European architectural journals in the same month, but WNT raised issues that have remained ever since. Where does the trajectory from the visual to the social (Ruskin again) lead the designer? (At a lecture at the ICA in London in 1965, I was accused of documenting "the decorations on prison walls"). Why were the individual creations of WNT not rampant inventions but conditioned by a communally understood frame of reference?

Ever since those early days, Pancho's prodigious appetite for knowing and feeling everything still remains the clear inspiration. Without his endless energy, we all struggle. But we constantly need to remind ourselves that his model of commitment was not only to ideas but also to his own passions. For if Pancho



THE STRUGGLE CONTINUES

teaches us anything, it is that you stand up for what you believe: he, above all, has carried, no matter what, the acclaim and burden of his own transcendent inventions.

I am honored to be part of this symposium. But, above everything else, it gives me a chance to tell the world just how lucky I have been to know Pancho.

Julian Beinart taught at WITS in the 60s. He is well known for his research into Western Native Township and is currently Professor at MIT, USA.

Jose Forjaz

I was sixteen, in 1952, and Lourenço Marques was my second country, my second culture and my first discovery of a wider horizon.

All my life before I was passionate, and encouraged, to manipulate forms, carvings, drawings, models of a reality that I could only control at a small scale.

Buildings, and the mystery of their making, slowly penetrated a deeper layer of my emotional and imaginary world. But it was more the process than the results that fascinated me.

I lived in a society profoundly marked by conformity, dominated by an authoritarian regime, practicing the opposite of its professed ethical principles, we were all rebels navigating between bohemia and political extremism.

It was exactly at that stage that Pancho came to be a presence in my need to find a different, and rebellious, world.

To be different was necessary.

Pancho was different and, as such, admirable.

In a small, provincial universe, his buildings did not leave anybody untouched. They were provocative, unavoidable presences standing out of a generally boring, or so we felt, collection of concrete modernist boxes or revivalist exercises vaguely suave Portuguese or with a taste of South America, or plainly attempts at a mediocre neo classicism passé.

At seventeen, exactly fifty years ago, I went to Pancho and asked to work for him as a draughtsman. By then I had a few months in the Public Works department as a "task" draughtsman under a tough master, Fernando Mesquita, an architect, himself an admiring critic of Pancho's production. He taught me the virtues of rigour, rationality in thinking, the necessity of culture and the value of work.

It was a dry environment, only mitigated by a pervasive sense of humour shared by all around me.

With Pancho the experience widened to another side of the spectrum.

The need for invention came first. Lack of imagination was a mortal sin and the manipulation of form was an obligatory exercise, carrying forward the last explorations published, and avidly studied, in a copious literature that, for the first time, I could access.

And then there were the building

sites. I was taken along, given doors and window openings to measure, old buildings to survey and, most of the times, just to be along and to see and enjoy that tremendously exciting atmosphere of a building growing from nothing to become a work of art.

The intensity of the place was never less than vibrant. The work, the books, the clients, the builders, even the break for tea and Dori's biscuits, it all revolved around this obsession with architecture, and painting and sculpture and the arts. Malangatana, the painter, had started by then, in the garage, the beginning of his extraordinary production.

Others were coming and going. Embroidered fabrics and sculpted wood flowed from that garage, around ideas sometimes so childish that they could almost fool you for a naïveté arrived at, not a departure point. By then I had left and came back to and from the Fine Arts School of Oporto where it all seemed stifling, out of date and, perhaps, too sure of itself.

Pancho and Dori had started a business of importing and selling decorative and art objects and, for a while, I did search and buy in Portugal, for them, some very interesting pieces of popular art. This gave me a deep contact, and a respectful insight into the seriousness and the quality, and the formal traditions of the non-erudite artists.

Through Pancho's office, and my life, many good friends passed by for the glory of architecture and the brotherhood of this obsessed gang. They were the architects and the artists. They were the others, the cognoscenti and the intellectuals, even the politicians. The major ingredient for those friendships was always the commitment to enjoy the products of creativity, of expression, of freedom of thought.

There was, however, a dogma - to be anti dogmatic. To live this way is not that simple or that easy. We have, all of us, learned the price of taking risks, of breaking ground, of defying convention, of inventing. We have, unwillingly, created enemies, sycophants, intellectual antagonists, envy and false disciples.

A lesson I learned from Pancho, and that is still as alive and valid as it was then, fifty years ago, is that the adventure of architecture, of inventing the spaces where man lives and loves, is so irresistible that it pushes us, everyday, to one more step, one more job, one more discovery, one more effort, one more joy.

It is a lesson of attitude, not of form. Form is as personal as the shape of your nose or the figures and shapes in a zebra skin.

Even process is personal and circumstantial, beyond the discipline.

But attitude is to be learned, emulated, understood.

In Pancho's case the roots of success, or, as the French say, of his *grandeur et misère*, his greatness and his misery, are that enormous capacity to fabricate and keep alive an inflexible faith in himself, in the truth of enjoying what he does and in keeping doing it.

Many years passed. The world went around, servants became masters and old masters faded or were substituted by new masters.

The seventies were years of great options and choices.

We both, and so many others, changed places and masters. Pancho became a university man. I could not follow him.

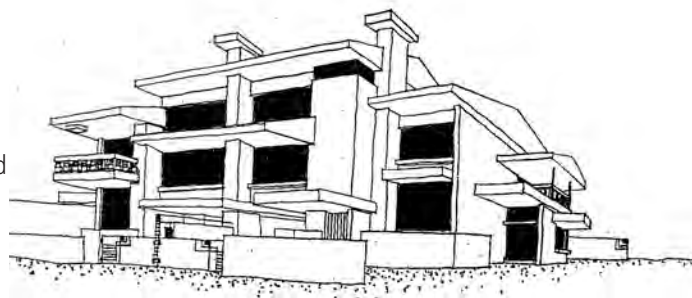
We were separated by the geography of two extreme regimes.

I suspect that he had a lot of fun. Pancho has always been a communicative person. And he has a lot to communicate. So much so that the logic of his associations and the ramifications of his cultural references are not, always, easy to follow, albeit, to accept.

He speaks a codified language of images and metaphors that have to be learned to be fully appreciated. His giggle can be chilling if you grasp the depth of its irony. But his enthusiasm is always contagious. This, plus the capacity of identifying instantaneously the virtues and the weakness of a design, makes him a formidable critic and master.

I could guess that the university environment may have been for him, at times, asphyxiating, boring, unnerving, irritating and limiting. I feel the same after 20 years of suffering it. But I can also guess that Pancho had a lot of fun pulling the carpet from the bottom of so many certitudes and established mores. He, I am sure, found and stimulated the universal potential of student's creativity and curiosity, passion and the joy of discovery. In that he is an indisputable master.

He proposes, almost obsessively, an attitude of defiance to the formality of the establishment, of freedom of thought, of informality of mental behaviour. But what



he given us, above all, is a body of work of exceptional quality, the authority of having designed and built many buildings, painted many canvases, manipulated many materials, reflected on many levels of the business of looking, seeing, learning and producing art form.

Pancho was never a politician, a speculator, or a socialite. The work came to him from a society that recognised his value, his efficiency, the novelty of his poetical impulse and the strength of his faith in the redeeming value of art.

I have a deep sorrow and little understanding for the lack of demand for his work from the two other societies where Pancho has established himself, and proceeded with his creative work. But this is not the moment nor place to be sad or less than excited.

The most famous of the Portuguese poets, Camões, spoke about "those that, through their valuable works, liberate themselves from the law of death..." meaning that they will be present forever in the memory of the people's of this world.

My point in this eulogy is that we should not only recognise the value of Pancho's work, and celebrate it, but look to that work as the result of an attitude and a lifetime of dedication and love for what we also love. This is why, through this celebration, we are establishing new references for our students and for our professionals and artists. This is why we thank Pancho and congratulate him for this recognition.

It would be unfair to finish without giving Dori her dues. Her faith in him and her support were essential to his achievements. Thank you Pancho, Doctor Pancho, thank you Dori. I am glad I had this opportunity to say this in public.

Jose Forjaz has a long standing relationship with Pancho and is currently a practicing architect and Head of the School of Architecture, Eduardo Mondlane University, Maputo, Mozambique.

Luis Ferreira da Silva

Lourenço Marques in the 50s and 60s was an exciting and social interactive town, where the Polana, the Military Club and the Gremio, with its transient society of Army Officers, their families, and the European influence of those arriving to settle (together with the experience and feed back of one's holiday abroad), made up to a rich and cosmopolitan playground, a café society of sorts.

Inevitably, any news spread fast, and would be glamorised to a golden status. It was then that one day I heard at the

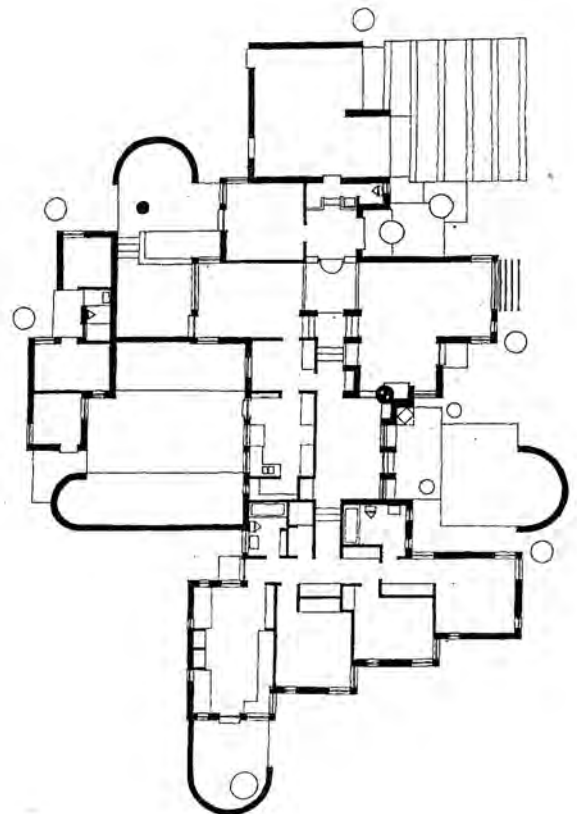
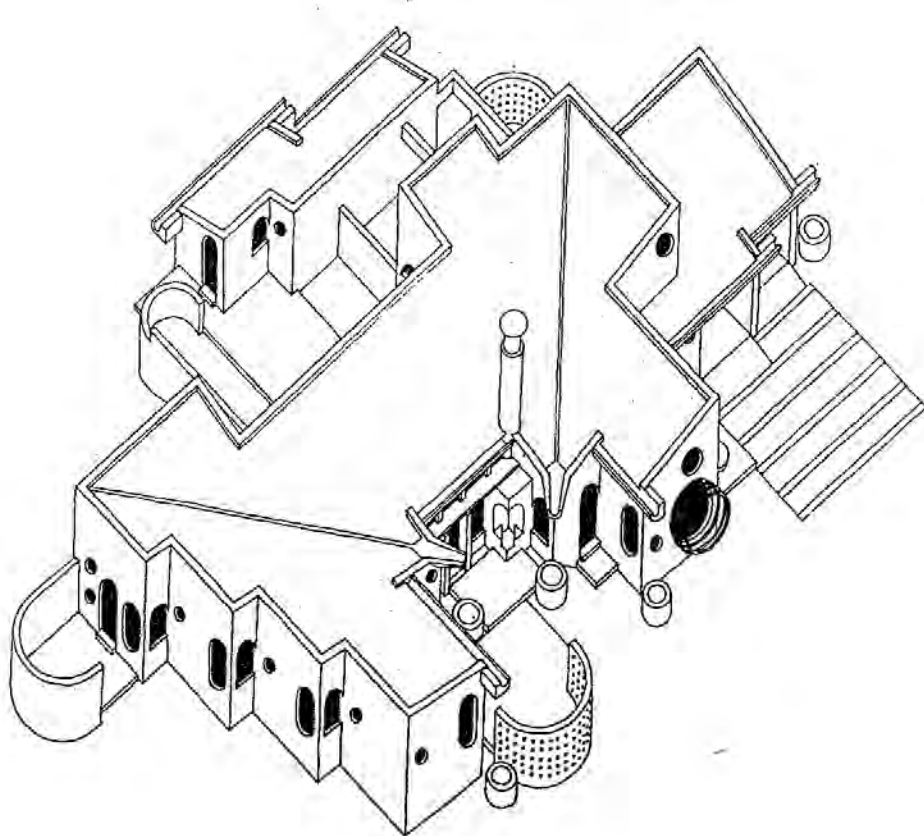
expected, his reputation preceded his very presence, and the vignettes of Pancho's dealings with clients, builders, the authorities and the establishment at large, became legends larger than life, a giant that I wondered if ever I would be given a glimpse of.

It was therefore with trepidation that I started frequenting the Military Club, while taking fencing and tennis lessons, and I used to walk past those high walls, where the Guedes family lived behind, and that just happened to be situated in front of the Club. And then one day I had a break through: During the school

had I gone to Wits, Pancho's formidable presence in a way, would have left me paralysed and incapable.

As I struggled along in the junior years with communication, identity and inspiration, to my disbelief, Pancho started contacting me, enquiring about my progress, encouraging me, caring. Pancho not only remembered me, but he actually cared!! Well, I was not going to let him down...

It was since then, Pancho, and along all these years, that I have tried to live up to your energy and expectations, and I am



dinner table, my parents and friends talk about this young genius, an architect with an attitude intent on transforming the population's sedate and predictable lifestyle.

Not long after, one by one, these amazing structures began to appear in the more experimental, sophisticated suburbs, and in my fired up imagination, they appeared to smile, to walk and even talk to me. Beautiful whimsical shapes, forms, textures that changed the cityscape and my head space forever.

By then the whole world was talking about Pancho Guedes, and the elite felt vindicated in their initial prediction. As

holidays, family friends arranged for my best mate and I to go and help Chissano and Malangatana producing their artwork in Pancho's backyard. The exhilarating experience was dampened only by the fact that even then I never actually met the man himself, having to settle for looking at the incredible collection of sketches, drawings, models and sculptures in his studio, that I could see through the back window. But the memories remained and the images even grew stronger...

Many years later, when architecture replaced horses in my every day concentration, I found myself studying it in Natal, relieved with the thought that

very aware of the way you so unselfishly give encouragement and credit to me and many many others, a true sign of the great man you are.

As the great architect and academic, the person, the raconteur, the family man, I have always been one of your greatest admirers, and thank you Pancho for having been such an integral part of my life.

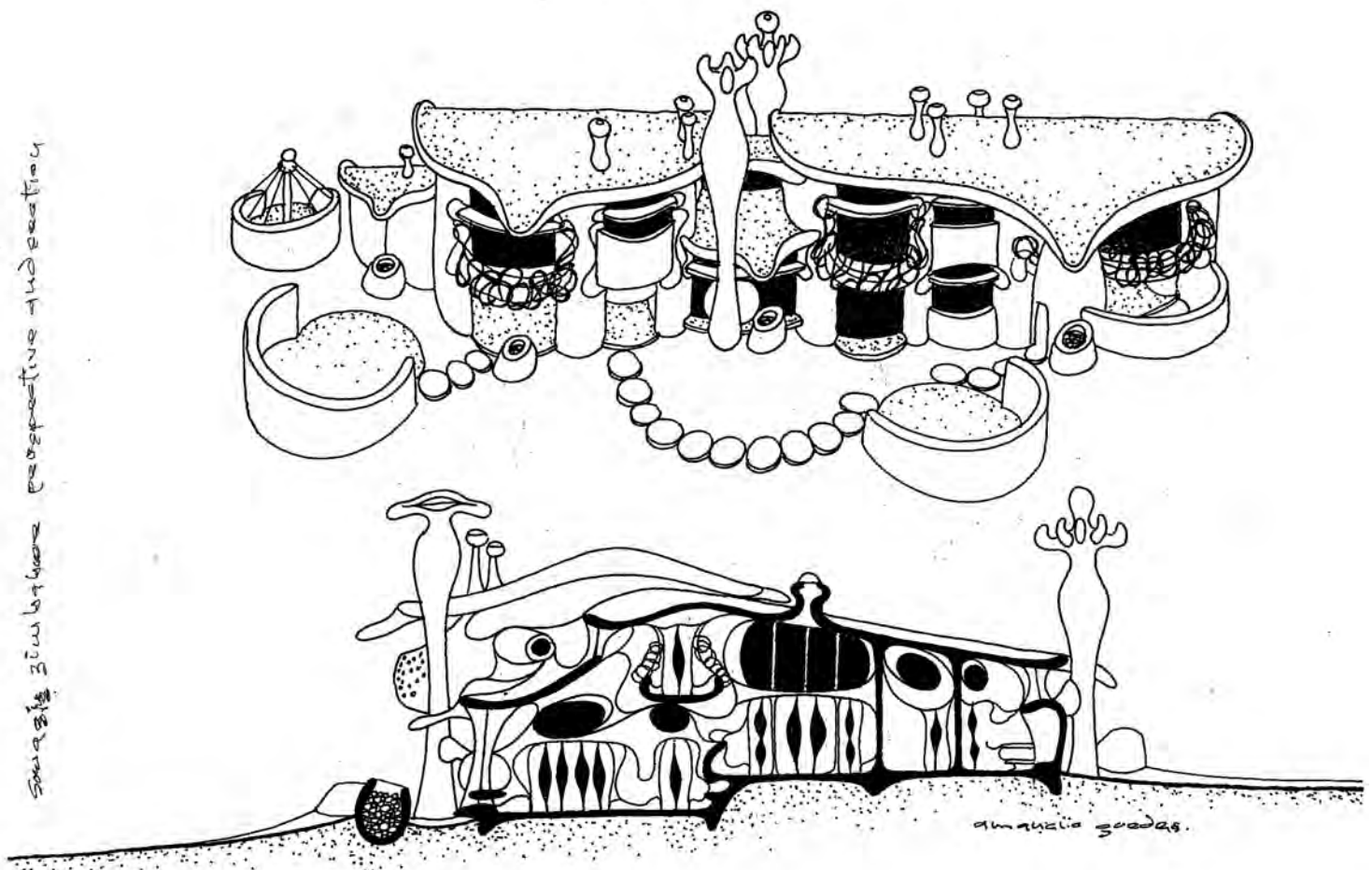
Luis Ferreira da Silva graduated from the School of Architecture, Natal University. He practiced in Durban for several years and currently has offices in Cape Town and Johannesburg.

Cedric Green

In the mid fifties a rumour circulated among students in the School of Architecture in Durban that there were some extraordinary buildings appearing in Lourenço Marques. Those few of us who perhaps should have gone to Art school but found ourselves studying architecture, were intrigued, and in my third year I went to LM with José Cotta to see them. José, who knew everyone, tried to arrange for us to meet the architect, but he was not available - on site somewhere interpreting

Lewcock. In 1960 I graduated, got married and Margaret and I went to Laureço Marques, met José there who took us on a tour of Pancho's latest creations. Again we failed to meet him, but had a brief tour of his studio and office, and got a glimpse into his extraordinary creativity and way of working. I went to work in Rhodesia, inspired to try to emulate his integration of sculpture and architecture in my own way. I only succeeded in one building, before deciding to emigrate to Britain. On arriving in London, I found that Pancho was there to give a talk at the Institute of

organised by Pedro Guedes. His effect on a few of our students was as electrifying as the effect of his work on me 20 years before. Tim Ostler in particular, flew out Johannesburg to research Pancho's work for a dissertation. A few years later Pancho invited me to come and do a project with Wits students - to build a «solar tent», and there I saw much more of his work, and gained an insight in the personal magnetism that enabled him to persuade clients to accept his designs, to persuade builders to construct them, and his success as a teacher of architecture. Subsequently,



his puzzling drawings for a builder, or setting out a design for a mural. The legend grew, photographs were passed from hand to hand; there was something slightly wicked in an interest in buildings with such sensuous curves, rich colours and textures, suggestive art works on the buildings and in his studio. At a time when the Mies/Gropius glazed box minimalist aesthetic was gaining ground, being influenced by Pancho was a mild form of student protest - I made copper sculptures, painted murals in the studios, and produced a few bizarre designs, but was supported by Barrie Biermann and Ron

Contemporary Arts about his work. With a group of expatriate Natal ex-students – Dennis Claude, Alan Amoils, Patrick Holdcroft and others – we went to hear him, and see the man himself. His talk was only partly about his own work, but also about local Mozambique artists he had discovered and encouraged by giving them studio space and materials and buying their work. It was not until the mid 70s that I was in position to invite Pancho to come to lecture my students at Sheffield University, while he was in the UK for an exhibition of his work at the Architectural Association School of Architecture,

Margaret and I have been to Lisbon to stay with Pancho and Dori several times and I am always astonished at his irrepressible energy and optimism, continuing creativity and ability to overcome every kind of obstacle. As my little tribute to Pancho I have created a website which I hope can grow into an internet archive of his work: www.guedes.info. I would be very glad to receive any material to add to the site.

Cedric Green, architect, is currently based in London and has a web site on Green Architecture and Pancho Guedes.

Malangatana Ngwenya Valente

In 1951 I was employed to look after little white boys. That was at 33 Couceiro da Costa, at the Adao dos Santos family home. My little charge was Antoninho and my colleague Orlando Mulawu took care of Carlitos. We were very good at handling our two dear little boys who were lively and restless like any other children. We had to think up all sorts of games to keep them amused, and Pancho the 'senhor' with the MG and hair flying in the wind, didn't know that he was our favourite entertainment.

As he sped along Couceiro da Costa we all shouted MG, MG, MG, mg...mg...mg...mg..... until his car stopped quite nearby. He would jump out quickly and disappear into the clutter of a building under construction at the corner of Pinheiro Chagas and Couceiro da Costa. All four of us would wait until the white man came out – looking very elegant, I must add. The fun and games would be repeated when he got into his car and pulled off at great speed, accelerating like a racing driver.

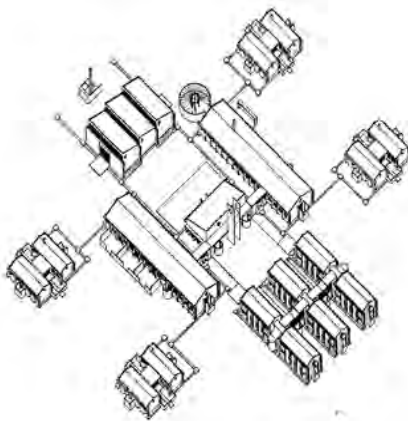
Well, later I met his brother, Engineer Miranda Guedes, and I didn't have the slightest idea they were related, because I really hadn't even spoken to Pancho. My only 'meetings' with him were when he drove into Couceira da Costa at such a speed. His brother was a member of the Lourenço Marques Club where I used to serve him and his wife at the bar.

One day in about the mid fifties when I was at the Nucleo Art Club with one of the student members, Pancho appeared. I didn't expect to be watched by that kind of person while I was painting – they were my first attempts. He was accompanied by his wife Dorothy and the Frank Mc Ewans, friends of the Guedes'. They spoke to each other in English and began to look intently at my naïve pictures.

Pancho introduced himself to me and asked if I was willing to sell him three paintings a month. I didn't understand why he wanted to do this, but all the same I began to take my pictures to 915 Rua de Nevala where he lived and had his architectural office.

I was still working at the Lourenço Marques Club. One day Julio Navarro told me that architect Guedes wanted to get me out of the club so I could come and live in his house. I was wild with delight but trembling with fear at the same time. I hadn't ever lived on a familiar footing in a white man's house before.

Indeed, Pancho did ask Otto Barbosa da Silva, the president of the club, to release me from my contract, to leave behind



my colleagues, my salary, and those 'general's' uniforms we had to put on as servants of the bar. I didn't accept the invitation immediately and asked architect d'Alpoim Miranda Guedes to give me some time. We were then in 1959, I was already married, and I wanted to talk it over with my parents.

They lived in Mapuleni, a place very near to Matalana. They were very happy, but had some doubts. They told me to ask that man to come to Matalana and explain exactly what he wanted of me. My wife was also curious to see this family who

wanted me to come and live in their home.

Pancho Guedes drove to Matalana in his black Mercedes which got stuck in the sand many times before he reached our house. My father was a great cook and prepared the food together with my mother and his other wife. My uncle spiced up the meal with music on the concertina and dancing, which pleased the Guedes family a lot.

In January 1960 I presented myself at the Guedes family home after saying good-bye to the people at the Lourenço Marques Club. Pancho introduced me to his family and showed me round the house and the garage where I would paint. But he said, 'Go back to where you live and stay for 30 days away from your family'.

I went on a journey well into the interior of the bush. He wanted me to absorb scenes, expressions, visions, that I would see, hear and feel, and relive my past/present. He wanted me to be with my ancestors to search out the unknown that

I knew without knowing. Those stories told to me by the young and old people in that remote area led me into a cultural and spiritual gold mine. He well knows how to shape people. Pancho sculpted and burnished my soul, anthropologised me internally, made me dig into my entrails to lay bare the mythologies within.

The Guedes family had offered me a stay of three months, but in truth that bursary lasted for a whole three years without stopping.

When I came back from my session in the bush, he asked me questions and helped me to give answers that I didn't know I knew. He agreed that I should go to the decorative painting class at the Industrial School, but for some time didn't want me to go back to the Nucleo Art Club or to visit the better known painters, to be sure I would avoid 'pollution'. He began to take me to see his architectural work in construction, and I became aware of his fantastic creative imagination. His demands on the builders were perhaps as great as those he made on himself.

I often I saw him drawing line after line which he assembled on the surface of the paper. After being set up on the ground and in space they became marvellously sculptural buildings in his unique and unmistakable style. No architect in

Mozambique had ever linked architecture to indigenous culture. Only in his designs do we see a geometry reflecting the tattoo-like patterns so characteristic of African mythology.

Pancho had a studio in which he designed and another space where he directed the work of his sculptors and embroiderers. He knows (and who better than I to affirm it) how to transmit his thoughts to others. It is thanks to him that I can now search for the ideas within Man and in the depths of Culture. He is capable of provoking a discussion without concluding it, leaving his audience to draw their own conclusions.

This contagious kindness is spread around other people's minds so strongly that it takes root and perfumes the soul. Pancho perforated my psyche, creating lightness and multiple insights.

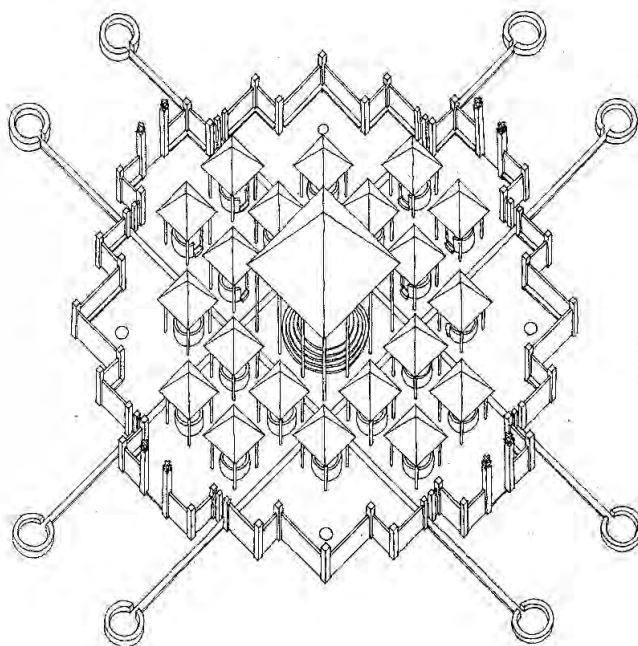
His house at 915 was not only an education because of his activities, but also because of the people who came there from all over the world. This only happened because Pancho was like a honeycomb whose sweetness never dried up. In his house I could taste the joys of meeting people like the musician Hendrik de Blij, Tristan Tzara the surrealist poet, the South African architect Julian Beinat, the South African poet Breyten Breytenbach, the German anthropologist Ulli Beier and his artist wife Susan Wenger.

A super happening, and a very important one for me, was when he brought me together with Eduardo Chivambo Mondlane and his wife Janet Mondlane. Thanks to Pancho this night transformed me. Eduardo Mondlane gave a reading of my work which showed me things I hadn't seen before. The long discussion between Mondlane and Pancho about Mozambique took place among my humble paintings displayed around the sitting-room. Unfortunately the sudden departure of the Mondlane family to the United States of America prevented him from inaugurating my exhibition of 10 April 1961. It was my first exhibition, showing fifty seven paintings in oil on

unitex.

Architect Miranda Guedes helped me organise my exhibition, sponsored by the Nucleo Art Club, which culminated in speeches given by him, Joao Vasconcelos, and Augusto Pereira Cabral. Later Pancho took part of this exhibition to Cape Town for a show called 'Imagination 61'. He also arranged for an exhibition in the Camden Art Club in London, Musee de L'Homme in Paris, Mbari Club in Nigeria, and in the USA. Black Orpheus is one of the magazines in which, at his instigation, my first poems were published.

But it is also important to say that in the travelling that he did during the time I was staying at his house, he saw to it that my name was made known wherever he went. For instance, when I first went to Lagos and met up with the local artists, I was surprised to be treated as a friend.



Wole Soyinka welcomed me warmly and took me to his university and the Mbari Club, the breeding ground of Nigerian intellectuals. Pancho had this faculty of creating a current linking together the people he knew.

Pancho is also a witch-doctor without bone throwing. His acute insight enables him to discover talents and promote creativity. For him a withered tree still has life – the special humus that only he can apply gives the human plant a strength and vitality that afterwards makes us wonder. He always enables those who

have been in contact with him to qualify and become self-sufficient for the future.

Pancho always granted requests for help in building institutions, schools or nursery schools - always with a thought for the future. I well remember his work in support of the Swiss Mission in the then Lourenço Marques, Xicumbane in Xai-Xai, Antioka in Magude, Rikatlla in Marracuene, and also in support of the Sisters of Charity for their many projects of social work.

For Pancho it was painful to see the contrast between the dilapidated 'City of Reeds', so lacking in hygiene and the most basic facilities, and the 'City of Cement', which were right next to one another. In the sixties he wrote a long article about this, with the intention of drawing the attention of the colonial government to the problems, and he was

victimised after its publication. Even the Municipality reacted against him. But he didn't mind. He wanted to find a solution that would at least bring some measure of relief, however small, to these people living in such abject poverty. The Portuguese bourgeoisie aligned itself with the official attitude and also disapproved, but the populations of the depressed areas greeted Pancho's stand with jubilation, remembered even to this day. At this time Pancho's wife Dori often visited the centre of the 'Associacao dos Negros' of Mozambique, giving English lessons free of charge to various secondary school student members.

I would like to say that all the experience I gained while with this family was, and always will remain, useful and valuable

to me. Today I discover in myself a man that I never knew existed before. I will do everything in my power to profit from what I learned with the Guedes family. Without the spellbinding hand of Architect Miranda Guedes I would not have been given the guiding lights that illuminate the zigzag paths through life.

Malangatana is an internationally renowned Mozambican artist, and roving cultural ambassador.

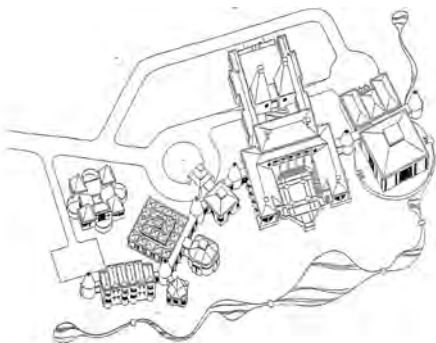
Translated from the Portuguese by Dori Guedes

Lewis Levin

Pancho was my first contact with the world of Architecture. I remember being an anxious first year student, sitting in the Dorothy Susskind Auditorium. We were being sternly lectured to by a threatening and humourless Dean. "Architecture is serious work", he said, "you only have one chance to get your work in and to pass. You must all aspire to become professionals".

The Dean then strode out of the lecture theatre. Pancho made sure the doors were closed and then turned to the students, "Architecture must never be serious work; only lawyers and doctors are serious. You must all learn to play – but take your play very seriously. You will always have a second chance, a third, and many more; for the rest of your life. You need not aspire to become a professional. It's far better to remain an amateur."

Those were the first of many Pancho voices that I still hear in my head when I go about trying to invent and design anything. Here is a collection of few others:



All Architects and Artists, past and present, are a great fruit salad of friends: Pancho invites us to dine at the great smorgasbord of Architecture. Nibbling here and there, we explore the obsessions and adventures of others. We eat, borrow, observe and sift through what these friends have invented before us and alongside us.

Feign madness and turn the familiar on its head: Pancho teaches us to dislocate the images in our world. Anything can transform or fuse into something else. The River can become a train; the building a cake; the aqueduct a snake. By disorientating ourselves with the familiar, we unleash expanded possibilities of invention.

Nothing is too big or too small: We can attempt to design a city, a ship, or a jewel. Nothing should frighten us. There

is great joy in both the colossal and in the detail.

Find our own voice by digesting others' work: Buildings, Pancho tells us, are like people – they grow out of each other. We learn by impersonating other Architects and Artists; by performing in their style. As we wander through the "port of Copytica" and enter the "city of Eclectica", we discover that the strange voice we hear, has become our own.

Laughing at buildings: If we are not laughing when we are designing, we are doing something wrong. Our client's needs are often quite absurd – but indulging them can be very entertaining.

Words can trigger the mind's eye to imagine great inventions: Often a conversation with Pancho will leave our mind brimming with ideas.

We will have visited fabulous places, seen great wonders and glimpsed curious objects. The sensation is like seeing an amazing film that we can't quite recall. We emerge in a furious panic, eager to distil our experience into drawings.

Invent our own proportional system: Why bother with the modular or the golden section? Make up our own. Divide up our site, system or palette; it's a great way to start.

How fair art thou, square and circle: Pancho invites us to revel in the simple mysteries of elementary geometries. These will never cease to delight and inspire.

The strangeness of the human character is an infinite resource for Architecture: Human biography, secrets and gossip can be made into sculpture and space. When speaking to Pancho about other architects, he often tells us first about the idiosyncrasies of their character; their relationships, obsessions and losses. He shows us that the personal has influenced their experimentations. Designing buildings, we understand from Pancho, is not a pure and rational task. It comes from an introspective voyage into desires and fantasies. This was most liberating for us as students; knowing that the source of our invention could be our own experience.

Clumsy beginnings are fine: We all grapple to get a foothold. Look at a few early sketches of Le Corbusier and Wright. It's a great boost to confidence.

The profile and the contour are a secret magic trick: The profile reduces the nature of buildings and objects to a line, while preserving their essence. With the outline, we can explore a whole range

of possibilities. We can compress the face, or section the beast. Pancho shows us how to collide, extrude, rotate and layer cut-outs and contours to assemble anything we wish.

Our unrealised work is our great treasure: When the forces conspire against realisation of our inventions, what we do get is a marvellous collection of drawings and models. That is more than worth it.

Become obsessed: We all need a few creative obsessions to produce anything.

Come back fighting: When we ask for the moon and we face rejection, Pancho urges us by example, to come back and try again. We harness our disillusionment and reinvent ourselves. The work invariably gets better and we might just succeed.

An Artist is a collector: Pancho urges us to take Picasso's advice that we must create artworks for ourselves that we have not been able to find. If we desire a great painting, we should make a copy ourselves.

The Dream's the thing: The Dream cannibalises all our images and obsessions. It then delivers them back to us as a great feast of material for our manipulation. All we have to do is draw.

Rework the ideas forever: It's never too late to rework our ideas. Pancho will find an old drawing and produce multiple variations and permutations. Ideas that we had long ago might burst out, after a long hibernation.

Personal hardships must be filtered through Art and Architecture: By his extraordinary personal example of exile, dislocation, and loss, Pancho has taught us that our one great companion through life's trials is the joy of invention. We can harness our misfortunes and turn them into poetry.

Hearing our own voice: The wonderful thing about learning from Pancho is that he invariably makes us listen to our own voice. He makes us reach into ourselves to recover and develop our full potential.

Being around Pancho induces a kind of manic euphoria. We wade with him through a dense atmosphere of ideas and emerge with multiple options and possibilities for our work. "Which one do we choose, Pancho?" "Do them all!" he replies. How fortunate we have been!

Lewis Levin is a former student of Pancho and is an architect, artist and sculptor in Johannesburg.

Tim Ostler

I first came across Pancho at a conference in London in the Summer of 1976. In a converted garage just off New Oxford Street, an unknown architect from a (then obscure) third-world country proceeded to bombard an unsuspecting audience with pictures of buildings like nothing we'd ever seen before.

I had trained at a provincial English university where, over a period of seven years, normal adolescents with a reasonably healthy interest in life were gradually transformed into members of a professional tribe, alienated from the rest of society. Already after three years I had largely lost touch with my real feelings about architecture. Pancho's work was a revelation, showing me that there was a way of connecting architecture with real human emotions.

One of the things it made me recall was my childhood perception that every object had an expression. It was not expression in the artistic sense (although I suppose it could be thought of in that way), it was not even necessarily a human expression. It was a literal, facial expression on its own - only without a face. Perhaps it was what Lewis Carroll was thinking of when he talked about the grin of the Cheshire cat.

What I had realised was that everything has a character, there to be read by anyone who chose to be receptive. And it was to this part of me that Pancho spoke when he talked about all those odd buildings of his. He talked about his jobs as "adventures", his styles as "stories" or "families". This, too, from a man who, in the light of his prolific output, could evidently exist in the grown-up world. Yet there he was, talking about his buildings in terms such as "a foolish round house outside the world of money, my feathery hairy building" (Swazi Zimbabwe), or "a mommy house surrounded by children in funny hats" (Sagrada Familia da Machava).

Pancho seemed to be talking about his buildings as if they were living personalities. He saw architecture through

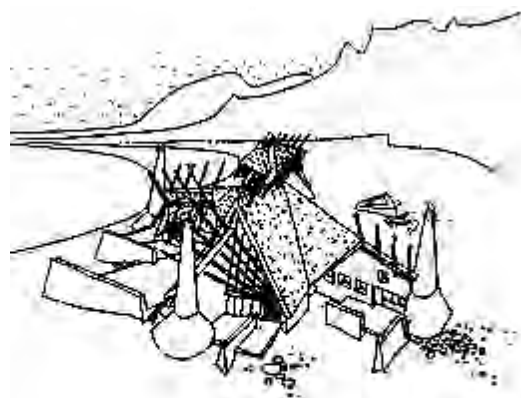
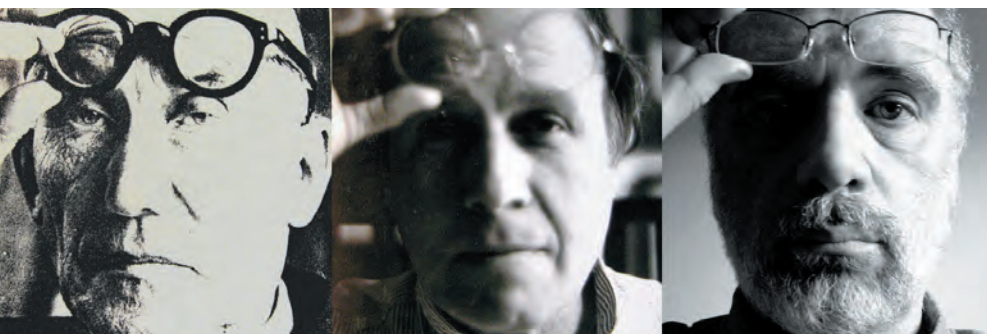
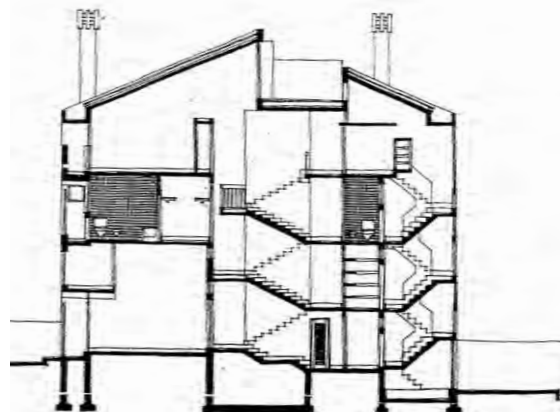
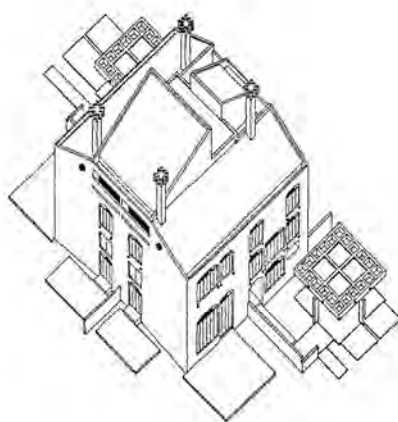
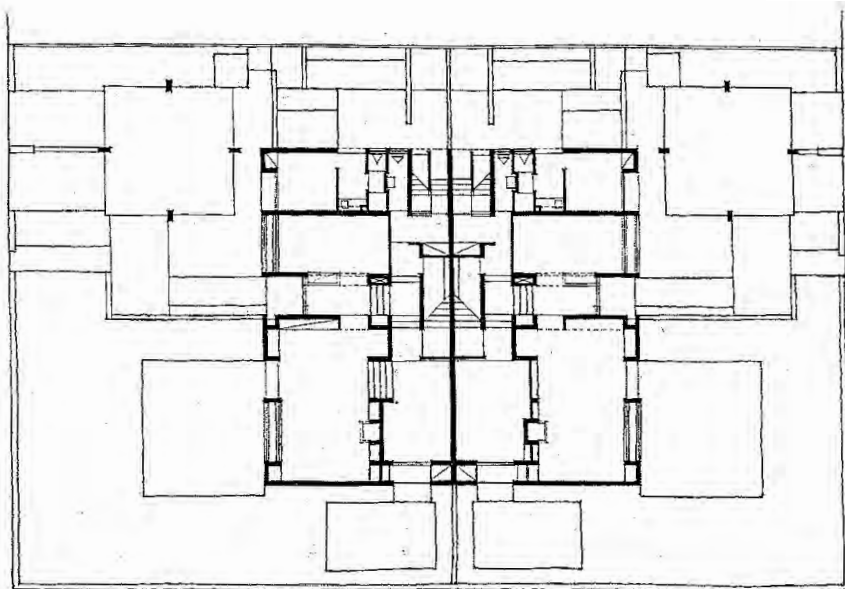
the eyes of an animist – an animist, that is, who had hitched a ride with African art on its way to being discovered by Cubism, Dada and Surrealism, then stopped off in Vicenza to exhume and revive the body of Andrea Palladio. Looking at buildings as people is really a rather illuminating way of looking at architecture. On one level it is the logical extension of the Renaissance practice of basing columns, plans and elevations on the symmetry and proportions of the human body. Why not indeed extend the metaphor to a human personality? The effect is to place less emphasis on universalism and more on individualism: on the limitless variety in which the human personality can exist. As Pancho put it:

"How can buildings become what they need to become, some pretty, some dark,

others ugly, some flat and clever – real – like people?"

Yet for all his poetic imagery, Pancho also demonstrates how important it is in practical terms for the architect himself to have a personality. For without his relentless drive and his power to charm clients, builders and officialdom wherever he works, how many of these extraordinary buildings would ever have been built?

Tim Ostler, a UK-based architect, has carried out extensive research on Pancho.



Udo Kultermann

The first and only time I met with Pancho Guedes took place at the First International Conference of African Culture which was arranged in Harare, the former Salisbury in then Southern Rhodesia, in 1962 by Frank McEwen and had a lasting impact on my then rather limited perception of what African architecture was and could be. I was invited to give a talk about the relationship between traditional African architecture and the contemporary situation, and there were at that time no earlier investigations available on which one could rely. And – much more important – there were up to that time, to my knowledge, no visionary projections in which way the contemporary activities could and should be related to the great African past.

The lecture by Pancho Guedes at the Congress in 1962 was unique, as it created a brilliant amalgam of personal visionary projections and at the same time a fresh reinterpretation of the past, which worked for me as an eye-opener. In spite of the fact that several lectures in the Congress were outstanding academic presentations, among them by Roland Penrose and William Fagg from England and W. Bascom and Alfred H. Barr from the USA, the crystallising event was the lecture by Pancho Guedes and his ability to open perspectives into a future which was not yet there. It was surprisingly in line with the presence of another participant in Salisbury, the poet Tristan Tzara, who not only had been one of the pioneering initiators of what later was called Dadaism, but also one of the earliest to come to an understanding of Africa and its culture in the context of world culture. It was not by accident that Pancho's lecture found a great applause from Tzara. In one of Pancho's publications he referred to Tzara by quoting him: "Art is an endless procession of difference." And Tzara articulated the results of the meeting in Salisbury when he later wrote about Pancho's buildings in Mozambique: "A whole architecture of the imagination, which, of course, links Guedes with the Dadaists and Surrealist schools, and I am very happy to have met him here and to be able to say in Paris that certain realizations, which they cannot have seen in the West, are coming to fruition in this new world, which is in a state of ferment – Africa – which is clearly going to be the

world of the future." This statement by Tzara may have been too optimistic, but it was the underlying perception of a few creative writers and architects at the time shortly after the gaining of independence of several states in Africa, and it created an atmosphere of a creative vision.

From then on, for me, the steadily increasing enthusiasm towards a genuine African culture experienced in the conference in Salisbury and specifically the lecture by Pancho Guedes had numerous reverberations. Not only did I return to different parts of Africa in order to learn what still was then a terra incognita to most scholars, I more and more also saw the visions of Pancho transformed into reality. Not only that there can be no separation of disciplines such as architecture, sculpture and painting, literature and music, no division of theory and practice in the earlier Western



tradition, but also that there has to be an unending interpenetration of all the aspects of life and work, of imagination and practical understanding, of human values and the all-encompassing expression of joy, as it was visible in much of the African past and in the new attempts to continue this past in a creative way. It was especially Pancho Guedes who was able to attack the then dominating rules of modern industrial architecture by demanding a wider and more authentic form of building the human environment as he articulated it most brilliantly: "...our hunger for buildings as symbols, messages, memorials, chambers of ideas and feelings is so strong that even if their faded medicine has lost the original potency of sign and idea, our need constantly recharges them."

In the years after the Congress in Salisbury I step by step learned about the then already existing world of his buildings in Lourenço Marques (today Maputo) in Mozambique, his housing estates, churches, social institutions and in each case uniquely determined by the specific and unique site situation, and in each case transforming the vocabulary of the earlier architectural developments into a new and unique manifestation. There were none of the rules which existed for most other architects in different countries, no limitation of his exploding fantasy. Pancho Guedes built over 25 years in the remote country of Mozambique an architectural world in which old and new, European and African, fantasy and radical requirements were no longer contrasting each other, but were unified into a new whole, a Gesamtkunstwerk in which all the included values were enhanced and elevated to a new level.

In the church of the Sagrada Familia da Machava of 1962 – 1964 Pancho – for example – created an ensemble of spaces which were within the image of a mother surrounded by small children. Pancho's own interpretation makes this most evident: "It is a mommy house surrounded by children in funny hats; a wedding hall with a roof like a gondola. The ship of life guarded by four broad two-way crosses, with a side periscope watching over the sea of trees and rolling walls turning into corners, crevices and concavities; for old men in the sun, for hide-and-seek games, for lovers, for youthful gangs."

The body of work in Lourenço Marques not only existed in reality, it also was given a theoretical context in which their unique features became explained in writings and drawings. Legitimate forms of representation were invented in which the totality of architectural developments became references, such as the terminology of "Euclidian Palaces", "Buildings in the American Egyptian Style", "The arched and somewhat Roman manner". Admired architects such as Gaudi, Frank Lloyd Wright, Le Corbusier and Louis I. Kahn became important for a different ambition. Although Pancho admired their revolutionary achievements, he made no attempt to copy them. It was the genius of the masters who inspired him to continue their work, but adapt it to a very different geographical and cultural environment.

The architectural historian Nnamdi Elleh described Pancho's capabilities in his book "African Architecture. Evolution and Transformation": "There are very few architects, who can speak as many languages and dialects of architecture with comfort and professional fluency in this age of specialisation. Yet, Guedes speaks the language of classicism, the Renaissance, and modernism and, in each case, relies on his African roots for inspiration. Each project bears a theme and leaves unforgettable, mesmerising images drawn from an inexhaustible source of energy."

One of the most fascinating features of the works of Pancho Guedes is his ability to integrate his work as architect, sculptor and painter into the process of shaping the given environment. In 1977 he wrote: "I believe that the crippling European and American amputations an artist has to go through torture himself into only one are a severe limitation. He reduces himself to a mere part in his attempts to suppress his contradictions, his confusions and his conflicts. As for myself, I do not care - I am more than one. I am often the opposite, I am sometimes the other." The general outlook of Pancho's work is based on a complex and independent philosophy which penetrates all his different activities and creates a new whole, which can find manifestations in paintings, sculptures, buildings, but also in lectures, writings and scholarly publications, such as those about the sculptures of Le Corbusier. As buildings by Wright, Gaudi, Le Corbusier and Kahn were referential features for his own buildings so were works by painters such as De Chirico, Dali, Magritte and Miro. Their works are part of the arsenal from which inspiration has taken him without ever borrowing or transforming already existing forms.

Forms in the complex adaptation by Pancho are fluid and have an organ-like quality which makes them an ideal communication with human forms and uses. They also relate, often programmatically, to the local tradition and have affinities with the given past of the site. So it is not by accident that two of Pancho's most significant projects are related to a widely unknown but inspiring tradition. His Swazi Zimbabwe from the late 1960's is a direct reference to the tribal tradition of Swaziland, just across the border from Mozambique. It consists of a sequence of circular units arranged

in a constellation which was once established in the ruins of Great Zimbabwe hundreds of years ago, but transforming the internal functions according to the requirements of a contemporary family. The central idea for Pancho in this project was: "My brand-new Zimbabwe is now a big rounded house, almost habitable. At first it was a square with rounded and irregular corners; then the walls moved to angular positions with soft joints. Later whole walls curved and flowed into each other. Afterwards the walls separated into curved clip forms marking out round spaces which connected with each other through the gaps... The idea of the roof came early and remained much the same throughout all the other changes and searches. It was always a number of heavy concrete bonnets with wide rainwater spouts discharging into tapered chamfered water troughs. The spouts reached it further and further as the idea moves and metamorphosed. The balustrades were originally solid but later became nervous and agitated pipe, bar, and mesh bands, and trestles. The fireplace is a huge egg hatching on a shelf, the chimneys are personages, horned and fierce guardians of the rounded house." With different functions of living, dining and kitchen as well as terraces and servants rooms on the ground floor and bedrooms with balconies on the first floor he ingeniously reinterpreted the tradition of African architecture into a new level.

The total fantasy is also visible in a poem in which Pancho makes the attempt to describe the unique feature of his Swazi Zimbabwe:

"A foolish round house outside the world of money,
My feathery hairy building.
You, too, if you dream hard enough –
You, too, can make half of your dream come true.
When is the building most real?
When it is a bunch of ideas? A rough scribble?
When it is many sheets of municipal linen prints?
Is it when the bones are up?
When the plastering is done?
When the owners move in?
When it catches fire?
Or when the first owners move out?
Is it not real exploding?
Is it real riddled and shattered by bullets?
Or faked new by a new owner?

Or with broken window panes,
haunted, in a wild and overgrown garden – a young gang's club house."

Pancho's project for "The Habitable Woman" is his most radical expression of what he considers architecture to be. Unfortunately it was never completed beyond the basement. In his own description it is: "A vigorous, personal, erotic, obscure, suprafunctional, suburban citadel... an anthropomorphic wonder house. a round-eyed house of cavernous passages built into the rock. A house with a baby house inside her. A pregnant building – My most hysterical construction."

Pancho Guedes is today considered one of the most important architects in the last decades shaping and determining of a new architecture in Africa. There are still enormous potentials not yet seen or defined in the vast continent, but Pancho's work is a beginning and points into directions toward which other architects will be able to go. The kind of architects that will take over and determine the coming developments that were defined by Pancho: "We must become technicians of the emotions, tear-jerkers, exaggerators, spokesmen of dreams, performers of miracles, messengers; and invent raw, bold, vigorous and intense buildings without taste, absurd and chaotic – an architecture plugged into people, an architecture the size of life. Our buildings will be artificial organisms, mechanical dolls and monsters, purring and puffing, blowing and whistling, containing chambers with the muffled roaring of sea shells, black rooms, lascivious passages, halls of infinitesimal multiplications, visceral houses turned inside out."

He comes to a conclusion important not only to Architecture in Africa, but for all parts of the world: "We must listen to the voices that speak to all of us. From the other side of dreams – we must watch for the sights and signs within ourselves so that the archipelago of necessities, ideas, dreams, desires, obsessions will reveal the total function. Building shall yet belong to the people, architecture shall yet become real and alive, and beauty shall yet be warm and convulsive."

Udo Kultermann is an architectural historian, author and educator for 27 years before retiring to New York.

Jo Noero

Tales of extraordinary work in Mozambique – memories of a lecture as a third year student in 1975 at Natal University with Pancho, Hans Hallen and Danie Theron debating the influence of Palladio on their own work. Pancho was scintillating and he swept all before him – I was alternatively appalled and exhilarated since his talk was all about style and form at a time in history when discussion of those kinds of issues was taboo – but he won the day because his drawings were beautiful and the architecture was great – we were all hooked.

I remember visits to Mozambique and particularly Lourenço Marques, Vilanculos, Beira and Xai Xai – visits in those days were mixed up with ideas of sedition, of the exotic – there was Long John Berks on LM Radio, Playboy Magazine was on sale on the streets and one could find the most salacious nite-clubs this side of the Zambezi – also there was a racial ease about life there across the border – people seemed at ease with each other unlike back home in Durban where there was a palpable sense of fear. In LM there was Pancho, Dori and their home which was filled with people who made things, who talked with passion and with energy. To visit Pancho's buildings in those days was a revelation – they were unlike any thing one had seen anywhere else and they fitted despite their crazy shapes and forms – it was as if they had been invented for that place and nowhere else on earth.

Then there was the shock in the late 1970's of learning that Pancho was moving to South Africa to head up Wits architectural school which was so different from LM – yet he fitted in effortlessly or so it seemed.

I returned to Johannesburg in 1981 after studying in England and met the ever gracious Herbert Prins who in turn introduced me to Pancho who promptly offered me a job at Wits – his view was that you needed to teach to practice well – I never figured out why he said this since his most productive years were spent in LM not teaching but simply making architecture - but then Pancho was always infuriatingly enigmatic.

I learnt a huge amount from him just

by being at Wits and being able to be around him when he taught, spoke about architecture and gave crits – I attended, simultaneously as a teacher and a student, his early morning lectures to the fifth years on the Renaissance – about Borromini, Brunelleschi, Giulio Romano, Palladio, Bramante and Serlio and others which were wonderful and have influenced the way I think about architecture ever since – I cannot begin to imagine what this must have meant to the students who were taught by Pancho during this period.

He could also be infuriating – he had his favourites and if he didn't like you – you were in trouble.

He hated the pretences of the University bureaucracy and treated it with the kind of disdain that it deserved – unfortunately whilst this was supported by the school it



cast us in bad odour with the rest of the University which meant ultimately that we sometimes didn't get the support that we deserved – however in retrospect it was worth the sacrifice – by keeping above the mess of the University we simply got on and did what we did best – to teach and produce good architecture – they were incredibly productive years.

Because of this attitude, Pancho gathered around him a host of people who did not necessarily fit the University prescription of worthy academics – our School was a home for dissidents – they were made welcome to come to teach and write and draw. I remember particularly people such as Jean Pierre Delport – a South African post-structuralist from the East Rand who reinvented himself as a Frenchman replete with fake accent – this pretence was carried for a number of years – he was spellbinding in his thick French accent and carried the deception forward with such uncanny conviction that after a time no-one in the school doubted that he was French. We were a family – whenever anyone got married or had a child there was an official annointment at the Guedes

home in Melville – I still have the photos taken by Pancho of my eldest daughter Sophie at the age of 6 weeks in the garden at their home in Melville – When we arrived in Joburg we knew no-one and Pancho and Dori were like our parents and Herbert Prins was the generous uncle. No story about Pancho would be complete without talking about Herbert – he often rescued Pancho at those times when Pancho's behaviour was so extreme that even his legendary charm could not rescue him from John Muller's anger or the university's approbation – thank God for Herbert – he would always be there to provide a timely bit of advice, a rescue plan.

Despite all this – or in spite of this – Pancho revelled in discord – there was a sense in him that real, authentic creativity grew out of dissent and discord. Following this lead staff took sharp position vis-a vis each others teaching programs and architectural work – rumours bounded about what had been said to whom in what class about what staff member – this led to confrontations in the corridors as well as sharp criticisms levelled at the presentation of work by staff members at the infamous Monday

morning school meetings - all of this, however, happened in a spirit of total commitment to Architecture.

I taught very briefly at the AA in the early 1990s and it seemed from what I heard there that this kind of atmosphere was similar to that which prevailed under the chairmanship of Alvin Boyarsky. During this period he mentored a number of people – as either teachers or students – who today are eminent architects, teachers and theorists – Rem Koolhaas, Zaha Hadid, Tom Heneghan, Peter Salter and Bernhard Tschumi amongst others. I have a sense that the same will emerge from Pancho's reign at Wits – lets wait and see.

Pancho was difficult, absolutely brilliant, totally committed to his art, infuriatingly partisan yet also generous, spellbindingly erudite and supremely talented, a truly great architect capable of turning his hand to almost any architectural problem and issue with an almost contemptuous ease.

Jo Noero is currently the Head of the School of Architecture at University of Cape Town.

Fredo Guedes

I am not an architect... but the book is also about memory... here are some of mine, Dad...

I remember how, at the beach, you made us all laugh by walking behind Karen imitating her walk...

The time you painted Rua Nevala red upsetting the colonial authorities...

Always running out to the back yard of your office to inspect Filipe's progress as he chopped away at the wooden sculptures. The instructions drawn directly on the wood.

And when you left they would giggle at the sensual way you had fondled your latest creation...

When everybody deserted Michael Stern at Waterford during the attempted coup you stood by him on principle even though you sacrificed other friendships....

Saipal was the first pilgrimage site because it was abandoned and had remained true to the plans...

And later, you wanted me to photograph all your deserted buildings in newly named Maputo because you preferred them as ruins...

The installation of your own PA system to compete with the continuous cackle of announcements from the military base opposite home...

The carbonized steaks on the way to the Swiss Mission building sites in

Chicumbane and Antioka...

The urgent retrieval of your note book every time you saw something that caught your attention and the way you would record an idea for later use...

The relative value of things...

When I was a student and wanted a good meal you would say the cost of the meal was worth so many books...

And later when Eugaria became the obsession that the price of the books would buy so many bags of cement...

The time PIDE took you away for interrogation and we did not know if you were coming back...

Fondling Sol Kerzner's stomach to put him in his place during the mad negotiations to get the Nossi-be project off the ground...

Evergreen magazine. The anticipation and thrill of the next update on Avant Guard culture...

Going back to Rua Nevala and being

shocked at the destruction of our home and the cooperantes who had torn up the furniture left behind...

Your war with Machel through the paintings of him eating your creations...

The time I got 'run over by a tank' and you decked a policeman to get to me then fainted when you saw me covered in blood...

The Bunuel movies and how you inspired me to work in film...

The builder who would give you a child's toy every christmas...

Going through all the hidden drawings of your projects with Andre and smuggling them out on the train...

You were so excited to get them back again...

How, after liberating all your things, a customs officer seized the Evergreen magazines and they appeared on the banned list in South Africa...

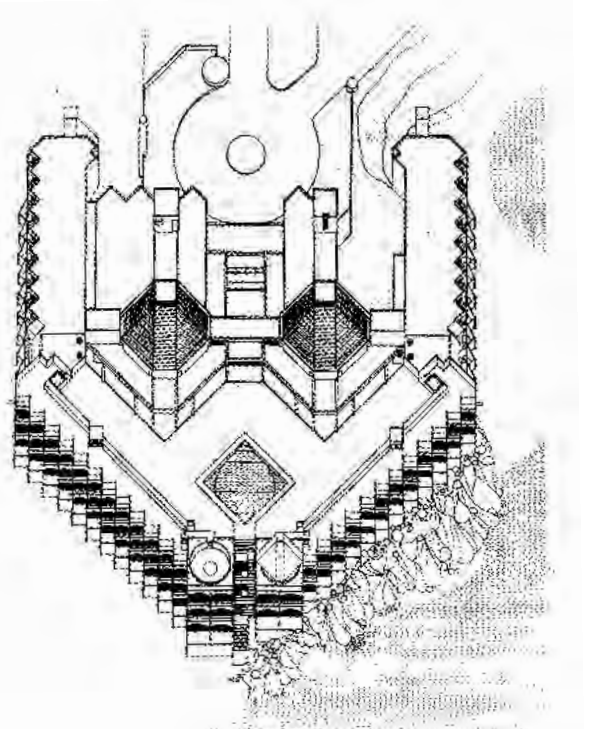
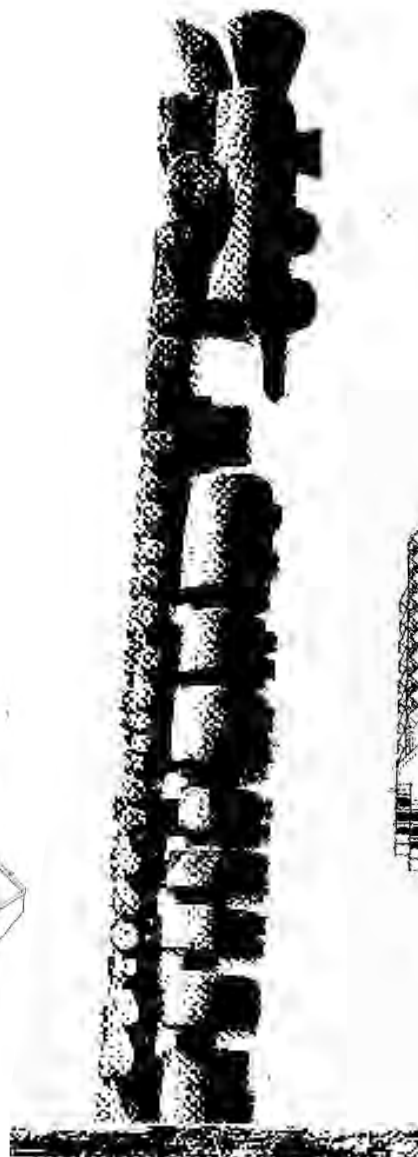
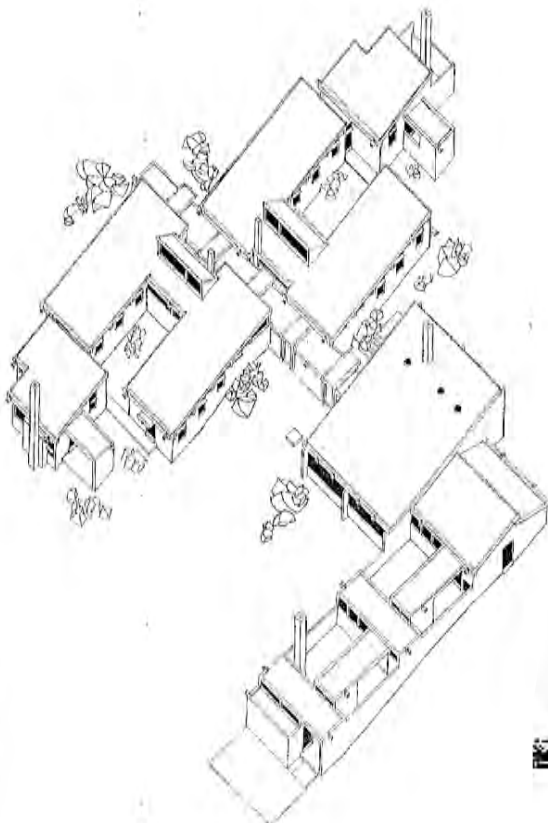
The way you are always working on ten different things....

Every time you visit someplace you take pictures and more pictures...

Slides everywhere...

And your philosophy that you must never take yourself too seriously and always be prepared to laugh at yourself...

Fredo Guedes is the second son of Pancho, has worked as a War Correspondent in the World's Political hotspots and is now settled with his family in the UK.



Pedro Guedes

In writing this I have erased recent memories and would like to take you back with me to a unique view of Pancho's practice at his "Office at Home" at Rua de Nevala 915.

Everyday at lunchtime we went to the beach. No more phone calls from clients shamelessly pouncing on their architect with last minute queries, instructions and changes of mind. The family could be together for an hour or so without interruptions. This drastic exclusion of architectural functions for a small part of the day was a hard-won victory for Dori. Even though, looking back, I enjoyed playing by the sea, I still have an aversion to sand between my toes and particularly in sandwiches. Living in our "Office at Home" brought many excitements and adventures. My earliest memories are of visiting building sites in the gold coloured MG. The open-topped sports car was the envy of all my school friends. Building was so much fun: piles of sand, machines for making cement blocks and friendly people. All, except the clients, with very rough hands.

Pancho was well liked by nearly everyone on the building sites. He lingered and discussed things with them often at great length on his regular visits. Sometimes the conversations evolved into respectful banter, which endeared him to the builders, craftsmen and labourers. His nickname everywhere in the south of Mozambique was mPandlane, which means bald man.

Building was primitive, but painstakingly accurate. I remember planks with nails and strings above trenches in the deep-red earth. Right angles were checked with big carefully made wooden 3-4-5, triangles, and dimensions discussed endlessly over working drawings pasted to masonite boards. Large nails would be hammered into profiles, checked and then moved until everything was perfectly right.

Pancho checked everything, and when a building had reached the point where walls were up, there would be sketches made on the plaster to clarify the odd detail that had escaped the meticulous drawings. Colours would also be tried out and if the clients opted for the less favoured option, it was never without the hard fought last stand. All his construction sites had a sign in large letters proclaiming that he was responsible for everything on

the job with the exception of the reinforced concrete.

I never saw any cement or mud on Pancho's shoes. Whenever we went to a building site together, I would return home with some reminder on my clothes. He was extremely dapper in his dress. Whenever he had to inspect drains he would not shrink from the task, but as he approached the open manhole, he would have a clean handkerchief bathed in eau de cologne held elegantly to his nose. He avoided formal occasions, but to those he had to attend, he would wear suits of his own design, always without collars. I remember going to his tailors with him and being astounded at how much thought and endless adjustments could go into a simple black suit.

I loved visiting the workshop of Feliciano the welder and blacksmith who fabricated all the steel screens and furniture on the many projects. He was a likeable and patient man with great skill at managing with meagre resources. He made his own acetylene with a carbide generator that one day exploded and sent him badly burnt to hospital.

I remember vividly a day when there was a terrible commotion. Lots of shouting, threats and Pancho trying to sooth and calm down someone who was very irate. I crept up, out of sight, to be closer to the engaging action. It was an enraged builder cursing the client who had not paid him, vowing to kill him. It looked as if he meant it, waving a loaded gun around the Office. It took a long time to convince him to go home instead.

The Office was full of surprises. Eavesdropping on client meetings was particularly entertaining. On one occasion, a client who was dreaming enthusiastically of his beach-house came with yet another pile of magazines with examples of confusing and contradictory desiderata. The whole pile, including those he had brought before were dumped theatrically in the waste-paper bin and he was told exactly how many square metres of building the extravagant magazines had already cost him. After the initial shock, he had a good laugh and the job proceeded without any major deviations.

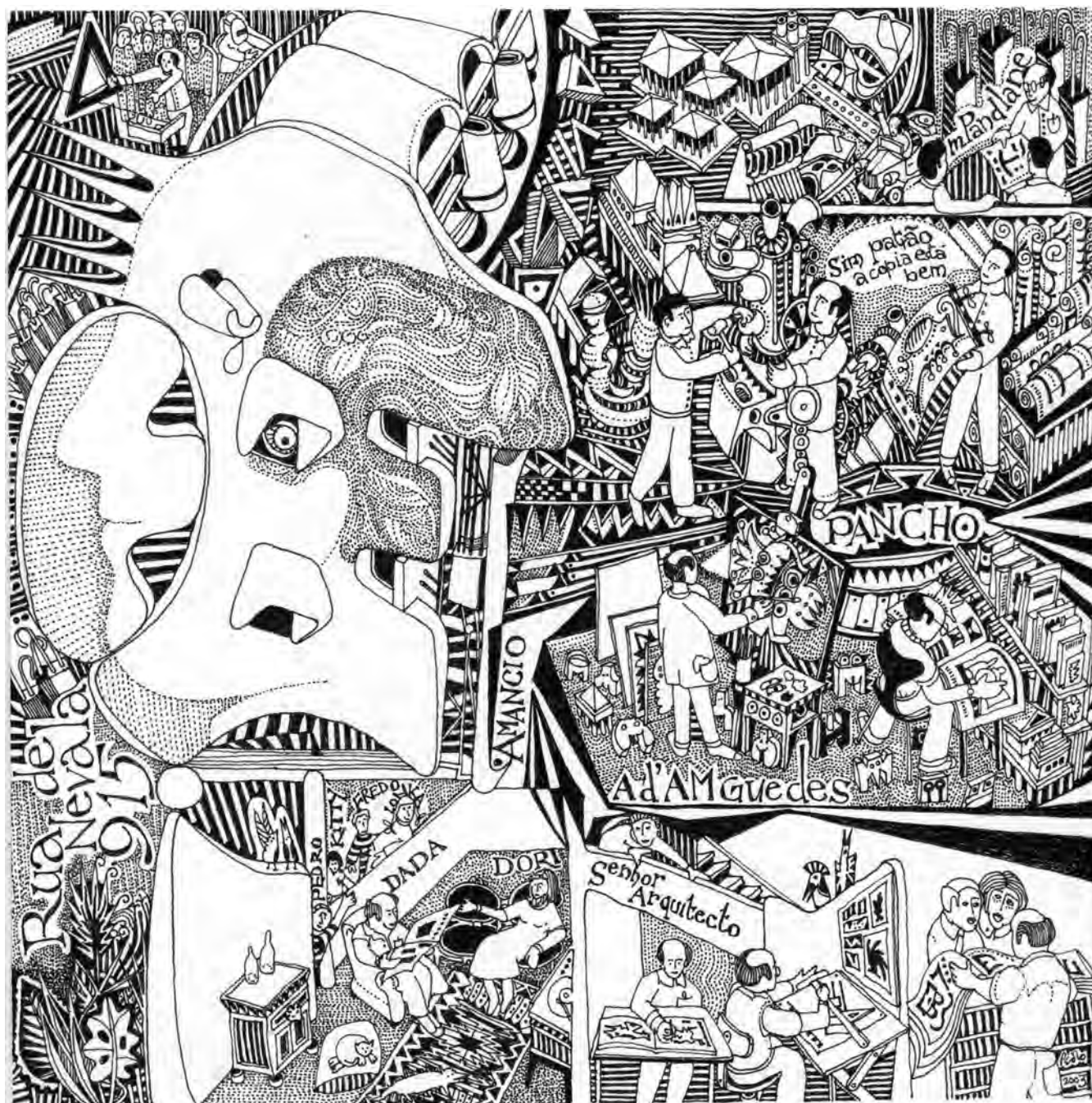
The drawings were the mysterious productions that controlled all the people scattered on various building sites and workshops throughout town. Every drawing was done by Pancho. Even the structural engineer's drawings were

redrawn. He would work on them late into the night long after I'd gone to bed and would be at his drawing board when I woke up. He never employed more than two draughtsmen. They worked on tracings for drainage and electrical layouts and drawings for the Municipality recording the buildings as built. I was allowed to ink in and later to trace the hand drawn letters laboriously prepared for every drawing. It was a long time before I was allowed to draw on the drawing itself.

I would often spend hours doodling and drawing on a table next to Pancho in the office. When he was engaged in routine drawing tasks and not working something out in detail in deep focused thought, we would chat or the radio would be playing. Sometimes I would make suggestions about projects he was working on and would do my own drawings of them. I was very proud when he used a drawing I did of the Smiling Lion as the basis for a painting of the building before it started on site. On another occasion, when he was designing the interior for a tearoom, I made a sketch of lettering spelling its name in spiky festive child-like letter-forms, which he liked a lot and used for the main sign and as a design for the cake-boxes.

Before we had our own dyeline printing at Rua de Nevala, I remember going in the MG to a reclusive lady who would lower a basket from an upstairs balcony to pick up the drawings that we'd brought. When we returned, the prints, smelling of ammonia would be lowered. Eventually, André (who worked in the Office until it closed) learnt how to make excellent dyelines. He used a special frame to stretch the drawings over the dyeline paper under a transparent plastic sheet. They were exposed to the sun and then developed in our very own smelly ammonia box. Every project had drawings of a particular size and all the paper was carefully cut from rolls. Finished prints were neatly folded and bound in handsome black bindings, for the clients, the Municipality and the builders.

The Office moved about the house over the years. I first remember it as a space under the stairs. Dori became very anti open-plan as a result, an aversion she has held ever since. As a consequence the houses they now inhabit in Portugal have distinct rooms with doors to close them off from the rest of the home. I think the Office next moved to the garage of one half of Rua de Nevala 915. When the Smiling Lion was completed next door, the



Office occupied the first flat at the top of the stairs. Its last move was to the ground floor of the adjoining house at 915. The identical staircases were linked at the half landing, so the Office was again under the same roof as our home. Pancho's painting studio with all his books on art was upstairs next door to our grandparents and the garage then became Malangatana's Studio.

It was seldom dull at Rua de Nevala 915. Sometimes students from Wits would arrive to spend a few weeks working in the office. I would take them around town to look at the buildings completed or under construction. They had also come to savour the atmosphere of "L.M. the vibrant Latin

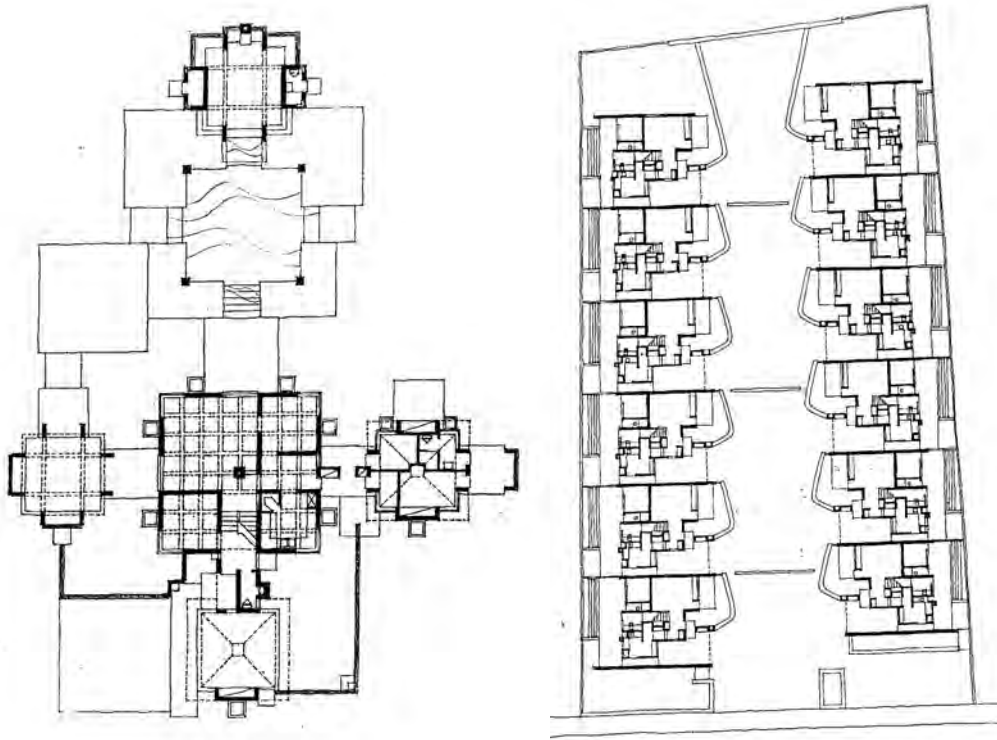
city". Occasionally there were memorable events like the Summer School organised by Julian Beinart which brought many students from Wits and was held in the nearby pyramidal nursery school still under construction. I remember the labourers on the site joining the students at the end of the day to contribute their own drawings.

Eventually, the golden MG gave way to a series of less glamorous but more practical vehicles, which culminated in a phoenix-like successor in the metallic silver Jag with beige leather upholstery which ironically met a fiery end, melting the road under it on a remote site visit to the Swiss Mission in the bush.

From my unique vantage point,

architecture was a wonderful world of adventures, surrounded by subtropical plants, sculptures and paintings. It was an environment where nearly anything could be made by the ingenious people we knew. A city full of buildings I had seen from the drawing board, through their various states of construction and then finally inhabited. I am grateful for a wonderful childhood that made me feel like a colleague from a very early age.

Pedro Guedes is the oldest son of Pancho, taught at the AA, RCA and is currently Senior Lecturer at the University of Queensland, Brisbane, Australia.



'Ora Joubert

Whenever asked after my maturation as an architect, I always acknowledge the role the University of the Witwatersrand played in this regard. Specifically, I owe my entrée into academia to Pancho who offered this Tukkies a teaching post soon after I graduated.

My time spent at Wits as a junior lecturer from 1986 until 1990 was undoubtedly one of the most invigorating periods of my life; a period when the staff, apart from Pancho, included Herbert Prins, Peter Rich, Jo Noero, Brian Altshuler, Lyndsay Bremner, Don Tindale, Marilyn Martin, Dennis Radford and the Fitchett couple – all remarkable individuals who made, and continue to make, valuable contributions to architectural education and to society at large.

I vividly recall the animated discussions on all matters related to architecture, inevitably instigated, and hugely enjoyed, by Pancho. The final year design exam was the annual highlight, with Pancho, without fail, living up to his mischievous reputation.

Apart from generously rewarding students with one hundred percent, would he sneak behind Don's back to alter the consensus mark that was reached minutes before and much to the annoyance (to put it mildly) of the external examiners.

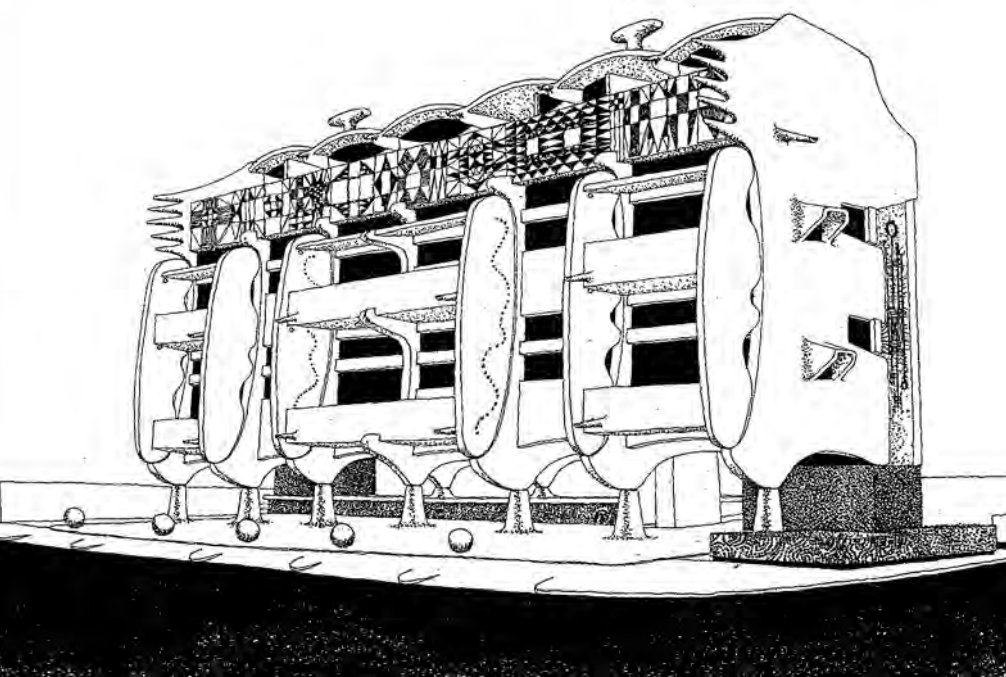
To me Pancho's generosity remains one of his most endearing qualities; a generosity extended not only to his students, but also to his teaching staff. His enquiry after one's own creative explorations was always much appreciated, as was his surprisingly pragmatic advice.

A visit to his office was a treat as one could marvel at one's hearts content at the myriad of drawings, paintings, sculptures and models (the latter meticulously built by meneer de Wit).

Pancho's creative energy was contagious and therefore not surprisingly reverberates in the work of all privileged to have been closely associated with him. The *joie de vivre* that Pancho's *oeuvre*, as well as his inimitable persona, brought to bear, is one of the rarest gifts that any individual could ever wish for.

Pancho, I salute you!

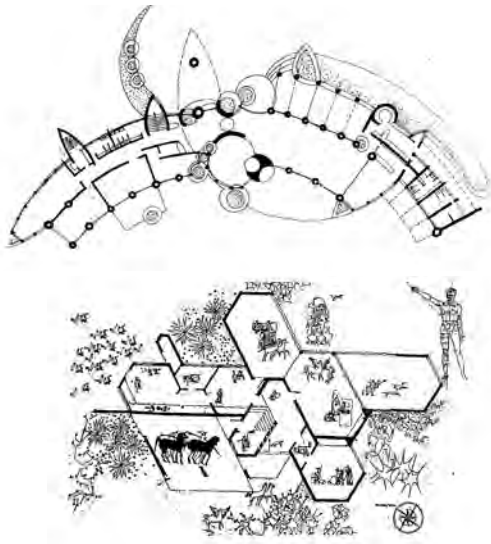
'Ora Joubert is the Head of the School of Architecture, University of the Free State, Bloemfontein and taught at WITS in the late 80s.



Marilyn Martin

I still remember exactly where I stood in Pancho's office at Wits when he uttered these words. He had been trying to convince me that I should study acoustics. I explained that I had neither the scientific nor technological background, nor for that matter any aptitude for such a field. Registering my resistance the conversation ended. Then, as I walked out, I heard: 'You can do anything you choose to do'.

I never became an expert in acoustics but Pancho's words stayed with me and they still come to mind – and to my rescue – when I face difficult tasks and daunting opportunities. Such was his faith in his colleagues and students. Such was the nature of his leadership. What I learned from Pancho about management would not get me through a senior management



course, but I learned something much more important – that nothing can replace inspired leadership and example.

In the face of reluctance, Pancho succeeded in convincing Wits that I should register for the degree of Master of Architecture without an undergraduate degree in the discipline. Opposition followed when he wanted to appoint me in the department. Wits was a scary place at the time – academics had to dress and look a certain way. If one did not, and if one were multi-skilled, versatile and open to change, one was regarded with stern suspicion. A colleague in another department called me a dilettante.

But I was appointed and given the opportunity, with Hugh Fitchett and Dennis Radford, of developing a five-year History of Art and Architecture course. Pancho had a dream of training architects who would

also be visually and historically literate and the three of us were entrusted with the manifestation of that dream. They were extraordinary days, rich and enriching in every aspect of my life and my work – the freedom and privilege to create something from nothing, engaging with colleagues and students, learning and growing all the time. Gaining confidence and wisdom and the knowledge that one must at all times speak one's truth, particularly in the face of adversity.

Pancho was awe-inspiring in a crit. While everyone was still looking he had looked, analysed, scrutinised and redesigned the scheme. Nothing was taken at face value; everything remained open to questioning, to a challenge, to contestation. His subjectivity was located in the context of the real, his imagination in vast knowledge. He created space for discourse and required participation from us.

Pancho's belief in the architect as artist, poet, engineer and social agent resonated with me, but unfortunately most students simply wanted to get on with the job. The notion of the universal creative individual had been irretrievably lost somewhere in the second half of the 20th century, Pancho remaining one of few such architects.

At Wits and from Pancho I learned about Africa, the significance of the aesthetic production of our continent. Pancho's own work is a synthesis of modernism and Africanism, of knowing and understanding cutting-edge technologies and ancient traditions. He introduced me to Mozambique and to Malangatana long before I had occasion to visit the country and meet the artist. When we did meet in Cape Town, I knew Malangatana well enough to invite him to be a houseguest. I treasure the drawings he gave me and the 17th century Dutch trade beads that he found while excavating for a building in Maputo; some of them are now in the Iziko: South African National Gallery collection.

There is no Pancho without Dori and I want to pay tribute to her – a remarkable woman, who opened her home to my children and me. I remember Dori telling us about the tribulations of her forefathers and – mothers, I remember her warmth and hospitality, her delicious food. I remember their home and their closeness. Pancho and Dori were always interested in and concerned about our happiness and well being as individuals and families,

outside the workplace, without ever intruding.

I want to conclude by dedicating a poem, written by Brother Giovanni in 1513, to Pancho and Dori. It captures what I have gained and learned as an individual from knowing them and it contains a sublime message for the road ahead:

There is nothing I can give you
which you have not
But there is much, very much while I
cannot give it
you can take
No heaven can come to us unless
our hearts find rest in today
Take heaven
No peace lies in the future
that is not hidden in this present
instant
Take peace
The gloom of the world is but a
shadow
behind it, yet within reach, is joy
There is a radiance and glory in the
darkness could we but see
and to see we have only to look
I beseech you to look
Life is so generous a giver, but we,
judging its gifts by their covering
cast them away as heavy or ugly or
hard
Remove the covering and you will find
beneath it a living splendour
woven of love by wisdom with power
Welcome it and grasp it and you
touch the angel's hand that brings it
to you
Everything we call a trial a sorrow or
a duty
believe me, that angel's hand is there
The gift is there and the wonder of an
overshadowing presence
Our joys too. Be not content with
them as joys
they too conceal diviner gifts
And so, at this time, I greet you
not quite as the world sends greetings
but with profound esteem
and with a prayer that for you now
and forever
the day breaks and the shadows flee
away

Marilyn Martin taught History of Art and Architecture at WITS. She left to take up position of Director, South African National Gallery and is now Director of Art Collections at Iziko Museums, Cape Town.

Karl-Heinz Schmitz

Tuesday, 4 November 2003 Weimar

Dear Pancho

Congratulations! If anyone deserves an additional title it's you. But to be quite honest, Dr. Pancho Guedes sounds just as strange to my ears as Dr. Pablo Picasso. Picasso is Picasso and Guedes is Guedes, there is no room for a title.

Lonka asked me to write something anything. What can I write about Pancho Guedes that others have not already written?

Perhaps my personal encounters.

1972 Cape Town.

3rd year at UCT. Students from WITS come to Cape Town. One of them is Richard Hepner who draws his projects like an architect called Pancho Guedes. He knows many interesting stories.

1973 Cape Town

I apply for work in the office of Pancho Guedes. I receive no reply.

1974 Johannesburg

After having worked in the offices of Gawie Fagan, Revel Fox and Bannie Britz, a friend and I decide to drive to Mozambique to look at buildings by Pancho Guedes.

Ignorant of South African news we don't quite realise that there is a revolution. We drive to Pancho's Office in Maputo, everything is empty and desolate, Pancho has left. One of his collaborators shows us buildings in and around Maputo.

I often show the slides of the buildings that I had taken at the time, the last time in October this year at the University of Strathclyde, Glasgow.

1975 Cape Town

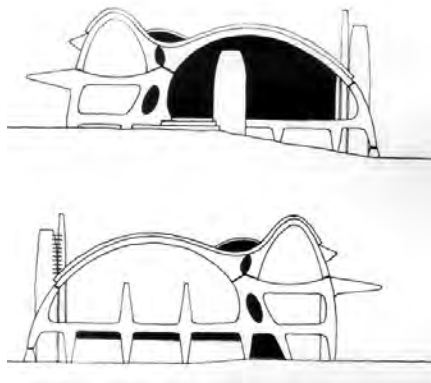
Pancho Guedes is an external examiner at UCT. I have to show him my work, an unfinished project, endless roles of tracing paper with sketches that are getting nowhere. He doesn't sigh, he doesn't look despondent, he doesn't give me the impression that I'm an idiot or a burden. He looks at the sketches and says: you're like a cat chasing its own tail. It doesn't sound mean and somehow I have the feeling that I will soon find a way out.

1978 Cape Town

Symposium at UCT called "The State of the Arts in South Africa". Neil Durbach and

I are to present projects. No one knows who we are. The director of the National Gallery in Cape Town introduces everyone except us. We hear him saying. Who are they? I don't know what to say about them. Pancho jumps up and says that he will introduce us. We hear him give us extraordinary and fictitious titles. He makes up as he goes along, I'm too nervous to hear them all just one I'm the Madrid Scholar. I feel that the audience believe him; there is no laughter when we go on stage: just awe and respect.

Neil's title is 'Robben Island the New



Capital of South Africa', my part is the City of Cape Town, 'Parliament Buildings the New Political Prison of South Africa' or something like that.

For some odd reason we are not arrested.

1979 Johannesburg

Pancho offers me a teaching position at Wits just before I leave for short trip to Europe.

1980 Düsseldorf

I write that I am not coming back; I have just met my wife and I am planning to settle in my homeland, Germany.

1981 Cologne

I apply for work in the office of Oswald Mathias Ungers. At my first appointment I say, "Oh by the way, kind regards from Pancho Guedes." I get the job.

1990 Eichstätt/Lisbon

Two years in the office of Karljosef Schattner. We decide to take a trip to Portugal. In Lisbon we meet Pancho, who shows us various buildings. One of them is the Jeronimos Monastery. Pancho explains and explains, I translate into German. After a while Schattner looks at me and asks.

Mr. Schmitz, is all this true?

Pancho is all this true?

No! But isn't it a good story?

1991 Eichstätt/Darmstadt

We invite Pancho to come to Eichstätt, a Catholic bishopric in the heart of Bavaria. Pancho gives a talk on the 'Madonna of the Revolvers'.

For some odd reason the bishop does not fire me.

Pancho stays with us. My children, 8 and 4 don't understand English, Pancho can't speak German. I think they understand him. For years they speak about him.

Later we drive to Darmstadt where Pancho gives a talk on his work. He starts off by saying: "I'm an architect who does not really know what he is doing."

I hear staff members grumbling. At the end of the talk there is tumultuous applause by the students.

1992 Eichstätt/Weimar

I apply for a teaching position at the Bauhaus University in Weimar. Pancho writes a letter of reference. This time I have the feeling that he is telling the truth. I get the job.

3rd October 2003 Weimar

The phone rings.

Schmitz

Karl-Heinz Schmitz?

Yes

Do you speak English

Yes

You probably don't know who I am, my name is Lonka Guedes.

Of course I know who you are, about 30 years ago we had lunch together at Richard Hepner's flat in Cape Town; we had chicken and mayonnaise.

You seem to have a good memory, are you like my father?

No one is like your father, and I only remember things that are not important.

Lonka explains the reason for her call.

I know that I can't come but its difficult to say no.

4th October Weimar

I see the list of speakers. Long lost friends. I know that I can't go.

11th December Johannesburg

Dear Pancho here I am.

Karl Heinz Schmitz is a Professor at the Bauhaus University in Weimar, Germany

Heather Dodd

I first met Pancho when I was 17 - half a lifetime ago and arrived at Wits to study Architecture. The first project was to design a hotel and the first crit was a pin up in the foyer of John Moffat where Pancho went through all 120 of the schemes giving comment to all. Later in the year, I got to know Pancho better, as like all first years in the past we began our revolt against the tyranny of Physics. Pancho enthusiastically helped us with our battle, and we would go and meet with the Head of Physics, trying to persuade him of the patent unsuitability of Architects to the subject. Unfortunately, it didn't happen in our year, only five or so years later – and I just scraped Physics.

Later I sat on the Faculty Board and witnessed Pancho's innate delight in pushing the limits of institutional authority. His last meeting was a memorable performance.

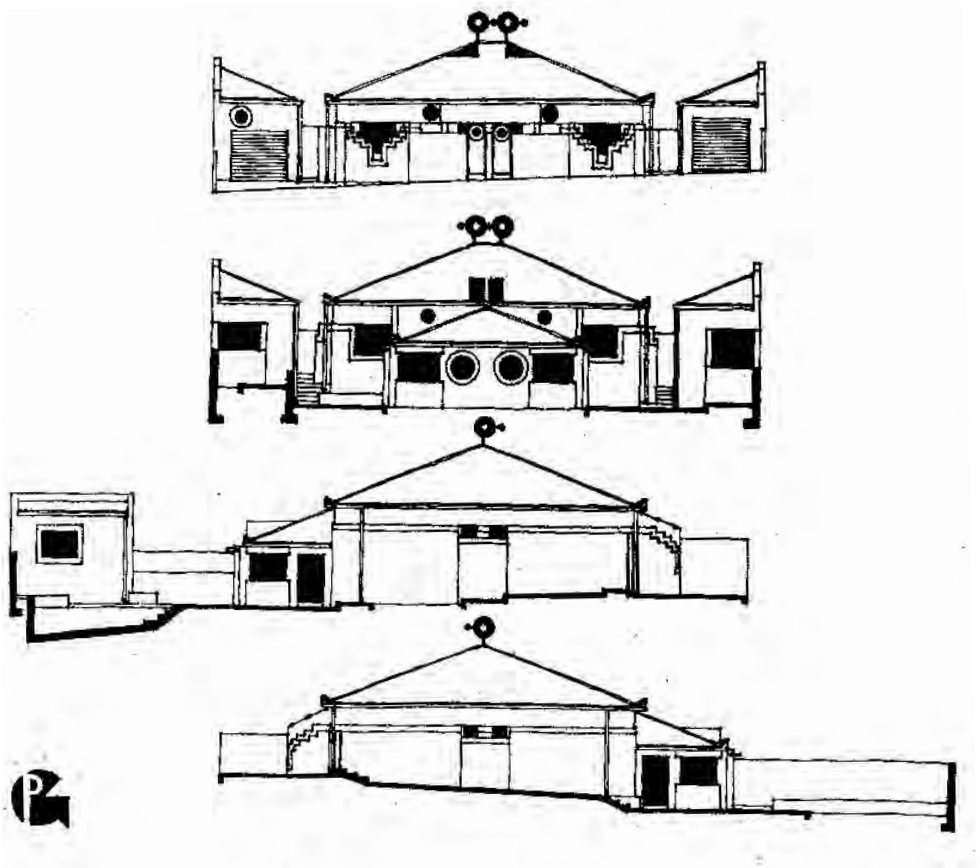
There are many wonderful things that I remember of Pancho and things that I have taken with me into the way I think about architecture.

The extraordinary treasure trove that was his office – filled with slides and books and drawings from floor to ceiling. One would meet Pancho in the passage and ask about a project or an architect – excited about your 'discovery' and he would take you to his office and show you a book or a slide that would take you further on your voyage of discovery. To this day, I have never really learnt to engage with the index system of the Library, because there was always Pancho to ask and the method of just looking at the shelves to discover a book – the index of the mind.

Then there were Pancho's school talks – at the beginning of term where he would talk about his holiday projects – the progress of the house in Sintra, or even doorknobs. I also remember Pancho's delight in the challenge of a new scheme whether real or not and his ability to produce a beautiful set of drawings overnight.

I have often mused on why it is that I visit such obscure places at great cost to seek out a particular building – usually off the given tourist map in places where no-one speaks English, and I am sure that this is Pancho's influence.

Pancho had a saying about architects being magicians, prostitutes, acrobats,



and traders of ideas...and he dwelt in a world where imagination and dreams intertwined with reality. When the going gets tough in the real world and I write an email to a Project Manager saying that I am not Harry Potter, and somehow I feel that my magic wand has forsaken me, I always remember this saying of Pancho's and his enthusiasm for taking up a

challenge, in pushing the boundaries and his absolute delight in architecture and life itself.

It is this that I remember and it renews my passion for the challenges that I face in my architecture.

Heather Dodd is an architect practicing in Johannesburg.



Manfred Schiedhelm & Karen Axelrad

When I first came across the work of Pancho Guedes I was struck by his unusual approach to architecture. It was unusual in the way that his work encompassed both the culture of the country he was working in and the possibilities contemporary architecture provided. Later at a variety of Team X meetings, he brought the only non-western perspective to the discussions.

Here was a man living and working in Mozambique who found ways of encompassing all sources available and translating them into an autonomous way of making buildings. This symbiosis was also nurtured by using the craftsmanship of local woodcarvers, painters, embroiderers and builders of the region. His close collaboration with his African co-workers contributed to a unique understanding of the needs of the people he was building

for. This method distinguished his work from the usual implantation of western architecture which one finds all over Africa.

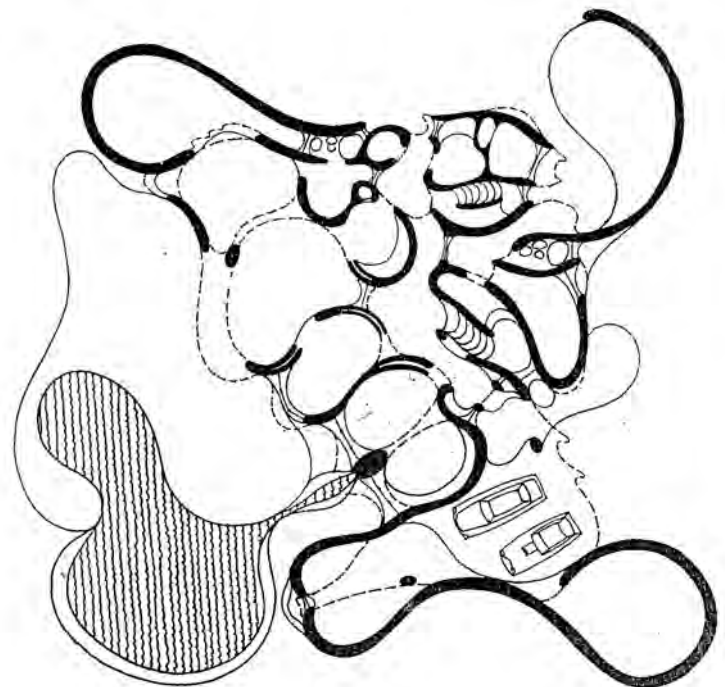
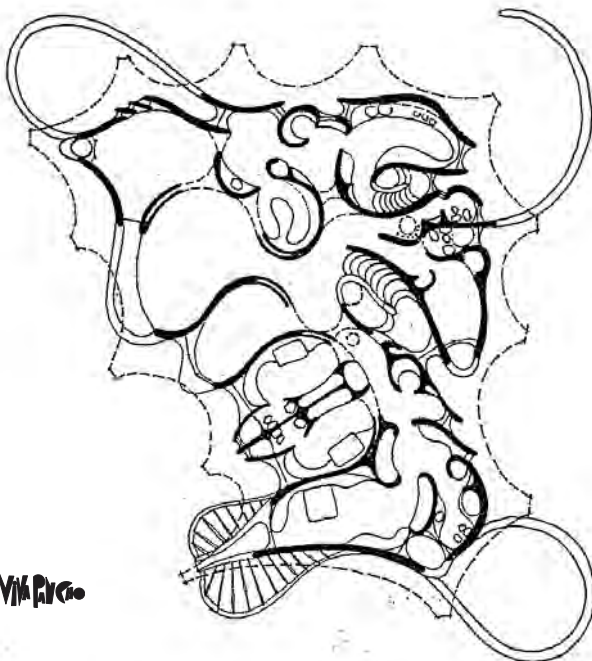
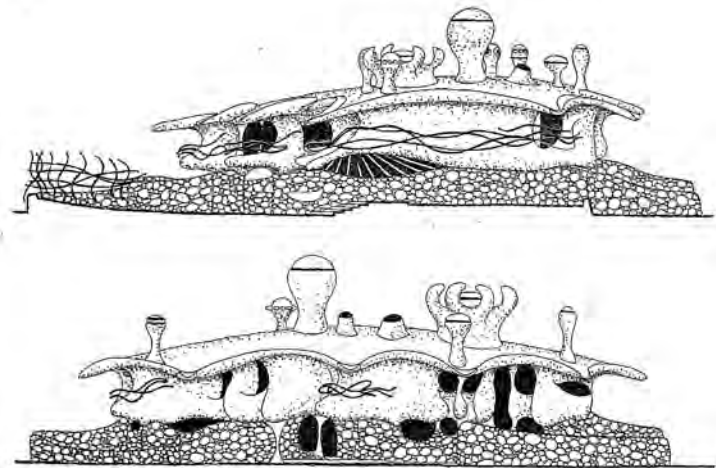
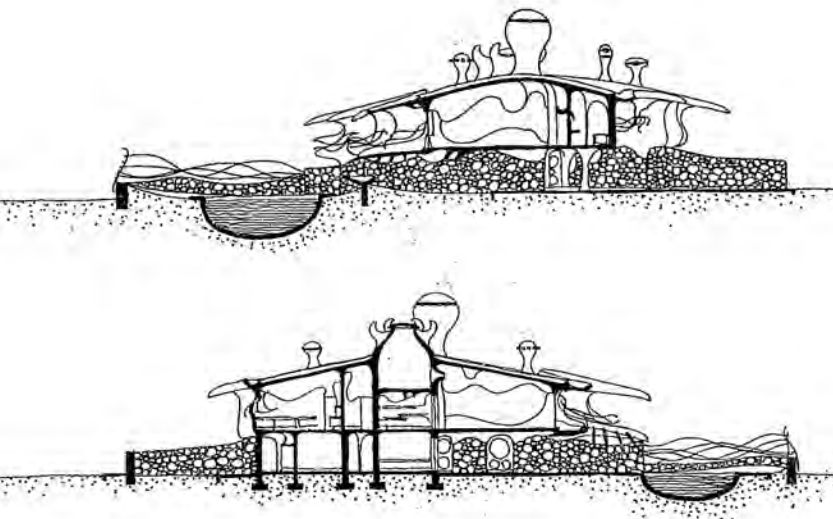
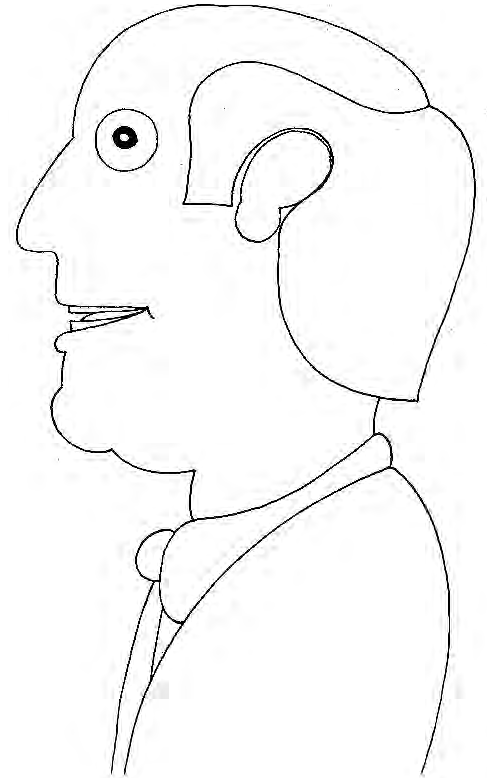
As he once mentioned, he operates in a rather "clandestine manner" avoiding what he calls "ready-made stiff architecture".

Pancho Guedes has developed a refreshing way of creating buildings beyond the actual trends. He has taken interesting sidepaths and thus avoided the commonplaces of architecture. The result has been a considerable number of unique buildings throughout his long career.

In giving Pancho Guedes the Honorary Doctorate, you are honoring a great architect and a wonderful person.

Congratulations,
Manfred Schiedhelm & Karen Axelrad
15 October, 2003

Manfred Schiedhelm was a fellow member of Team X with Pancho and is currently based in Berlin, Germany.



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Page 5: Left: Pancho & Revel **Right:** Inauguration of the wooden totem-column marking the northern boundary of the Smiling Lion. Pedro and Lonka have climbed the sculpture, while Pancho, Dori and everyone from the office look on.

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home in Maputo about to be digested by the State.

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Page 30: Top: Pancho by himself in line, pale with modesty and delight at all the kind words, unrestrained eulogies and pleasant memories brought together in this publication. **Bottom:** House for Moreno Ferreira, Beira. A young relative of buildings with walls twisting and turning. Sections, elevations and plans.

Cover: Habitable Woman. Rendered in oil.

Inside Front Cover: Top left: Gallery mural and roof, NW elevation of Smiling Lion, Maputo/LM. **Middle left:** Swazi Zimbabwe revived as an oil painting. **Bottom left:** Cargo of Pyramids, Ship. Sculpture in wood. **Top right:** Dispute over the broken bicycle. Painting, oil. **Middle right:** Sheboat. Sculpture in Jacaranda. **Bottom right:** Morning break at the Swiss Mission primary school at Antioka.

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VIVA PANCHO

Amancio d'Alpoim Miranda Guedes

Born: 13th May 1925 in Lisbon
Nationality: Portuguese
Married: Dorothy Ann Phillips, 24th December 1947
Children: Pedro Paulo, Veronica, Godofredo, Catarina

Primary education

1930 Principe Island, Gulf of Guinea
1931 Sao Tomé Island, Gulf of Guinea
1932 Lisbon, Portugal
1933 Manjacaze, southern Mozambique

Secondary education

1934 – 1939 Government High School & Colleges Lourenço Marques
1940 – 1944 Maritz Brothers College, Johannesburg

University

1945 – 1949 University of the Witwatersrand, Johannesburg B.Arch course
1953 Escola Superior de Belas Artes, Porto, Portugal
State examination to obtain recognition of the B.Arch Degree

Positions held

1999 – present In private practice, Lisbon
1975 – 1999 In private practice, Johannesburg and Lisbon
1997 – 2001 Professor Catedrático
Department of Architecture, Faculty of Arts
Universidade Moderna, Lisbon
1995 – present Professor Catedrático
Department of Architecture, Universidade Lusófona, Lisbon
1990 – 1993 Professor Associado Convidado
Faculty of Architecture, Universidade Técnica, Lisbon
1990 – 1995 Professor Associado Convidado
Department of Architecture, Universidade Luziada, Lisbon
1998 – 1990 Professor of Architecture
Department of Architecture
University of the Witwatersrand, Johannesburg
1950 – 1974 In private practice, Lourenço Marques
1955 – 1956 Part-time teacher
1952 – 1953 Part-time designer for Vitale Moffa, Civil Engineer
1951 – 1952 Part-time assistant to City Planner
Arquitecto F Mesquita, Lourenço Marques Municipality
1950 Part-time designer for Silva Carvalho, Ferreira & Gaddini,
Civil Engineers

Visiting Professorships & Exhibitions

1988 Technion, Haifa
1982 U.C.L.A. Los Angeles
1980 University of Queensland, Australia
1976 Exhibition: Biennale di Venezia
1979 Exhibition: AA London

This publication is the third in the series of publications by the **Total Cad Academy**, sponsored by **Total Cad Solution Centre** with a supporting grant from **Business & Arts South Africa (BASA)**. It commemorates the award of a doctorate to **Pancho Guedes** by Wits University in December 2003. Previous sponsored publications include: **"Building Culture/Construir Cultura"** by **Jose Forjaz** and **"Selected BDG"** by **Paul Sanders**. Limited copies of these publications are available on request. The Academy will consider suitable material for publication in line with its philosophy to promote architectural dialogue in the Southern Africa context. Enquiries in this regard may be directed to **Andre Strauss** of the **Total CAD Academy**, eMail: **andre@archicad.co.za**



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