

Building – The Future

Barbara Adair



There are many stories that make up our lives, and one of the various ways that these stories are recorded is in the spaces that we occupy: the houses, the corners, the streets and the trees; where we live, work, play, cry and laugh. These stories emerge from and develop out of the circumstances, culture, places that surround us, the spaces we live in, work in, and where we meet our friends. We are spatial story-tellers, explorers, navigators, and discoverers.

The buildings in spaces emerge from a cultural context; they reflect the social fashions and political happenings of the time. They do not exist in isolation. And so, they are one of the ways in which stories are told for there is a consistent connection between people, space and the cultural worlds in which they live.

And now AI.

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DOI: 10.52907/wahia.v2i1.646

I type in the name of the building, the place where it is, its history, architectural genre and I am rewarded with information about this building. But I do not read a story.

Can AI tell me a story about heart break? Can AI tell me a story about fathers and mothers and lovers?

Can AI tell me about hardship, happiness, human connections and love?

This article is about the Fiat Tagliero building in Asmara, Eritrea. I will give you facts about it. AI tells me that it is 'a masterpiece of Italian Futurist architecture that was built in Asmara, Eritrea, in 1938. I will give you measurements, philosophies, dates, colours, angles, reliefs, potholes and pilotis; important facts. But I will also give you stories about the building; stories of those who built it, designed it, bystanders who walk past it daily. And as you read the article, I ask the question: What moves you the reader; the facts, or the stories, or are they entangled and so can never be severed from each other?

The Fiat Tagliero petrol station is an iconic Futurist, with some Art Deco features, building in Asmara, Eritrea. It was built when Eritrea was an Italian colony, the Fascist Italy that was led by Mussolini. Italy was then in the middle of a war with neighbouring Ethiopia. She wished that Ethiopia was her colony, but, despite her massive munitions and fighter jets which dropped mustard gas and other chemical bombs onto Ethiopian communities, the Italian soldiers were routed in guerrilla skirmishes by the Ethiopian forces. So, for Italy the need to proclaim and to hold onto Eritrea as a colony was vital for both the self-esteem and hubris of Mussolini and his people. Italy desired to hold her head high among those in the European community who had colonies in Africa. To show Italian prowess and supremacy to the world, the Italians sought to make their mark in the one country that was their colony, Eritrea.

How did she do this? She did it by, among other things, creating a space that was Italian, by building new, modern, some would say inappropriate, others exciting and dare devil, buildings.

Art and the art of the building can be defined by the configuration between people, their relationships with each other and with the space in which they live and work. These patterns are reflected in the design of built structures, which in turn are defined by the space, the people and the time in which they are created. In Asmara, in 1938, the European architecture reflected the Italian Fascism of the time; it was mechanical and brutal, it soared over and above a space that was, at face value, gentle and instinctive, for it was a space that Italy wished to dominate.

Italy was where the Fascism of Mussolini, Il Duce, was grasped and carried aloft by most Italians who, following the European depression were poor, leaderless and searching for a saviour. For most Italians, Mussolini was their saviour and fascism brought them a renewed sense of esteem and lifted them out of poverty, and so it was embraced, if only for a while. It was also the time of colonisation, Africa had been carved up and ‘given’ to different European powers. Italy wanted to expand into places that were not only a source of wealth but were also places where she could impose herself on the land, and design, or re-design it as she pleased. Countries in Africa were sought after for here new and exciting projects could be engendered.

In 1932 Guiseppe Pettazzi, a twenty-five year old Italian architect, was chosen to design the Fiat Tagliero building in Asmara. Many deemed him to be too crazy and unorthodox to build in Italy, the place of his birth and so he was shipped off to Eritrea to design and build new buildings that were too risqué for Italy proper, but yet would show Europe that the Italians were powerful embracers of futurist modernity.

Guiseppe Pettazzi: *When I was asked to design and build this building, this simple petrol station in Asmara owned by Senor Tagliero, a man who I revere for he is wealthy, and he is a man of principle, he believes in the power of our country and the strength of our leader, Il Duce, he trusts in the potency of the empire, I could not believe it, it is my dream, it is what I dream of always, to build for my country, and to build for the future. Il Duce, my Duce, together we conquer this part of Africa; we will make this Asmara a city so that no-one will ever doubt our prowess. I will make something that forever people will admire. I will make Italy in Africa.*



Guiseppe Pettazzi: *Il Duce, he says we can build as we please, he wants us to experiment, to show the world that we Italians are heroic, here we can build the new, the mechanical and the technological. There will be no more cathedrals to house the Lord, for we will build cathedrals to house new knowledge, to carry on their walls great mechanical birds. Yes, I grasp this project with both my hands, for my country, for me. I will show the world that we are great.*

Guiseppe Pettazzi was a Futurist, a movement initially developed by *Filippo Tommaso Marinetti*, the Italian poet and theoretician, who, in 1909, wrote the “*Manifesto of Futurism*”.

‘Filippo Tommaso Marinetti: *Time and space ended yesterday. We live in the absolute—in a state of perpetual youth menaced only by death.*

The Futurist movement exalted warfare and embraced the speed and newness of technology; it revered the novel and wished to eradicate the old so as to forge a new civilization from nothing. The movement grew quickly for the early twentieth century was a time, many, not all, would say, of innovation and progress, the industrial revolution, colonisation and the development of capitalism.

And so Pettazzi was the perfect architect to design a building that was intended to be a landmark; it would represent the inventiveness and excitement of making a conquered land that of the conqueror.

Giuseppe Pettazzi: *I grasp at the manifesto of the Futurists, the architecture of the future, this is my guide. Now architecture will make a break with tradition. There will be a fresh start. This building, the design that I create is the architecture of calculation, of audacious temerity and of simplicity; it is the architecture of reinforced concrete, of steel, glass, cardboard, textile fibre, stone and brick. I will create and obtain maximum elasticity and lightness for my building will fly. I will follow my guide, Antonio Sant’Elia. He is dead. He died while fighting gloriously against the Austro Hungarian forces in the last war. He believed, as I do, that the world must be cleansed by warfare, the old order must be destroyed as we build the new. Machines will change the way we live, we must embrace the machine. We will break down the mysterious doors of the impossible. I believe in speed, I believe that we must accelerate the progress that we make; yes, I will build this building so that the empire will always be here, it will be here for our children, not a memory, but a reality, and we Italians will be glorious, we will be held aloft and elevated as are the machines of the sky. This is La Piccolo Roma, and in this city my buildings will make it bigger than Rome itself.*

Antonio Sant’Elia, directly influenced Pettazzi. He is known as the father of architectural Futurism. He never lived to see his designs built for, at the age of twenty-eight, he died in the First European War pursuing what he believed in, the cleansing of the world by destroying it.

Antonio Sant'Elia: *No architecture has existed since 1700. A moronic mixture of the most various stylistic elements used to mask the skeletons of modern houses is called modern architecture.*

These architectonic prostitutions are welcomed in Italy, and rapacious alien ineptitude is passed off as talented invention and as extremely up-to-date architecture. Young Italian architects flaunt their talents in the new quarters of our towns, where a hilarious salad of little ogival columns, seventeenth-century foliation, Gothic pointed arches, Egyptian pilasters, Rococo scrolls, fifteenth-century cherubs, swollen caryatids, take the place of style in all seriousness, and presumptuously put on monumental airs. No, this is not what we need. We need the kaleidoscopic appearance and reappearance of forms; we do not need those that continue to stamp the image of imbecility on our cities, our cities which should be the immediate and faithful projection of ourselves. We must throw our minds open in the search for new frontiers and in the solution of the new and pressing problem: the Futurist house and city.

Futurism, and architectural Futurism, was a diatribe of relentless forward momentum, and so it was the architecture loved and admired by Mussolini as the architecture for the Italian colony, Eritrea.

In 1922, when *Mussolini* rose to power, he planned a 'Second Roman Empire' or '*La Piccola Roma*'. Asmara was fêted as the seat of Italian power in Africa, and the ideal location to site Italy's continued invasion of the continent. And so, Asmara, which at the turn of the century had been a small highland village, would be home to over 53,000 Italians; and at least one hundred Futurist and Art Deco buildings.



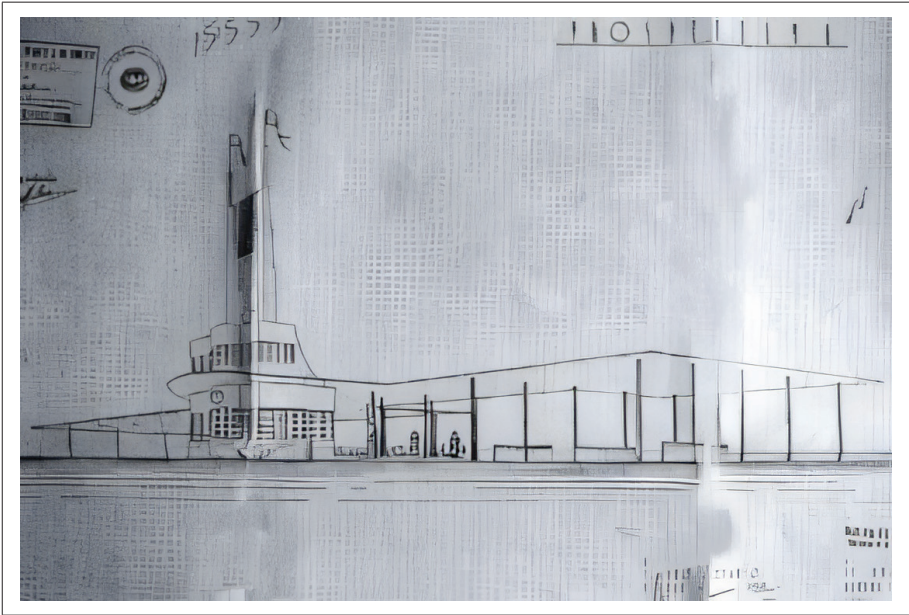
Benito Mussolini: *Blood alone moves the wheels of history! The foundation of the empire Officers, non-commissioned officers, gregarious of all the armed forces of the State in Africa and in Italy, Black Shirts of the Revolution, Italians and Italians at home and in the world, listen to the decisions that you will know in a few moments and which were acclaimed by the Great Council of Fascism, a great event takes place: the destiny of Ethiopia and Eretria is sealed, today, May 9th, the fourteenth year of the Fascist Era. ... And so we need the Irrepressible and disciplined energies of the young, vigorous Italian generations to be there, to make it ours. We are the empire of civilization and humanity for all the peoples of Ethiopia and Eretria. It is in the tradition of Rome, that after winning, they will associate the peoples with Rome's destiny. Italian men and Italian women, you have created with your blood the Empire, fertilized it with your work and defended it against anyone with your weapons.*

And so Pettazzi came to 'la Piccolo Roma' to build a petrol station for Gino Tagliero, the director of Fiat Asmara, a close friend of Giovanni Agnelli, the man who, in 1899, started the Fiat manufacturing company in Italy. The building in Asmara commissioned by Tagliero was a strategically placed petrol station, but also paid homage to the Fiat brand. The Agnelli family, and the Fiat company, supported Mussolini and Fascism. They did not only make automobiles but also built aeroplanes and other military machinery for the Italian army, the Regia Aeronautica and later, once Italy was the ally of Germany, for the Germans. The Fiat Tagliero was built as an architectural tribute to Fascism, but also in deference to the consolidation of Italian power in Africa.

Tagliero, although already a wealthy businessman was also aware that the colonies were the place where fortunes could be made, and he wanted to create more wealth for himself, financial wealth, and he wished to consolidate his reputation, he wanted to be remembered. He was also aware that in Asmara a new Italy was being born, an Italy of heroes and monuments, here was where the aesthetics of the muscular body shaped like a machine could be worshipped. The architecture of the Futurists honoured this ethos and the colonies were where he could build the new and the exciting.

Gino Tagliero in conversation with Giovanni Agnelli: *Should I build this building, I am a driver car, the car is the future and yet, here I have a building shaped like an aeroplane! I have the money so I can do it. What do I like about the drawings that Pettazzi has presented to me? They are exciting, they are strong, and they show the strength of the Italian who is proud to be in this Africa and I think that I must do this for with this building I can show my love of Italy, I can show you that I love your cars and war machines, I can show that I too am one who embraces the future. Italy builds aeroplanes, tanks and cars; yes, I must build this building.*

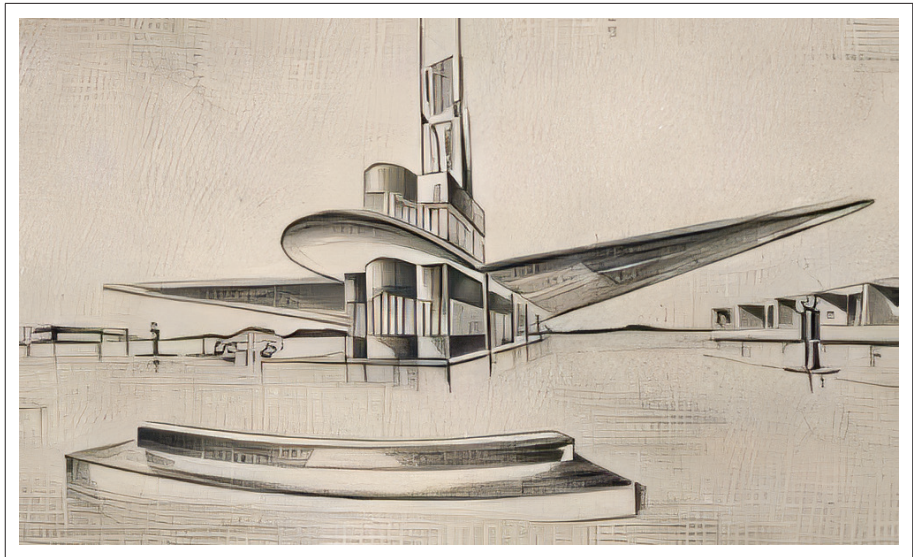
Guiseppe Pettazzi: *I will create a petrol station that can fly. Who says that it is only the bird that can fly? We, and Fiat, have constructed flying machines and so we, and so I, can design a flying building. And even if this building is for cars, these cars, and those who are in them, will fly. Yes, the site is on a main intersection in the city, this is the major road that leads to the airport. It is the road on which more than a million cars will pass as they move from the airport into the city, into the metropolis. But I will make the cars look upwards towards the sky, the drivers of these cars will hold their hands to their eyes as they will be blinded by the magnificent sun, and by my building that will be on the ground but will reach up so high that some will say it touches the sun; and so as they drive their car they will know, they will believe, that they can fly. And they will fly, I will fly, in this space, they will fly in their dreams as forever this building will be in their dreams. The flying machine is my dream. In this building I will make this dream true, it will be authentic and real; the flying machine that reaches upwards into the future.*



Guiseppe Pettazzi: *For me the flying machine is the dominant symbol of war, and I will cleanse the world through war. I will replace the dull and tedious classicism of the past with the new and exhilarating machine; peace will be something desired in the future not the present. Now is the time when the horse is electrified and the cart able to move of its own accord; a time in which the worship of God is replaced by the worship of the engine that will rouse and stir a man into a breath-taking frenzy; a time when the only sounds will be modern and roaring and so new stallions will embrace tracks that line the cerulean sky. It will be the perfect representation of nature made by man.*

But this Futurist re-creation of war was also cruel. In 1935 the Italian air force which was made up of more than fifty aeroplanes launched attacks with bombs and with chemicals on Ethiopian villages for they wished to dominate and crush Ethiopia. Flying machines delivered death from the sky, a perfect marriage of modernity and war. In Asmara the architects delivered buildings to match this cruelty and frenzy. It was the time to build the Italian dream; a warship flying machine.

The Fiat Tagliero petrol station is located on the corner of Mereb Street and Sematat Avenue. This is a strategic location in Asmara for it is at *the intersection between the city and the airport and so a necessary stop when leaving or arriving into the country*. And it was on the route that all flying machines, whether they were for commercial transport, tourist travel or war, would fly over. So, when looking down from the sky or looking up from the road all would be able to see the Fiat Tagliero building, a concrete machine made by man, the Italian man who freely embraced the technological and the roar of thunderous mechanics.



I stand in front of the Fiat Tagliero building and watch Maryam Osman, a woman wearing a bright lime green *abaya* and a *hijab* of the same colour, as she walks past it. She walks resolutely forward while I face the building. Its wings dwarf and simultaneously embrace both of us.



Initially as I look at her, she seems determined to be somewhere else, she does not look up at what is often called the finest representation of Italian architectural Futurism. I interrupt her walk and ask if we can talk a little.

Maryam Osman: *I go tomorrow to a meeting of the greater Asmara Community Group. I will tell the meeting, it is called by Eritrean tourism board, that there is a value in these Italian buildings because they are ours now, they are not theirs. The Italians are gone, so now this building is Eritrean. It is a part of the Eritrean heritage, my heritage, my family's heritage. And I will tell them that tourists will come to see them. They are Italian monuments, but also, they are monuments to the skilled workers who built them. We built them, it was our grandfathers and uncles who placed the concrete on the concrete, made sure that the round windows were in a straight line. We must be celebrated. Yes, this is what I will tell them tomorrow. But now, now I must go home. I have to walk past this building every day because every day I go into the city, to the market, to the school and the Madrassa, I take my children, a boy and a girl, and then I leave them for some hours at the Madrassa. It is a long walk, especially if I have my children, Mohammed and Tima with me, and the market foods are heavy and the children, they run around like wild beasts. We do not live in a building like this one. We live in a flat, on the third floor. I hate this building, but I know that it is valuable for Eritrea, It is cold. Where we live is warm, and sacred. In my flat I can pray. Here I do not want to pray. Allah – praise be his name, is not here, he does not protect it.*

Many Eritreans, and Eritrean architects, have ambivalent thoughts about the Fiat Tagliero building.

Samson Haile Theophilos, Eritrean architect: *This building, it is huge, monumental for monumental buildings are meant to dwarf you when you go in and emphasize the power of the occupant. You can almost imagine Il Duce striding out from beneath its wings to greet the crowds. He would not need to address them from above, for he represents the building which is already above them, it flies. The Italians were desperate to build quickly for they needed to show the world that they were indeed the owners of my country and so the colonial government allowed radical architectural experimentation that would not have found favour in the more conservative European environment. Now we cannot build like this, it is too dangerous. But I want to say that the workers, skilled and unskilled, who built this building, they were all Eritrean, so we consider this architecture ours. This radicalism is our radicalism. The Italian may have conceived of the designs of the buildings which were for engineers and workers difficult to build, and yet we were able to build them. We are skilled enough to do this. We too are artists, just a different kind to the designers.*

Zeray Kidane Mariam: *I remember the stories my grandfather, Ali Omar, would tell me of living under Italians and so I hate everything about this building. I walk along this street every day, but I will not look up at it, I hate it. No, I do not look at it. I remember, it was around 1935 when there were many Italians here, so many Italians were coming and they were preparing to invade Ethiopia. They said this building was for all of us, but they did it for themselves. We were forced to live in poor areas. To them we were just heathens, niggers, and nobodies. Do I like it, no I do not. They beat my grandfather for he worked with Italians to build this building. He would come to our home and he had blood on his clothes and on his face. My grandmother would gently clean his face with warm water. I hate this building. No, it is not mine, it is monstrous.*

The Fiat Tagliero Building reflects a paradoxical history. For some, it was a showcase for European excellence, ingenuity and skill, for others it represents a memory of persecution and cruelty; it shows what was, and what is, it is a legacy of glory and of shame.

As I walk up to the entrance of the central tower, I know that many have walked there before me, the feet of others have polished the white cement and reshaped its colour. Brown fingers marks grasp at the two front cement columns. It is a testimony to movement and the progress of time.



The building is built to look like an aeroplane about to take off. It is geometrically simple. There is a central structure, it is both rounded and yet square, and although it is vertical and higher than one floor, it appears to be horizontal in that it does not sweep into the sky or reach upwards, but rather it allows me to look at it as if it is already moving, moving along a runway, and

soon, when it has sufficient power, will take off into the sky and move beyond what is human. It leans over me, hulking, a colossal edifice, I am aware that despite it not being tall, it is superior to anything that may be on the ground.

The central tower is triangular in that the ground floor is wider than the floor above it and, although it does not end in a point, it narrows as it extends higher. The central structure has a middle area which is rounded, while the sides are straight and squared. This central component of the building is flanked by the extensive cantilevered wings. The wings protrude outwards at the height of the first floor. At the front of the central tower is a concrete extension that overlaps and overlooks the ground. This is held up by four round enormous columns that are built to the level of the wings so giving the entrance shade but also creating an imagined picture of the front area of an aeroplane. There is a band of wrap around windows; these are long horizontal windows that are of equal height and which stretch across the middle area of the building on the ground and first floors, but which also stretch higher into the tower and beneath the roof. The glass of the windows is separated by vertical steel mullions so as vision, when looking from them, is cut up. The windows form a continuous band across the central structure of the building on both the ground and first floors. The mullions are a decorative, albeit hard feature, an embellishment to what would be merely glass, but also a symbol of Futurist architecture in that the eye, a human component, will never see things in their entirety, only a machine can do this. What is seen will always be broken up; the outside is fractured and fragmented, as is the human condition. The surfaces of the walls of this central area, or tower, are smooth and white and in it is space for offices and shops.

Hadiza Kidane: *I come here every day to sell coffee; look, here is the machine that I use for making the coffee. It is an Italian machine, many years old, but it still works. Look, I make it work by using this battery which I leave in that shop there. My father was given it by one of the Italians who were building this building because they used to drink coffee every day before they started to build. All day they drank the coffee, small little cups of very black coffee. The Italians said it gave them strength. And they shared the coffee with us Eritreans, my father drank it too. It was dark, very dark, and so strong that it made the curls on his head straight he told me. The Italians laughed at him when he drank it, they said he was not like them, he was weak, and they were strong. But many of them, they were his friends. Some of them taught him to speak Italian. I can speak it a little because he did not teach us this language, just sometimes. He liked some of the Italians, some of them he did not. There was one man who he said was his friend, I can't remember his name. They would drink coffee together and my father would tell him about this country and the Italian would tell him about Italy. He even sometimes came to our house. But my father, he did not teach us the language. Come have some coffee, I make it well. But I make it like an Eritrean, not an Italian.*



Above the second floor is the word *Fiat*, it is coloured orangey brown, but with a hint of gold and is written in an ornate elongated script. This single word hovers above, or is held by, a fork shaped sign that looks like a tongue of fire that leaps upwards. The fork shape is used in Futurism as an emblem of power but also of the home, it can be used to stab or kill another, or another's ideas, but it can also be placed on the dinner table by a mother, the nurturer and keeper of the household. And as the building is built on a cross road, so the fork is also the symbol of such a road, the symbol of choice. Above the word *Fiat*, which is carved in the Roman or Latin script, is the word *Fiat* in Amharic. And above this and on either side of the Amharic lettering are two thinner pieces of concrete, they look as if they are steel fencing foils. These two thin edifices project above the roof line of the building and point, almost reach, upwards, seeking the ever blue that is heaven, and piercing it so that it remains hovering, there will be no further movement, the sky is captured.

Hadiza Kidane: *I look up at the building all the time, I must because when I look up towards heaven, I do this when I pray, and I pray five times in the day, yes here, I pray here next to the coffee stand, I see it stretching up above me. It is beautiful I think. My father would come home and tell us about the man who designed it; he was a mad architect from Italy, he had bushy hair that was always oily. It was so funny; he told us that this man used to run around as if he was crazy. My father, he knew how to build, he was trained by his father who was trained by his; building is in our family. I think this is why they asked him to be with them. He said that they would talk always about their children, they had a lot of them, sometimes*

they had them here in Asmara with them, but often they would leave the children and their wives in Italy, I don't know why, it's not dangerous. But his friend, he loved his children and missed them every day so one day he brought them here. I met three of them, they were girls, they had straight hair, but I could not talk to them as I did not speak Italian and they did not speak Amharic so we just played. I cannot say bad things; I do not know bad things about this time. I just know that we had money from all the building work that my father did, and so my mother did not have to sell in the market any more. She could take care of us, and my brother, he was sick, so it was good. My father brought us a different food; I think it was called pasta. They cooked it on the building site and put tomatoes in it, and sometimes goat's cheese. I like to look at the building. It reminds me of my father, G-d rest his soul, he is past. The building makes me believe more in the power of Allah because it reaches up to heaven. I think that if I climbed it, I could see the angels.

The overall design of the building is based on ideas of contrast and linearity. The central tower is the main body that ends in thin pinnacle. This solid body contrasts with the gigantic horizontal wings that are completely free from any visible structural support. Another contradiction is that the building is heavy; it is built in reinforced concrete, but also seems light in that it is shaped like an aeroplane ready to take off from the rootedness of the earth. This building complies with the architectural rule of three, while not typical of Futurism, but more so of the Art Deco movement. There is a round central structure and on either side are replicated squared extensions.



The Fiat Tagliero building is an audacious design that, apparently, stunned the Italian sceptical municipal authorities in Asmara who were unconvinced of Pettazzi's calculations as to the load bearing capacity of the central tower, and whether it would be able to hold aloft such long cantilevered wings. They insisted, in accordance with Italian planning regulations, that the wings be supported by columns. As the building was erected giant wooden supports were used to hold up the reinforced concrete wings as they were extended beyond and held to the central tower. Once the building was complete they would, the authorities decided, not be removed.

Guiseppe Pettazzi: *I am an architect and an engineer. And I believe in myself, my engineering and my architectural skills. I have calculated the weight bearing ability of the central tower to the last detail, the wings will not collapse. The wooded struts will be removed and nothing will stand in the way of this removal.*

On the day when the building officially declared open and so usable as a petrol station and offices, the Italian building officials were adamant that the wooden pillars should not be removed, they were afraid that the wings would collapse and so months of work would be destroyed and many *lira* lost.

Guiseppe Pettazzi: *Look at me, look here is my gun. I will stand here on the edge of these wings and kill myself if the structure collapses as the wooden supports were pulled away. And here, look here, next to me is one of you, this Eritrean builder, I will kill him to if he does not pull the struts away, he will die with me. We Italians are masters of design, we are masters of engineering, we believe in the machine and its power. I am the master, the leader, an engineer and architect. My design will stand forever; it is a monument to our glory. Get out of the way. Pull the beams from beneath the wings of my creation. I will stand up here until you do so here, pull them away, pull them out. Take care, I will not hesitate to shoot, first someone, you there, you, my builder who I trust, then I will turn the gun to my own head. Take them away. I will watch my building fly even if it kills me, but I will not die for I know what I have achieved. You all know that we can fly. I said take them away.*

The wooden columns were removed and the wings stayed up. Seventy years later, this piece of Italian Futurism that resembles a plane at take-off, is still standing.

Yonas Haile, an Eritrean builder: *He was wild; he just stood there on the concrete wings. I have been working on this building site for many months now and I have never seen him this wild. Yes, he was a wild man, but I have never seen him this wild. I was afraid, afraid that he would shoot, me, shoot Ferte, my friend who built with me, shoot himself. I did not like him but I respected him and I did not want him to die. It is only Allah, Alhamdulillah, who can say whether we live or die, only Allah, praise be his name, knows this for it is written.*

And so we talked to the others who were taking the columns down. And they did. And the wings did not fall.

A building will always speak. It acts, it gives a performance. The columns, windows and cantilevered wings of the building are engaged in a show, a concert of dance and flight. The building stands on its own stage, it is a story of the resilience of the Eritrean and the might of the Italian.

AI cannot tell these stories.



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