

were not the welcome exception, her work at the United Nations and the Athens Center of Ekistics were ripe for recollection. But her time was spent as an editor helping others preserve their ideas rather than spent to memorialize her own experiences, ideas and self.

Of course, she wrote, in collaboration with others and by herself. But the production could have been greater. Should have been greater? I believe so, but where is the final judge who can say so with certainty?

The only time I ever discussed this with her was at her house in the Attica countryside, facing a cultivated plain and a mountain in quite another direction from Athens. She had just introduced me to the delights of fresh pomegranate, plucked from her own trees, with only the choicest taken and all the unchoice picked fruit tossed away. Even in this, she had been her editorial self.

We talked about writing and its difficulty, what it is to create prose that is not lifeless and what it is to edit prose into liveli-

ness. For herself, she said she was too often like Camus' hero who spends his life on the perfect opening sentence. Anything less he could not accept, but something less had to be accepted or *nothing* would get written.

The shadows were long that afternoon because it was a November day, sunny, warm, but not brilliant, the way days are when the Grecian summer sunshine strikes the landscape. A dry rustle could be heard in the garden leaves. Winter was near. In the garden, though, blossoms still waited to be gathered, fruit ripe for picking hung heavily on the trees, and the vines remained leafy across the trellis. She said she had enjoyed her editing, but she hoped she could yet tell the world directly all that she had so far left unsaid.

Then she said no more of that. Instead, she drove everyone to the nearby taverna for grilled garden snails, *kokkinelli* and the pleasant flow of conversation. Being a gracious friend, you see, was another one of Jaqueline Tyrwhitt's many skills; and even her skill as an editor – or any other occupation – could not match her talent for friendship.

Tribute

Declan Kennedy

Declan Kennedy, former assistant editor of EKISTICS, is still a member of the EKISTICS Editorial Advisory Board. He is a professor of Ecology and Urban Design, Department of Architecture, Technische Universität, Berlin.

I am an architect and urban planner. After a few years in private practice, I was downright disillusioned as to the quality and verity of the type of work I was supposed to be doing. At this point, I came in contact with EKISTICS for the first time and decided to attend the Athens Ekistics Month in 1964. I guess it was my Irish fondness for argument that caught Jacky Tyrwhitt's attention, but right from the first meeting on the first day of July 1964, we seemed to find a rapport with each other, both being able to voice our own opinion. I was so fascinated with the concept of Ekistics that I did the complete submergency system. I decided to take this idea and work on it for the next few years – maybe for my life. I revisited Athens the following two years for the International Seminars. In 1967 I switched to the USA and took up a doctoral course in Public and International Affairs at the University of Pittsburgh. And lo and behold! Here was EKISTICS, again – this time in the person of Gwen Bell, who happened to be my doctoral advisor. Slowly, I began helping her with the editing of a few articles for EKISTICS, as she was then acting as assistant editor. I became associate editor. This brought me back to Greece, one summer after the other, where we all stayed with Jacky in her house. We considered it necessary to be as much of the short time together as possible during the six week coordination period which we had arranged each year, in July and August. It was hard going, hard arguments and hard decisions, but it was a fantastic time. Jacky's ability to say such hard things in a nice manner gave the tone, also her ability to work unending

hours and to cut off abruptly when the work was done and turn to more leisurely and personal matters like eating, or drinking retsina in the local taverna "Kanakis Garden – Very Nice." As Jacky decided to "retire" and become consulting editor, Gwen took over as editor and I was promoted to assistant editor. This post I held until 1973.

The transition from Editor Jacky to Editor Gwen could have been a problem, as is so often the case when the former editor is still on the Editorial Board and still consulting, but all three of us worked this out, knowing that conflicts could arise and trying to anticipate them before any in-fights or trouble occurred. Jacky was then to be seen as a very good mediator and peacemaker, just as she had been a very good troubleshooter and coordinator beforehand.

We had a whole system in our editing built up to make it possible with three equally busy people working on every third issue from three parts of the globe: Athens, Greece; Cambridge, Mass., USA; and West Berlin, Germany. Letters were short, the usual trite niceties were to be left out – everything was to be to the point – none of us had time to write long epistles nor had we time to read them. Our cut and paste systems of preparing the final manuscripts were also coordinated during the Ekistics Month, but that was only part of our work: we had to do the minutes of each meeting, edit them and have them ready for the next – whether this took place in the ACE auditorium, Dinos' house in Porto Rafti or on the ship sailing through the Aegean.

Jacky was a person who had suffered quite a lot in her life, but who made the best of it and did not allow herself to be too influenced by her mere health condition. She is a loss to all of us now, but in her life she was a fantastic, open and concentrated gain to humanity and to human settlement sciences. I thank her in memoriam.