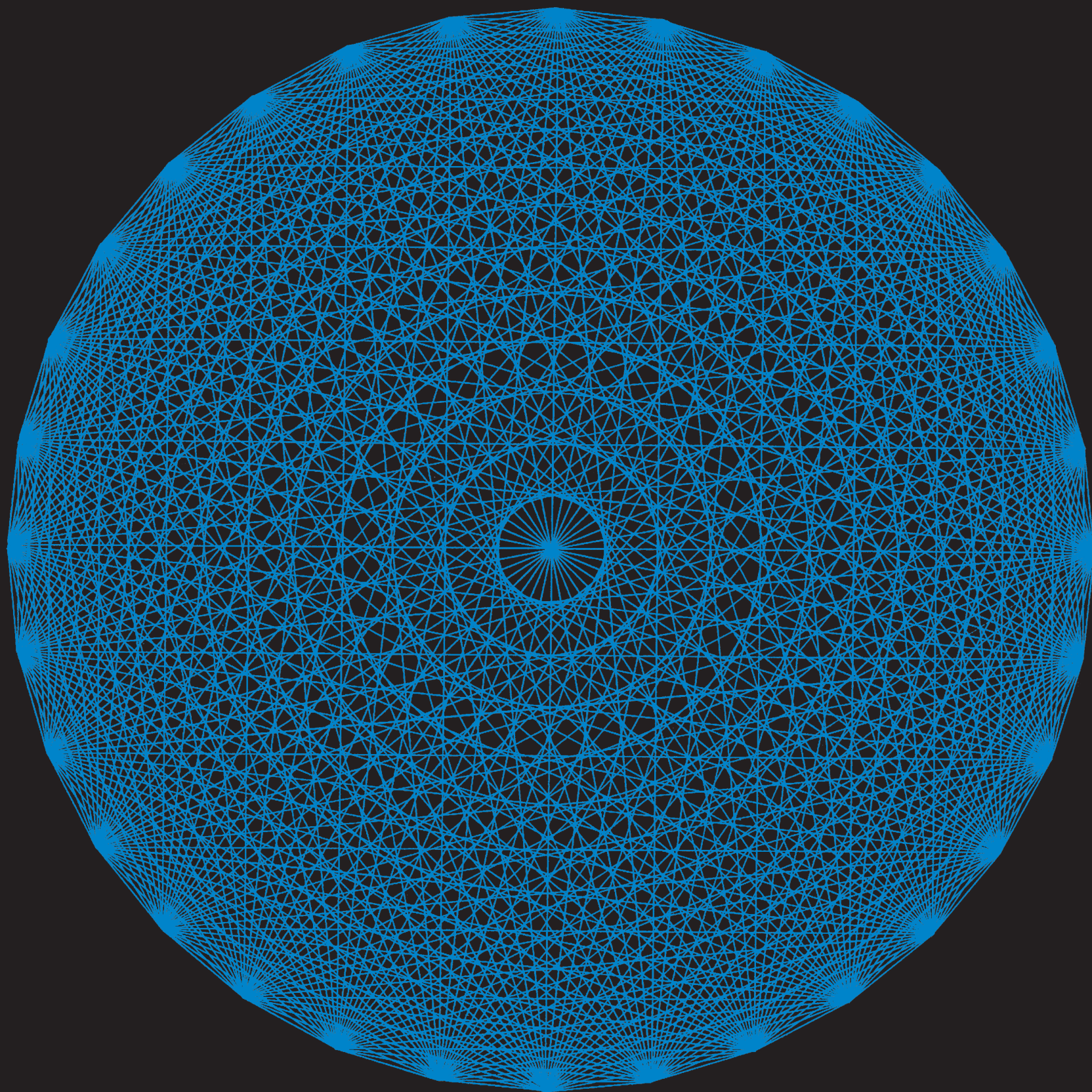


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# ART

DORE ASHTON

Until the 20th century, most commentary on paintings and painters was based on studio concourse. A critic heard of Mr. X, or saw a few of his paintings in a Salon and promptly found his way to X's studio. There he spent leisurely afternoons gazing at one painting after another (usually placed one at a time on the easel), and established a firm relationship to the work before hazarding an evaluation. It is true that in the process he may have established a relationship to the painter as well and surrendered his precious "objectivity," but what brought him to the painter in the first place? Evaluations were based in those days on commitment. Even literature was assessed primarily in a less-than-public fashion. Stendhal and Balzac and Turgenev and Gertrude Stein were accustomed to reading their new work to small groups of specifically interested acquaintances before they published them.

The relationship of receiver and artist has grown increasingly and, in some cases, fatally remote. Whatever the cause, the effect is to dissipate the very engagement which evolves the connoisseur. The instant the public hall becomes the habitat of works of art a false atmosphere of objectivity is generated. The mere encounter with one picture fighting another, and pictures lined up as specimens in endless display, is enough to put the spectator in a detached frame of mind that can only impede receptivity.

Or at least the kind of receptivity that results in reflective commentary. The eye, and the mind's eye, can only assimilate so much. In self-defensive, involuntary action, the spectator in the large exhibition usually disengages himself from the demands of the individual paintings. He sees a show as though through the wrong end of a telescope and neglects the specific character, or individual voice in each painting.

Expanding the term exhibition to cover the spread of exhibitions concurrent at any time during the winter months in New York, it is easy to understand how a satiated member of the public tends to categorize and leave it at that. He cannot afford to be touched by the vast, heaving, chaotic struggle to *express* that this volume of exhibitions represents. And he finds it more and more difficult to listen for the singular voice in the profusion of utterances.

I bring this up because I think a singular voice such as that of Helen Frankenthaler deserves to be attended more closely. While it has been generally conceded that her work is decidedly personal, few critics have gone much beyond the observation that it is a direct and lyrical expression of emotions not easily expressed in words. Her paintings have been approached much as Sunday strollers approach a garden, enjoying the fragrance but not aware of the phenomenal structures, the elaborate detail, the ingenious organisms that flourish in this natural universe. Only the poets relate the fragrance to its source.

Much of the lightness of manner that characterizes the responses to Frankenthaler's work is a reflection of the work itself. For a

long time she worked to achieve the fluid and volatile effects which made her canvases such abbreviated records of fleeting experience. Process itself was obviously the prime imaginative factor in her work.

But while process was the mechanism or means, it was not the sole final effect. That is, the paintings themselves, although they spoke forthrightly of their development (the thin washes trickling aimlessly here and there; the spread of turpentine beneath the oil; the wide open spaces qualified only with quasi-accidental splashes), became something beyond process. They became convincing records of certain feelings and, as such, symbols.

Even at their weakest, Frankenthaler's paintings were more than the kind of free expression that is the butt of jokesters from Kruschev on down. They were descriptions in the language of painting of complex, fluid, eternally interrelated feelings that were first peculiar to the artist and finally objectified to stand for feelings germane to man.

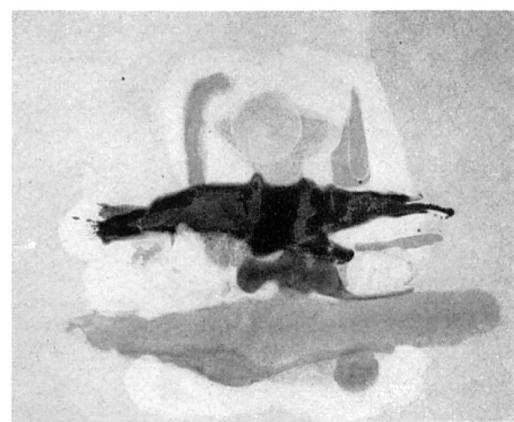
With her new paintings, exhibited at the Emmerich Gallery, Frankenthaler offers her feeling-notations in more stringent terms. The canvas is still unprimed, the colors still softly mutating, the forms still released as though they had been precariously moored in the subconscious and had suddenly leaped free.

Helen Frankenthaler

*Yellow Clearing*

Photograph by

Rudolph Burckhardt



But there is a new concern for the integral image; for the greater whole in which the parts, no matter how freely fashioned, find themselves within a system. That system taken as the whole is an image in itself, or rather, an apparition.

The character of Frankenthaler's new images is not merely organic in the abstract sense. These paintings suggest living organisms with their curved enclosures, their sly symmetry and their cryptic space. In some instances the bodily associations are helped along by the distinct symbolization of vertebrae, wombs, fragile tissue and cells. In others, the organism is only an analogue of all the greater organizations which represent life.

What are these "experiences" to which Frankenthaler refers us in the soft, gently colored reveries of her canvases? They cannot be named. They should not be named. They probably have a physiological nomenclature, or psychiatric, but their true definition resides only in the silence of the painting. The images that appear in the shimmer of color are only dim memories of shapes—the kind of forms the artist's hand would trace in a hypnagogic state—in that moment before sleep or just before full wakefulness, the interior shift and flow of being is sometimes intuited with resounding clarity.

In order to convey the full freedom of the moment, Frankenthaler has paradoxically and successfully resorted to deliberate limitation and conscious control. The most moving painting in the exhibition, *The Maud* (I don't understand the title, but is it possible that it refers to spiritual raveling?) is firmly ensconced by two silvery gray brackets running almost the full length of each of its long vertical sides. These elements of closure aid in stressing the downflowing transparencies of blue and mauve which in turn seem to lend their riverlike support (even water has a structure) to the suspended white disk—the lunar image which again and again appears in Frankenthaler's new work and which stresses its hypnagogic origin.

In *Narcissus*, the greenish-blue closure, shaped like a chemical retort, makes the lake of purples within, with their minute cracked and granulated detail, all the more expressive of an analogue to an oceanic universe of feeling. Even more overtly symbolic are *Long Range* with its mottled paint offering up a butterfly image and *Yellow Clearing*, where a complex of half-hidden details suggests bones, fish, moons, ice floes, spectra, and planetary formations,



Helen Frankenthaler

*Thaw*Photograph by  
Rudolph Burckhardt

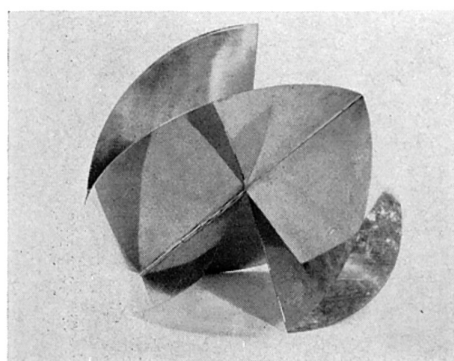
and where the feeling is that these forms were consciously intended to put the imagination in the way of grand cosmogonic dreams.

Using the same free-flowing technique by which she has come to be identified, and still determined to achieve the ultimate freedom in imagery, Frankenthaler now moves one step beyond her initial premise and suggests that there is a double interest possible—not only visual delight, but corresponding mental absorption that focused symbols demand.

If Frankenthaler's imagery derives from the hypnagogic condition, that of Harold Cohen can be said to derive from the clear state immediately following, when the mind is already busy classifying the sharper elements of the dream, but when the dream is not yet dispelled.

Cohen is a British artist exhibiting here for the first time at the Allan Stone Gallery. His paintings are provocative, fresh, intelligent. They propose ideas and yet are not pedantic. They are symbolic but not literary. They show an artist willing to experiment, but one who is unwilling to show the disordered contents of his laboratory.

Cohen's main interest appears to be in the realm of symbolism. That is, he is most concerned with how to turn a sign into a symbol. Here, of course, semantics lead dangerously astray. The most simple definition of a sign or a signal is that it is related to the thing to which it refers in a fixed way. The symbol, on the other hand,



Lygia Clark

*On the Round*

relates not only to the thing to which it appears to refer, but to a complex of other things more or less apparent, and in a flexible, dynamic way.

Cohen utilizes signs in order to arrive at symbols. For instance, he makes use of the dotted line (tear out at the dotted line and send to Kellogg's, etc.) which is a conventional signal. But he uses it to tease the eye, to cue it toward the ultimate symbol which he draws from a place in his imagination midway between dream and reality. Other signs include the alternating rectangles of black and white often used to warn motorists; or the snaking curve, also evident on the highways.

These signs, however, are given in a truncated or greatly exaggerated form which immediately transforms them into something other. And it is the *something other* in the mind of the artist which makes him a symbolist. If Cohen uses brilliant reds, oranges, blues, and if he composes them handsomely, he is not interested only in the plastic realities or significant forms. He bears in his imagination a double intention. This double intention enables him to combine challenging approaches to the visual vocabulary without inconvenience. He can paint ambiguously, with melting colors, irregular edges and can even suggest depth through illusion. And he can paint with crisp, sharply defined, flat shapes and lots of pristine white space. He is not bound by any convention, but only by the double-edged vision his symbolic imagination has thrown up on the screen of his mind.

Much of the liveliness of Cohen's paintings is the result of well-applied principles from Gestalt psychology. That is, he plays with the notion that the eye completes forms which are insufficiently stated by giving only the rudiments of a sign, for instance, or cutting off major forms abruptly and letting the eye slide over the white space by which they are abbreviated as if they had never been halted in the completion of the shape. Here, to paraphrase Aristotle, art completes what nature could not finish. The dotted line itself is a trick well worth playing, for it cuts away a form from its matrix, but restores it finally, since the eye refuses to stop short before making the picture a whole.

Without Cohen's tropism for symbol, these paintings would be only rather pretty non-objective exercises. But his drive to establish other oblique and even occult meanings gives him the force to intro-

duce unexpected elements. For instance, in *Ames*, the bright orange shapes straddling the edges of two canvases placed adjacent to one another (the "hooks and eyes of memory"?) find their echo in a strange image: a darker orange shape resembling either an ancient entry to a crypt or a complicated keyhole which seems to recede like Palladian archways, but then doesn't really because of the dotted line at its base—ambiguity of the most provocative kind.

The play of mind—the mark of the symbolist—which distinguishes one of the smaller paintings significantly titled *Synonym* is equalled by the sensuous immediacy. The mind is intrigued by the pyramidal shapes, one very nearly like another. The eye is engaged by the warmth of the red-gold glow within the stricter outlines. The senses are aroused and challenged by the sharpness opposing the vagueness, the softness counteracting the brilliance of light.

Mind and sense are suspended together, forced to accept a movement to and fro which is characteristic of the symbolist mode. Other cues to the symbolist quality of Cohen's imagination are the frequent double shapes, as though the mind and its mirror were both represented, and a tendency toward symmetry, as though the double thought which the symbolist's mind most hold could only find its adequate expression in the doubleness of symmetrical equilibrium. (This, by the way, is not the opposite of *dynamic* equilibrium since Cohen's Gestalt-illusionist tricks provide the dynamics.)

Lygia Clark is a Brazilian sculptor making her debut in America at the Alexander Gallery. Her work is an ingenious variant of the principle of construction explored by the Japanese *origami* artists—those who cut and fold papers in fantastically complicated structures. Clark works with two basic shapes, the circle and the triangle. These she breaks down into their simplest components (the wedge of the triangle deriving from the full circle) which she then combines into outfolding sculptures. By cutting metal into the requisite shapes and joining the shapes with hinges, Clark is able to construct her sculptures in such a way that they can be collapsed readily into a neat flat form, or erected into several changing positions.

The flexibility of Clark's sculptures does not prevent them from being firmly construed and handsome to the eye. But it does impose certain metrical limitations. These are particularly evident when she is working with open shapes rather than the light-reflecting planes of solid metal. In general, Clark's idea seems to be not yet fully realized, but I could imagine that in large scale, these simple complexes of abstract shapes would be immensely impressive.

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# MUSIC

PETER YATES

## A LONG ROUND TRIP

Having reduced my obligations to a minimum I resigned last August from my employment as a supervisor for the California Department of Employment, where I had worked 24 years. Until then, all of my activities in and for music, poetry, and the arts had been accomplished in my spare time. I have held tenaciously to the honorable claim that I was an amateur, though billed by various sponsors as poet, musicologist, author, music critic, even composer, honorific titles intended to cover up the doubtfulness of any claims my sponsors might make for me rather than to describe me as I am.

"This rare-plumaged creature," the sponsors might instead have composed, "is the type Amateur of the species Aesthete but not the commoner purple-necked variety called Dilettante. He is known by his long-sustained, querulous cry and by the radiant coloration of his under-plumage, partially concealed by the long, dun featheration of his over-coat. The species is recognized by its habit of sitting in an upright posture with erect head and open mouth, waiting for whatever may fall or fly into it; the type Amateur may be distinguished from the commoner Dilettante by its habit of scratching the ground with its clawed feet to stir the bugs to flight."

During these last years I had been invited to lecture or take part in conferences often enough that I was using up my annual vacation leave in caring for these duties instead of going on vacation. I can assure my readers that there is a substantial difference between lecturing or attending a conference and enjoying a vacation. Now that I have my entire time free for lecturing and conferring, as a complement to the writing of articles and what now begins to be a proliferation of books to be written, I am not relieved but busier than ever.

In December I visited Arizona State University at Tempe, Arizona, to give four lectures, plus a lecture to the Phoenix Chamber Music Society, on the history of tuning and on 20th century music (*How To Become Posterity*). The two subjects are closely inter-related, as I have written here quite often enough to demonstrate. The auditory facts of the several unlike systems of tuning used for European music in several historical periods have brought about a proliferation of technical rationalizations having for the most part nothing to do with the audible effects of sound as music.

Any harmonic system exists usefully only in relation to a particular tuning. Pythagorean tuning by perfect and concordant fifths and octaves, and Just Intonation by the addition of perfect and concordant thirds produced a harmony of vertical consonances at the third, fourth, fifth, sixth, and octave, a nearly perfect sonority which eschewed dissonance and modulation. Today we perform all medieval and renaissance music, written around these systems of concordant relationship, in our own tuning, Equal Temperament, where every interval and vertical relationship, except the octave, is uniformly dissonant. Although the difference between the perfect fifth of Pythagorean and Just Intonation and the slightly imperfect fifth of Equal Temperament is as slight as 1/300, the auditory distinction must be heard to be appreciated. The perfect concordant relationship releases a sonority of higher overtones that is lost in Equal Temperament. No increase of chromatic harmonies can make up the loss of these high overtone sonorities; therefore the present-day extension of musical relationships to every extreme of dissonance merely reduces and cannot increase the natural overtone enrichment of the sound.

I was given two excellent chances to observe the effect of this increasing resort to arbitrary dissonance during my recent visits in New York and Washington. In New York I visited a rehearsal of the devoted chamber orchestra conducted by Gunther Schuller at Carnegie Concert Hall. Within two weeks this group managed to rehearse and present a program of four American first performances of new works by European composers, plus a capriccio for tuba and small orchestra by Schuller, and a program of five works by American composers for which I was offered a ticket that I regret I could not use.

As well as I could judge, the performances I heard were admirable, considering the limitations of the rehearsal time, except in one respect. The conductor did not come down from the stage

into the hall to hear what was happening to the sound of the music which the orchestra was so earnestly and laboriously producing. The Carnegie Concert Hall is long relative to its width, with parallel side-walls. One marvels that a concert hall should have been built so, but there it is. Every solo bleat of the tuba in the Capriccio was distorted by cross-vibration between these parallel walls. Perhaps Mr. Schuller had already taken this into account and dismissed it as impossible of correction, assuming on the new-music-concert principle that whatever is worth hearing somehow does not demand to be heard well.

The second piece I heard, by the Greek composer Xenakis, seemed both better made and less blatant, not requiring that the sound be pushed to an extreme of volume as a substitute for the missing sonorities. The third was *Sequences* by the French composer Barraque, an incompetent sound-piece however it may look on paper; it followed the current European habit of using sweet-sounding instruments borrowed from the dance orchestra and violent dynamic contrasts, these being amplified by the hall acoustics to a relatively toneless blat.

The style pervading the three compositions is what I call *Pierrot Lunaire modern*: a succession of small soloistic events held together by notational securities not negotiable at full value when reproduced in sound by instruments. (The genuine *Pierrot Lunaire* gains value by having no part written that does not sound to advantage). The new composer will reply, after the manner of Pierre Boulez, that he is concerned with musical events exceeding the capacity of the instrumental means to reproduce them.

Ives likewise and many years earlier cursed the technical limitations of the instrumental means but did not disregard them; he made use of them instead in his own free manner, so radically that listeners, who can discern in Barraque the malaise of the fashionable moment but think it good, fail to recognize the solution given long ago by Ives.

This solution consists in what may be called the emancipation of the consonance: increasing sonority by relatively simple consonances and opposing to these severely delineated dissonances. (Bruckner does the same quite magnificently by opposing strong dissonances to his resonantly open octaves. This is quite different from stuffing up the harmony with octaves, as so many do it). In writing for soloistic groups it requires subtleties of harmonic disposition that are not yet in the books. These have to be sought for and invented, and the ability to do so distinguishes the real composers from the imitators. The majority of composers who come too often and too early to performance are junior Regers and Vincent D'Indys, too plausible, too quickly convincing, because they do no more than extend the consequences of a musical education in the obvious, and wrong direction.

During my trip I came on two examples of what has been happening to Ives' compositions; these demonstrate the imaginative incapability of routine musicians to recognize and justify in performance his often simple but revolutionary means. Lecturing at Antioch College I played for an example *Putnam's Camp*, second of the *Three Places in New England*; I remarked that the performance, by the Norwalk Symphony under Quinto Maganini, contains both composed and real errors. Challenged afterwards by a young violinist to explain how, in such case, one would distinguish a good from a bad reading, I answered that Ives' music suffers less from the playing of wrong accidental notes than by the elimination of composed ones. Like an Impressionist painter of the same period he puts each spot of color where he wants it, as in one self-portrait Van Gogh dabbed a spot of blue on the end of his nose, so that when the music is played as he wrote it—with or without the addition of a few accidental wrong notes—it will sound as he meant it. Remove these composed accents, the lights of the composition, and nothing will sound. The violinist agreed, adding that in playing Ives' violin sonatas he and the pianist had decided that they could do better each playing his part independently, without listening to the other. Then he told me of playing Ives' *Three Places* at Tanglewood under a conductor who had corrected the notation by removing all notes he did not like.

In New York I chatted with Quinto Maganini, conductor of the Norwalk Symphony. He said that the publisher had sent him a score of the *Three Places* which had been used by another conductor in recording it. This conductor, who is also a composer, had not only rejected much of Ives' notation but had gone so far as to recompose certain passages to his own satisfaction. The consequent record, a dull blank, cannot represent Ives, yet for most listeners it has to do so, since they cannot know otherwise. I am

sure that the well-known composer-conductor, in thus perpetuating his incompetence to deal with music of greater authority than his own, believed that he was rendering a service to his "primitive" predecessor.

Quinto Maganini told me that before his performance of the Ives program with the Norwalk Symphony he had studied and rehearsed the music with the players for three months, working out the intricate rhythms in blackboard demonstrations. He is now considering a 90th-birthday memorial program of Ives' music, by request of the orchestra members.

The combining of concordant and dissonant means with what might be called freely spattered accidental notes turned up again, properly performed this time, if I am able to judge, at a concert by the Robert Shaw Chorale in Constitution Hall, Washington. The first half of the program included works by Vittoria, Gibbons, Schuetz, a lesser Italian, and J. S. Bach's great motet *Jesu meine Freude*, all magnificently sung, though I commented to my seat-mate that the big barn of a hall was swallowing the highs.

To top this superb first half of the program Shaw had chosen the *Harvest Home Chorales* by Ives, composed between 1898 and 1902 (or the ages of 24 to 28), settings of three hymns for chorus, organ, and brass instruments. To be heard at such a place in the program, after all that had preceded it, the music must either rise to heights or succumb. And it rose to heights, as the organ voices divided in polyphonic dissonance, the chorus began, and the glorious spatter of brass tones burst out golden above like the rays of a glory, the two first chorales opening out to the immense spaciousness of the third, not so long as large, illuminate, and nowhere heavy. Not many notes on the page, but Shaw let all sound.

The second half of the program, with unusual works by Mozart and Ravel, ended with Schoenberg's early multi-voiced chorus *Friede auf Erden*. For me, a glorious afternoon, snow outside the hall but inside the future of music in first spring.

And all would have been well, if I had not read the next evening this review: "Half a dozen encores and half an hour after the conclusion of the formal program, the large audience was still vociferously demanding more. . . . Yesterday's program differed from those of previous seasons in that a fairly large number of smaller works was presented. Some of them were quite astonishing. . . . It is hard to imagine what the worshippers at New York's Central Presbyterian Church at the turn of the 20th century could have made of the wild music their organist was composing. Even today, the 'Harvest Home Chorales' are (to say the least) most enigmatic. With Ives, it is frequently difficult to distinguish between eccentricity and originality; my own feeling is that these strange pieces are more accurately described by the former term.

"The Schoenberg 'Friede auf Erden,' also a considerable novelty, displayed occasional moments of Gesualdo-like eloquence, particularly in its closing moments, but it struck me as more eccentric than expressive. . . ." The critic then meandered on to condemn the chorus for the acoustics of the hall: ". . . tendency towards fragmentation in passages above the mezzo-forte level was evident."

Not a word to describe the style or character of the two compositions nor any comment on the presumably admirable remainder of the program; nothing to explain why the audience kept the group singing an extra half-hour; the astonishing, enigmatic novelties disposed of by the single word "eccentric"; the acoustical problem blamed on the performers. The critic might as well have been playing Russian-roulette with words in his own home. The critic pulls the trigger, and because the pistol is empty there is no detonation. That's what he expects. This review of the reviewer is the detonation he did not expect.

To conclude with another instance, I received from Lou Harrison a tape of the second movement of his latest composition *Nova Odo* (Esperanto, a language, because of its open vowel sounds, as singable as Italian) performed by the Seoul, Korea, Philharmonic orchestra and chorus of the College of Music of Seoul National University. These perform in Just Intonation, with concordant intervals; the high harmonics of the combined tones are therefore extraordinarily rich. To this group of seven *pirris*, the Korean oboe, a shrill instrument of surprisingly vocal register, plays a microtonal obbligato, the small intervals being tonally reflected by the higher harmonics of the larger body. I would suggest that this is one way of resolving the disintegration of equal-tempered harmony, which has now lost both its diatonic sonority as a member of a key-system and its relative sonority as part of

an acoustically ordered melodic pattern. The merely notational devices which presume affinities of timbre, dynamics, etc., do not in fact convey these affinities to the ear. Only a determined willingness to believe that such notational devices are indeed music enables a musician to perform it, which he accomplishes by reproducing the notes as directed, and the listener to accept it as a present state of the art, insofar as he is able to adjust his attention to perceiving that there is some art in it.

I believe that this anti-acoustical music, with its artificially imposed rationale of compositional order by notation, will soon break down because of a general unwillingness to continue listening to it. Under the elaborate embellishment of dissonance in Schoenberg's later compositions there is usually a substantial body of harmoniously ordered tone, as Nicholas Slonimsky demonstrates for the second of Schoenberg's little piano pieces, opus 33. Listening to music that defies acoustical order merely dulls the attention, the more so in consorts of soloistic instruments, from which the multiplication of instrumental resonances on each part has been removed.

Genuine noise-music is by comparison very richly textured; it sharpens the attention to a surprising acuity by the shock of minute relationships among blocks of noise that are often sonorous with overtones. Composed, electronically generated tone is less rich, and the ear quickly detects this relative lack in comparison with noise. I believe that is why composers have been turning from electronically generated tone to the more eloquent imitations of such sound that can be obtained by distorting instrumental sound on tape.

As electronic sound-generation improves, and as listeners are able to hear a greater variety of competent noise-compositions and compositions of distorted instrumental sound on tape, the discriminatory fineness of auditory attention may be expected to increase, hurrying the dissolution of the merely dissonant notational composition, which, like its visual counterpart, action painting, is presently at the center of public notice.

As this occurs, there will be a quick rise of auditory response to the contrasting experience of hearing music composed in acous-

(Continued on page 29)

## TONY HILL

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### HANGING LIGHT FIXTURES

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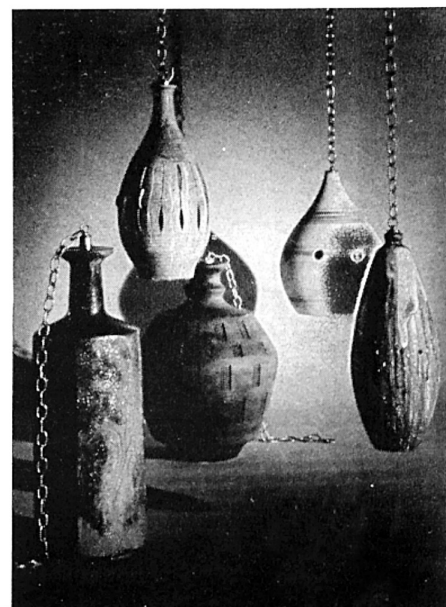
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## international design conference in aspen    june 24 - 28, 1963

### design and the american image abroad

An appraisal of U.S. international communications via motion pictures, television, exhibits and visual journalism. The International Design Conference in Aspen is an annual meeting of people in business, industry and education, who share a common interest in design. It is open to all. In the past, during this week-long

meeting, we have talked to such men as Karl Menninger, Louis Kahn, Buckminster Fuller, Roman Vishniac, Saul Bass, Robert Osborne, Herbert Bayer, Jonas Salk, Richard Neutra. Aspen is two hundred miles west of Denver in a mountain valley seventy eight hundred feet above sea level. Readily accessible by air, rail or road, Aspen has ample motel

accommodations and a wide variety of restaurants. For information on travel and accommodations write the Aspen Chamber of Commerce, Box 739, Aspen, Colorado, U.S.A. Registration fee for the conference is seventy-five dollars. A membership fee of ten dollars provides those unable to attend with a copy of the conference papers.

For more information write: Robert Monahan, 590 Madison Avenue, New York 22, New York



design: james cross

One day, as a small boy, I was copying the portrait of Napoleon. His left eye was giving me trouble. Already I had erased the drawing of it several times. My father leaned over and lovingly corrected my work. I threw the paper and pencil across the room, saying "now it is your drawing, not mine". Two cannot make a single drawing. I am sure the most skillful imitation can be detected by the originator. The sheer delight in the act of drawing has its way in the drawing and that also is a quality that the imitator can't imitate. The personal abstraction, the rapport between subject and the thought are unimitatable.

In the presence of Albi, I felt the belief in the choice of its architectural elements, and what exhilaration and patience were combined to begin it and work towards its completion. I drew Albi from the bottom up as though I were building it. I felt the exhilaration. The patience it took to build, one didn't need, for I drew it without bothering about corrections or correct proportions. I wanted only to capture the excitement in the mind of the architect. As notations in music reveal structure and composition for hearing, the plan is the score that reveals the structure and the composition of spaces in natural light. The plan expresses the limits of Form. Form, then, as a harmony of systems, is the generator of the chosen design. The plan is the revelation of the Form.

To an architect the whole world exists in his realm of architecture . . . when he passes a tree he does not see it as a botanist but relates it to his realm. He would draw this tree as he imagined it grew because he thinks of constructing. All the activities of man are in his realm, relating themselves to his own activity. A few years ago I visited Carcassonne. From the moment I entered the gates, I began to write with drawing, the images which I learned about now presenting themselves to me like realized dreams. I began studiously to memorize in line the proportions and the living details of these great buildings. I spent the whole day in the courts, on the ramparts, and in the towers, diminishing my care about the proper proportions and exact details. At the close of the day I was inventing shapes and placing buildings in different relationships than they were.

The editors chose several sketches of mood and development of a few projects rather than isolated drawings of a greater number of projects. Such a decision appeals to the architect who starts, like the writer and the painter, with a blank piece of paper upon which he imprints the gradual steps in the development of something he wants to make exist. The sketch book of painter, sculptor or architect should differ. The painter sketches to paint, the sculptor draws to carve, and the architect draws to build.

LOUIS I. KAHN

*From the book, "The Notebooks and Drawings of Louis I. Kahn."*

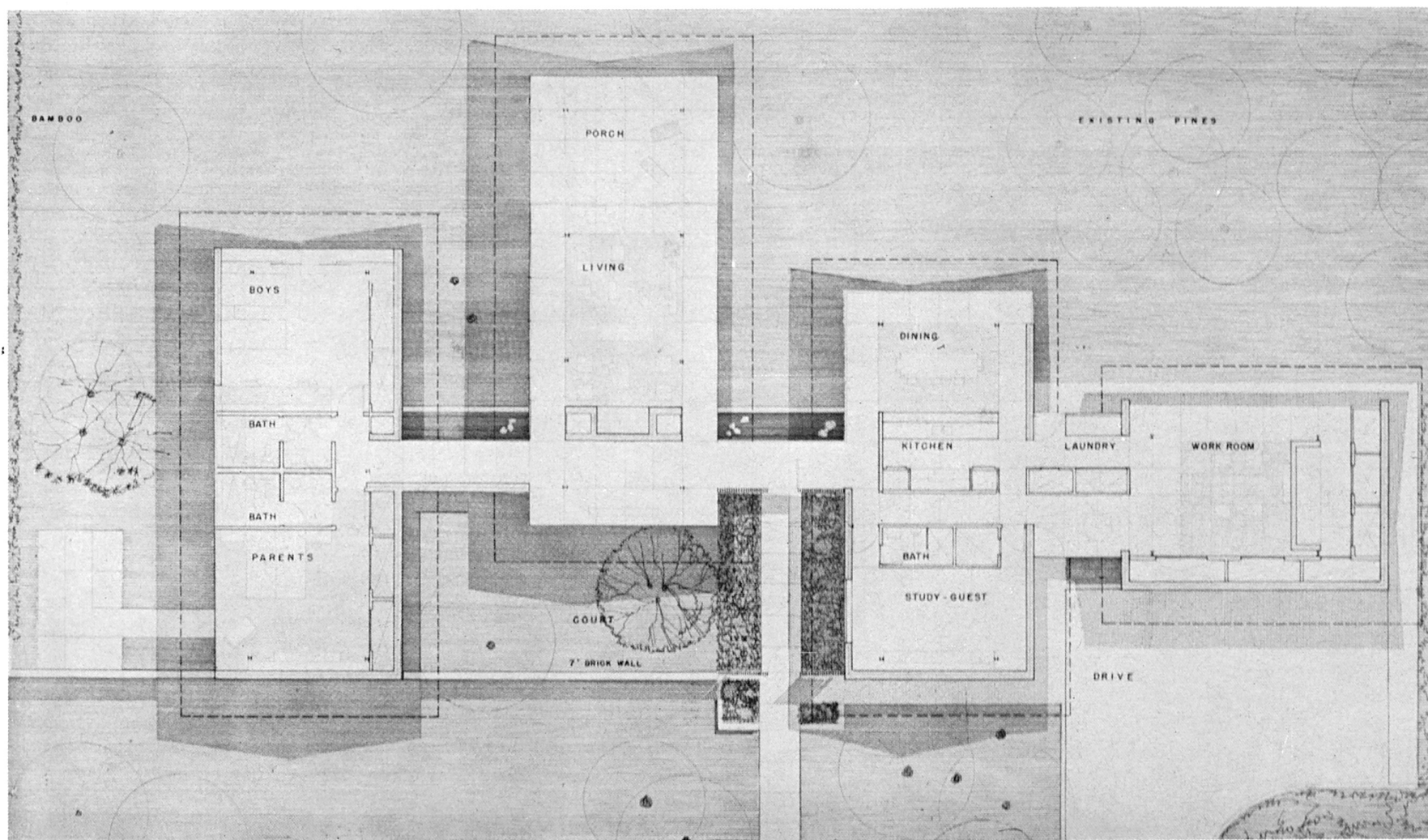
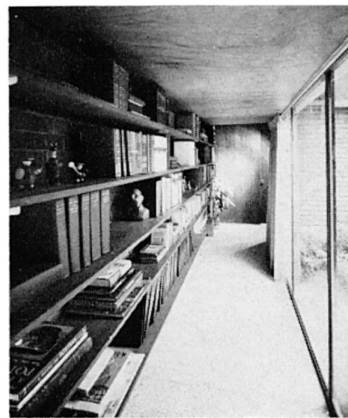
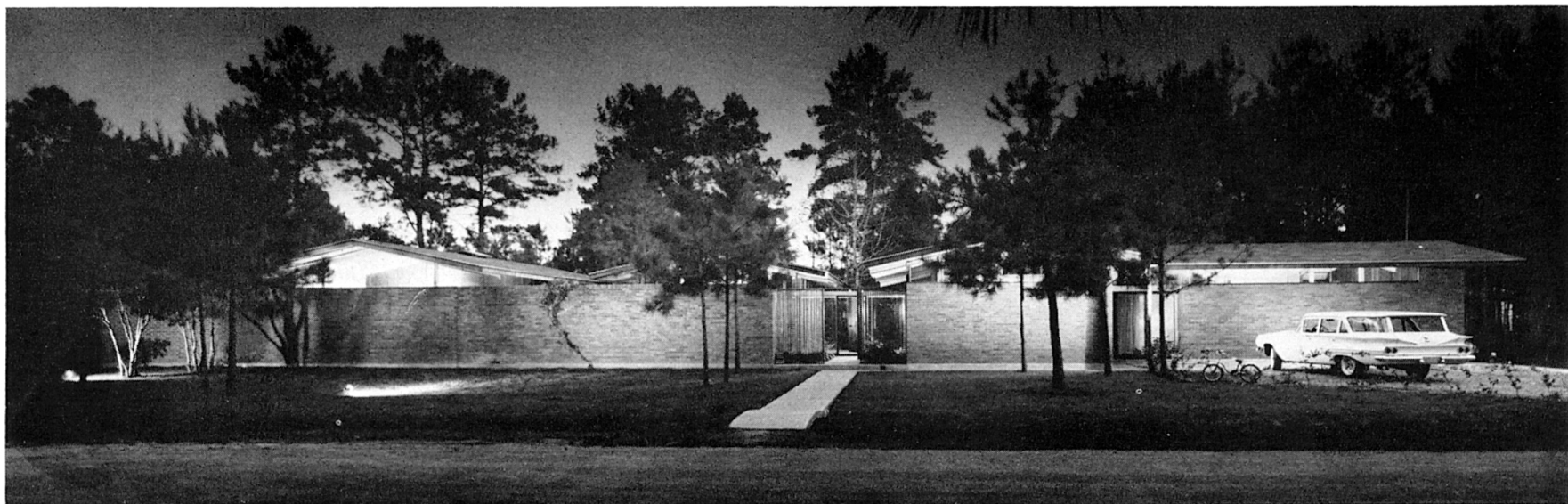




## HOUSE BY JOHN DESMOND, ARCHITECT

The planning solution hit upon by the architect in designing this, his own, residence in Hammond, Louisiana, was in effect to create four houses in one: living, sleeping, working, and kitchen - study - dining. Loosely connected by flat-roofed corridors which provide a change of scale inside, these "houses" are dispersed on the north-facing 150'x150' site in such a way as to open the major living areas to the south and yet avoid the one glass plane effect of the typical modern room. And by projecting the rooms into the garden area, planted with myrtle and pine trees, a more intimate relationship was created between the indoor spaces and the outdoor spaces which separate them.

The structure is based on Light Steel (4WF13) rigid frames, clearly exposed as roof support and (dotted lines, in floor plan) defining the living areas. Exterior walls are glass and 10" brick, the latter limited to a height of seven feet in order to express clearly their non-bearing function. Ceilings are acoustical plaster (Zonolite), and floors are terrazzo.



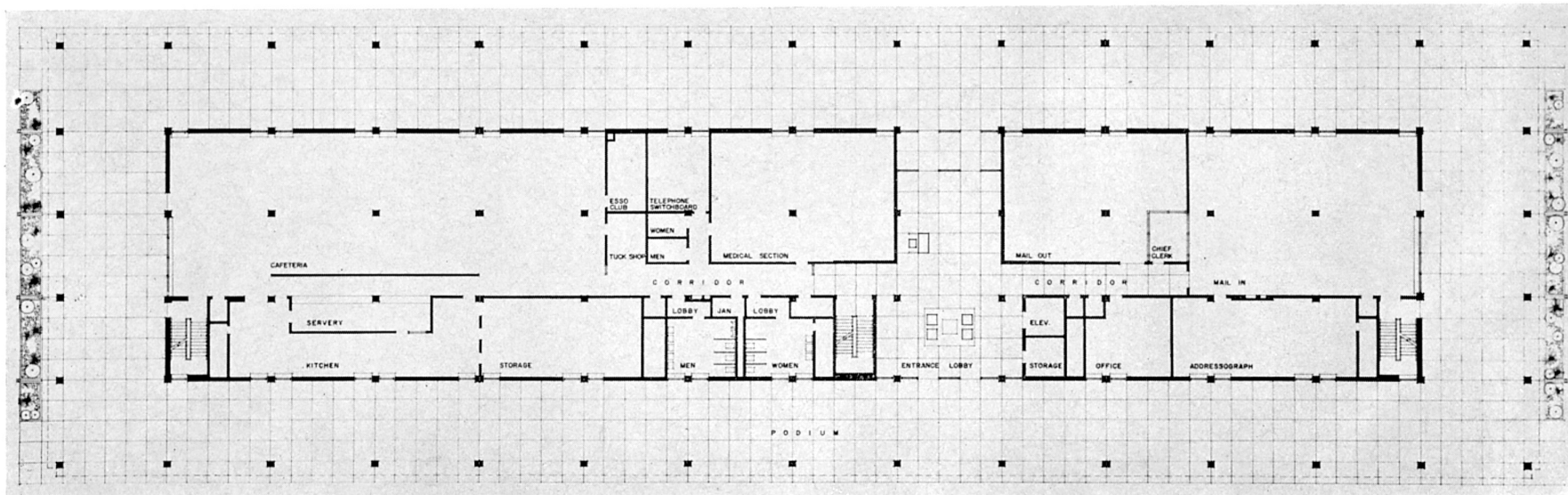




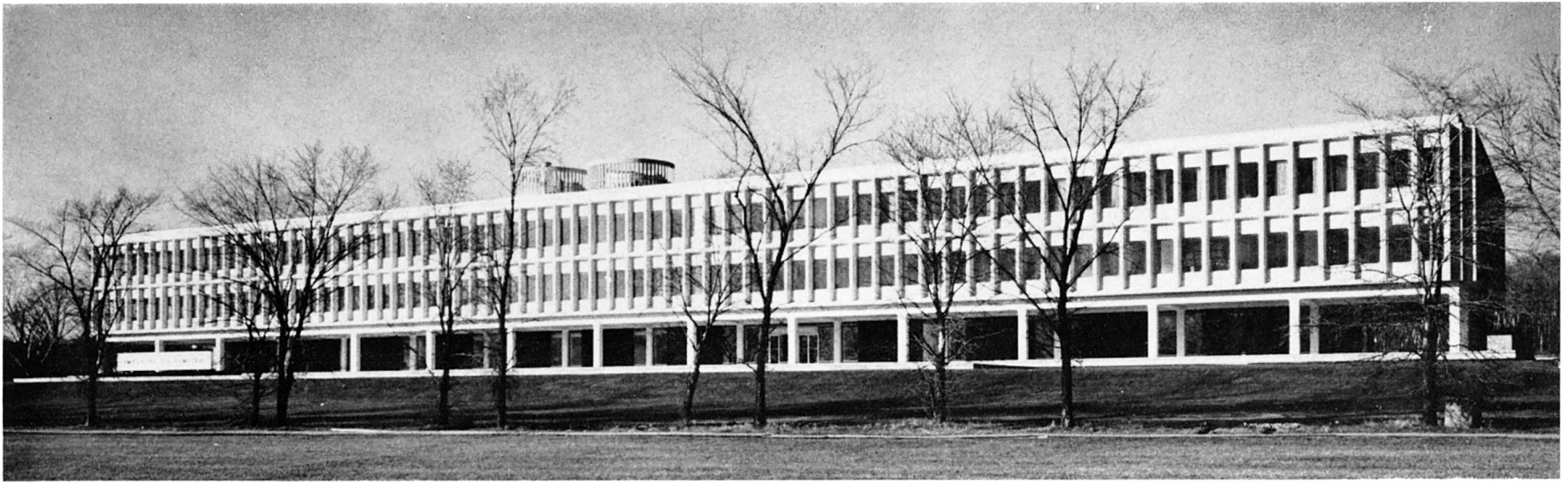
## OFFICE BUILDING

BY JOHN B. PARKIN ASSOCIATES, ARCHITECTS

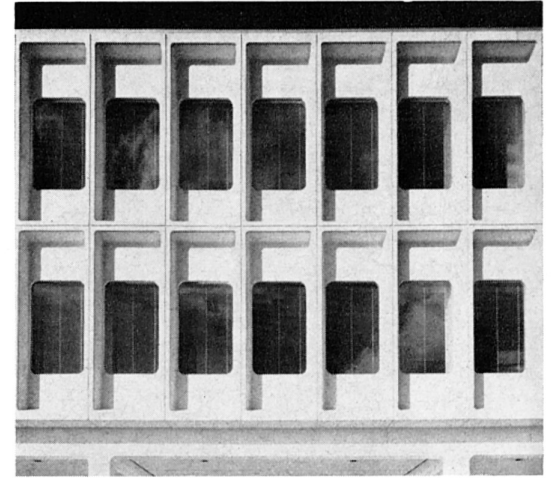
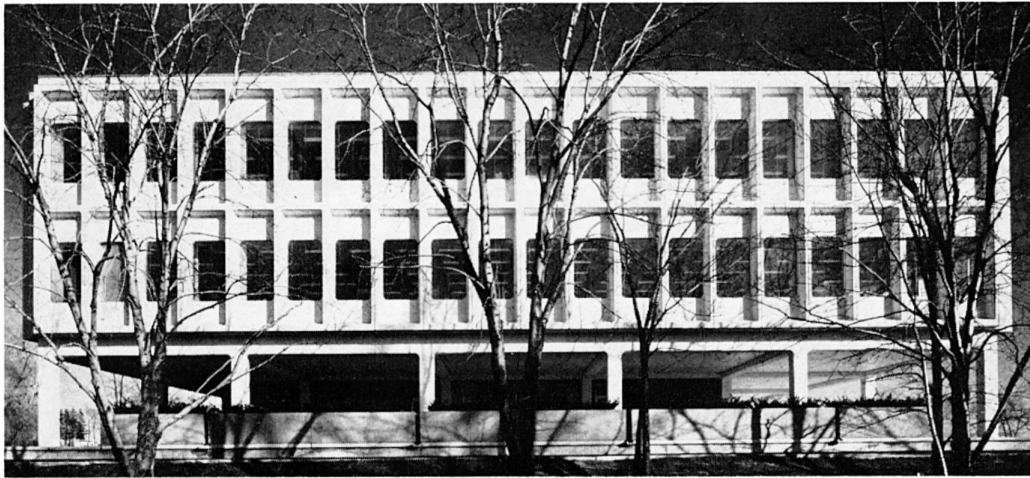
The exterior of this building for the regional office of an oil company in Canada is of classic simplicity, with no decoration or ornamentation of any kind. Success of design rests entirely on rhythm of structure, proportions of glass to solids, choice of materials with natural color, all combined with clean, crisp detailing. Upper floors are faced with 360 separate but identical pre-cast panels each weighing  $2\frac{1}{2}$  tons, with exposed quartz chips in white cement. Glass is sealed against these panels with a Thiokol sealant and neoprene gaskets, with the traditional window sash itself thus being eliminated. Ground floor walls are recessed 20 feet, with exposed white concrete columns standing against deep-fired clay brick of dark plum colour. The traditional penthouse has been eliminated; in its place, two circular precast concrete drums surround necessary fan equipment and stack grouped on the roof. Site development evolved







PHOTOGRAPHS BY H. R. JOWETT



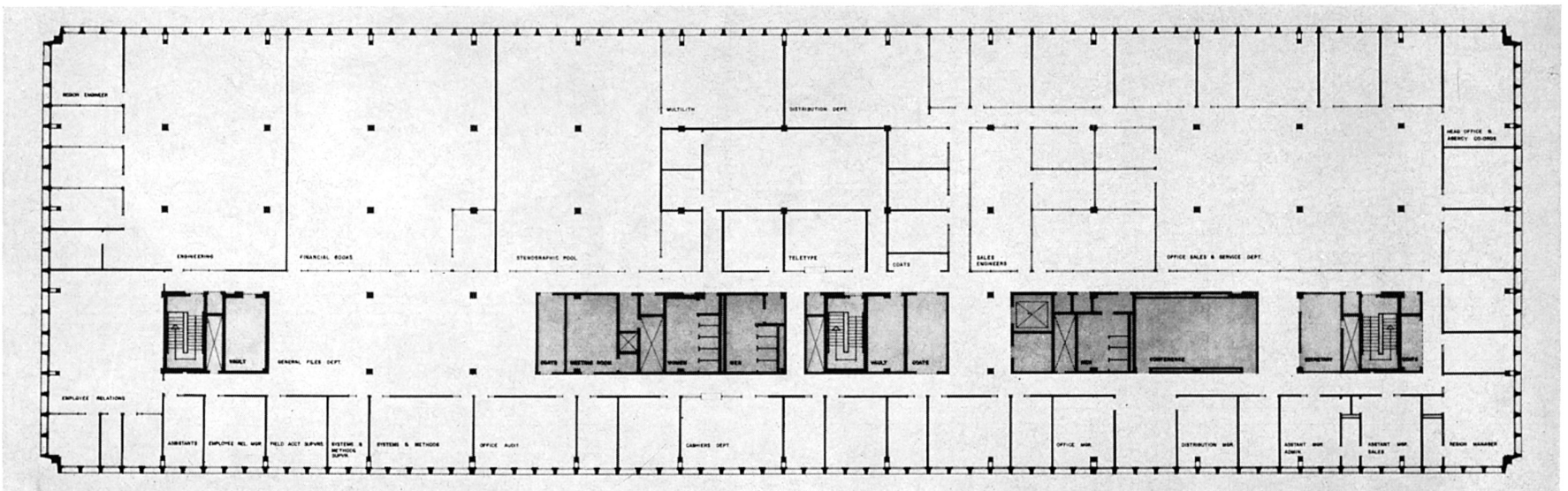
from the provision for 340 car parking spaces, without having to develop the additional parcel of land to the east of the originally purchased property. Existing trees were preserved wherever possible, and the design has in fact allowed these full grown trees to become of major importance to the environment of the building.

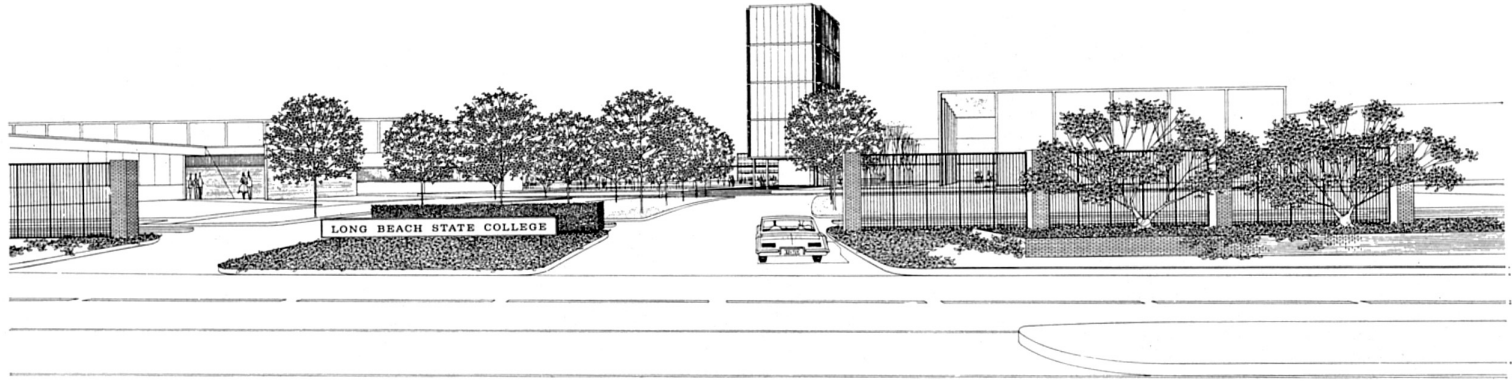
A feature to the south of the building will be a podium of white stone chips surrounded by a concrete curb. This podium serves as a means of access to the building for employees using public transportation, and will form the base for an illuminated identification sign. The podium will also contain a reflecting pool with a series of rising jets of water, illuminated at night, to present the only relief to what would otherwise be a classically simple, purely functional building.

Interior design evolves from an extremely logical organization of

space to suit functional requirements. The accounting and related data processing functions together established a gross area for the second floor. Grouped above on third floor are region management and operating departments worked into a similar area, with semi-public functions such as cafeteria, medical and mail services remaining on ground floor with lesser area requirements. A partial basement contains mechanical equipment and storage facilities. A mechanical core, offset to the south of the building centre line, rises vertically from the basement mechanical facilities, through all three floors, and terminates on the roof in two small groups of weatherproof fans, stack and air exhaust equipment. This core contains mechanical ducts and risers, washrooms, stairwells, and coat rooms. Its offset location in the building provides two dissimilar areas on the perimeter of the building, providing great flexibility in

(Continued on page 30)





## MASTER PLAN FOR LONG BEACH STATE COLLEGE

This new master plan for the Long Beach State College was developed under the necessity to accommodate an anticipated student body four times the 5,000 originally planned for ten years ago. It is part of a new design program instituted by the Trustees of the California State Colleges in which consulting architects will be selected to re-examine state college campuses in order to make changes necessary to handle California's swelling college population.

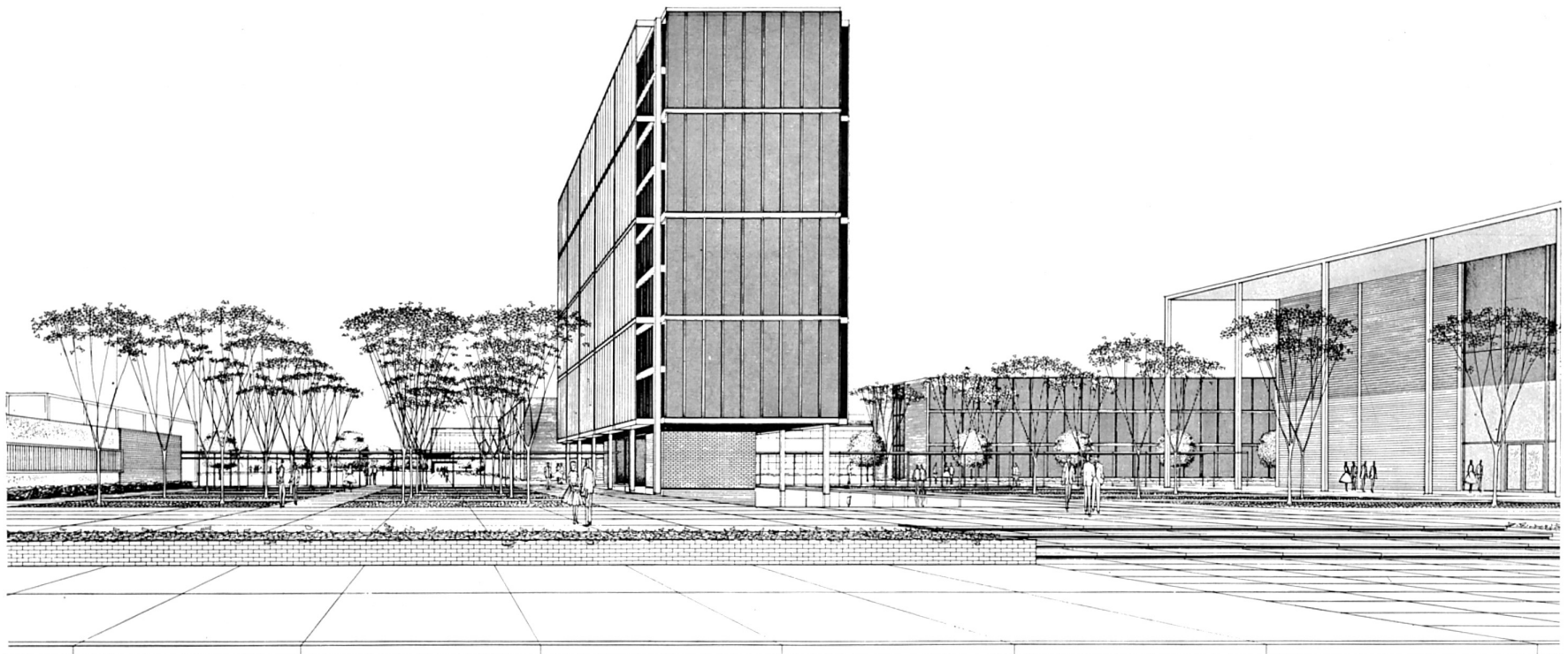
The architects here were asked to plan campus housing for 5,000, parking for 10,000 and educational and allied college facilities for a student body of 20,000. Half of the permanent buildings had already been constructed.

The site is 320 acres shaped in the form of a "T", the leg of which is 40 feet higher at its base than the rest of the campus. On the higher portion, the academic core was developed, thus limiting the expansion of this area. This drawback is symptomatic of the architectural problem

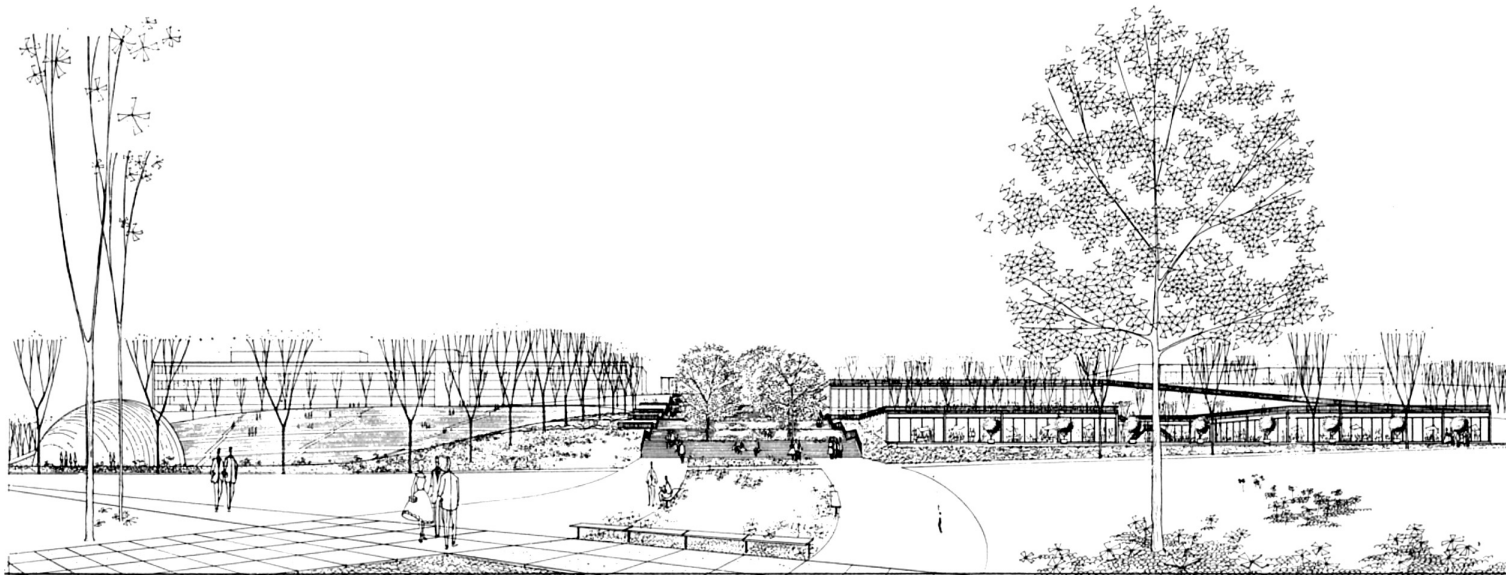
of the school which was brought rapidly into existence without a sensitive relation of buildings, resulting in an unfortunate institutional anonymity for the existing campus.

Throughout the analysis and replanning of the campus the architects have tried to recognize the fine features of the original college and to develop these with the new so that the completed project will have the appearance of a total building program rather than one of parts. To correct the lack of architectural continuity, a new Central Entrance has been developed as a primary approach to the campus. This provides direct access to the Administrative Complex, the new Loop Drive, and the new Plaza. The entrance is wide with masonry pylons and on direct axis with a new nine-story office building which is developed as the theme structure of the campus. This building is located in the Plaza at the end of the tree-lined Loop Drive.

A complex traffic pattern for pedestrians, bicycles, and the auto-  
(Continued on page 31)

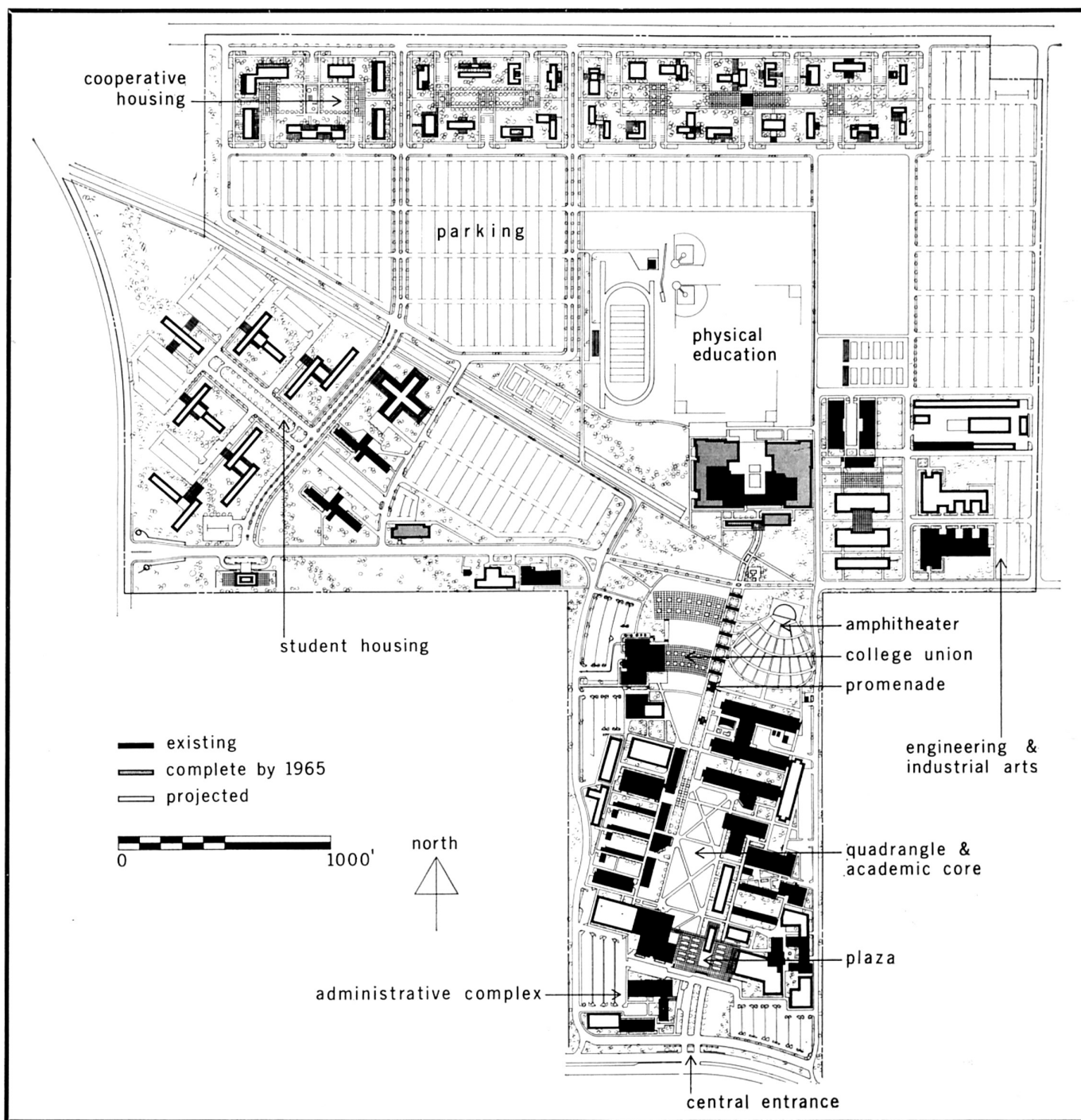






## KILLINGSWORTH-BRADY-SMITH AND ASSOCIATE, ARCHITECTS

PLAN DEVELOPED UNDER DIRECTION OF HARRY HARMON, A.I.A. CHIEF OF FACILITIES PLANNING FOR THE CALIFORNIA STATE COLLEGES



## THE ARTS IN THE NATIONAL LIFE

BY AUGUST HECKSCHER

*Special White House Consultant on the Arts  
From an address given at Pomona College,  
February 1963*

One might ask whether there is any fruitful relationship possible between technology and the arts. These two spheres of human life might seem to be entirely opposed to one another. The work of the individual on one hand, the shaping by the very hand and by the very spirit of the man on one hand, on the other side the role of the machine, the impersonal forces of science. And yet I hope that in the remarks I shall make this afternoon you will be able to see with me that there is a relationship between these two spheres of human life; that there are some good things and some bad things which spring from that relationship. There is a possibility of creating out of our technological society, given the fervors and given the desires that we have, a creative and inspiring age in America.

I would say first of all that technology has created here in the United States a society with an equality which has been unprecedented in the history of the world. There were men like Tocqueville in the first quarter of the nineteenth century, who saw the great development of a coming age, the spreading of this wave of human equality, and they based all their plans, all their fears and hope for man upon what they deemed to be an accepted fact. This equality is, of course, largely the result of the machine. The machine has given us, first of all, an abundance of material things, has made it possible for us to distribute them widely among the population. It has given us, also, an abundance of time. So we stand here today, one great equal society, and the question is, what does this mean in terms of the arts?

Now it is disturbing, I think, when one realizes that the arts in Western civilization have traditionally flourished not in circumstances like our own, but have flourished in periods when there was a comparatively small group of people who principally enjoyed the arts and cultural activities, and who thought of themselves as the guardians of taste and of excellence. One looks back across a thousand years of Western history to cities like Rome, and Florence, and Pisa, and Nuremberg, and one realizes there was always this small company of patrons and merchant princes, of aristocrats, and outside of that, largely shut out from these enjoyments and from these creative activities, were the great mass of the people of those ages.

Now we are embarked upon an experiment which, I think, is without precedents. We have

the desire, we have the intention, indeed, we have among our people certainly the will to bring the enjoyment of the life of culture to the whole people. We really don't know yet whether this is a possible goal. We don't honestly know what the outcome of our experiment is going to be. Looking about us, we can say today that the first effects of this combination of equality and of the arts have been an enormous abundance in the activity and the enthusiasm of the people. Wherever one goes in this country, one sees a great flowering, a participation, in numbers which would have been inconceivable even a few years ago, of the public in the cultural activities around them. Our museums are being visited by a very large number of people, good literature in the form of paperback books, especially, is being widely read, good music is being listened to as it never was before. Indeed, it is often said that we are in the midst of a cultural explosion. I don't like the word. I think it puts too much stress perhaps on the quantitative features of these activities, and besides that it sounds rather war-like, doesn't it? And yet, surely, something is happening. Something big is going on. The results of which we shall be busy weighing and appraising for years to come.

There have been doubts in the midst of this kind of popular participation and enthusiasm as to whether a culture, whether arts at the highest level can really thrive. There have always been doubts, as a matter of fact. Erasmus, as you may remember, deplored the invention of the printing press because, he said, now that literature was going to be available to everybody the standards of literature would be bound to decline. The great art critic, Bernard Berenson, writing at the start of this century, looking out on the waves of equality which we saw gathering all around him, wrote in one of his letters, "To tell you now," he said, "the wickedest thing I am ever likely to, I doubt whether art would flourish in the millenium." Well, ladies and gentlemen, we have the millenium, or we have something very close to it. And with it we have, certainly judged in terms of quantity, this great effervescence of the arts. But the question still remains, and this will be with me as I thread through some other arguments in this lecture, whether in the midst of this numerical enthusiasm we can maintain excellence. Whether we can maintain the edge of creativity at a time when everybody is so busy enjoying and participating at the popular level.

I would say secondly, that a technological age brings with it inevitably a period of great change. We have seen in the last fifty years



not only a more rapid change, but a more cumulative change than perhaps ever before has been known by any living generation. I suppose every generation has thought it was in the midst of change, every generation has thought that it was moving faster than those before it, but all the evidences and the indices that we can gather show we really are moving in terms of our technological advance at a rate which is astonishing and even disturbing. There are all kinds of statistics which could prove this, statistics indeed can prove anything. I saw the other day one statistic that if the number of scientists increase at the rate which they have been increasing over the past thirty years, in the year 2000 we will have more scientists on this planet than we have human beings.

We know what the results of technological change are upon a society and upon its values and upon its way of life. I came across the other day the very interesting story of a group of Americans who immediately after World War II introduced what seemed a very simple technological change into the life of a primitive tribe in New Guinea. The life of that tribe had been based on the use of the stone axe, and it had seemed a very obvious and simple improvement to bring in steel axes in their place. The steel axe was more efficient, it would increase wealth, it would make progress, it would create economic development, and all the other things that we desire. But what happened? Actually, that simple technological change didn't enable the people to grow richer and more prosperous, it upset every value and standard by which they had lived. The men in that society who had held power because of their role in shaping the basic tool, the stone axe, lost that power. And more deeply than that, man's very relation to nature was changed in that society. Men found themselves dependent not upon materials which they shaped from their own earth with their own hands, but on this mysterious substance which came to them from the outside. Well, if that's true of one single technological change, think how much more profoundly to the heart of things goes this very whirlwind and flood of change which has come upon us. The result has been, of course, a crisis in education. We sometimes think that this crisis can be defined in terms of not enough teachers or not enough classrooms, but in a much more fundamental way, the crisis in education today is surely the difficulty of transmitting to one generation the things which that generation doesn't really believe to be very true or meaningful any more. In order to understand a

teen-ager nowadays, Margaret Mead has said, it isn't enough merely once to have been one. If this crisis in transmitting knowledge is right at the very heart and center of our society, there is a crisis in art which is equally profound.

Just as it is disturbing to realize that art has flourished traditionally in a period where small groups of discerning and knowledgeable people have held control, so we must realize that art has flourished traditionally in societies which were comparatively settled. Where the framework of values was accepted, where the dominant authority of that society was not challenged. The artist, to be sure, has always been in some sense an innovator, he has always been trying to change a little bit man's view of life, man's feeling toward reality, but he has worked still within this accepted framework of things. He has been a man who tried to enhance, but not radically to make over the foundation of life. That isn't true any longer. The artist finds himself in a world where the things he might like to adorn have been shattered, where the experiences he would liked to have enlarged upon and refined have lost their meaning, and he has to accept a burden which is altogether novel and which goes to the whole basis of his function and role as an artist in society. We know what the effects of technology can be on society as a whole. It isn't very difficult to see ways in which they shape the very concept and methods of art.

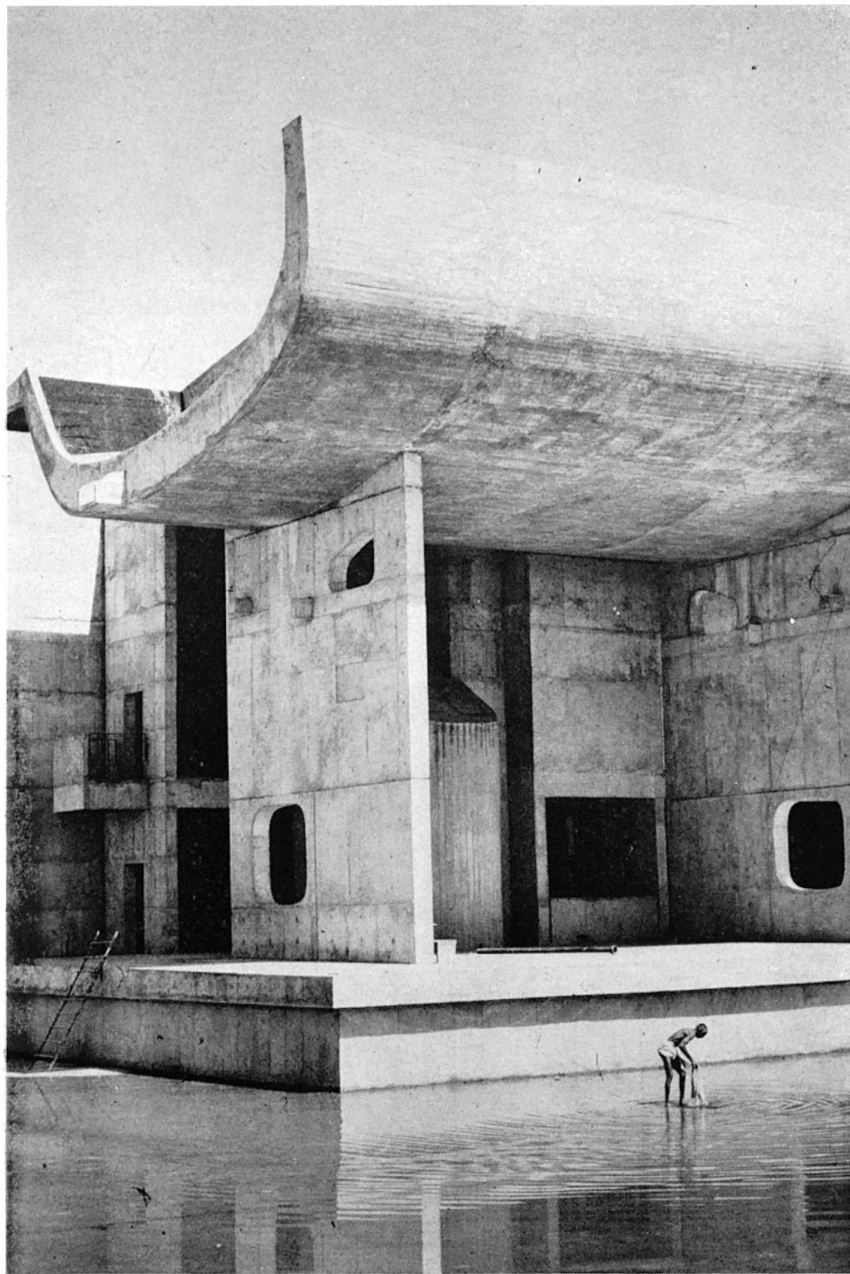
I quoted Berenson a moment ago. Let me quote him again in regard to a simple technological invention, or I mean a comparatively simple one, namely the airplane. He had gone out, again toward the start of his century, to look at one of the first airplanes which the Wright brothers had brought over to Europe. He had hoped to see it fly. It didn't fly. "Nothing ever happens," he said, "when I am around." But then he went on and said, "Nevertheless, I cannot tell you how much I disliked this innocent monster which is going to destroy the world I live in." Now the interesting thing is that it wasn't in Berenson's mind going to destroy the world he lived in because it was going to grow up and carry bombs and drop them upon the great cities with their cultural heritage, even though Berenson himself did live in Italy through the second World War to see so many of the famous cities destroyed by the airplane. No, it was more subtle than that. This innocent monster, he said, which is going to destroy the world I live in, the world of level vision or a vision from below upwards. In other words, the whole way of looking at reality,

the whole way of seeing objective things which had been elaborated by Western man since the Renaissance, had been overturned in Berenson's mind. And he saw it, it seems to me, with extraordinary insight by this one invention which permitted man to see things from different directions more or less simultaneously, and to see things not from a fixed point, but to see things in motion.

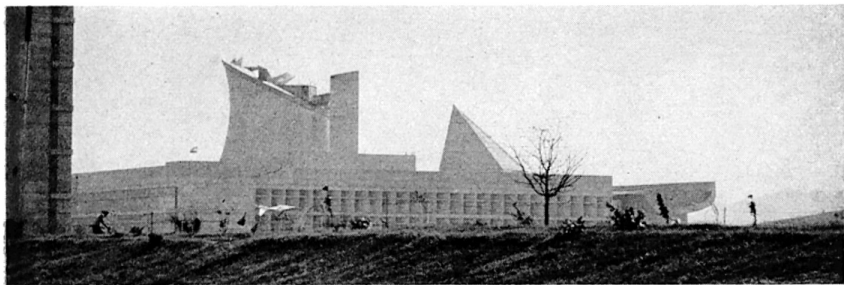
Much of modern art, indeed you might say much of modern architecture and modern painting, since the invention of the airplane has been, in one sense, man's effort to come to terms with this invention, with this way of looking at things which changed the world in which we live. When one considers how many changes are piled upon each other, one realizes the burden that does lie upon the artist in a period such as ours. One looks back, for example, to a period which we can now view without great excitement or emotion, the period during which, for instance, the impressionists in France were working out their novel techniques. It is almost inconceivable to realize the violence of the hatred and antagonism which was caused by the first showing of these paintings which seem so adorable and familiar to us. But why was that excitement caused? In part because those artists were seeing a world the ordinary person hadn't yet seen, with a sensitivity which a philosopher may have, but which the ordinary person almost never has. They were perceiving in the nineteenth century that the world into which they were moving was not the stable, settled world which the social conventions of the nineteenth century accepted as final and real. They realized that their paintings, if they were to show anything meaningful to their own time and to the time to come, would have to be sensitive to the mobility which was inherent in the new social order, to the sense of fragmentation, to a feeling of time, a feeling such as the ancients knew which characterized time as a river into which no man can step twice. We see, as I say, looking back across this space of time without emotion the sort of problems which the artist was grappling with then and trying to fulfill.

Today, in our own time, through methods which seem even more outlandish and more strange to us and which arouse sometimes equally violent reactions, the artist is once again, it seems to me, trying to make sense out of a reality which the layman, the ordinary citizen, often hardly perceives at all. The artist is using new language, new tools, new methods, new techniques. And one has the feeling, does one not, that as he is trying to interpret his

*(Continued on page 31)*

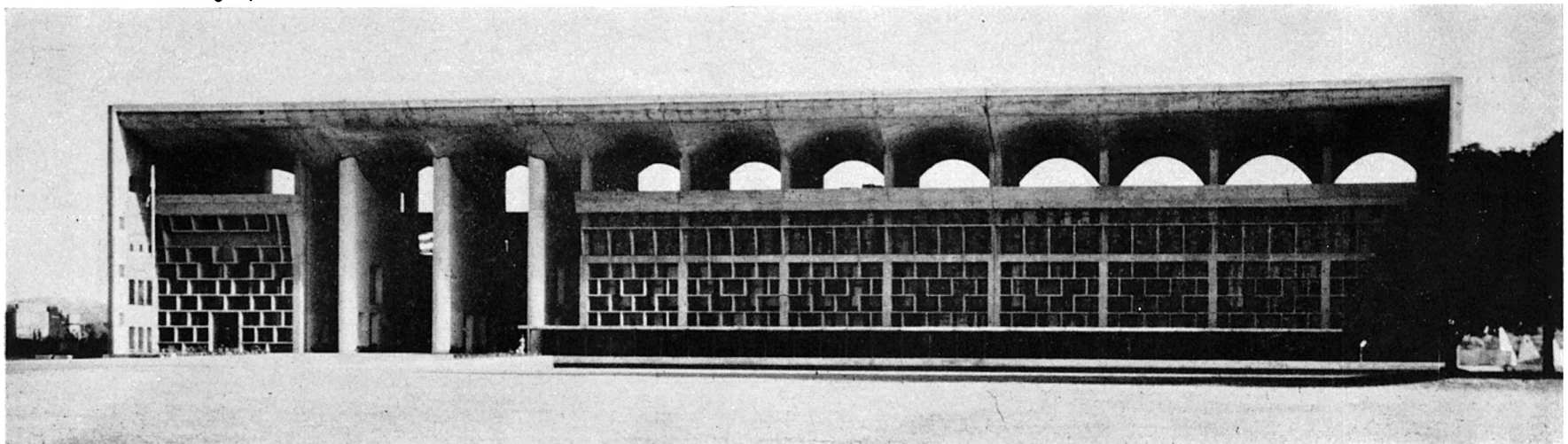


Assembly Building — Chandigarh, India. 1950-61



Assembly Building — Chandigarh, India. 1950-61

Courts of Justice — Chandigarh, India. 1950-56



## Le Corbusier

### BUILDINGS IN EUROPE AND INDIA

#### CHANDIGARH CAPITAL CITY OF THE PUNJAB, INDIA

Chandigarh became the capital of the Punjab state when Lahore was given over to Pakistan. In the first stage of its development it will accommodate 150,000 people, with an eventual population of 500,000.

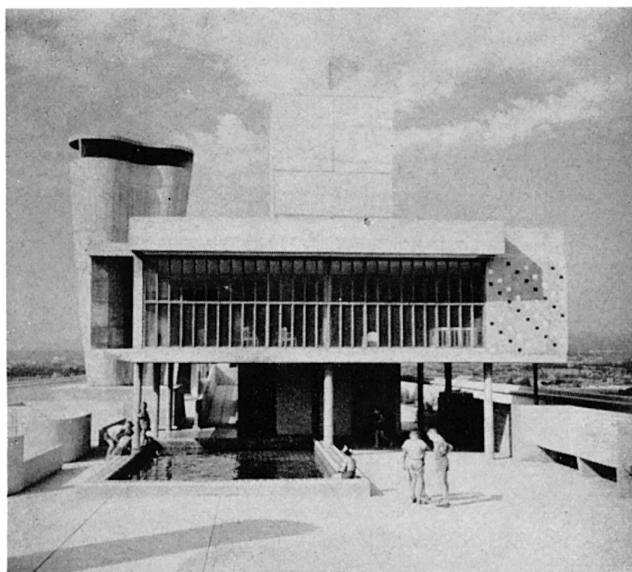
Although the layout of the town itself was planned by Le Corbusier, the design of individual buildings was the responsibility of the English architects Jane Drew and Maxwell Fry, and Pierre Jeanneret, who has been in charge of the design office on the site. Numerous Indian architects have also designed buildings.

Le Corbusier has devoted his attention primarily to the four government buildings and the vast park in which they are situated north of the town. The site, with the foothills of the Himalayas as its backdrop, measures 2,475 feet along its shorter axis, from north to south. Three of the four Capital buildings have already been finished. The first was the Courts of Justice, followed by the Secretariat and the recently completed Assembly Building. Working drawings for a Governor's Residence have been prepared and this building will soon be added.

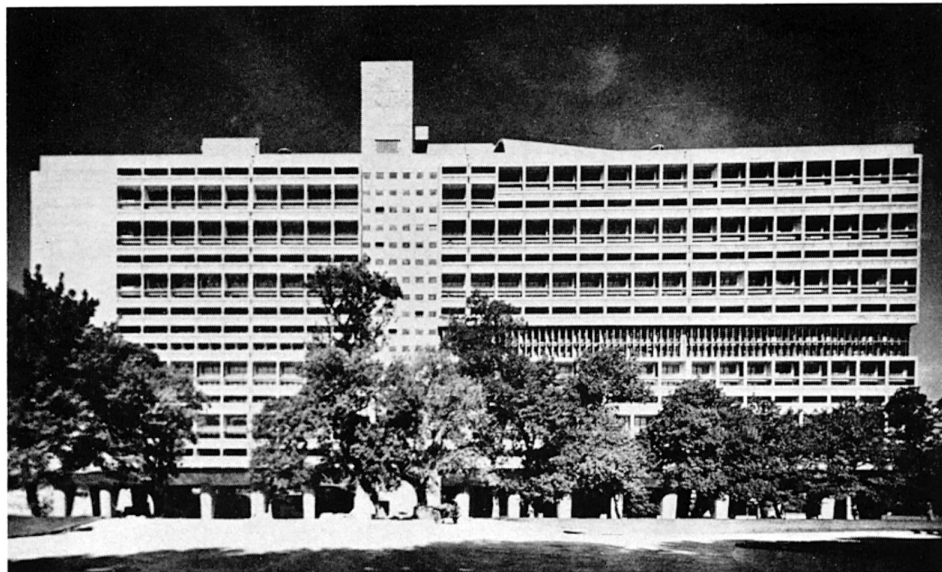
The space between these monumental structures is designed as a multilevel park with canals, pools, gardens, sculpture, and artificial mountains. The plan has frequently been questioned for the vast distances between buildings, but the individual buildings themselves are masterpieces of extraordinary power, and there is no reason to doubt that upon its completion the ambitious landscape program will prove equally successful in relating the buildings to each other.

Each of the three units so far executed is entirely different in character, and each of them is based on a principle, or a specific theme, implied in earlier projects; but the intensity with which the forms are developed, and their variety and originality, have already made Chandigarh's Capital a monument that ranks with the greatest architectural achievements of the past.

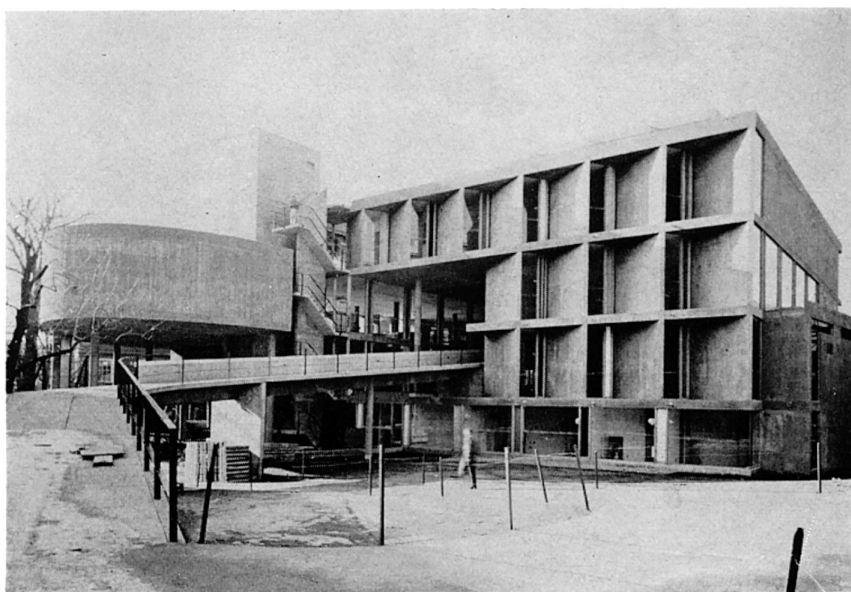




Unite d'Habitation — Marseilles, France. 1946-52



Unite d'Habitation — Marseilles, France. 1946-52



Carpenter Center for the Visual Arts — Harvard University. In construction 1963

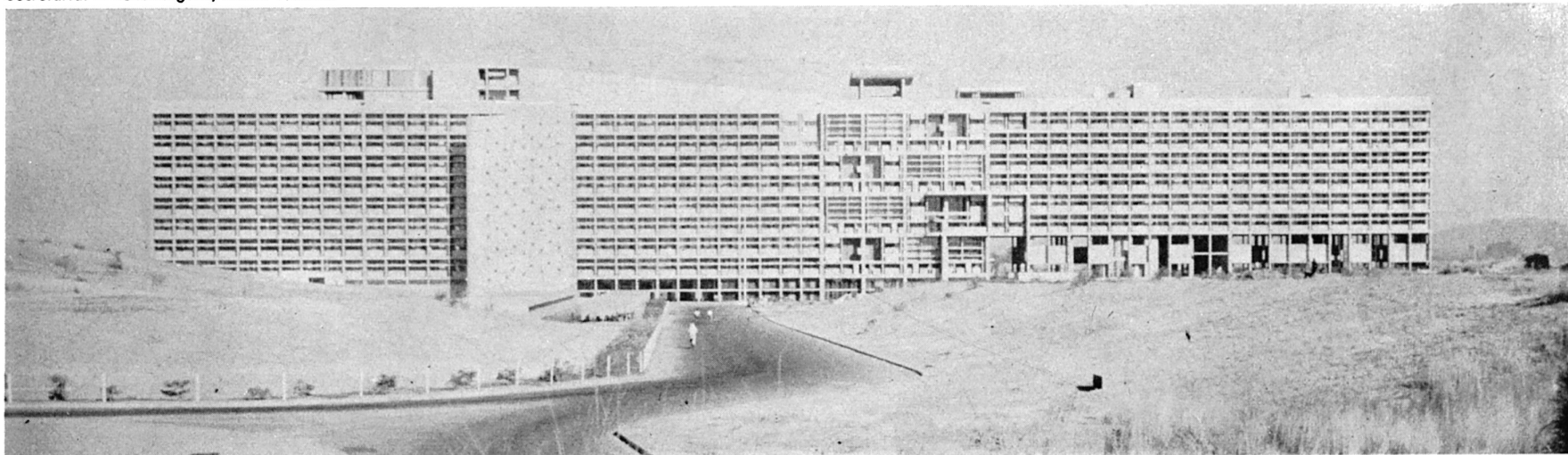


Carpenter Center for the Visual Arts — Harvard University. In construction 1963

AN EXHIBITION PRESENTED BY THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART AND THE GRAHAM FOUNDATION FOR ADVANCED STUDIES IN THE FINE ARTS

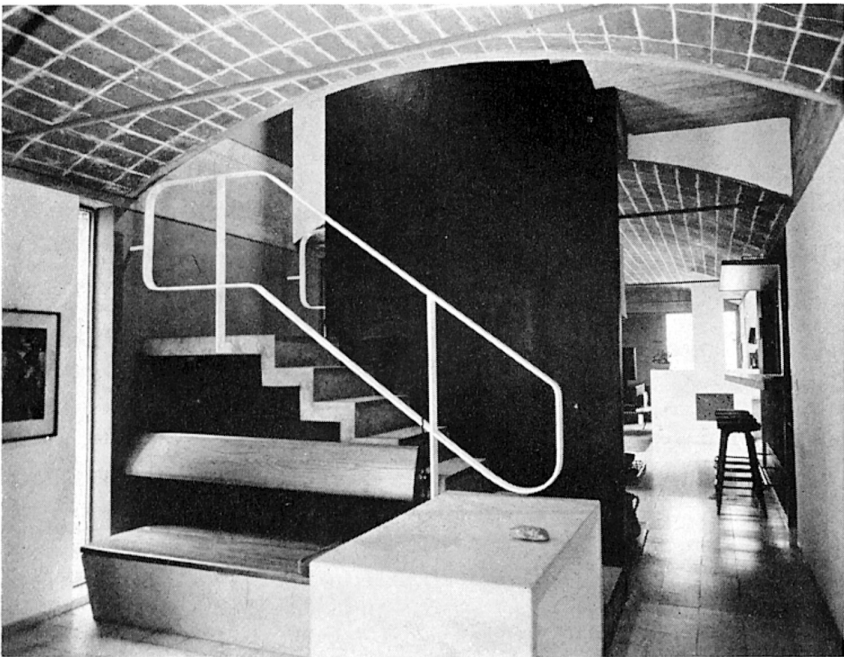
*This exhibition, selected and installed by Arthur Drexler, director of the Museum's Department of Architecture and Design, is concerned with the executed individual buildings of Le Corbusier since 1945.*

Secretariat — Chandigarh, India. 1950-54



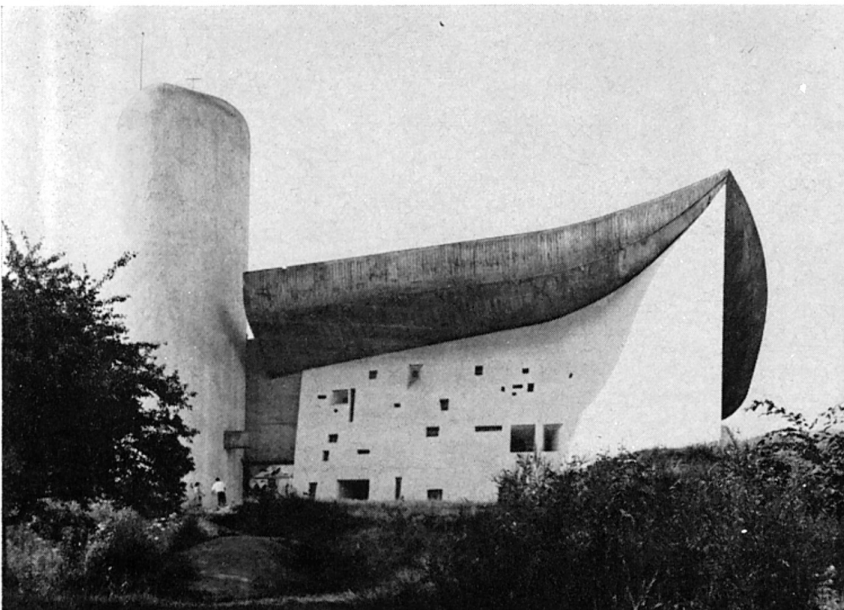


Jaoul Houses — Neuilly (near Paris), France, 1953-55



Jaoul Houses — Neuilly (near Paris), France, 1953-55

Chapel of Notre-Dame-du-Haut — Ronchamp, France, 1950-54



## LE CORBUSIER

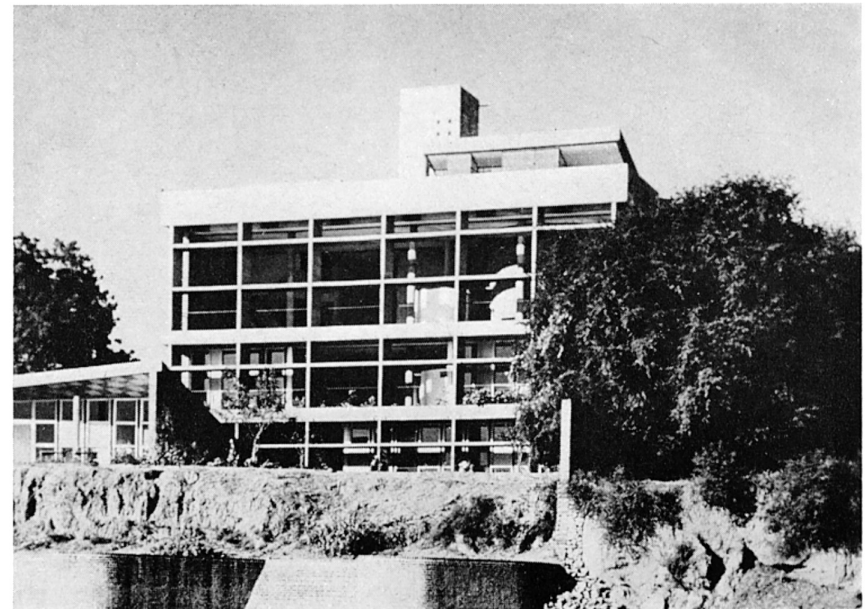
### ASSEMBLY BUILDING CHANDIGARH, INDIA. 1950-61

The third and, in some ways, most adventurous of the Capital buildings to be completed is the Palace of the Assembly. Its complexity is best understood by examining the cross section which reveals that the building is in fact a wall of offices and related spaces enclosing a three-story-high central hall. Standing to one side of this roofed hall is a separate building, the circular assembly chamber, which rises in a hyperbolic curve and passes through the roof, where it appears as a truncated cone ending in a giant skylight. It is flanked by the semi-pyramidal roof of the smaller council chamber and by other garden structures. The building's major interest, and its chief differences from the Courts of Justice and the Secretariat, are its significant interior space and its startling exterior profile as seen against the sky. Designed almost as a pedestal for the monumental forms on its roof, the Assembly Building obviously is not an office or administrative center, and does indeed explain itself visibly as a place of public assembly.

### COURTS OF JUSTICE CHANDIGARH, INDIA. 1950-56

The Courts of Justice is in reality two buildings, the main block facing

Mill Owners' Association Building — Ahmedabad, India. 1951-54







*Sainte-Marie de la Tourette — Dominican Priory, France, 1956-59*

two pools being framed by blank end walls and a flat roof whose underside consists of cantilevered vaults. The building is entered through an arcade subdivided by three monumental pylons. A ramp leads to the upper floors and also separates the main building from a projecting wing at the rear. The entrance arcade is flanked by eight individual Courts at the west and by the larger High Court at the east, but these are entered directly from the terrace in front of the building. Offices occupy the rear elevation and the entire third floor.

The blank end walls and the entrance pylons have been sprayed with rough gunite, in contrast with the raw concrete, and the spraying of the end walls was deliberately varied to produce the effect of a weathered surface. The pylons, originally white, have recently been painted red, yellow and green — an arrangement that is still under study.

**UNITE D'HABITATION (APARTMENT HOUSE)  
MARSEILLES, FRANCE. 1946-52**

Le Corbusier thinks of an apartment house as a kind of self-contained village, a single building incorporating a shopping center, hotel and recreation facilities, and a nursery. The term Unité d'Habitation is in-

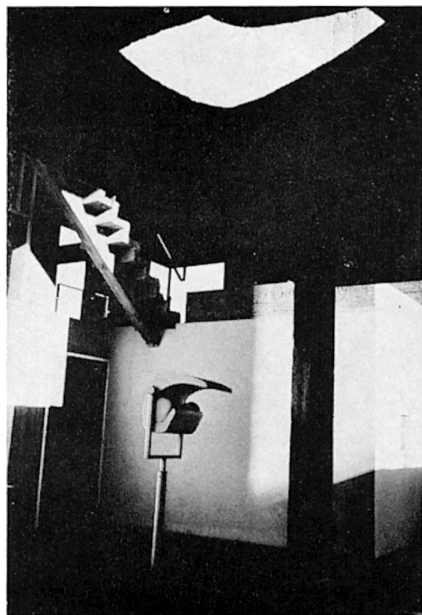
tended to suggest the harmony of all necessary facilities in a single structure.

The Marseilles apartment house stands in a large park. Its main elevations face east and west; it is 54 feet long, 79 feet wide, and 184 feet high; and it contains 337 apartments, each of them a duplex. Commissioned by the French government, it was the first major work executed by Le Corbusier after World War II. It announced the beginning of a massive and sculptural style which had as its particular justification the fact that high costs in France at that time necessitated great economies in construction, and these are reflected in the coarse texture and crude formwork of the concrete. Le Corbusier has subsequently capitalized on these technical defects by deliberately exploiting just those effects of texture that were rigorously excluded from his earliest work.

In its general plan and living arrangements, the Marseilles apartment house has been widely imitated, and it seems likely to become the prototype for the large apartment house in the second half of the twentieth century in all countries except the United States, where most commercial interests have so far resisted its logic.

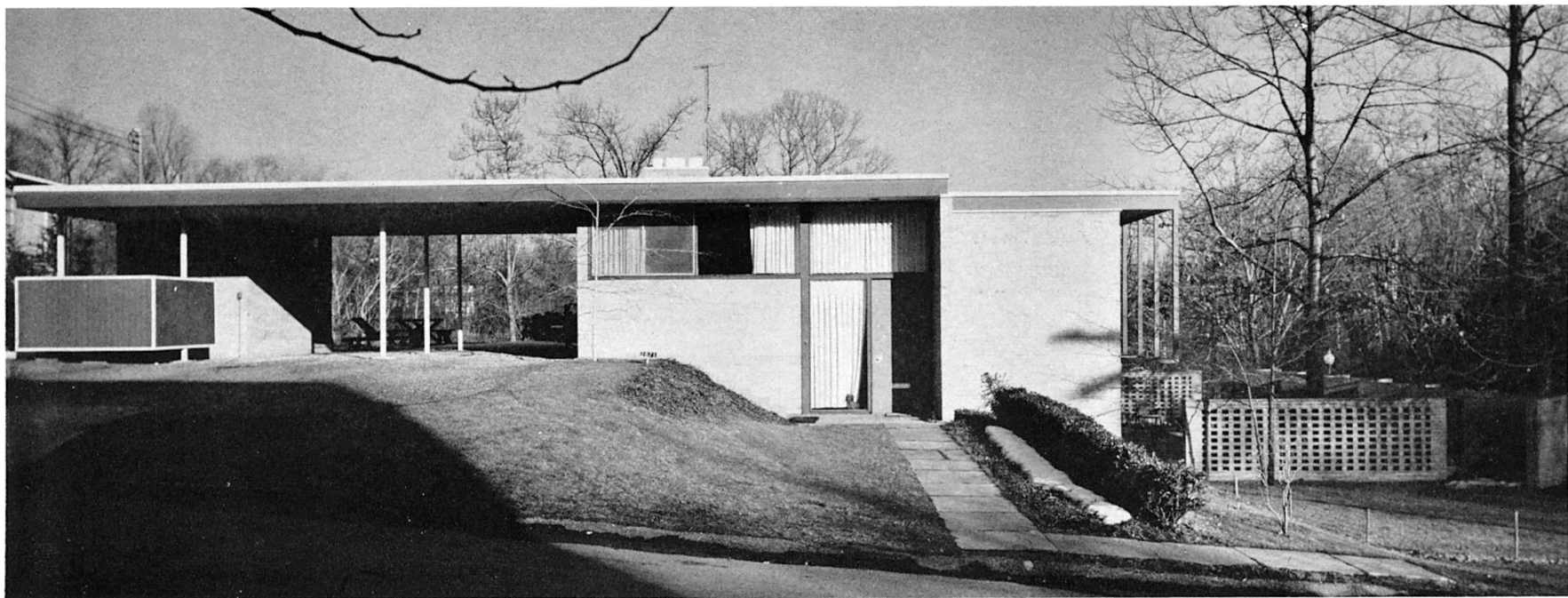
*(Continued on page 30)*

*Shodhan House — Ahmedabad, India. 1952-56*



*Shodhan House — Ahmedabad, India. 1952-56*





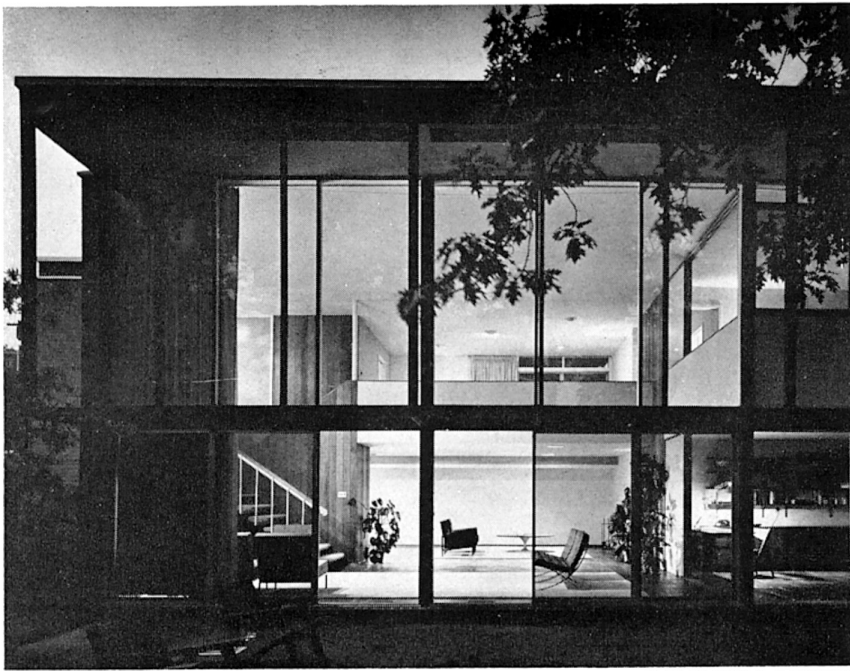
## HOUSE BY HAROLD LIONEL ESTEN, ARCHITECT

Situated on a 100' x 100' city lot in Washington, D. C. this residence provides suburban living in an urban environment. Designed for a family of three adults whose life includes frequent entertainment of large groups, the plan is arranged to allow for the separation of the private family area and the entertainment areas. The two-story-high living room provides a volume well scaled to large groups and the adjoining terrace can be made part of the space through the wide openings provided by the sliding doors. The principal outdoor terrace, which adjoins the most heavily traveled street, is visually screened and acoustically baffled by a zig-zag garden wall designed to permit the preservation of the two existing trees on the site.

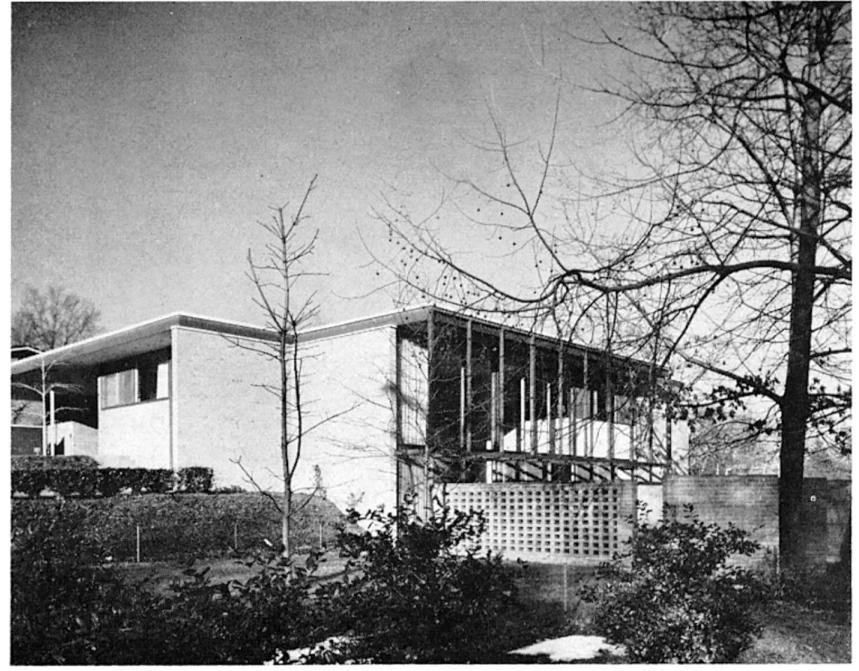
The family space at the upper floor level has its own outside terrace, the bedrooms have a balcony. The kitchen at the upper level is linked to the kitchen-bar at the ground floor by an electric dumbwaiter. The





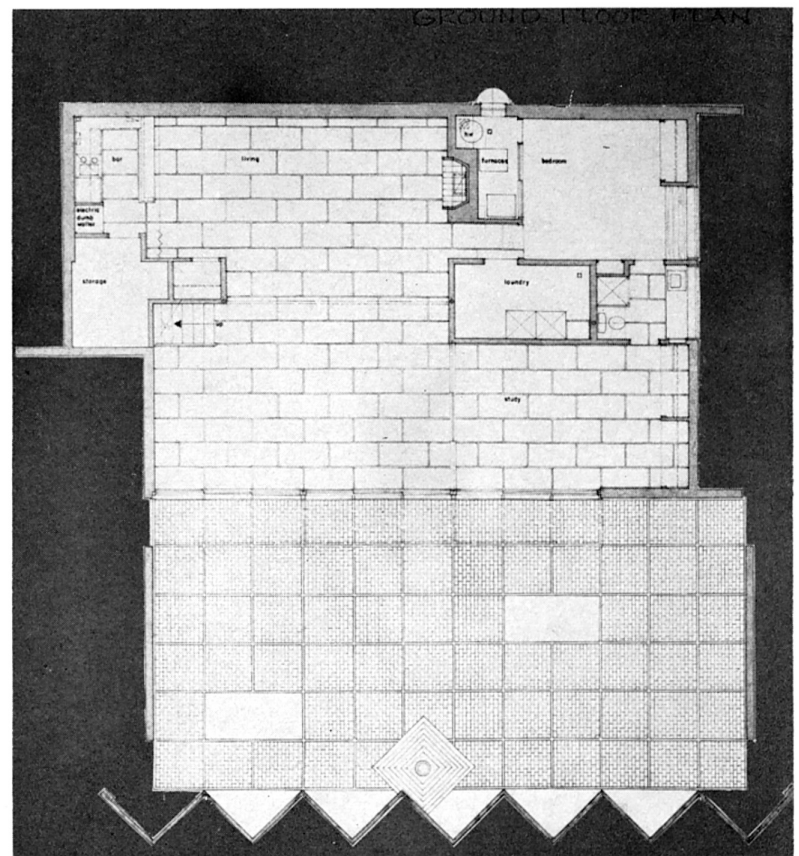
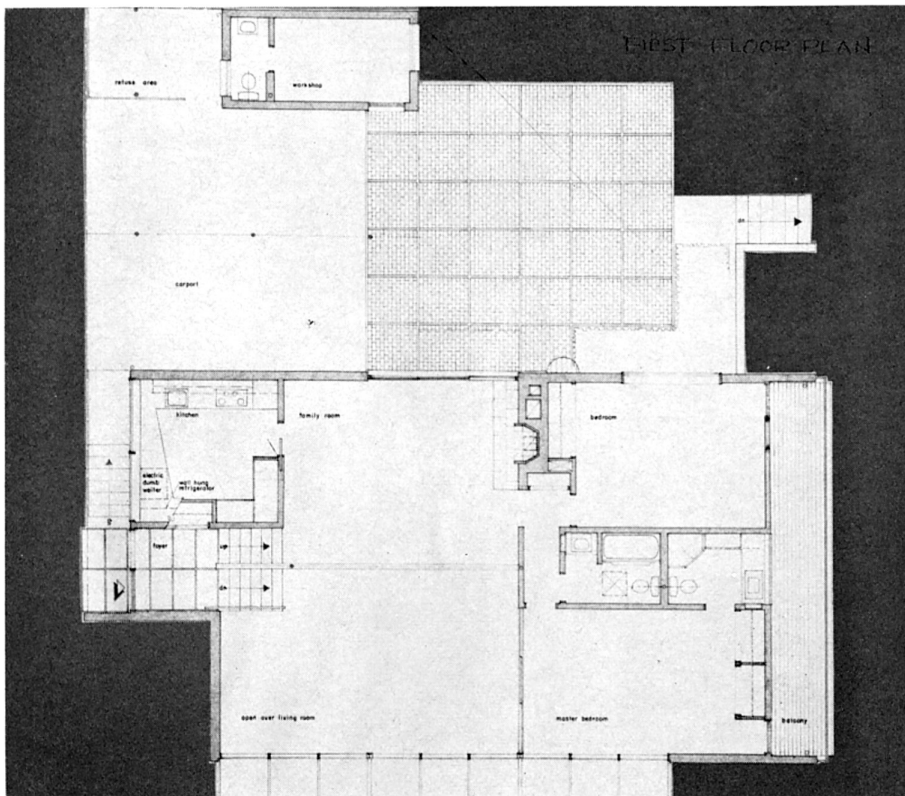


PHOTOGRAPH BY ROBERT C. LAUTMAN

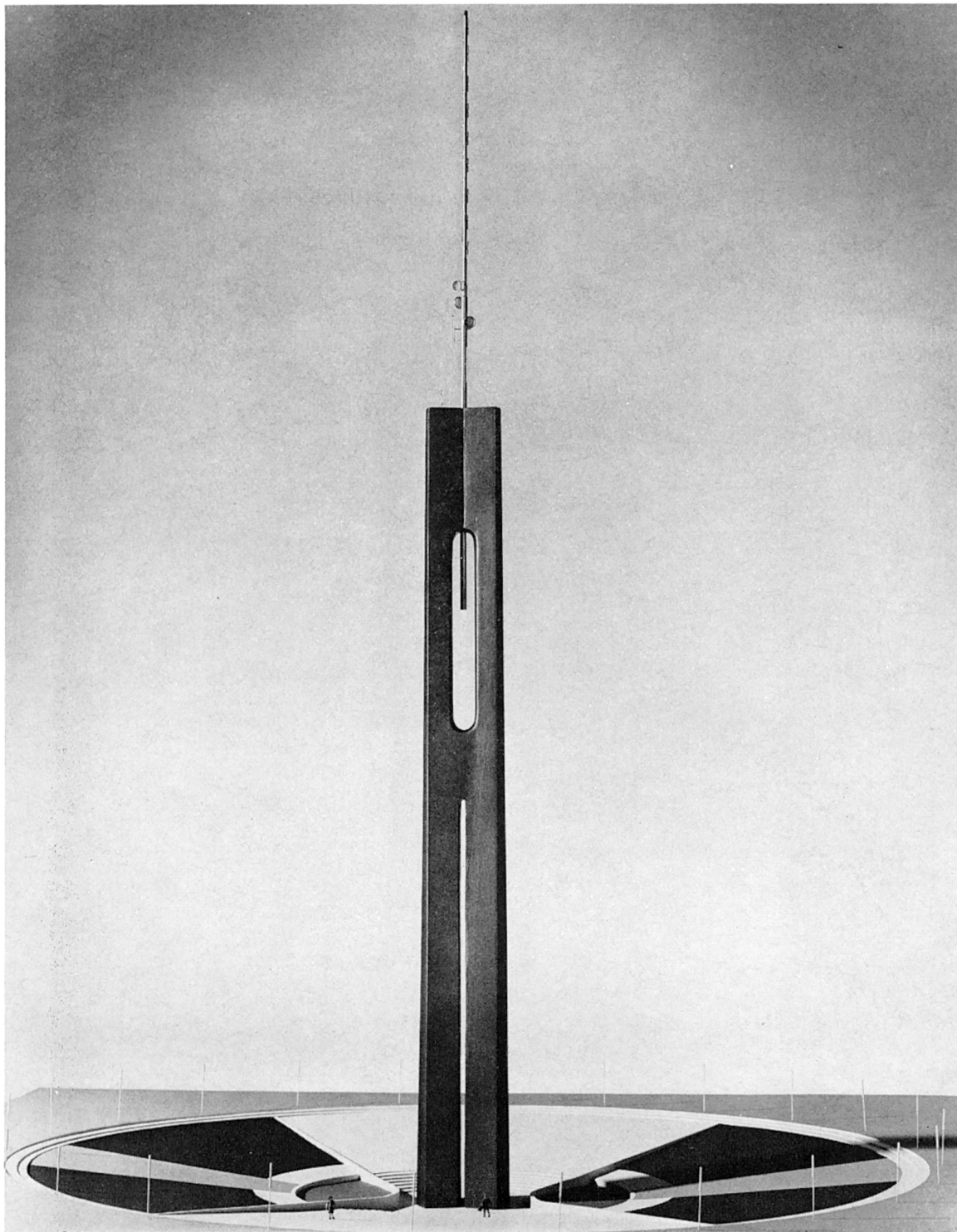


family room and master bedroom are interior balconies overlooking the living space, permitting the enjoyment of the entire volume and the most interesting views from various levels and vantage points.

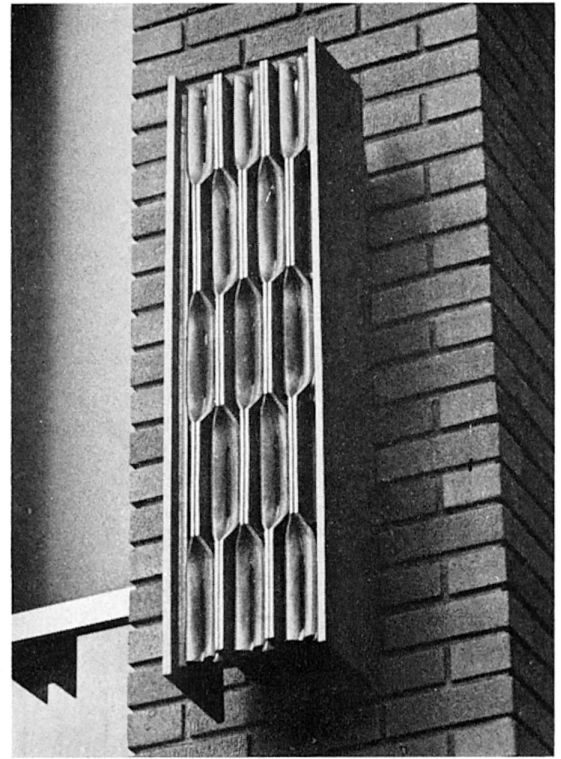
The house has masonry exterior walls; the floor and roof construction are wood joists and rafters with light steel girders. Heating and air-conditioning is accomplished by means of a dual forced-air furnace system with five tons of air-conditioning provided. The lower level has a patented system of under-floor ducts known as "Air-Floor," which provides heating and cooling by convection and radiation. The principal glazed areas in the house face south, and despite the fact that only single-thickness glass is provided, heating costs are quite moderate due to the solar heat gain on sunny winter days. The roof overhang to the south is designed to provide a pocket for roll-down wood-slat sun shades, intended to control sky glare in the summer.



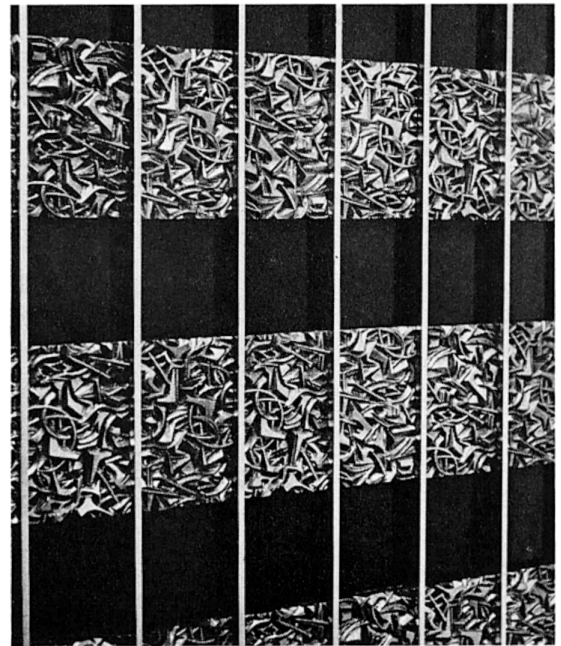
PHOTOGRAPHS BY WARREN BALLARD



Model of proposed 350-foot communications tower for the University of California, at San Diego; steel structure with bronze anodized cast aluminum outer skin. Designed in collaboration with Robert E. Alexander, architect.



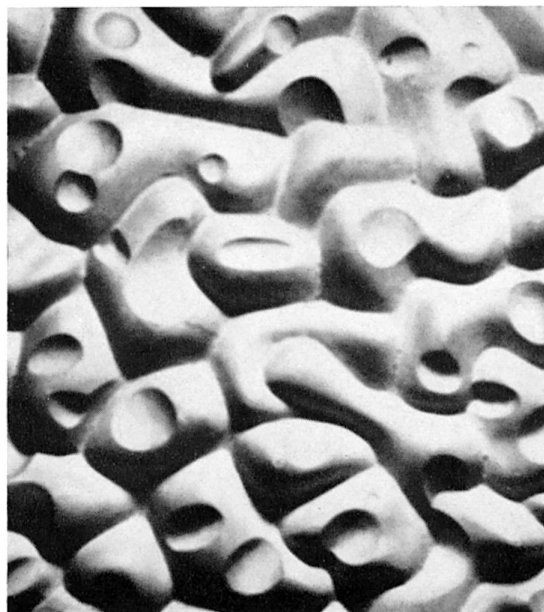
48" light fixture, La Jolla Federal Savings building



Model showing cast curtain wall spandrels



Experimental casting, door panel



Cast surface textural design



Study for ornamental grille, San Diego Fine Arts Gallery



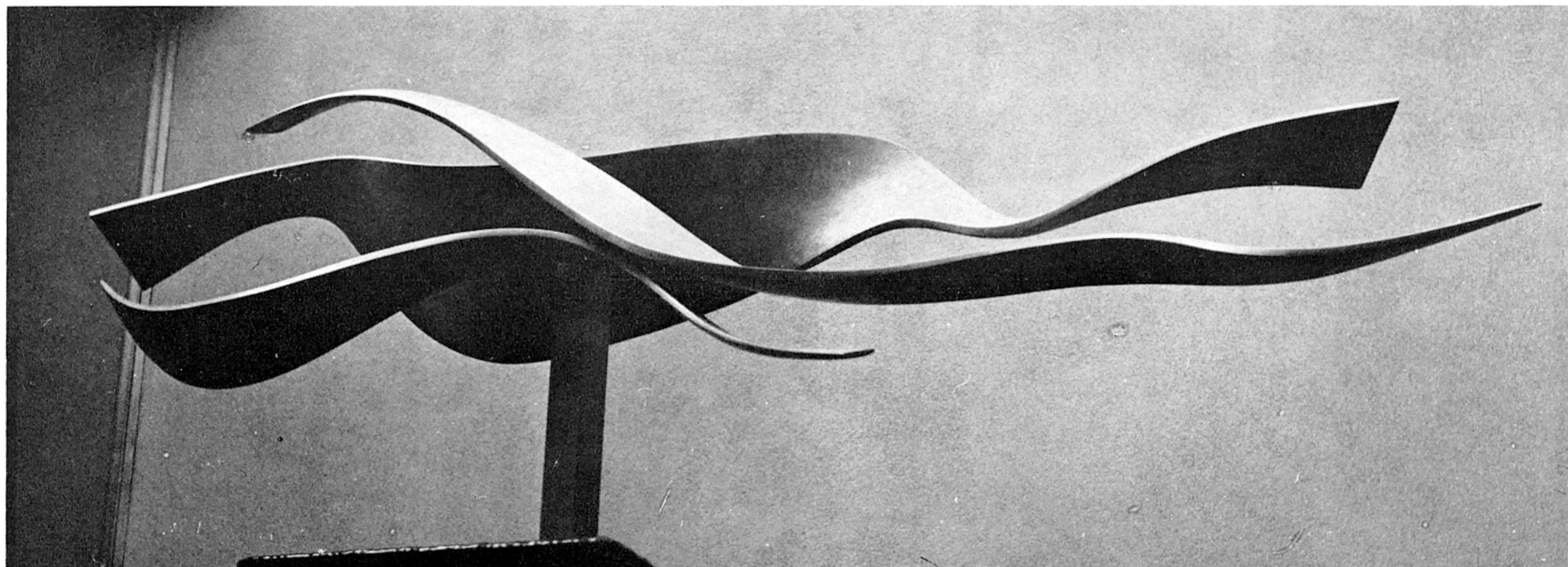
## EXPLORATIONS IN CAST ALUMINUM - MALCOLM LELAND

The architectural sculptor, always beset by the limitations of his materials, is constantly on the lookout for a substance which will retain the most sensitive and subtle touch and yet be strong, durable and attractive to the eye. The salient characteristics and advantages of aluminum—lightness, corrosion resistance and ease of fabrication—are well known to architects, and the metal is widely accepted in sheet and extruded form. However, comparatively little use has been made of the casting process despite what I feel are the unique opportunities aluminum presents to obtain complex and subtle contours and surface texture detailing unobtainable by the other forming methods.

With this in mind, I determined to explore this neglected area for the purpose of finding new and creative ways of using cast aluminum in architectural components. I spent two and a half years in research and study of modern foundry practices, followed by tests and experiments—the results of which are shown here.

The door panel shown is an experimental test casting approximately  $\frac{3}{8}$ " thick. Experience has shown, however, that it could be cast  $\frac{1}{4}$ " and weigh less than 75 pounds. Of interest to the sculptor who might be working in bas-relief is the fact that the design was modeled directly in the molding sand, and, although no expensive pattern was required, the thickness is a constant  $\frac{3}{8}$ ". The technique is simple and economical where one-of-a-kind casting is required.

The proposed 350' communications tower would require a steel structural system, elevator, stairway and transmitter equipment rooms. The outer skin would be a sculptured textural surface approximately 1" in



7' cast aluminum sculpture for a fountain, Los Angeles Federal Savings building



Cast textural surface design

depth, contoured to a maximum thickness of  $\frac{1}{4}$ " at any point. The surface treatment would be bronze-colored hard anodize which, when used sensitively in conjunction with a properly alloyed cast surface, produces a subtle and rich golden bronze coloring unique to this process.

The hard anodize is an extremely hard and dense surface originally developed for the aircraft industry. Fundamentally it is an oxidation at the surface which forms a coating that literally grows into the metal, resulting in a much thicker abrasion- and corrosion-resistant surface than the more common anodic coatings. It is completely maintenance-free and color-fast and on cast aluminum has a different quality than it does on sheet or extrusion which unfortunately cannot be conveyed in black-and-white photographs.

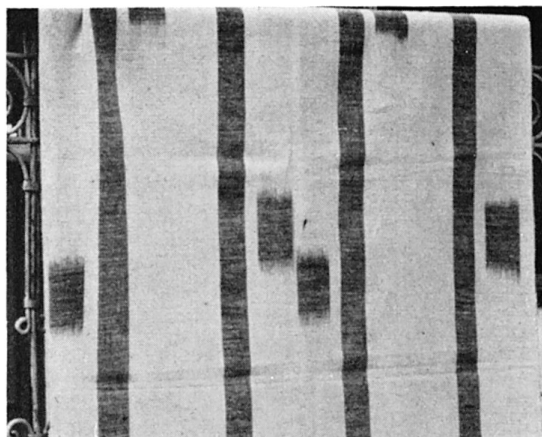
My experiments show that cast aluminum in combination with hard anodize can fulfill the requirements of the architectural sculptor, the need for a sensitive yet strong, durable and attractive material. Indeed, castings can be made strong enough to function structurally as well as decoratively. However, much work still remains to be done. Familiarity and confidence on an esthetic level will come with a thorough knowledge of the technical limitations and processes involved. And certainly there are many as yet unknown uses for cast aluminum in architecture which will be discovered by the creative architect, engineer and architectural sculptor.

MALCOLM LELAND

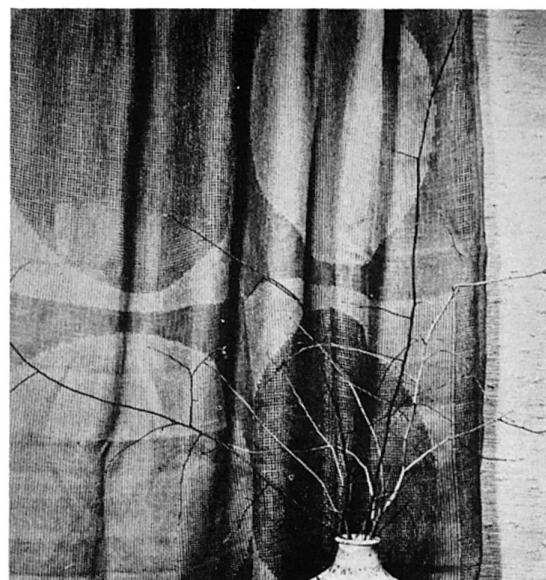
## DESIGN AWARDS - 1963

THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF INTERIOR DESIGNERS

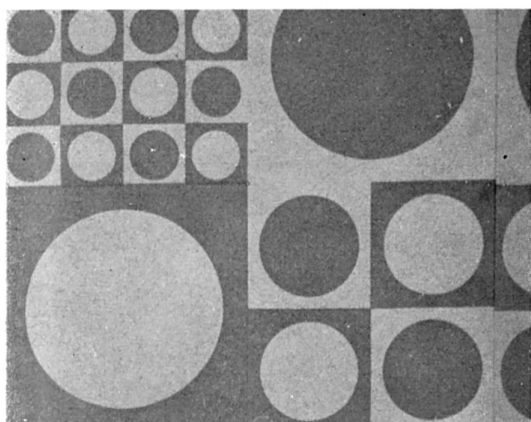
The winning designs shown here were selected by the A.I.D. jury of awards from over four hundred entries submitted from here and abroad. The purpose of the annual competition is to stimulate better design and to make known to the consumer public what is available in well designed products.



Japanese handwoven curtain material with a restrained color combination and a contemporary oriental flavor; designed by Hirofumi Miyasaka, manufactured by Japan Textile Color Design Center.



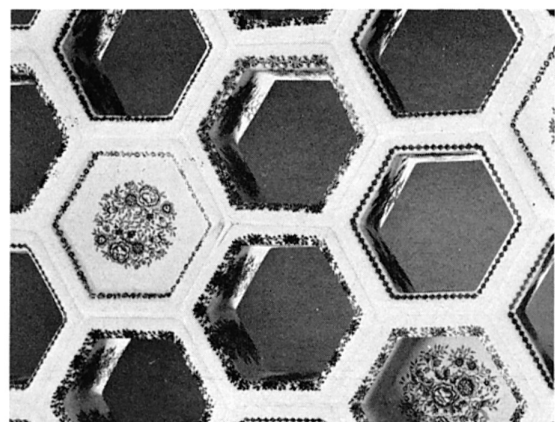
Swedish fabric; example of modern design on a linen semi-sheer, with bold scale and color, and exaggerated coarse texture; designed by Lennart and Brita Svfors, manufactured by AB Claes Hakansson.



Cotton fabric in geometrical design, red and orange, by the Danish architect Verner Panton; distributed by the Decorative Arts Center.

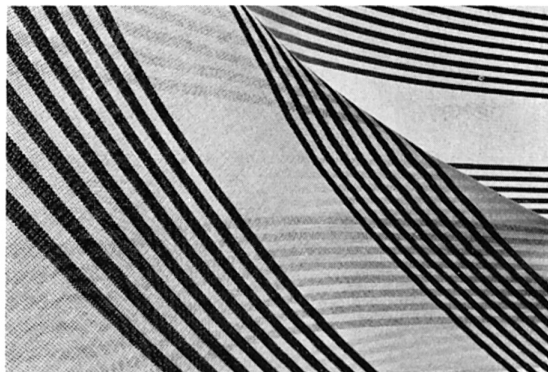


Finnish stackable bottles in different colors and shapes; designed by Timo Sarpaneva, manufactured by Karhula Iittala Glass Works.



Hexagon tile wall covering materials, glazed and unglazed, decorated with old copper prints; designed by Rut Bryk, manufactured by Wartsila-Koncernen A/B Arabia.

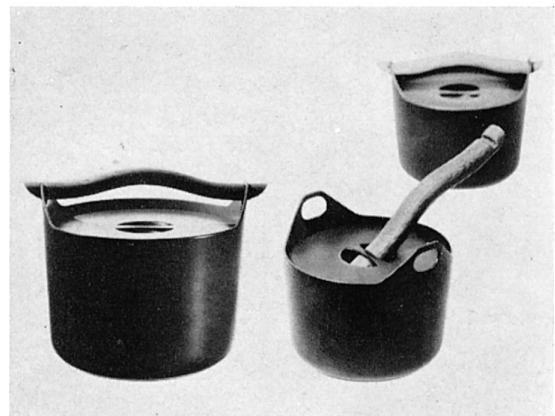
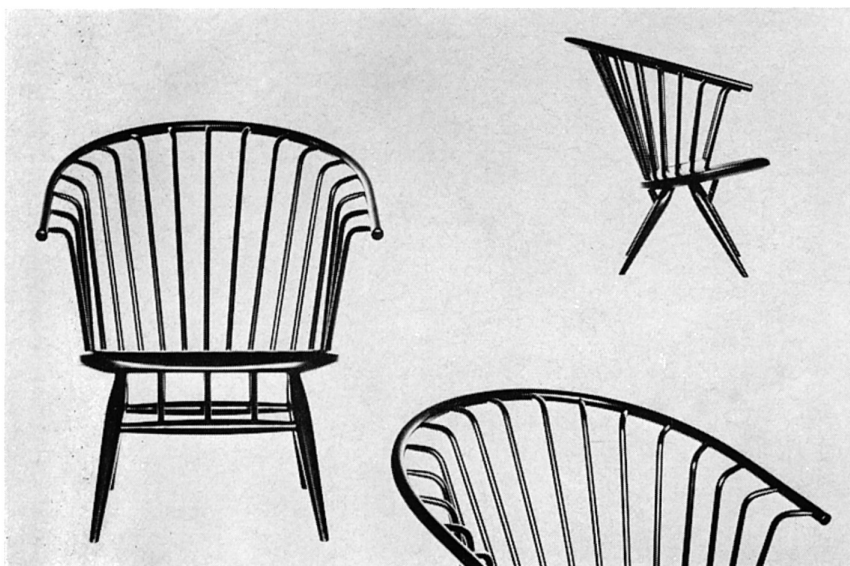
"Linrepe"—Swedish linen curtain material with vertical stripe; designed by Age Faith-Ell, manufactured by AB Marks Jacquardvaveri.



Far right: Swedish fabric, designed by Lennart and Brita Svfors, manufactured by AB Claes Hakansson.

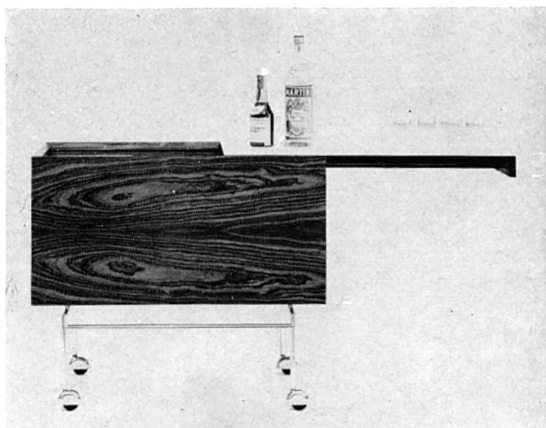


"Crinolette"—chair from Finland; designed by Ilmari Tapiovaara, distributed by Stendig, Inc.



Finnish cast iron casserole, with red or black exterior, white enamel interior and a teak handle; designed by Timo Sarpaneva, manufactured by Porin Konepaja.

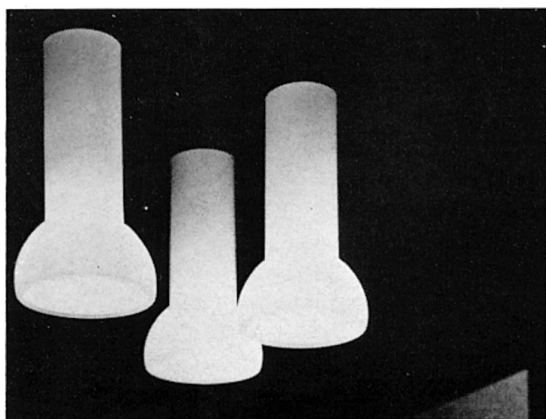




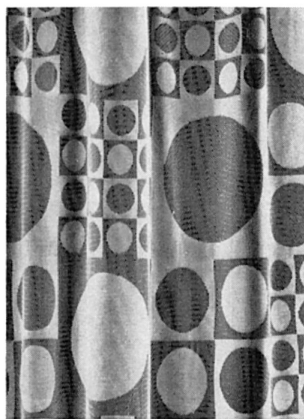
Danish bar cart, by Poul Norreklit; distributed by Moreddi.



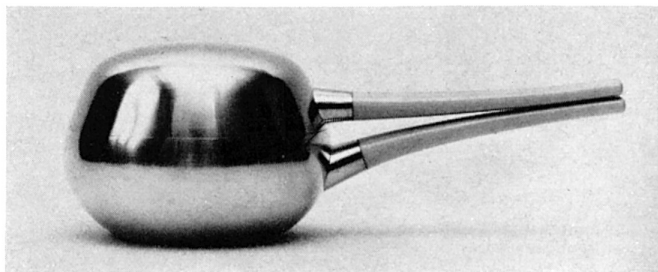
Teak armchair covered in black hide; designed by Peter Hvidt and Molgaard Nielsen, distributed by John Stuart.



Multi-purpose opal glass lamps; designed by Timo Sarpaneva, manufactured by Karhula Iittala Glass Works.



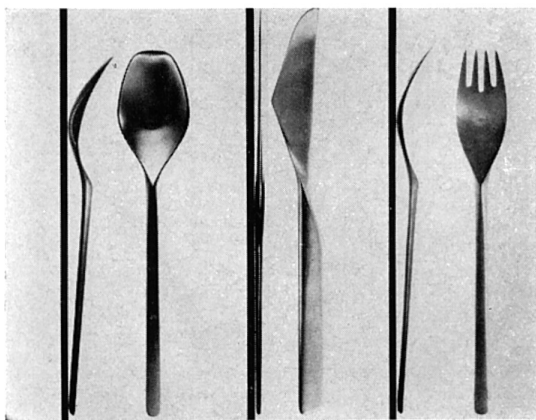
"Geometrie I"—Danish bobinette drapery fabric with an interesting shade pattern on a modern sheer net; designed by Verner Panton, distributed by Unika-Vaev Corporation.



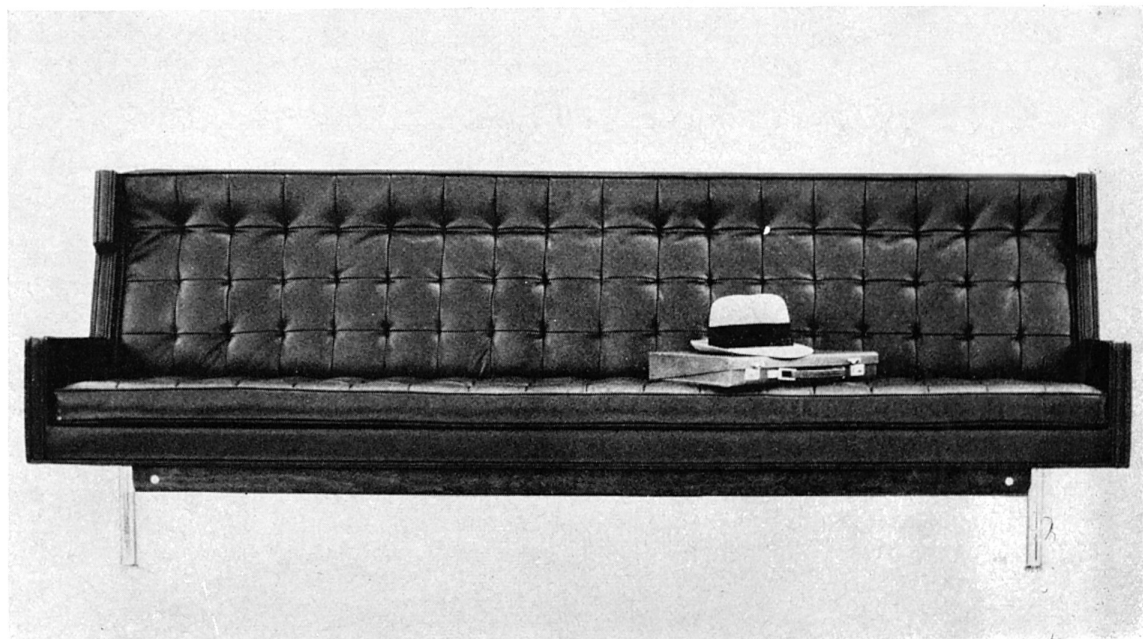
Danish silver vegetable dish; designed by Henning Koppel, manufactured and distributed by Georg Jensen, Inc.



Large, lightweight architectural Fiberglas planters; designed by John Follis, manufactured by Architectural Pottery.



Sterling silver and porcelain cutlery; designed by Tapio Wirkkala, manufactured by the Rosenthal Manufacturing Company.



Dark walnut and aluminum base sofa covered in black top-grain leather; designed by Jules M. Heumann, manufactured by Metropolitan Furniture Manufacturing Company.

## BOOKS

ROBERT JOSEPH

## SEVERAL PUBLISHERS IN THE LIFE OF IVAN DENISOVICH

Presumably there's nothing wrong—aside from violation of rights, duplicated effort, diminished profits, financial illogicality and marketing chaos—with several publishers offering the same potential bestseller simultaneously. One may assume that a case could be made out for the publication of, say, a new John Steinbeck novel, by everyone from Abingdon to Yale University Press at varying prices, all at the same time. This is what has happened in the current publication by five publishing houses of *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich* by Alexander Solzhenitsyn; it is hoped that this means a more extensive readership of this dramatic offering, a book which will be reckoned as one of the Books of the Year.

The duplicated effort came about as partial result of the Great Cultural Thaw which seems to have the Soviet Union in its relatively tender hold. The book—a day in the life of an inmate of a Stalin concentration camp after World War II, is at once an indictment of those bitter years of political travail and a moving human document, one which can take its place along with great stories of imprisonment from Socrates to Chessman.

Five publishers are now offering *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich*: E. P. Dutton (\$3.95) which proclaims that it offers "the only authorized edition," through the American-Russian Literary and Music Agency, an ad hoc substitute for Russian agreement to the Universal Copyright Convention; Frederick A. Prager, Publisher (\$3.95), which claims its edition is "brilliant and faithfully translated," with royalties going to the International Rescue Committee; Fawcett World Library (\$.50,) calling its offering "the uncensored translation"; New American Library (\$.60,) which has a contract for paperback rights to Dutton's publications, calls its version "Authorized, Uncensored and Uncut"; and finally Bantam (\$.60,) which makes no particular claim. There is no hint who, if anyone, including Chairman Krushchev himself, attempted to censor or cut the Solzhenitsyn novel in its NAL version. A final word on the entire subject comes from the Russian Embassy in Washington, which states that the Amrus Literary & Music Agency contract with E. P. Dutton is null and void because it objected to the Dutton version's dustjacket copy and introduction.

None of the foregoing has any relationship to the importance of the book, but it serves as an interesting background to what might be called piracy without profit; what is important is that one of the most sensational novels to come out of the Soviet Union in years, is a condemnation, in its way, of the Stalin Era and its Cult of Oppression, and a confession of the brutality of the Soviet regime against its own citizens and patriots.

*One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich* recounts the prison experiences of the central character of the story, a man captured by the Germans, who escapes to return to service in the Red Army and is then sentenced to ten years on the mere chance he has become a German spy. As Ivan ruminates, we learn not only his story, but the stories of his fellow inmates, the stories of their guards, the brutal, the indifferent, the human and the humane.

Although the author and his work has already been compared to some of the writings of Dostoevsky, to me he represents the plain, uncomplicated peasant-hero of some of Tolstoy's novels and short stories. He bears his burden unflinchingly, accepting without question the reasons for his incarceration. He does not write letters—"it would be like dropping pebbles into a bottomless pool"; he thinks only of a little less cold, a little more warmth, a little more food, a little less pain. Reduced to an animal level of subsistence, Ivan's macabre daily fight for survival, for the "little mores," makes this book poignant and powerful. This is a simple book, and its simplicity is the basis of its inner horror. The wider implications of the book are well suggested by both Marvin Kalk, Moscow Correspondent of CBS News, and by A. Tvardovsky, editor-in-chief of "Novy Mir," in the Introduction and the Foreword which appear in the E. P. Dutton version. Their political as well as literary comments puts this unusual and outstanding and historic work in proper perspective.

On the premise that oft-told tales are the best-told tales, Edwin P. Hoyt's *The Tempering Years* (Charles Scribner's Sons, \$6.95,) offers an interesting and provocative portrait of America in the crucial and well-chronicled decade between 1929 and 1939. Examining all facets of our economic, social, political and cultural life during those turbulent years, the author employs the device of relating the period to some of its chief *dramatis personae*, from Huey Long to Alfred P. Sloan. In some instances the device does not fully serve the intent of the author, although his panorama of Depression, Disillusion and Degredation in the Thirties comes off when he uses Harry Hopkins or Senator Charles McNary to carry the burden of what happened in the world of social services or agriculture. He is less convincing in tying the world of theatre and film to two such disparate artists as Charlie Chaplin and playwright Robert Sherwood. He makes no reference to the impact on film of sociological dramas from Lewis Milestone's *All Quiet on the Western Front* (1930) to *Grapes of Wrath* (1939); and generally overlooks the work of Clifford Odets, Thornton Wilder, Maxwell Anderson, Eugene O'Neill, and most particularly that of Lillian Hellman. It may or may not have been an over-simplification to use one playwright; the point here is whether the author selected the right one.

Hoyt has up-dated *Just the Other Day* and *Only Yesterday*, two excellent backward looks at our recent past. Particularly in his re-evaluation of the sociological tugs of the right and the left during the Thirties, is the author incisive and highly readable. With the advantage of time, he correctly evaluates the damage done to the cause of liberalism by the extreme left during the so-called United Front days. His reference to early fascism will evoke strange memories in the minds of many readers who remember the price that had to be paid by those inveighing against Hitler too soon.

Two recently published books, Barbara Tuchman's *Guns of August* (currently, Dell, \$.95) and *Mr. Wilson's War* by John Dos Passos (Doubleday & Co., \$6.95), excellent works on the background and conduct of phases of World War I, have brought that period back into publishing eminence again. Several additional highly readable books on that period have since made their appearance. *1918: The Last Act* by Barrie Pitt (W. W. Norton & Co., \$5.95,) deals rather extensively with America's military and ideological role in that great conflict. In addition to lucid writing—John Dos Passos is no Churchill when it comes to describing battle or the military movement of men—there are some excellent maps. Harper & Row will publish a companion piece, *The Doughboys: 1917-1918* by Laurence Stallings. And finally two bigs on two battles: *The Big Push* by Brian Gardner (Morrow, \$5.00), the story of the Battle of the Somme in World War I; and *Verdun*, the definitive work on the subject.

Biography as well as eras and wars has its fads. For example *The Day Huey Long Was Shot* by David Zinman (Ivan Obolensky, \$4.50), an unravelling of the events which led up to the murder of the Louisiana Lycurgus; and *The Huey Long Murder Case* by Hermann B. Deutsch (Doubleday & Co., \$3.95), a documented account of the last days of the Kingfish. Both authors are New Orleans newspapermen who have devoted considerable time to research and cross-checking.

Villains, of course, always get better coverage than heroes, and it is now Gaston B. Means' turn to get double handling in a brace of books which deals with the villainy of this celebrated confidence man, interloper and fraud. The man who was a double-agent during World War I, a swindler, and a notorious liar according to J. Edgar Hoover, will be portrayed in *Spectacular Rogue: Gaston B. Means* by Edwin P. Hoyt Jr. (Bobbs-Merrill, \$5.95); and by James Derieux and Walter Davenport in *Forger, Con-Man, Faker, Thief: The Life & Times of Gaston B. Means* (McKay, \$5.50).

## BOOKS TO WATCH FOR

*A Nation so Conceived* by Reinhold Niebuhr and Alan Heimert (Charles Scribner's Sons, \$3.50), is a succinct and magnificently clear statement of our national purpose and our world role. From the days of our national revolutionary fervour, to the present era of moral uncertainty in a world of nuclear power, we have striven, the authors state, to find a positive and constructive role in the world in which we live. Our innocence behind us, we are now weighted with a burden of responsibility and challenge. "The rapid rise," state the authors, "from continental security and irresponsibility to global responsibility and insecurity, from the orig-



inal innocence . . . to the guilty exercise of power in a nuclear age . . . must excite the imagination of both friend and foe."

As companion reading *The Two Faces of American Foreign Policy* by Thomas Molnar (Bobbs-Merrill, \$5.00), would seem to negate the high moral sense which Reinhold Niebuhr and Alan Heimert ascribe to our continuing Manifest Destiny in world affairs. Molnar's point is that we cannot confuse the sense of fairness which attaches to our internal political life (the battle for legislative and executive power between the parties is the great *Game* of politics,) to the conduct of our foreign affairs where the same rules do not always apply. Thomas Molnar asks for a more realistic appraisal of the world scene; he would substitute for the idealism which is delineated in *A Nation so Conceived* a hardrock policy of self-interest based on the pragmatism of nationhood which Clausewitz so thoroughly depicts in *War, Politics and Power*. And on the subject of Clausewitz, a new edition of his classic on war and a nation's interest has been illuminatingly annotated by Col. Edward M. Collins, USAF (Henry Regnery, Gateway Paperback, \$1.95).

For readers of Western lore: *Bernal Diaz: Historian of the Conquest* (University of Oklahoma Press, \$4.95,) by Herbert Cerwin, the first biography about the conquistador and historian of the conquest of Central America and our Southwest to be published in English. This is not a dry-as-dust account of his travels and his writing, but high adventure at its best. Another, more recent, swashbuckler Herman Francis Reinhart, lived as many lives as Bernal Diaz del Castillo. His Recollections have been gathered together in *The Golden Frontier* edited by Doyce B. Nunis, Jr., Foreword by Nora B. Cunningham (University of Texas Press, \$6.00), the story of a man who spent his active years panning, collecting, saving and exchanging gold from the field of California to the Fraser River strike in British Columbia. Original source material from which history is written. *Steamboating on the Upper Missouri* by William E. Lass (University of Nebraska, \$5.50), tells the story of how that part of the Northwest was opened, from the first fur traders to the later paddlewheels and shallow draft boats. Beginning with the fur trading days of Emperor MacKenzie to the rise of the steamboat ports—Sioux City, Yankton and Bismarck, this carefully documented and researched work is excellent reading. As is *I'll Run Before I Die: the story of the Great Feuds of Texas* by C. L. Sonnichsen (Devin-Adair, \$6.00), including the account of the Sutton-Taylor Feud, the Horrell-Higgins Feud and others which make the scroll of Texas violence. Good, fast-moving action, but these Texas Feuds must still hold second place to the New Mexico-Arizona wing-dings.

*Private Shaw & Public Shaw* by Stanley Weintraub (George Braziller, \$5.00), begins with the first chance meeting between the shy, retiring thirty-year-old veteran of Middle East Wars, Col. T. E. Lawrence, and the formidable GBS. There then began a friendship which was to last until the death of Private Ross (the name Lawrence of Arabia finally assumed to find anonymity) in 1935. Stanley Weintraub, who offers several new and illuminating documents in the life of Lawrence, the strange young man whose military career is now being depicted in color and widescreen dimensions, characterizes the great work of T. E. Lawrence's life, *Seven Pillars of Wisdom* as a masterpiece. What seems to have

brought the shy young soldier and the warm, bluff playwright together was their mutual love of limelight; T. E. Lawrence enjoyed fame although his apparent self-effacement would seem to belie it. Weintraub makes this, and other facets of the R.A.F. private's life, clear.

#### MUSIC

(Continued from page 7)

tical concordance, with or without the stress of interposed dissonances or microtones. Then we shall find ourselves fully at ease with Oriental music, and the works by Harry Partch and Lou Harrison, whose music anticipates such an outcome, will be properly valued.

I observe, indeed, as I go about lecturing and playing examples of the European tunings and of Oriental and contemporary American music, that it is precisely those listeners who are most experienced in hearing the microtonal implications of electronically generated, distorted instrumental, or noise music who respond most rapidly, and often with eagerness, to the possibilities of concordant tone. They are the first, also, to hear and comprehend the significance of the microtonal distinctions among the historic European tunings, when I play examples from the taped *History of Tuning* prepared by Wesley Kuhnle.

I believe that those who direct the current fashions in music may expect very startling changes to occur during the next decade. These developments will not lead music farther from its acoustical basis—indeed, it can go no farther—but instead return to a more thorough comprehension of the acoustical elements of sound relationship than has been evident in any of the rules, rationalizations, or consequences of our already quite outmoded harmonic theory. Schoenberg, as I know from conversation with him, was quite convinced of this, though he did not accept the alternative of just intonation.

I might add, for a postlude, that the wealthiest and best-equipped sound laboratories seem to be running behind rather than ahead of the creative pack. I don't pretend to keep up in detail with what may be emerging from these laboratories, but such of it as does come my way from the RCA-Victor Synthesizer, from the labors of Vladimir Ussachevsky, and most recently from a demonstration at UCLA by Dr. Pierce of the Bell Laboratories seems infantile in comparison with the individual compositions of Varese, Stockhausen, Cage, Richard Maxfield, Toshi Ichyanagi, and a good many other competent craftsmen who are functioning as composers genuinely composing and not like children playing a complicated game. The work of L. A. Hiller in composing with a computer at the University of Illinois puts to shame the tentative gropings seriously offered before a large audience by Dr. Pierce and his compositional assistant James Tenney, under the benign countenance of Dr. Ramo of Ramo-Wooldridge.

The four local panelists, who afterwards discussed the exhibition, found kind words for it before the public, but these should not be taken as expressing their opinions. Let Dr. Pierce invite skilled composers to work with his equipment, instead of keeping it a child's plaything for members of the staff. He is quite right in saying that nothing more musical can come out of a computer than a composer has put into it.

T H E M A G A Z I N E

## arts & architecture

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**LE CORBUSIER***(Continued from page 21)*

**CARPENTER CENTER FOR THE VISUAL ARTS**  
**HARVARD UNIVERSITY, CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS**  
**IN CONSTRUCTION, 1963**

On a constricted and difficult site, flanked by modest buildings of academic New England character, Le Corbusier has inserted an unusually complex and angular composition. Carpenter Center will contain studios and an exhibition hall, the latter accessible by a ramp which passes through the building and emerges at the opposite side. Angular sun-breaks, similar to those used in the Mill Owners' building in India; raw concrete (relatively smooth in finish); glass block and clear glass in large panels and narrow slats; pilotis; the ramp; visible skylights; exterior stairs cantilevered from a central pier; and curvilinear masses contrasting with the many rectangular blocks, all combine to make Le Corbusier's first building in the United States a crowded compendium of ideas.

**SECRETARIAT**

**CHANDIGARH, INDIA. 1950-54**

The Secretariat Building is a thin slab 775 feet long and nine stories high. Similar in function to the Secretariat of the United Nations (itself based on Le Corbusier's ideas) this building accommodates the 3,000 employees of various ministerial agencies. For many reasons a vertical building would have been impractical, and Le Corbusier instead has handled this vast structure as a long wall with frequent changes in texture and rhythm.

The long elevations of the Secretariat Building can thus be read almost as a musical score — an exercise in the modulation of shadows and the orchestration of interlocking scales and rhythms. As a tour de force it is an unparalleled achievement.

**JAUL HOUSES**

**NEUILLY (NEAR PARIS), FRANCE. 1953-55**

The Jaoul Houses occupy a narrow suburban lot, sharing a common entrance court and an underground garage. The structural system used for these buildings is unusual in Le Corbusier's work: load-bearing brick walls carry concrete beams and barrel vaults, the latter finished with Catalan tile which is also used on the floors.

Not every brick wall is actually load bearing, and the cutting and spacing of these masonry panels contribute greatly to the vigor of the design. Windows are treated almost as cabinets: fixed panels of glass alternate with panels of plywood, while narrow vertical panels at the corners open for ventilation.

The massive concrete lintels with their decorative projections, the rough brick, and the vaults of unequal widths, all contribute to the impression of compact power these small buildings convey. The Jaoul Houses have most conspicuously influenced a post-war tendency toward heavier, more sculpturally defined forms, and the movement, called in England the "New Brutalism," is particularly indebted to Le Corbusier's example.

**CHAPEL OF NOTRE-DAME-DU-HAUT**

**RONCHAMP, FRANCE. 1950-54**

Occupying the hilltop site of an ancient church destroyed during World War II, this building uses stone from the original structure for its curved walls. White gunite (stucco) sprayed over these walls unifies them with a rough texture that beautifully catches the light.

The walls are braced by thin concrete columns concealed within them, and these columns also carry the enormous concrete roof. Like the wing of an airplane, the roof is built of two membranes, separated by a space approximately seven feet high. It is one of the few examples in Le Corbusier's work of a roof plane developed to express the feeling of shelter and weight.

In the chapel at Ronchamp Le Corbusier has carried architecture further toward sculpture than he has in any other work of his entire career. The building dominates the landscape, with which its forms seem effortlessly adjusted. Photographs can only hint at the emotional impact of this carved and molded space.

**MILL OWNERS' ASSOCIATION BUILDING**

**AHMEDABAD, INDIA. 1951-54**

Used as an office building and entertainment center for the local textile industry, this building is remarkable for the handling of its entrance facade on the west. Le Corbusier has here turned the exterior concrete sun shades at a 45° angle, producing a strong pattern of diagonal shadows and almost concealing the glass wall. Vertical circulation is provided by an exterior stair, a monumental entrance ramp leading to the main floor, and two elevators. Gardens and a water basin on the roof incorporate skylights for the auditorium on the floor below.

The plan of the auditorium floor is remarkable for the freedom with which curved walls of plywood are set within the rectangular space, and throughout the building individual rooms are made to seem like small houses standing on a sheltered terrace.

**SAINTE-MARIE DE LA TOURETTE**

**DOMINICAN PRIORY AND CHAPEL**

**EVEUX-SUR-L'ARBRESLE (NEAR LYON), FRANCE. 1956-59**

The Priory of La Tourette stands on a sloping site overlooking a forest near Lyon. The four wings of the building enclose a central court, but the site has been left relatively untouched and three of the four wings stand free of the ground on pilotis. The two top floors accommodate 100 monks, each in a narrow cell expressed on the facade as a cantilevered balcony. The floors below include work spaces, study halls, a library, and a refectory. The central court is crossed by arcades leading to the chapel, and the roof is planted with grass to provide a quiet walk sheltered by a high parapet. The chapel, in a block to the north, is flanked by side altars in a curvilinear annex topped by skylights poking through its roof like fingers.

The variety of patterns, shapes and scales employed by Le Corbusier on this building provides an astonishing richness of detail, all the more impressive in that the four sections form a unified whole. Vigorous and austere, La Tourette ranks among the most beautiful of Le Corbusier's recent buildings.

**SHODHAN HOUSE**

**AHMEDABAD, INDIA. 1952-56**

The upper three levels of this five-story concrete house incorporate terraces and gardens, all sheltered by a single flat roof pierced to admit light. The sun-breaker is here used at a scale so bold that it seems less an applied element than an extension of the interior walls. It might almost have replaced the columns as the structural support for individual floors.

Stairs and a ramp provide internal circulation. The living areas include a two-story-high salon, and three separate suites opening onto the roof gardens.

**OFFICE BUILDING—JOHN B. PARKIN**

*(Continued from page 13)*

planning private and general office requirements in the original design, as well as for future alterations.

Structurally, the building is divided into 14 bays of 25 feet each in the east-west direction, and 5 bays of 20 feet each in the north-south direction. Upper floors are thus 350' x 100', ground floor 300' x 60', and basement is 325' x 80'. All floors are then broken up into a 5' x 5' modular grid. All walls, partitions and window mullions lie in these grid lines, thus offering a regular rhythmic expression to the exterior, and providing a practical planning grid in the interior, of a scale admirably suited to the planning requirements.

The ceiling system follows the 5' x 5' grid, with each module containing 1" Fiberglas panels with a 40 db. acoustic rating, a mechanical diffuser where necessary to allow return air to a natural plenum space above the ceiling panels, and one 3-foot, two-lamp fluorescent lighting fixture in parabolic reflector, to provide 75-80 maintained foot candles of illumination at desk level throughout all areas.



Exterior walls at basement are reinforced concrete, with sub-grade mechanical rooms waterproofed to withstand 50 p.s.i. pressure. Exterior walls on ground floor are clay brick, on upper floors pre-cast concrete with 1 1/2" cork insulation and 3/4" plaster painted interior. Interior core walls are concrete block, plastered or tiled where necessary, and painted only in other areas such as stairwells. Interior partitions are Vaughan Wall System of 5/8" and 1" gyproc panels, with mechanically taped joints, and painted. Interior glazed partitions are gyproc panels as above, in simple wood framing of 2" x 6" birch, with planted stops, painted and glazed. All framing members are on the 5' module, and are designed to be independent of floor or ceiling system, thus providing easy removal for future alterations. Structural floor is precast concrete slabs, providing wiring access below floor to any point. Floor finish is 1/8" vinyl asbestos tile through general office areas, terrazzo in washrooms, stairwells and entrance foyer, quarry tile in kitchen, and concrete throughout the basement.

With such relatively common and inexpensive but durable materials used generally throughout, it is left for the use of color to delineate certain functions and lend a touch of relief to the overall scheme, and the use of special materials in a few selected areas for functional as well as aesthetic reasons. Interior background colors are off-white, with good light-reflecting properties, and are relieved only by areas of three primary colors on the exterior of the central core, serving to interpret the excessive length of the corridors, and to provide glimpses of bright color as the eye moves about the building.

**LONG BEACH STATE COLLEGE—KILLINGSWORTH, BRADY, SMITH**  
(Continued from page 14)

mobile is planned so that the automobile will be excluded from the heart of the campus, and the existing quadrangle has been tightened and developed to pedestrian scale. The College Union building, which as originally planned would block the excellent view of the city, is to be a three-story structure cut into the 40-foot bank with terraces open to the view.

An existing walk bisecting the academic core is to be widened into a promenade 60 feet wide with a series of terraces and steps mounting the 40-foot difference in elevation. On one side will be the College Union and on the other a 10,000-seat amphitheater. This promenade will provide the main entrance for the 20,000 students to the academic core from the 9,000-car parking on the lower campus. 1,000-car parking is provided on the upper campus for the faculty and staff.

Dormitories are planned for 5,000 students on the west portion of the lower campus and will be medium high rise structures with the primary concern one of making the living personal and warm. The buildings are set on a residential type street which is separated from the academic life of the campus. The northern portion of the site is set aside for cooperative housing. This is laid out so that the various housing structures face toward a mall with gardens and activity areas. All parking for this area is self-contained.

**THE ARTS IN THE NATIONAL LIFE—AUGUST HECKSCHER**  
(Continued from page 17)

own vision, he is moving out on a frontier where those who are advancing in all aspects of our civilization tend to meet and stand as one. The artist would not be painting as he does, the sculptor would not be shaping the forms as he is, the architect would not be building as he is building, if our psychologists had not plumbed so deeply into the human psyche, if the theologians had not posited a concept of a deity more abstract and remote than would have been conceivable to the nineteenth century, if the physicists had not given us a whole new concept of matter and of space.

What is the result of this kind of turmoil upon art in a society? Art certainly doesn't cease to lose its value, but it does, I

suggest, become infinitely more difficult to appreciate, to understand. The ordinary view of people, "What I like is good art" or "I like it and therefore it must be art" simply cannot hold in such a period as this. The artist is no longer the character who adorns what is familiar and loved, who makes things more agreeable for us. He becomes a man who shakes up the very life about us, and as a result, it becomes increasingly difficult to distinguish the good from the false or fraudulent; it becomes difficult to distinguish from those which will endure from those which will pass away; it sometimes becomes difficult to distinguish the real things from the obvious joke.

This is not something which we ought to look upon with dismay. In one sense the artist always, even in quieter periods, or at least certain artists, have played the role of prophet. "The artist," said Pericles in his funeral oration to the Athenians, "is like a ghost, seeking to utter more than he can express, always reaching out into realms beyond." One thinks, for example, of the Roman poet, Lucretius, who looked down into the solid matter of his day and was able through his poetic insight to discern the atom which was to take science centuries to prove by experiment.

There was a story about Kipling which illustrates this same concept and role of the artist. It is told, interestingly enough, in an introduction to Kipling's verse by T. S. Eliot. Some people may be surprised to know that T. S. Eliot made a selection of Kipling's verse and wrote a very discerning and appreciative introduction. Kipling, according to T. S. Eliot, had placed—this was in one of his stories of the Roman period in Great Britain—a Roman legion at a place in the wall where the historians and the archaeologists said that particular legion had never stood, and this in effect they said is what comes when your history is written by poets. But, says T. S. Eliot, it came with no sense of surprise, but indeed with a sense of rightness and affirmation, when further archaeological researches showed that the Roman legion had in fact stood where Kipling said it had. He had played the role of prophet, the lonely role the artist must always play in some measure with the hope that in time science and the approval of posterity will vindicate.

Thirdly, I have spoken briefly of our society as being one made equal by technological change, of one being made turbulent by the alteration of values that comes from scientific progress. I would like to speak now about another aspect of our society which has been created and brought about by the dominance of the machine within it. This I could sum up by saying that we are a "consumer society." The machine sets its own rhythm, the machine acts in terms of an endless flow. It is most efficient, as we all know, when it keeps going, when it turns things out constantly without pause for consideration, without a chance to change or to recreate, either itself or its output. And so the problem of the machine always becomes, how are we going to dispose of the things which come forth out of it in such an endless and sometimes unmanageable abundance. It is a problem which has been dealt with both seriously and humorously by various observers of the modern scene. You may remember Orwell in his grim book, 1984, described the ceaseless wars which were being waged then against enemies which the people hardly knew, for causes with which people had wholly lost contact in order that the excess of this machine should be used up and the people could be kept down. I once read a story in science fiction which drew the picture of the horrible dilemma which overwhelmed mankind as the machine became perfected and men were becoming buried more and more under an abundance of goods which they neither desired nor could control. And finally one scientist came up with the very great discovery—one machine, he said, would produce goods,—very well, he said, he would

produce another machine which would destroy them and that way mankind was restored to sanity and to a life that had some of the marks of pleasure and satisfaction.

We have our own methods of taking care of this abundance, and basically it is summed up in this phrase, "consumer's society." It is a constant process of acquisition, of annihilation, and disposal. It is extraordinary when you think of it, that we use that phrase, "consumer's society," without any sense of incongruity, or you might say any sense even of apology or shame. No other society would have prided itself on having the highest function of the citizen be this one of almost physical consumption and annihilation. We are not a society, you see, that prides itself on using things, on making things, on keeping things, but on actually consuming things the way you might say a child consumes toys. The result is that there is less and less a sense of the created thing, a sense of the actual object which is made, which has its own existence, which is related in a meaningful way to individuals and to the society of which they are a part. In a society which is dominated in this way by the machine, in a society where the compulsion to consume lies heavily over all the people, the tendency is also for art to be consumed in a similar way. We see this in regard to the individual artist where the demands made upon him by the hunger of the great audience, by the insatiable demands of the media of mass communications almost literally use him up. Robert Louis Stevenson once said that every young writer ought to live in perpetual fear of the day when he might be discovered. That was sort of a joke when Stevenson said it, but it could be almost a grim platitude today. The artist who is discovered and is made the darling of the great enthusiastic public finds it terribly difficult thereafter to grow at his own pace, to develop in his own way, to change his style, to have space and time in which he may fully become himself.

There is another way in which art becomes consumed. It isn't only that the individual artist has this demand upon him constantly to increase his output, to produce more and constantly more, but the machine comes to his rescue, you might say, by making possible reproductions of the original with an abundance and with a fidelity which would never have been conceived before. What the printing press started four or five hundred years ago, when movable types were first devised, our marvelous system of broadcasting music, of spreading images, of developing reproductions of paintings, and even of sculpture, has been brought to fulfillment in our own time. The result of all that is, I suppose, both good and bad. I don't really mean to run down the reproduction. It can play a role in our lives and in our learning. What the reproduction should do above all, it seems to me, is to prepare us for the encounter with the actual object. That encounter which still remains the supreme moment in any artistic experience. What it can do also is to recall the encounter, the experience that has taken place. But when these reproductions, when this enjoyment of art through machine at second or third hand vicariously becomes substituted for the real thing, then inevitably there is a sort of vulgarization in the exact European sense, a popularization, but more than that, there is a tendency for the real thing to fade away and to almost vanish from our lives until we almost forget that it exists.

I have asked myself during these recent weeks, what was the meaning, what could be the meaning of these great crowds that went through the National Gallery in Washington first, and then through the Metropolitan Museum in New York, to see the Mona Lisa. It was a painting, wasn't it, which had been amply reproduced, everybody could have a copy of it in their own home or in a book which was readily available. And then I found a sort of reassurance in the realization that these people, crowded and hurried as they were, each with only a few seconds to see the

great masterpiece, were nevertheless, almost by an act of faith, showing that they still did believe that in some way the original painting was important; that the shadow and the image would not be enough.

It isn't only in art, but it is throughout the whole world of experience and of visual forms that this sense of living amid images and shadows seems to have become prevalent in what we have called a technological world. I, myself, have been a newspaperman, and I know that during that work I was constantly impressed by the degree to which the things that we were ostensibly reporting, the real events which theoretically we were writing up and putting down objectively in the newspaper weren't solid things or real events at all. So often what should have been a spontaneous occurrence hadn't happened at all—it had been staged, it had been reported at second-hand, it had been contrived by public relations men for the purpose of the news itself. We were dealing with speeches which men who delivered them had not written, often had not actually delivered. Sometimes at the end of the day I would have the feeling that we really hadn't been handling at all what we like to think of as hard news or real events.

This same tendency which we see with regard to goods pass constantly through this process of consumption before us under a constant need to acquire and to discard, which we see, as I say, in the events of the public scene around us occurs also in the landscape itself. Here in California one can say particularly that the landscape has become blurred, that the sense of clear place, of defined objectives, of actual arrival and departures almost has been lost. You know how you look down from an airplane upon a landscape that represents the older sort of world and one sees the beginning of cities and their end, one sees the point where the cities turn into suburbs and the suburbs into country. When you look at other parts of our country, and I think of our own eastern megalopolis, as well as this megalopolis on the western coast, one sees this constant blurring, one sees the city running into the suburbs and the suburbs running into the next city, so that one never really knows where you are. The sense of arriving and of leaving has almost departed out of traveling as a result. I was saying something of this sort earlier this week to my friend the architect, Philip Johnson, and he responded in that enthusiastic way he has and interpreted far better than I had what I was saying. He said, "I couldn't agree with you more. The God of architecture must always be the great 'Here I Am.'" It is the role of architecture, the role of the planner to create that sense of identity, of place, so that one knows where one is in the world and one knows hopefully where one is going.

All around, as I say, one sees in art, in the landscape which at its highest form is a kind of art, and one sees in the public events around one this sense of vagueness, of disillusion of limit, of lack of sharpness. Certainly that is happening in our cultural forms as a whole. I have spoken more in terms of visual arts and of the actual image and the painting, but you take music today, and it seems to me that in our culture we see here more clearly than perhaps anywhere else what happens when we emphasize this tendency to reproduce and to disseminate, and tend to forget the creative art which must lie at the heart of it. Music has never been listened to by so many people as it is in America today. It is everywhere, for better or for worse. It is with us when we dine and it is with us when we fly, and so on. Yet more and more one gets the feeling that the composer himself is being neglected. That the actual player of the music is being neglected. And the danger would be, if one projected far enough the somewhat gloomy trends, that we would come into a cultural existence where men and women sat more or less transfixed before the machines that reproduced the music, having lost themselves the capacity either to applaud or to dissent, and indeed



what is worse, even having lost the capacity to turn the thing off.

It seems to me that here is the place where the lover of art must stand fast and resist. Here he must say is something which has a life of its own. This is an object, this is a reality, and we will love the thing for its own sake. We speak at our wisest perhaps of the work of art, and that word "work" conveys the sense that art has always had embodied in it the sense that it has been made, that it has been cut off and separated from this constant flux of annihilation which consumption involves. A work of art, once created, is never really destroyed and even if its physical presence should pass away, still some memory of it seems to haunt the human race. In taking this attitude, it seems to me, we may be able to restore not only a right appreciation of art as the created thing, but what is more important in the long run, we might literally be able to save the soul of a technological society. We would be able to reaffirm that there are some things in life which abide and which endure, and there are other things, of course, which pass away. I may say by way of parenthesis that I think many things probably should pass away. Perhaps we ought to develop much further than our technological society so far has. The possibility of clothes and crockery and things of that sort which are disposable. On the other hand, there must always be within a society, some things that are made to endure and that are loved as objects for their own sake, and those primarily are the works of art. So in a society that really appreciated the arts, you would be able to say at least of something, even if we couldn't say it of our buildings which we tear down, sometimes when we have barely got them up, still we would be able to say of something—see how our works endure.

To restore to art its validity in a technological society, we need this sense of the actual object, the real thing which never can be faithfully reproduced in all its meaning, which never can have a substitute for the actual encounter between the individual and the work itself.

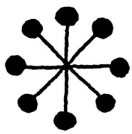
There is something else which I am going to suggest we need in a society like our own if we are going to put the arts upon a solid foundation. And that is that we must restore among us the sense that the arts belong not only to the private sphere, not only to the matter of the enjoyment of individual human beings in their own home and in secret and private ways, but that art also belongs to the public sphere, that art is a matter not for individual acquisition, but a matter above all for common enjoyment. The technological ages through which we have lived have been ages in which there has been in almost all areas a decline in what I call the public sphere. There has been an emphasis upon domesticity, upon the individual home at the expense of the public place. The Utopians, as a matter of fact, have always been careful to insist that the home ought to be quite simple, comfortable and enjoyable, but not so preoccupying as to take men out of the street and those public areas where some of the highest enjoyments of life can rest. So there has been this growth of domesticity and along with it a growth in acquisitiveness; a tendency for individual people to want to put their hands on everything and to bring it all within their own sphere of influence and power. In the midst of all this, art itself has tended to withdraw. In the great ages that we tend to look back on and think of as ages in which we ourselves would liked to have been alive, art has almost always tended to be public. Art has been in the streets of the city, in the market places, in the temples where men worshipped, in the theatres where they enjoyed themselves. And it is a modern heresy which has cut art off from the public sphere and tended to reduce it to domesticity.

I think that today we are seeing in our country as a whole a reaffirmation of what I might call the public role of art, and nothing in our cultural life seems to me more encouraging than this. The

new stress that is being placed on architecture—I myself think this is a great age for the architect, not only because there is so much to be done in the way of building and re-building our cities, reshaping our landscape, but because there is at last in the public a sense of great building as one of the supreme joys open to man. We see it, I think, in the restoration of sculpture. Sculpture is primarily a public art, along with murals. One sees it in the very size of some of our painters' canvases. When one thinks of the history of art, one realizes that easel painting, the making of little pictures that one could take into one's own living room and enjoy all by oneself, really represents a modern invention and what one might call a modern heresy. The abstract artist of today making these huge canvases which almost defy getting into the houses and living rooms with their eight-foot ceilings, seem to me in one way at least to be reaffirming this idea that art is a matter for people to enjoy in common. Then there are the performing arts, again which need a public if they are to be fully expressed, if the height of their delight is to be attained. The performing arts are reaching among us a popularity and a promise which I think ten years ago we could not possibly have seen. The theater had declined to a point where one could really ask whether a generation in this country might grow up without having seen a living actor upon a living stage. But that is being altered; it is being altered in large part because of the role which the colleges and the universities are playing. It is being altered because of the fact that our cities are waking up to the fact that in the presentation of music and plays, of the ballet, of the opera, there is an opportunity to bring people together in one of the supreme delights civic life can offer.

Once you get arts in this way out into the public then there is, I would like to suggest, a basis for an accommodation between government and the arts. So long as the arts are private, with-

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drawn, exclusive, art for art's sake, and so on, the government can do very little except provide a certain amount of justice and perhaps a certain amount of quietness for the artist himself. When it is recognized on the other hand, and I believe it is recognized today, that the arts express in visible form the ideals and aspirations, the underlying impulses which people are trying to express in many ways; when you see that, then you begin to have a basis for a program toward the arts.

Art and politics have, as a matter of fact, often been closely related, and indeed closely related in the best of times. One looks back, for example, to the fifth century, B.C., and Greece, to Elizabethan England, to the Spain of Ferdinand and Isabella and one realizes that in times like these, and I would say also in the time when our own republic was in its first years, the arts and politics actually had a kind of harmony and partnership between them. In such ages there is a sort of vitality in the whole life of the republic, in the life of the state which makes one feel that it is good to be alive. Conversely, when that harmony and that intimate relationship between art and politics doesn't exist, when you intellectuals are suspicious, when government pushes the intellectuals out to fringes of the common life, when it treats them as if somehow they were queer people whom it wishes weren't around, then there is inevitably a disorder in the social system and there is an endemic distrust between man and man.

"Literature," Sir Pitt said, "can take care of itself," when he refused to give a small favor to one of England's great authors. "Yes," Robert Southey replied, "it can take care of itself, and it will take care of you, too, if you don't look to it." Carlisle, who records this interchange, adds that of all the priesthoods in the state, what he calls the priesthood of writers of books is incomparably the more powerful, and if you add to that the priesthood of the painters and sculptors and architects and musicians, then you perhaps have an exact description of what goes on in any social order.

It is in the relationship between these that great leadership in the political sphere and great art can come harmoniously together. The methods by which that relationship will be expressed are complicated and technical—we worry about them a great deal in Washington from day to day, and I am not going to try to go into them. I would only say that what the government can do is to encourage and stimulate and sustain it at a few key points along the way. The government can, for example, by the simple act of recognition express the fact that at the highest level of the governance of free men there is a respect for the intellectual, there is a feeling that the artist contributes to the common life. The government can keep its own house in order, it can make sure that the things it does, often in the normal course of

its business, such as the building of public buildings, the role it plays is the re-planning of cities, in the shaping of our roads and bridges, that in all these ways it is animated by a desire for excellence and a concern for aesthetic quality. The government, to take another example, can make sure that in a city where it has its own home, in Washington itself, it will create the kind of beauty which people across the country would like to think worthy of a city of free men. And then finally, in various ways, the government can reach out and not with subsidies, not with any sort of heavy-handed control, but nevertheless by aid here and there, by matching grants, by stimulating gestures, it can do its best to see that innovation and creativity appear and are supported within the institutions of the arts.

That is as far as I had planned to go. I have said some hard things, perhaps some discouraging things about the state of our culture in what we have called a technological age, and yet I don't myself feel discouraged. I hope that is not the major impression which I have left with you. There are those, said Emerson, who think that our civilization has reached its zenith—we are yet at the cock-crowing and the morning star. Emerson was a shrewd Yankee. He was a man who had seen the scientific and technological forces of his own day begin to show their faces and destiny. He had lived among the growing equality and had gloried in the capacity of the people to form their own tastes and to shape their own standards. Our civilization, he said, is yet at the cock-crowing and at the morning star. It seems to me that we can have something of that confidence still, something of that faith, and with that faith, we may yet go forward to a period of real progress in our American civilization.

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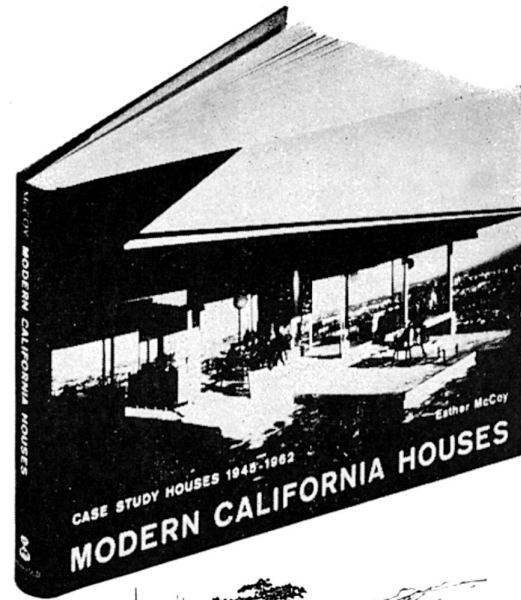
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