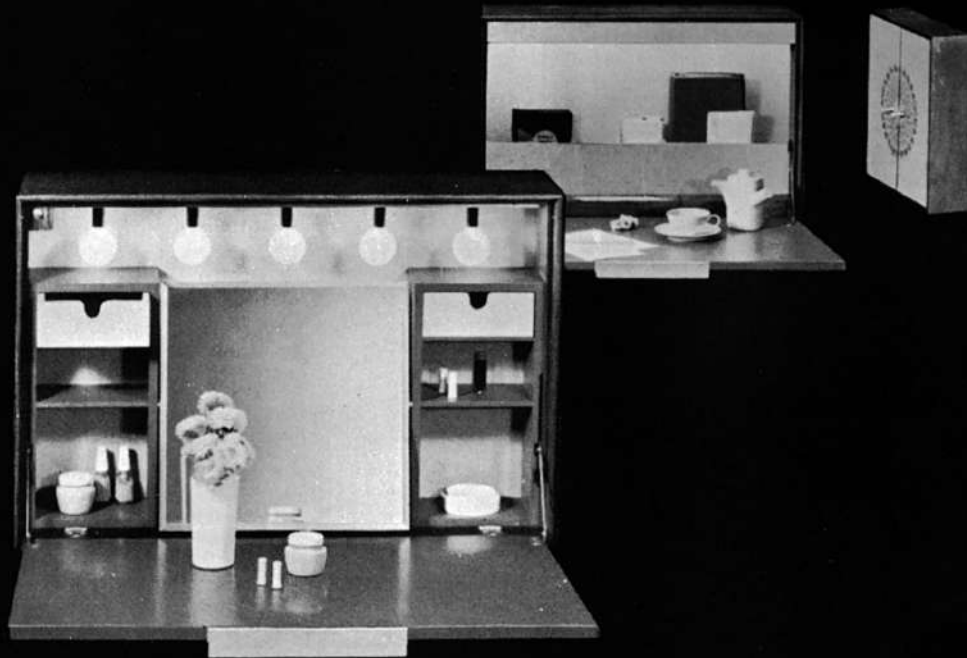




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Cover: "Les dés sont jetés,"
tapestry designed by
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Thank you for your letter of the 6th October which we have received today.

Please be assured that we have not forgotten about you. We have only one weaver making this cloth. He is rather more of an artist than a practical man and he has an artists temperament. In other words he makes the colours that he wants to make and not necessarily the colours we want to have from him, and if it is a nice day he will go fishing or shooting leaving the weaving for another day. You will agree that this is not very business-like and from our point of view it is impossible, but the fact is that if we want this cloth, which we do very much, we just have to put up with it.

From past experience we would say that it is no use our asking him to submit patterns of his future colourings as he will be unable to tell us what these are to be. The sort of thing that happens is that we get a letter from him saying that yesterday he saw a piece of rock covered with Lichen in a most beautiful colour. Sure enough in a few weeks we will get a Brown/Green mixture tweed of this colouring and this is what we mean when we say that he is an artist rather more than a weaver.

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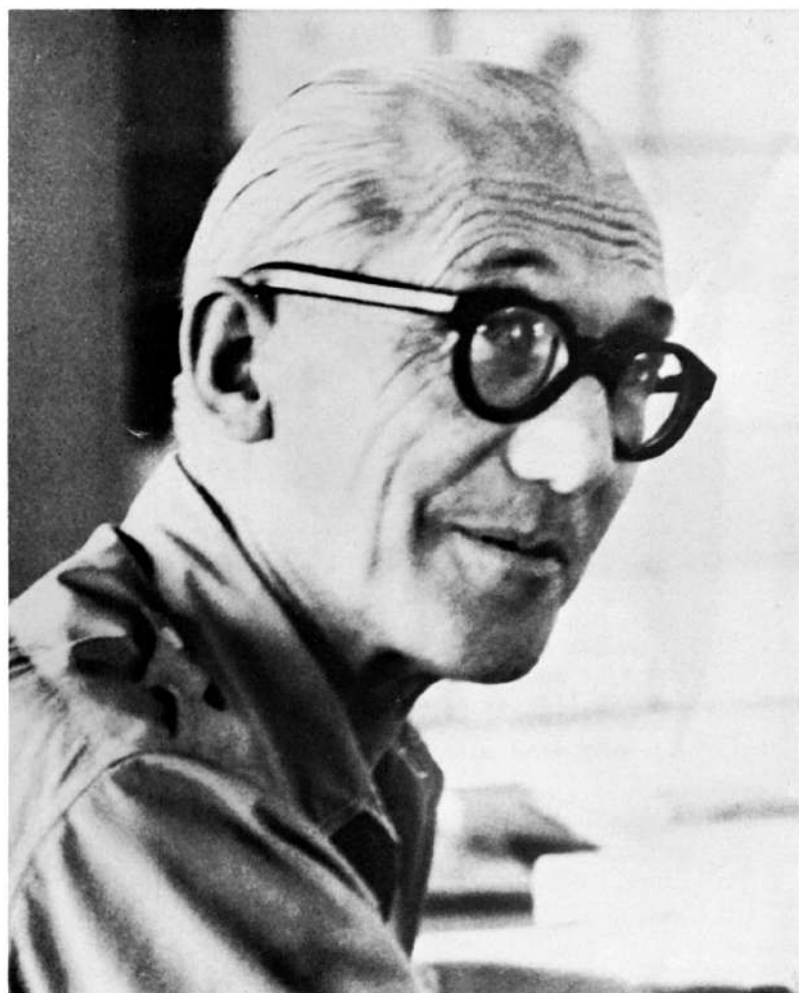
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Le Colombien

The death of Le Corbusier is like the final brief painful brilliance of a light globe as it dies, momentarily shedding light into those corners and recesses of our beings that most of us would prefer remained dark, where we've hidden (just temporarily, of course!) the bits and pieces of our broken principles and discarded ideals. But don't avert your eyes. Just for an instant look beyond Le Corbusier's achievements, his genius — which are his alone — to his honesty and strength of character and purpose, which all can aspire to and which are reflected in the photographs on the next two pages and in the short appraisals below. The first is an excerpt from "Le Corbusier's Daydream" by Ernesto N. Rogers, published in full in *A & A*, September, 1963; the second is an excerpt from "Le Corbusier in Florence" by Italian critic Carlo L. Ragghianti, published in *Zodiac 12* on the occasion of an exhibition of 60 years of Corbu's work. **D.T.**

The importance of Le Corbusier's various activities is not due so much to the extrinsic value of each of them considered apart as to the intrinsic character, uniting them as the consistent qualities of his inner artistic structure. As in the case of Michelangelo, so too with Le Corbusier, certain critics have tried to diminish all the nouns with qualifying adjectives by speaking of his "sculptural" painting, his "pictorial" sculpture and so on for all his work, including of course his architecture. This has been classified pictorial, sculptural, literary, geometrical, or technical to the point of eliminating the only noun which really qualifies him, that of being "Le Corbusier" the unmistakable expression of his personality. Le Corbusier the painter-sculptor and Le Corbusier the architect-town-planner or Le Corbusier the writer and polemicist may seem like different persons continually competing within the same individual; actually, the paintings and the works of architecture do not represent a distinct chronological development but only a few discrete moments in the dramatic formation and expression of a single, indivisible personality.

One might say that because they are discrete moments, they may be critically evaluated as such so as to establish a scale of preferential values between one work and another or one activity and another. But the objection to this — without falling into a paradox — is that for the very reason that they are part of the same historical process, not a single element can be arbitrarily removed without violating the central figure.

Some object that the experience of painting, like so many other of his experiences, is purely instrumental towards the real purpose of his life, which takes shape and achieves the greatest heights only in architecture.

Although I must agree as to the greater merit of the architectural results, which dominate his other activities, one cannot appreciate the meaning of his activities as total except by admitting their value in themselves. One thinks of the reciprocal warming of several near-by fires and of the benefit which each gets from the other, each growing as a result of this mutual relationship.

And we must acknowledge the commitment, the perfection which Le Corbusier attempts to achieve with his full sense of responsibility towards the

particular techniques and inherent limits of each activity. Indeed, so indispensable are these various activities to the persons of the drama of which his existence is made up, that it would be incomplete were it not able to find expression and, so to speak, incarnate these many phenomena.

When Le Corbusier speaks about the *Synthese des arts majeurs* he is not formulating an abstract theory, but faithfully reflecting what has happened in his own mind, where synthesis, towards which most contemporary art is tending, Tantalus-like, has always been operating throughout all his achievements. Here the antithesis of pure art and applied art reach a dialectical solution in the concrete experience of a single artist. The perfecting of his sensibility and expressive means through constant daily application to problems of beauty in his studio, made his work more fertile, agile and robust in the building-yard: that is, the dialogue between beauty and utility translated into the terms of an ever higher harmony.

Thus, while Le Corbusier improves his painting, he enriches the possibilities of his architecture. And the architecture infuses his town-planning with all this accumulated spiritual wealth. The circle of his experience, an experience he has suffered directly, widens to the vaster circle of society to which he offers these visions of town-planning so that it can better express itself and even hope for its Utopia.

All this explains how the forms of Le Corbusier's architecture are the direct result of a *Weltanschauung* rich in immanent values, in which the beautiful and the good continually fuse, both aspiring to the realm of poetry.

The problem of the technique of beauty is never separate from that of the technique of utility; utility however must never be taken in the mean sense, but as the indispensable nourishment required to give concrete vitality to acts of the imagination.

Ernesto N. Rogers

Sixty years are a lifetime, but for Le Corbusier they have been a very long life or rather many lives in one, owing to the multiple forms of his genius. But what most strikes one is to see a man and an artist who does not feel the pull of the past, who from the survey of his life and work in a synthetic summary such as those he has been making in recent years contrives to draw out, as we can see, new impulses and themes, using them to implement and amplify still further a cycle of activity which is already immense and has left its mark on much contemporary architecture and culture . . . (One) must be deeply impressed by such a cycle as Le Corbusier's, who in his extraordinary journey has been so successful and represents such an important contribution to our patrimony of human and artistic experience.

. . . As late as his October 1962 message one feels in his passionate statements, in his rigorous and methodically hammered-out axioms, in his ever inflexible polemical position, a basis of restless investigation, an anxiety which, while common to all conscientious men, is all the greater in the great men to whom genius and work have given much greater responsibilities, men who have always been requited with anguish, with the ethical tension and the intense problems out of which

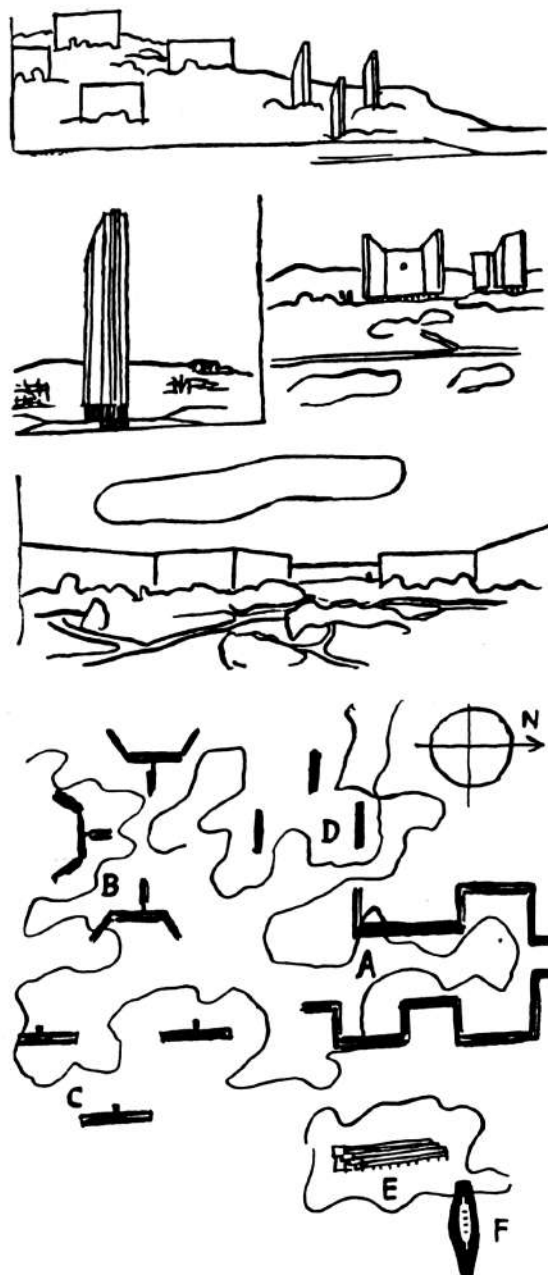
alone there rise artistic freedom, clarity, new visions and, through these latter, the expansion of the inner life of men and society.

. . . I am afraid that in the passionate controversy over functionalism, industrialization, standards, economy, utility, scientific and social organization, and so on many have overlooked not so much the clues but the open statements made by Le Corbusier himself from the very beginning.

". . . Even in the design, and consequently in everything raised in space, the architect is a plastic artist, and has disciplined the claims of utility in favor of the plastic end he has pursued; he has composed. He has activated light and shade to say what he has to say. Then comes the molding; and the molding, free of all restrictions, is a total invention. One recognizes the plastic artist from the molding: the engineer fades into the background, the plastic artist works. The molding is a crucible for the architect; it faces him with a severe dilemma: whether to be a plastic artist or not. The Parthenon was made by Phidias, the great sculptor. By architectonic phenomenon I mean the spiritual quality of organization (architecture means for me to act according to the spiritual construction) a quality which, owing to its creative power, constitutes a system capable of expressing the synthesis of what we have at present, and not the aspect of a single personal whim. I do not believe in the spontaneous birth of general formulas, or in immanent formulas; I believe that every work of architecture which appeals to the spirit has always been and still is the work of a single . . . touching moment, the moment in which this crystallization operates in the bottom of one's heart . . . To concern oneself with art is to become one's own judge, one's own master; we stand before the *tabula rasa*. This means full awareness of our responsibilities; for here we show ourselves, and we are seen for what we are, no more, no less . . . Architecture means to formulate problems with clarity. Everything depends on this. This is the decisive moment. Shall we limit the problem to the pure and simple satisfaction of utility? We shall have to define utility then. Are poetry, beauty and harmony part of the modern man's life or not, or must he be satisfied with only the mechanical functions of the *machine à habiter*?"

Crystallization: a key word, the synonym of concentration which leads us back to the sources, Flaubert and Baudelaire. The very tone of this vindication of the irreplaceable moment of art isolates it in the struggle of ideas. Many other passages could be added to these, for all their symptomatic value. But they would all add up to the same thing. They were to formulate, as today they formulate, the problem of whether one should see in Le Corbusier's town-planning and architecture the principle, the type, the system of form, and this alone, or rather the singularity and the personality of form. It is in this sense that we overlooked the matter of ascertaining with greater incisiveness and verity the meaning of convergent factors. For example, the overall simplicity of ideas and programmes, and the imaginative richness which informed and spread over this content; the simple and recurring scaffolding and thematic relationships, and the complex constructions, with a breadth and flexibility of formal solutions which it would have been impossible to explain with the usual intellectual factors alone and with "informed" contents.

Carlo L. Ragghianti



The death of Le Corbusier is a great loss for us all but the greatest for the world's architecture. He was highly appreciated and admired all over the world for his theoretical work. But the real man behind was a master of the arts of immense stature, a man with real "courage" to do the things even in contrast to his theories and beliefs beyond the usual boundaries. This is what made him historically great; the key that enabled him to do all the various buildings of great variety for different climates and different cultures. All showing the enormous charme that is possible only through the hands of a real master; and may I say, a master with a realistic sense that has added to his position in the history of art.

Alvar Aalto

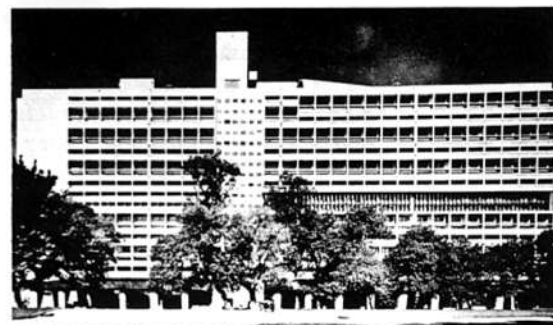
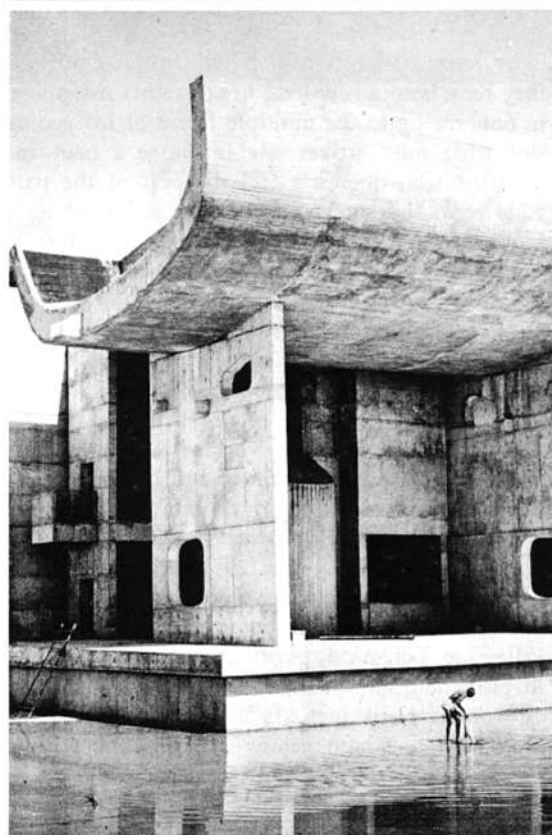
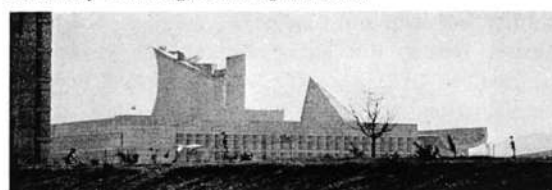
Corbu is dead — the universal man, the prolific artist in stone, in color and in words, who blessed us with images which will endure forever. I mourn the tragic end of the greatest architect, the Leonardo of our time and my beloved personal friend of a lifetime.

Walter Gropius

Once twenty-five years ago I thought that Le Corbusier could be compared with Michelangelo because Le Corbusier is the pioneer of modern architecture and at the same time the creator of much of modern architecture. At present, however, contemporary architecture is transforming into a second phase, from static to dynamic, from functional to organizational, from architectonic to urbanistic. He has been the leader not only from the first phase but also the second. Finally he achieved the greatest role in the history of human habitation.

Kenzo Tange

Assembly Building, Chandigarh, India



Unité d'Habitation, Marseille. Photos by Rudi Baumfeld

Everyone recognizes by now that Le Corbusier was a great Architect and Artist, a real innovator. Ever since 1910, when I first knew him, he has reminded me of the great Renaissance artists who built, painted, and sculptured all at the same time.

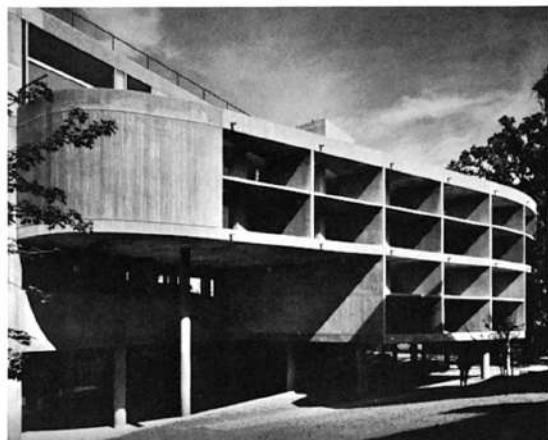
To me his deepest significance lies in the fact that he was a true liberator in the fields of architecture and city planning. Only the future can reveal how those who have been liberated will use the freedom opened up to them by his courage and imagination. Any liberation can result in a new confusion, a new Baroque, or in what we can hope for from those who will follow Le Corbusier — an essential expression of our civilization.

Mies van der Rohe

I built my first house when I was seventeen and a half and I have continued my work amid hazards, difficulties, catastrophes and occasionally success.

My search, like my inclination, is directed towards that which is the principal good in life: poetry. Poetry is part of the essence of man which is the reason he is able to open himself to the riches of nature.

Le Corbusier

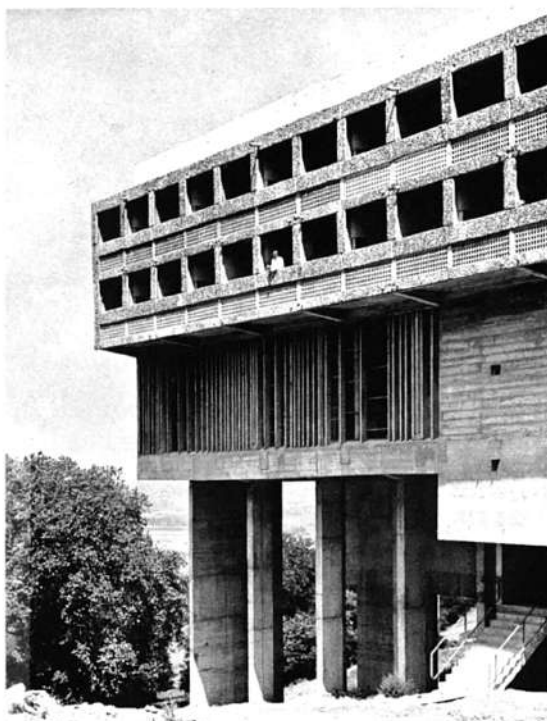


Carpenter Center, Harvard. Photos by Julius Shulman

An acrobat is not a puppet. He dedicates his life to a calling in which, in constant peril, he accomplishes extraordinary things at the borders of improbability and with unsparing exactitude and punctuality . . . ends by breaking his neck, smashing his bones, and killing himself. No one made him do it. No one owes him the slightest thanks. He has entered a world out of the ordinary. Result: He does things that others can't do, of course.

Result: The others ask themselves, Why does he do these things? He's pretentious, abnormal; he makes us afraid of him and pity him; he bothers us!!

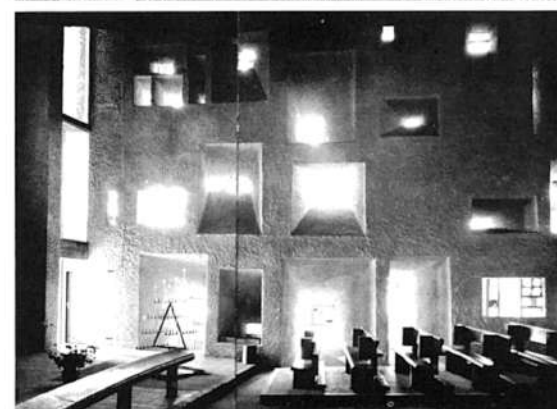
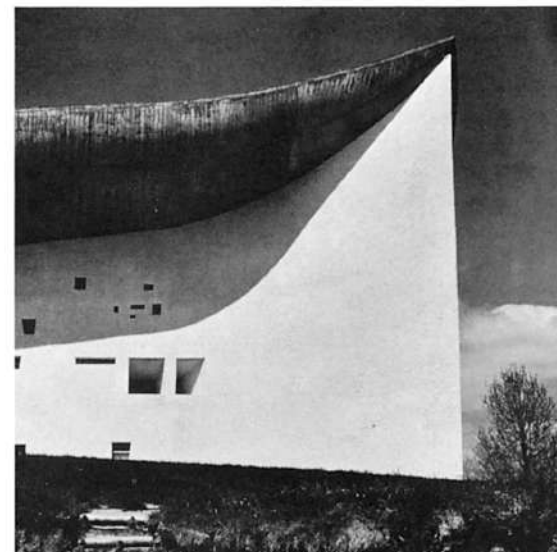
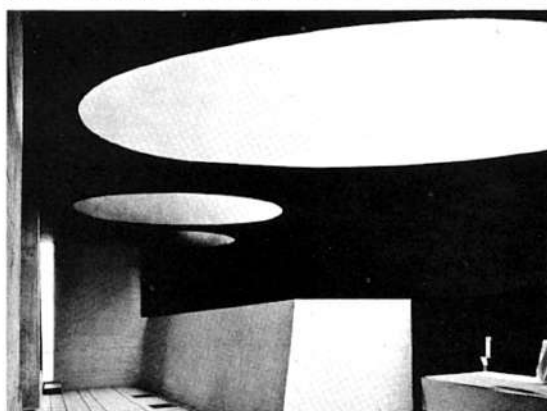
Le Corbusier



I do not wish to be charming, but to be strong. I do not wish to be frozen, I do not wish to maintain things, but to act and create . . . Above all, let us build for ourselves a new consciousness. That effort does not have a collective basis or character. It finds its support in the depths of each person, in the silence of individual self-examination.

Le Corbusier

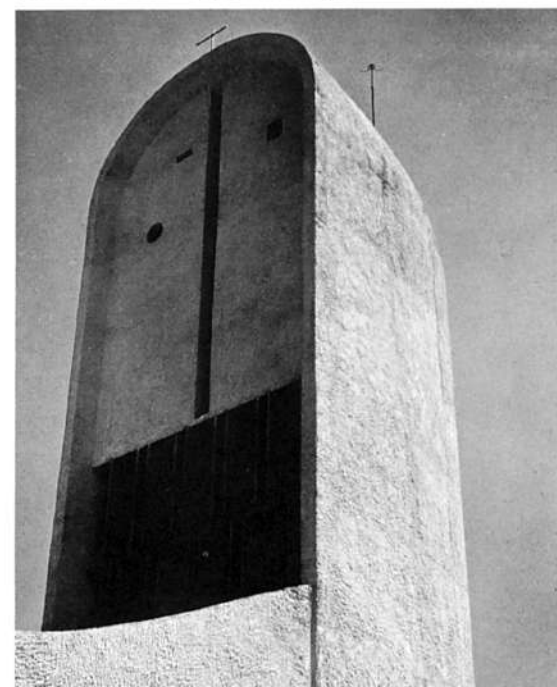
Sainte-Marie-de-la-Tourette. Photos by G. E. Kidder Smith

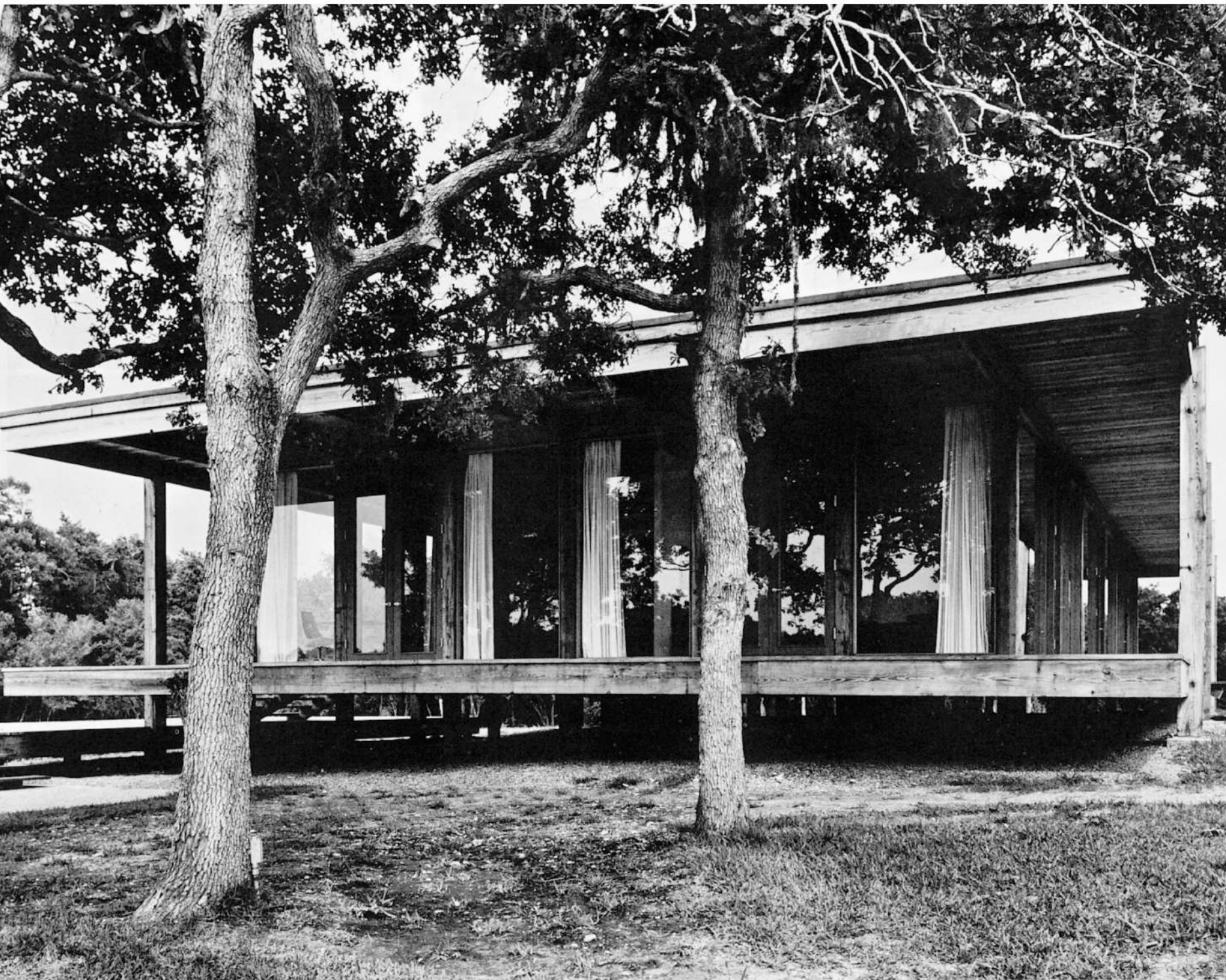


I am a simple, plain man and to tell the truth, delightful: a bear! Is there anything nicer than a bear? They say: "He has a nasty character." No, I have character! And I pay dearly for it. Try having character yourself. You'll see, alors!!!

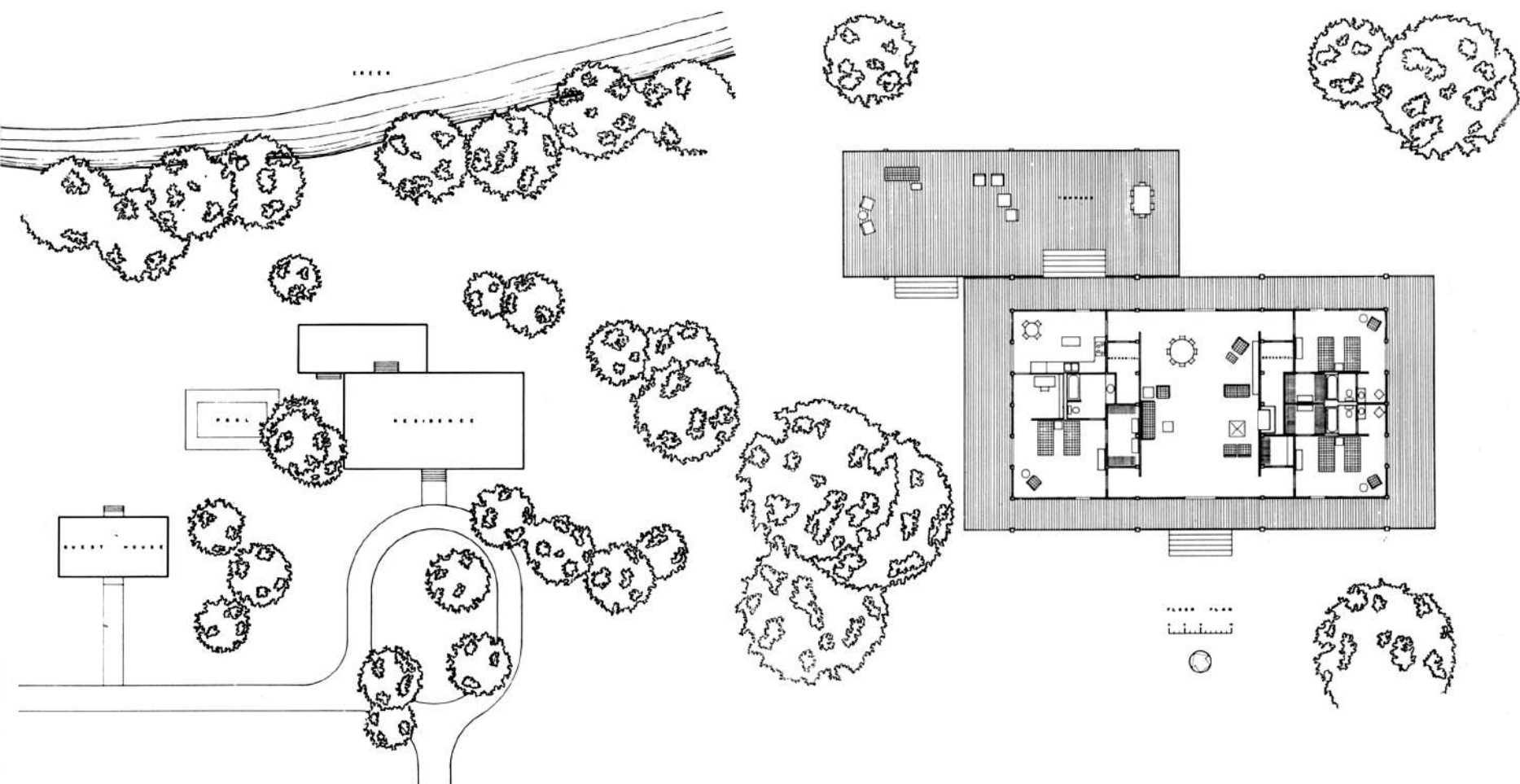
Le Corbusier

Ronchamp. Photos by Rudi Baumfeld





HUGO V. NEUHAUS, JR., ARCHITECT

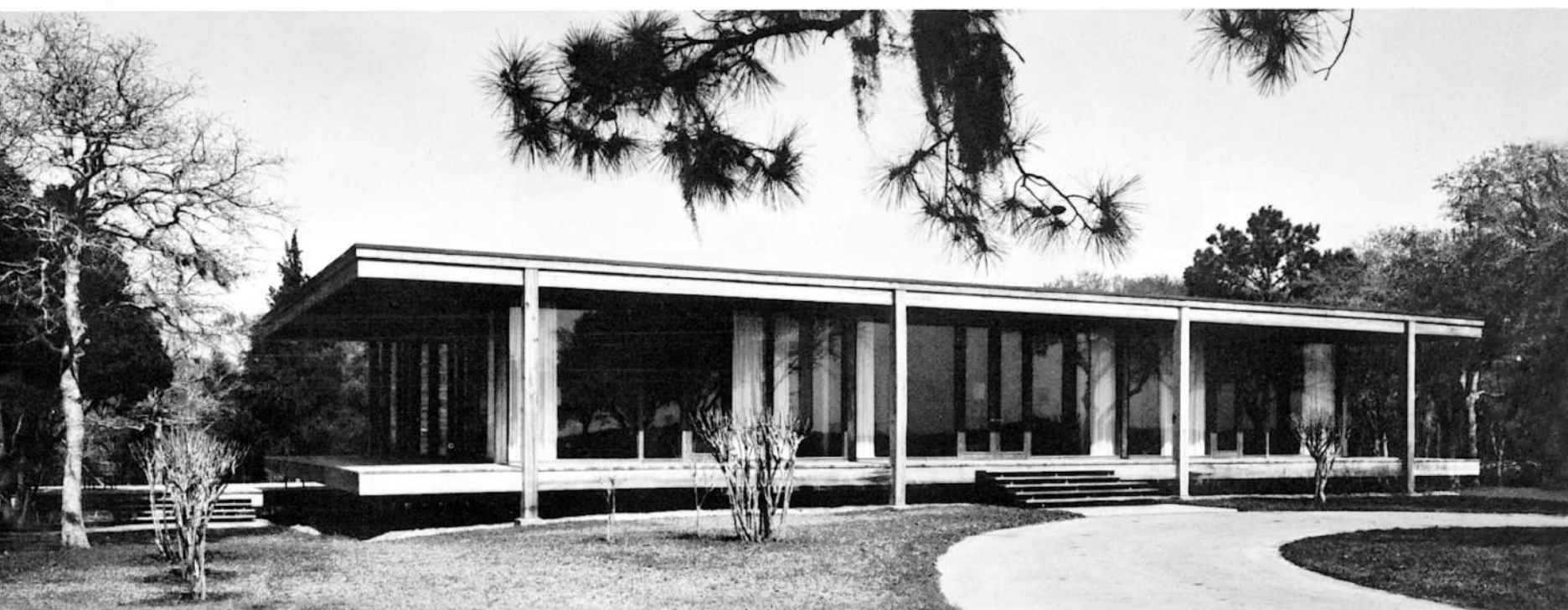


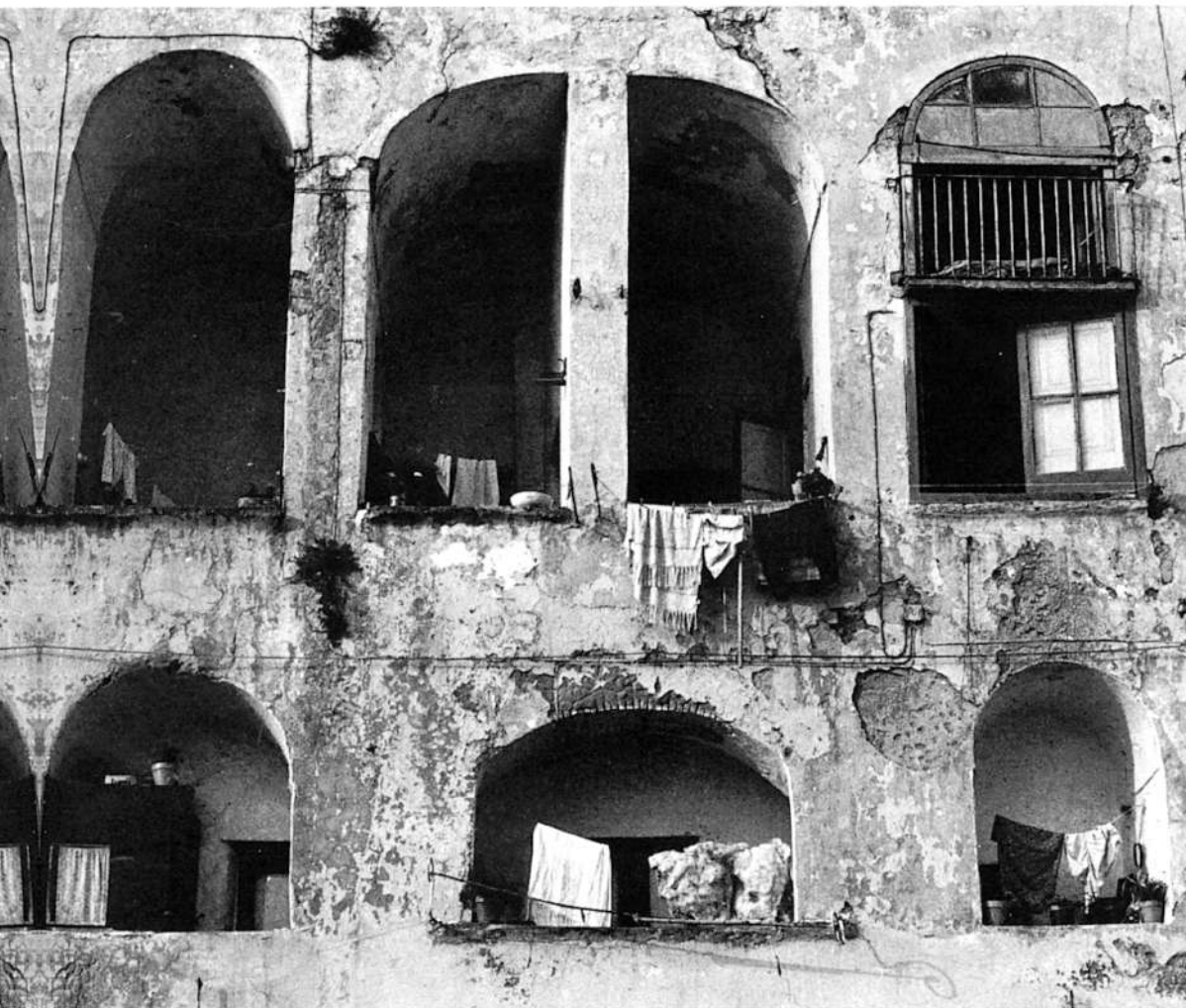
This ranch house at Friendswood, Texas, is located on a river bank at the end of a half-mile drive lined by live oaks. There are three bedrooms, three baths, a study-office, living-dining room and kitchen convenient to the large terrace. Construction is heavy timber post and beam on 6' x 24' bays, and the house raised three feet above ground on the south to ride free of the slope toward the river and to create a draft of air over the terrace otherwise blocked by the house. All rooms were

designed for through ventilation and, except for the kitchen, are exposed to the prevailing south-east wind.

Exterior walls are grey glass and are protected by overhangs of nine feet east and west, six feet north and south. Framing is Texas southern yellow pine; doors and window frames, parana pine. Flooring is oak parquet; interior partitions, dry wall. Roof is built up with fiber glass insulation; there is styrofoam insulation under the floor.

Photos by Maurice Miller





The main port of Procida, a small volcanic island in the Bay of Naples, is an ancient town, but it is also a town very much alive today. The inhabitants are vibrant and colorful, and the architecture which has evolved through generations is full of their energy. This architecture truly reflects their culture — an architecture so rich in tradition, yet so strong in ideas; an architecture that has changed and will continue to change within a visual framework and an emotional framework; an architecture which clearly expresses a communal spirit and a way of life; an architecture that presents many levels, from the esthetic to the spiritual to the psychological, from the past to the present to the future.

An outer wall of perforations extends the length of the harbor, a wall quite rich in form and variation, which has undergone the many changes of time, which has been molded to the changing needs of the inhabitants, and which will continue to grow within a natural order of continuity.

The visual expression of this order is experienced on three different levels; first, in the overall expression of community; second, in the relationship and grouping of forms within the homogeneous facade; and, third, in the penetration into the forms



THE PERFORATED WALL BY MYRON H. GOLDFINGER



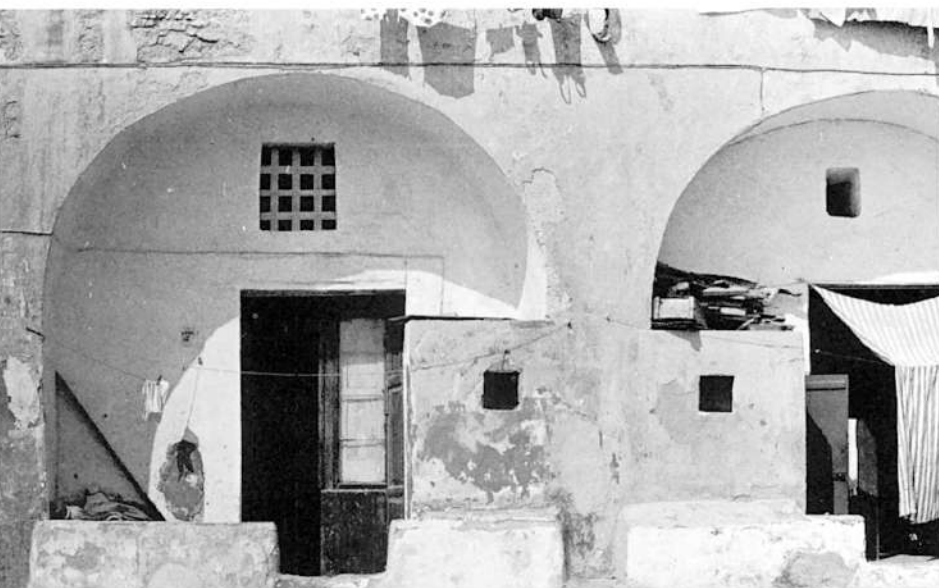




to uncover the elements of the daily life ritual. On the first level, we discover an overall harmony that has survived a conversion and adaptation of the original forms of halfmoon crescent and rigid square of pure geometry to a complex system of variable openings. Variation has replaced repetition; needs have induced change which has transformed simple geometry to a pattern of complexity and a tension of distorted forms. This perforated wall expresses continuity and a social unity, yet still provides for the expression of the individual. On the second level, we become aware of the relationship and interaction of the forms, and consider the similarity of forms which clearly express the various functions. Therefore the large arched opening expresses the outdoor room, the small squared opening indicates a ventilation function. These variations, created solely by needs, are often beautifully composed — and graced by the patina of age.

On the third level, the elements of living are revealed to us — the awakening, the communication, the retiring; the many artifacts — the wine bottle, the basket, the bird in cage, the daily wash; the outdoor room, arched and protected from excessive natural forces — strong light and sun, sudden rain and wind. We observe the privacy of the individual habitation, yet observe an open link that joins neighbors and unites the community. To have expressed all these elements could have lead to articulated confusion, and to have established this density within the bounds of a linear harbor could have lead to monotony. But through the means of a basically repetitive system of halfmoon and square — greatly varied through generations of changing needs — a new order has arrived, which respects the living, responds to the past, and sets up a pulsating beat for humanity within an eternal framework. Communal architectural survival must go hand in

hand with a spirit of "touch," "see," and "be." Barriers can only divide, and cause aloneness and aloofness. A community architecture must provide for the means of communication, which can only enrich and substantiate a true building art. There is nothing so vital as a living architecture with an established framework that revitalizes itself. This is revealed to us through this perforated wall.





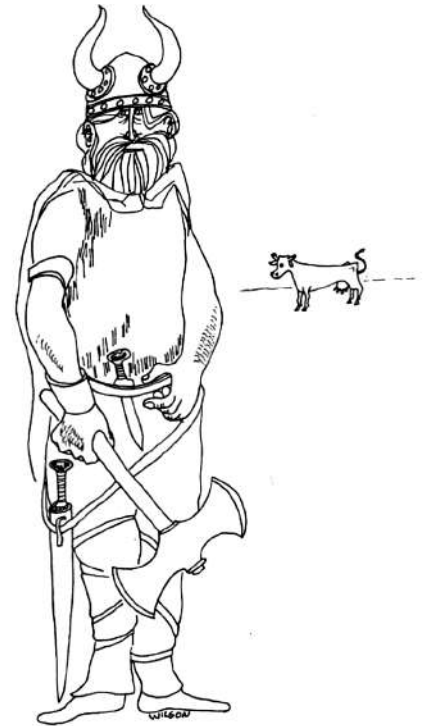
All the arts through their divine origin bear resemblance, but the art of war is unique among the Muses for it alone contains a principle that can be mathematically calibrated and contained within an elementary algebraic formula: *The artistic labor expended upon military adornment is in inverse proportion to the ease of human extermination.*

Prehistoric man decorated his body profusely and did battle in single combat. Technological necessity coupled to an instinctively refined sensibility restricted him to the simplest of weapons. The body of his adversary, tattooed since puberty, demanded a certain delicacy in the alteration of



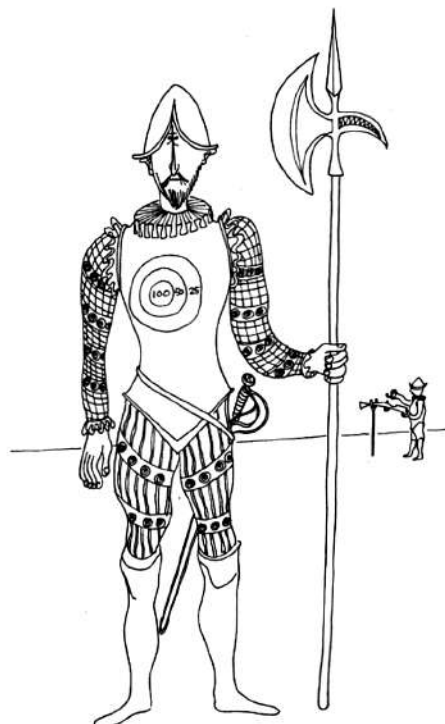
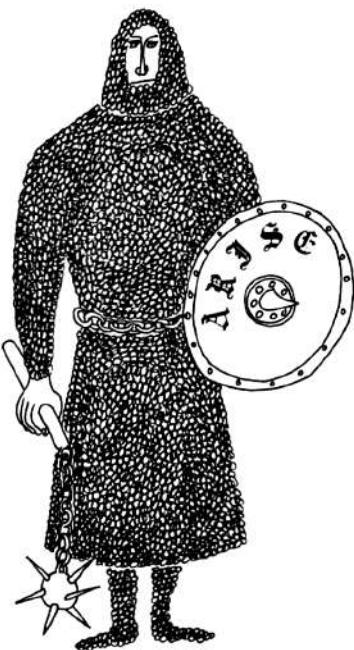
its configurations. Such a challenge was a stimulation to early man's aesthetic impulses.

The independent variable in man's restless search for eternal beauty is constant change. Personal decoration soon moved from the body itself to become its covering. Slaves were employed to emboss shields, hone javelins and true arrow shafts. This early form of specialization cheapened the cost of decoration and, by leaving the warrior free to find reason to use his weapons, accelerated the pace of killing. The need for delicacy had also been removed since it was now possible to smash an opponents head without causing damage to his surface decor.

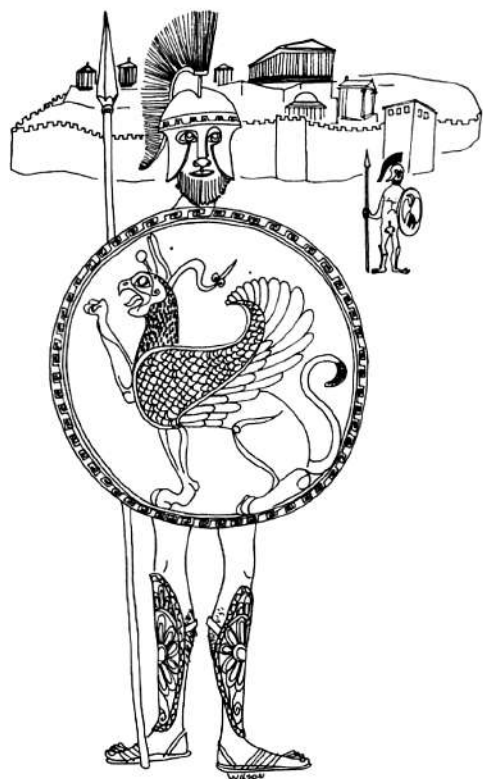


At this point the Muses once again inspired the creation of improved weaponry, heralding another destructive advance at further cost to design integrity. The cultural achievement of the crossbow decimated the adherents of the old art forms, ushering in an age of deep rooted Christian faith which required for survival the encasing of the entire body in embossed steel.

The decorative aspect of the art of war of this new age was created by countless metalsmiths who covered every joint of the knightly body and every tendon of his noble horse with finely engraved steel. The virtuous knight then did battle in bloody combat peering through slits in his art

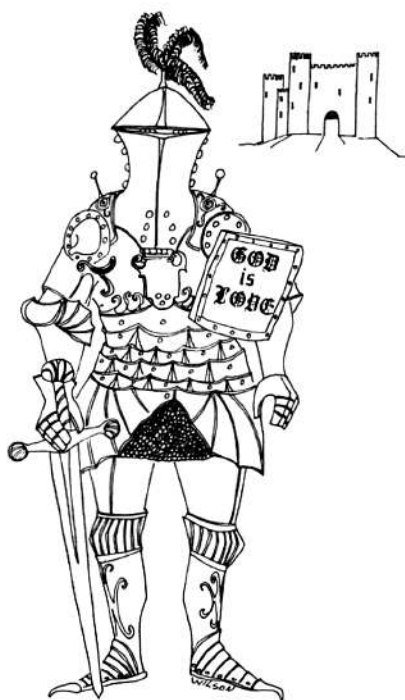


A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE ART OF WAR BY FORREST WILSON



work. He was accompanied into battle by his faithful smithies clad in pregnable leather jerkins. The art of war proceeded at a comfortable ratio in the destruction of 12,362 smiths to the denting of one major metal magnum opus.

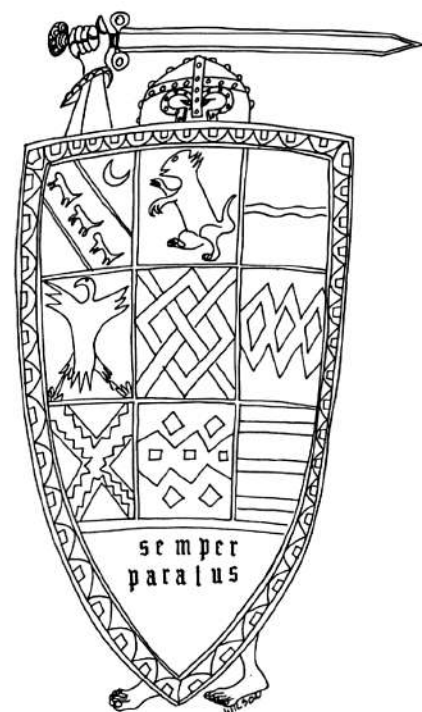
Such a state of affairs might have continued unchanged and unlamented by those in charge of changes had it not been for the introduction of gunpowder. This did to the art of war what Pollock, at a later date, did to the art of painting. Gunpowder caused irreparable damage to the engraved carapaces and their contents and ushered in a new medium in personal adornment. Specialized metal embossing and its attendant warring at



a leisurely pace was replaced by the needle, thread and the beginning of serious slaughter.

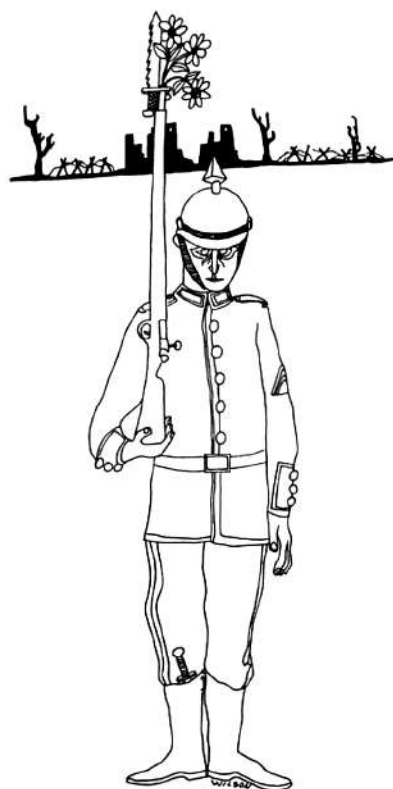
Now brightly colored weavings and bits of gold braid introduced a chromatic improvement over the leather jerkin, increasing the pride, vulnerability and visibility of the soldier. For those who found even this target difficult, soldiers were arranged in orderly lines and fitted with tall bearskin hats to facilitate the setting of sights.

During the formative period of the age of cloth the muzzle loader had proven sufficiently effective, but was soon discarded for the more efficient breach loading device tipped by a decorative bayonet. As the art of war proceeded in its killing



pace, color was reduced to bits of braiding with the addition of a cunning steel helmet carrying a sensitively designed spike on its crown.

As the slaughter became too efficient, expressionist coloration was replaced by a dominant monochrome. Man who had formerly been the prime objective of decorative treatment had become so easily exterminated that more important objects were embellished. Gun emplacements, airplanes, battle ships and zeppelins were all subjected to cubist surface treatment. This development gave rise to the myth of the invincible marksmanship of the German underwater navy. The first world war (and later tests) proved conclusively that on

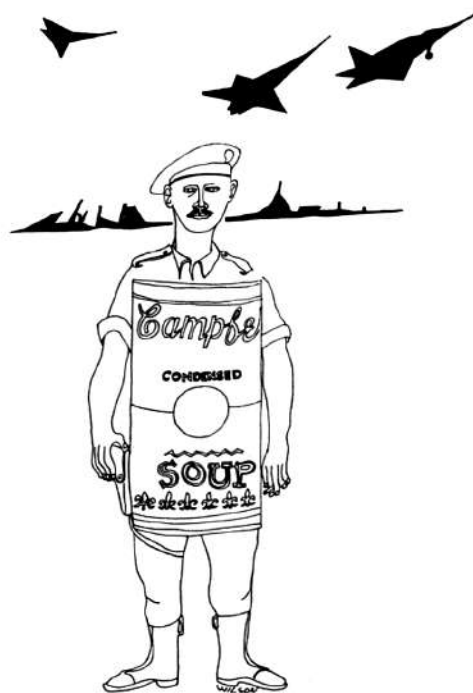




a blue ocean it was impossible for even the most poorly aimed torpedo to miss a floating Picasso.

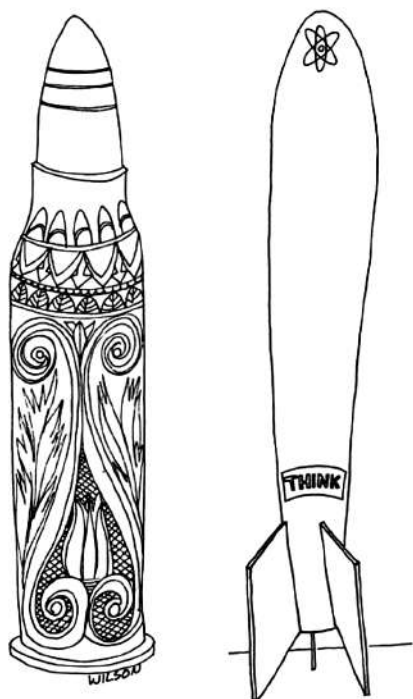
With the passing of cubism and the arrival of the second global conflict, the art of war advanced to post cubist forms exhibiting a marked performance for those of Miró thereby causing the death of Adolph Hitler who died of pique at seeing a painter's work he had banished as decadent returning to a toilet trained Germany.

Five years later an exhibition of minor importance took place in a Korean gallery, but did not establish any new trends, excepting that Pollock set the camouflage motif. It added little else to military adornment and contented itself with the com-



paratively classic forms of slaughter.

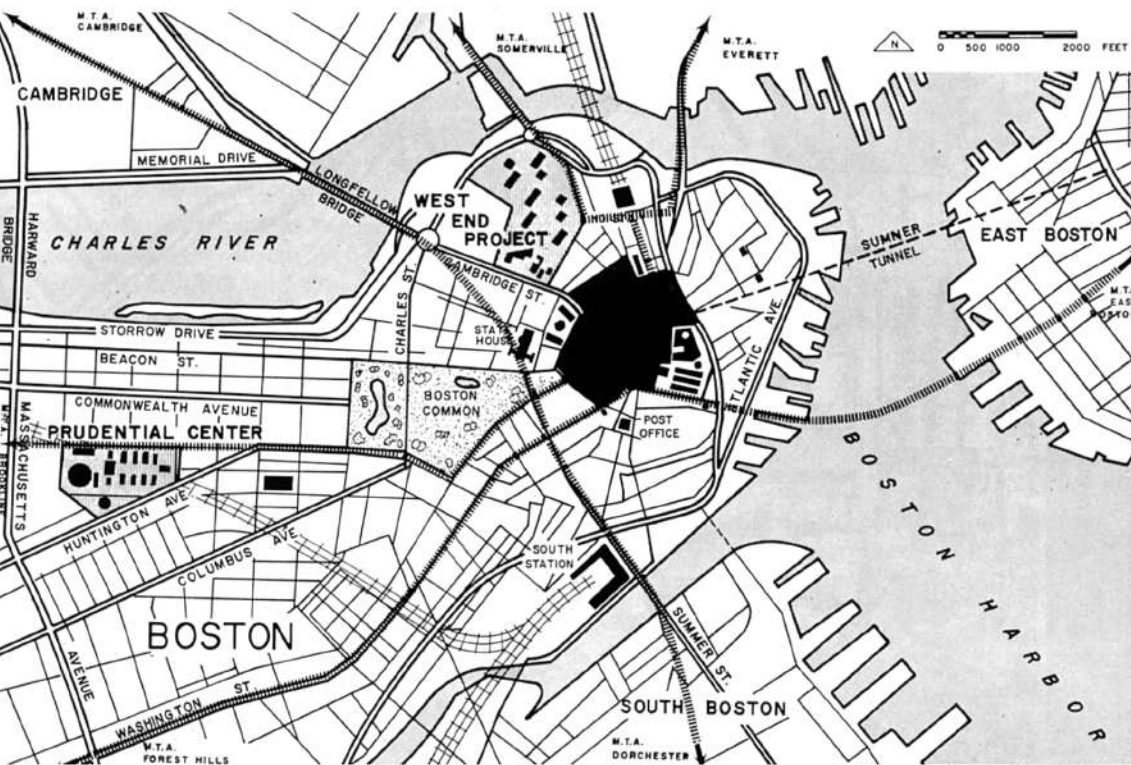
Today we stand brinked on the verge of the third and final world exhibition; an examination of our original formula allows a prediction of the final canvas. The formula which established the inverse ratio of decoration to destruction need only have the necessary terms inserted. Pop Art has destroyed decoration and the Hydrogen bomb will destroy everything else, thus furnishing the two requisite zeros for both sides of the equation, proving its validity. The third and final global exhibition will, therefore, be drawn upon a radio active landscape with contestants clad in Campbell Soup cans and Brillo boxes.



THE BOSTON GOVERNMENT CENTER: A STUDY IN URBAN DESIGN

By Paul D. Spreiregen,

Director of Urban Design Programs, AIA



1. The setting of the government center



2. Site, 1959

In 1958, the city of Boston retained a group of local architects and planners — some of them former professors of mine — to prepare a master site plan for a new center of government: a complex of municipal, county, state and Federal buildings.¹ I was able to join them in this effort and the experience helped clarify for me some of the puzzling aspects of this new business called "urban design."

The site of the Government Center was the original heart of Boston, a sloping area starting at the eastern end of Beacon Hill, extending across old Scollay Square and ending near Boston's traditional market and original center front (Figures 1 and 2). Scollay Square was Boston's famous red light area during World War II. By the 1950's it was so run down that many of its bars and one of its two burlesque houses had gone out of business. The slope of the site was significant. It was actually a series of terraces topographically speaking, each dropping about 20 feet as one proceeded eastward toward the harbor. The street pattern was actually a result of this sloping condition. Long curving roads swept around the end of Beacon Hill, and radial streets fanned outward from the end of the hill toward the water (Fig. 3). In relation to central Boston this site was an urban center of gravity. For many years the original center and heart of Boston, it had accumulated the best transportation access by all means of travel—subway, streetcar, road, and pedestrian. Despite this advantage of access, it was one of the most under-used areas of the city. The reason for that lay in the gradual migration of Boston's downtown away from its old heart, quite a familiar urban phenomenon. Quite significantly the most stable enclave in this part of Boston was the financial district, bordering the southern edge of the Government Center site. Financial areas do not generally migrate—also an American urban phenomenon. Wall Street in New York is another example of this.

The selection of the Scollay Square area as the site of a new Government Center was a decision in strategy on the part of the Boston City Planning Board. They saw the new Center as an anchor or end point in Boston's reforming downtown. That, roughly, was a boomerang shape with the Government Center at one end and the Prudential Center at the other end. The new government complex would arrest the downtown "outflow" by attracting prestigious activities back to the old hub. The program for the Government Center was to provide sites for a new city hall, a new county court house, a state office building and a new Federal office building. In addition, provision had to be made for new private office buildings, traffic had to be rerouted, and parking provided. We were also to determine the exact project boundaries. In effect we were to decide just how big the new Center would be, where it would begin and end, and just what it would be as a building group. Our contract also required us to work closely with a knowledgeable local real estate man and competent traffic engineers.²

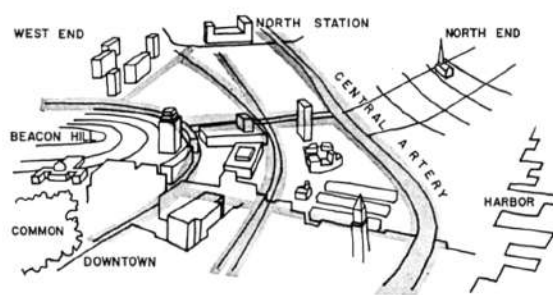
Difficulties in getting people to agree were not the least of our problems. Boston, as many well know, is a city where decisions are made on the basis of a multiplicity of pressures and influences. The design of the new Center would succeed or fail according to how well it satisfied Boston's multiple facets of political life and real estate interests. At that time the attitude of the city and its people was one of *malaise* and skepticism, for Boston's civic heels had been dragging for over a half century and its real estate taxes had risen to an incredible 10 per cent of assessed valuations. A frequent complaint, too, was that the city already had too much tax-exempt property: colleges, hospitals, and institutions. But tax-exempt government buildings might be popular insofar as they would help create a spirit of progress, make work, and, possibly, stimulate new private construction.

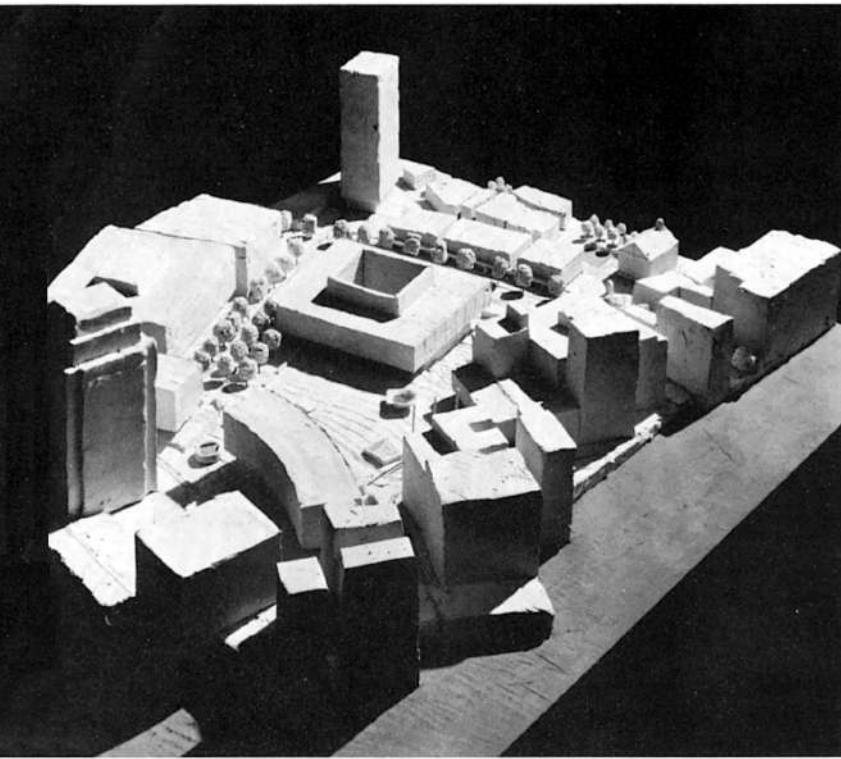
In a few short years the Center proved to do exactly this.

From a design standpoint the site layout was a tough nut to crack. All the blocks were irregular in shape, even if consolidated into larger blocks. Traffic poured through the site all through the day along the curved and radial streets. But the search for a design concept boiled down to just a few key questions:

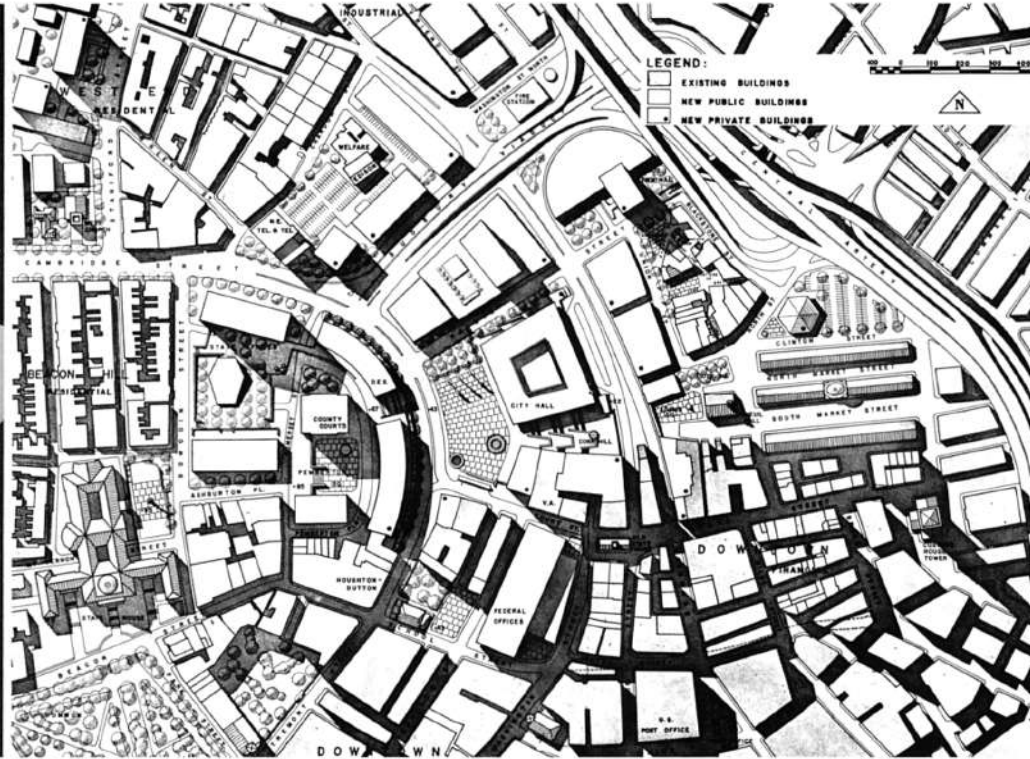
- 1) What were the best *positions* for the four different government buildings?
- 2) How could the site plan and the buildings be made to *look* like a center of government?
- 3) How could the group of government buildings be distinct as a center, yet *blended* into Boston's intricate urban fabric?
- 4) How do you make a design plan for a group of buildings which are designed in detail later by different architects working for different clients, all at different levels of government?
- 5) What degree of *distinction* should any of the government buildings have over each other, if any?
- 6) Once any design decisions were made which implied *architectural controls*, just how do you actually achieve effective controls?

3. Vehicular circulation





4. Site model with City Hall at center of the complex



7. General plan, government center, 1959

These questions were the core of the design problem. They were recognized as such after a good deal of walking about the site, talking, thinking, and doodling. The next step was to find a design answer to these questions. That came after a good deal of further walking, talking, thinking—and drawing and model-making. The design solution seemed to point to a scheme involving urban spaces, building masses, and circulation paths as an over-all composition.

This composition, it was decided, should revolve about the new city hall, for that, of all the buildings, should be the most important one in the group (Fig. 4). The city hall would be the most pertinent building of all as far as the citizens of Boston were concerned. This was their building, more than a courthouse or a state or Federal office building could possibly be. None of the other government buildings deserved such favor, for the Federal building would really be a clerical office, the county courthouse was an addition to an existing county building (a tower) and the state already had its symbol: a golden-domed state capitol atop Beacon Hill. The city hall was to be the jewel. How, then, to give the jewel its proper setting? And how, then, to relate the other buildings to this setting?

Part of the answer came from the site's existing physique. The financial center was a high wall of buildings forming a southern edge to the site. The existing county courthouse, a tower, was a prominent vertical. We were informed that the state office building would probably be a tower slab also, even higher than the courthouse. Further, if the new Center succeeded in drawing private development around it, some of that would undoubtedly be in the form of towers.

We tested many different arrangements of form and position on our site model, which was built at a scale of one inch to a hundred feet. As we tried out concept after concept, two ideas be-

came more and more compelling. Whatever the shape or design of the buildings, they ought to be arranged around a plaza and the city hall should have the prime location on the plaza. We then tried out different plaza shapes in combination with different building shapes. Then a third idea became clear. The city hall building should be low in height. If it were kept low its relationship to the plaza would be intimate in scale. Then, no matter how high any other buildings on or near the site might be, the very intimate scale of the city hall would ensure its distinction. This was the key to the whole design.

The concept was carefully tested. We walked the site, figured where the future façades and cornices would actually be positioned, and studied these positions. We made a larger scale clay model of our plaza (Fig. 4) and used a physician's cystoscope (a periscope for looking inside a stomach) to see how this plaza would look at pedestrian eye level. The plaza concept with the low city hall building was, without question, the solution.

There is a special moment in design when you have arrived at your concept. From that moment on, the rest of the design and its details begin to unfold. Such was the case with us. We saw that the main civic plaza could be linked up with other smaller plazas uphill and down (Fig. 5). The main plaza would be the midway point along the gently rising slope. With the interconnected plazas we could link up a pedestrian network system. To the east we could link up with Boston's old market and particularly old Faneuil Hall, a historic building which, roughly speaking, is for Bostonians what the Alamo is for Texans. Faneuil Hall, pronounced "Fanull" by good Yankees, is referred to as the cradle of liberty; revolutionary leaders used to meet there to plan the overthrow of the British. But it was not the only historic building on the site, for the market had three very long (five hundred feet or more) ancient market build-

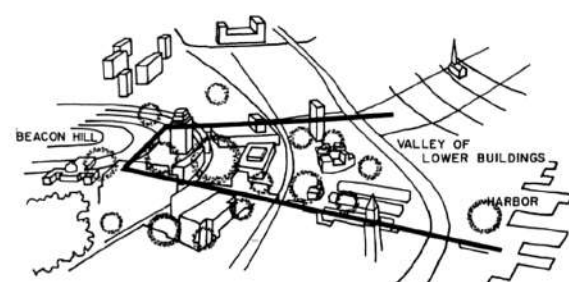
ings. They were more than a hundred years old and built of sturdy Quincy granite. Besides that, one of the old blocks, hatchet-shaped in plan, was the only block in the entire city with its original 17th century pattern and a few fine old buildings to boot.

In fact, our whole site was really three sites: the Government Center, the "historic" market area, and a large expanse to the north whose future was then uncertain (Fig. 6). The state later acquired the land and commissioned Paul Rudolph to design a state health and welfare building there.

Our work continued in the form of discussion with numerous people and groups whose approval and support we needed and that most difficult of all parts of design: working out the fine details. In our case some of the fine details meant squeezing a lane of traffic around a tight corner or struggling to keep new buildings off the subway structure. In one case we found that the official city map we were using had a rather serious error.

In Boston's whole history the site had never been accurately surveyed! Our real estate consultant strained his optimism to allow that one or two fair-sized office buildings might be possible. His knowledgeable colleagues told us how that might be the case—with cautious qualifications. That was

5. System of public open spaces



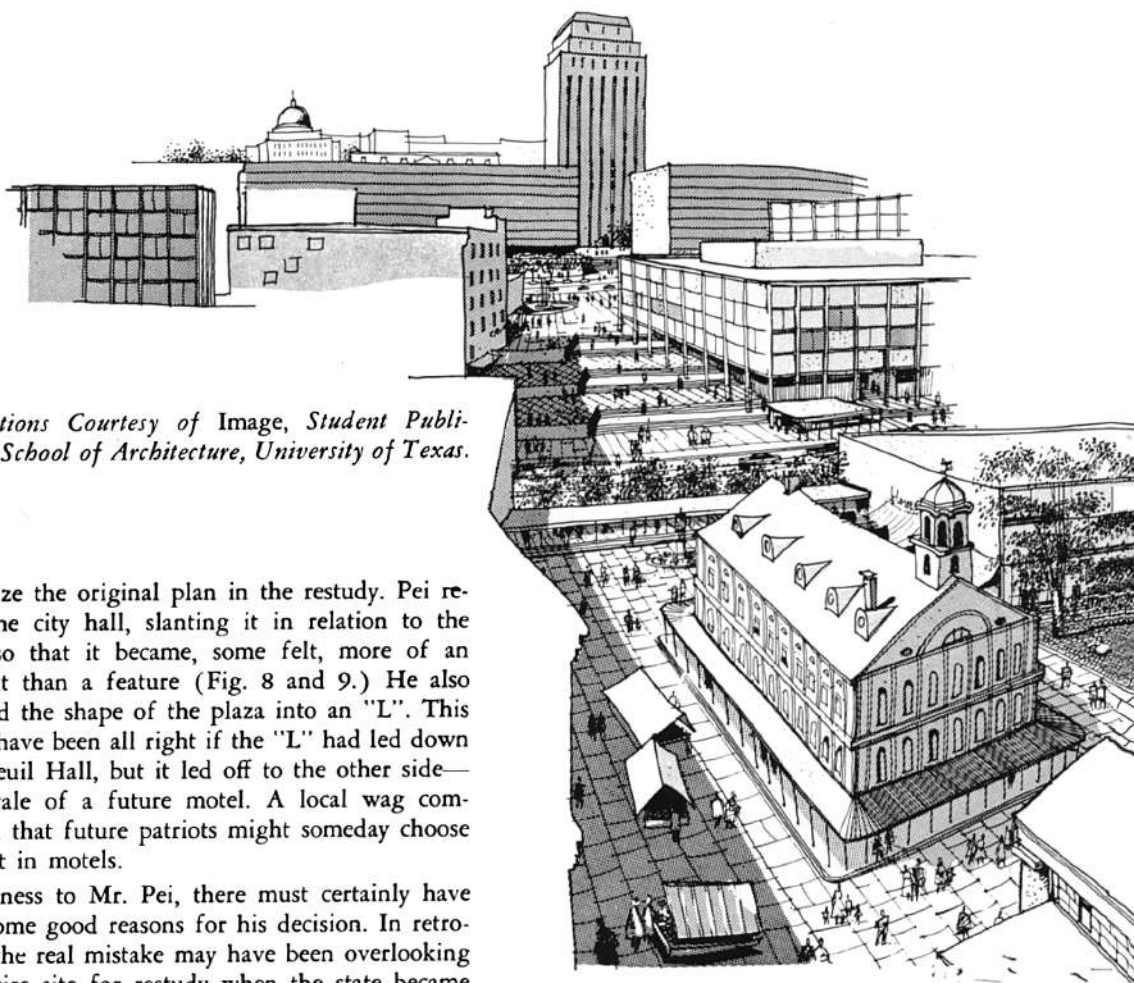
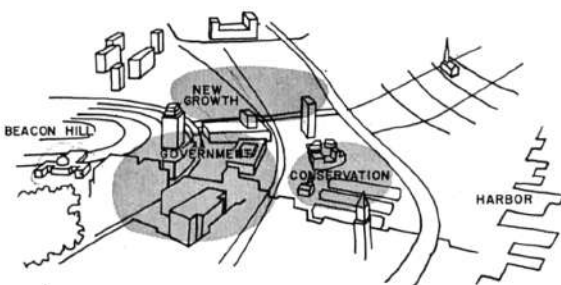
enough justification for their inclusion in our plan, although there was no overwhelming demand for them. Had we not shown them in our plan, the possibility would have been dismissed then and there or, worse, could have ruined the plan later on. As it eventually turned out, the principal office buildings which we proposed *are* now being built.

When we had gone as far as we could and felt sufficiently sure of our design, we put it in its presentation form, which was conventional in most respects. In one it was unique: architectural controls. The civic square, having been carefully worked out in all its dimensions and proportions, was described on one plan which showed the exact positions of the facades and their heights. This plan would thus control the exact size and proportion of the plaza's space. Minor variation would be allowed, a matter of a few feet one way or another. This was the only control specified aside from recommending the establishment of a continuous architectural review board.

We had finished our work in about eight months. But all-round agreement had not been fully reached. The General Services Administration (GSA) was far from convinced about the site proposed for the new Federal office building. We always felt that it belonged in the northern part of the Government Center. Representatives from Washington arrived one day to examine the plan. Before they saw the model and the drawings, they were taken to see the actual site—a most unfortunate error. Their suspicions were more than confirmed when an eager guide pointed out Scollay Square's remaining burlesque house, announcing that here was the site of the new Federal building. Our Washington friends would have none of it. We continued our work through the summer to find some way of resolving this problem. At the end we proposed a different site for the Federal building but showed a large building to take its former place. The anonymous new hulk could be interpreted as anything between an office building and an opera house. We re-drew our plans (Fig. 7), corrected the model, published a report, and closed our small temporary office. That was the end of my own work on that job. Few felt that anything would ever come of it; least of all, I. Because of some political troubles, our plan was *never* publicly released. I left town to seek architectural adventures in the West.

In the fall of 1959 Boston elected a new mayor, John F. Collins. One of his first moves was to bring Edward Logue, a topnotch redevelopment expert, from New Haven to head a redevelopment program for Boston. Logue saw the Government Center as a made-to-order redevelopment project. He commissioned I. M. Pei to restudy the plan. Logue instructed Pei that he wanted to be able to

6. Land use



Illustrations Courtesy of Image, Student Publication, School of Architecture, University of Texas.

recognize the original plan in the restudy. Pei re-sited the city hall, slanting it in relation to the plaza so that it became, some felt, more of an incident than a feature (Fig. 8 and 9.) He also changed the shape of the plaza into an "L". This might have been all right if the "L" had led down to Faneuil Hall, but it led off to the other side—the locale of a future motel. A local wag commented that future patriots might someday choose to meet in motels.

In fairness to Mr. Pei, there must certainly have been some good reasons for his decision. In retrospect, the real mistake may have been overlooking the entire site for restudy when the state became interested in the area of land to the north, the site of the Rudolph building. As a *chef-d'oeuvre* it is in a backward site. Could it not have been made a more significant member of the entire Government Center complex? That, after all, was precisely the reason for making a master site plan. Perhaps the continuous difficulty in achieving co-operation with state officials was the reason for this oversight.

But all this is a bit aside from the point of this project. The point is that the design concept worked—the idea of creating a space formed by new buildings. The new civic square may not be the best possible shape, but it is a passable one. It will be a proud new feature in Boston. The city hall is going to be a spectacular piece of architecture when finished. It, as most of you know, is the result of a nation-wide competition. The Federal government reversed its earlier opinion and decided to occupy the site originally specified. The Center is being built this very day and many of its parts are already completed. In retrospect, it seems miraculous that anything happened at all. As for the lessons in urban design, they were several. First of all, the original concept worked. It worked because it had "abusability"—the original idea could be kicked around or even done poorly. As long as there would be a space and a building for the space to highlight, a *sense of place* would be born. Boston would have its vital new anchor and civic magnet. A further lesson of this experience was that here—with this approach—was a distinction between architecture and urban design. The distinction is *not* a matter of scale alone or the number of buildings involved. It is a matter of making a plan for many buildings in an urban setting, some specified and highly uncertain, which is going to be executed by others and which is going to undergo changes. But if the plan concept is "right," the concept will emerge in at least meaningful fashion. This same attitude or approach to urban design can also work at much larger scales. There are plans for entire

9. Faneuil Hall, Cornhill and the City Hall. The City Hall Plaza is at the top of the stairs

states that can be premised along these lines. The Appalachian trail system is an example of this. It was an *idea* for a physical design more than the design all spelled out.

A few years ago the composer Igor Stravinsky was interviewed on his eightieth birthday. Although he was speaking of music and the era of his life, he put this approach to urban design quite well. He remarked that he had been born into an age of causality and determinism and that he had lived on into an age of probability-theory and chance.

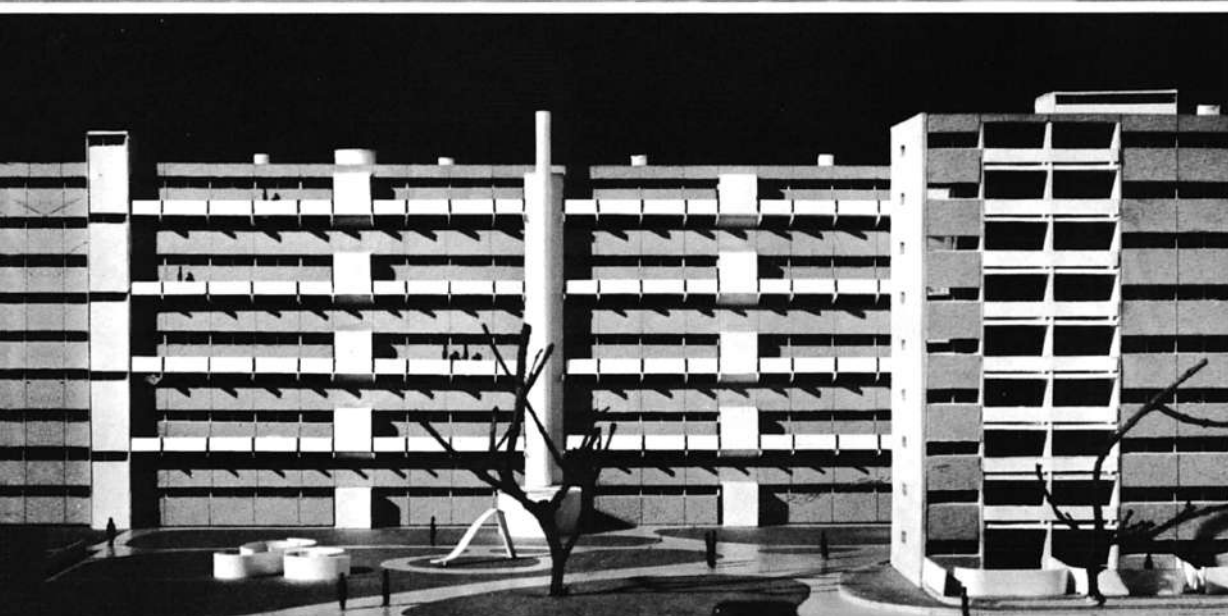
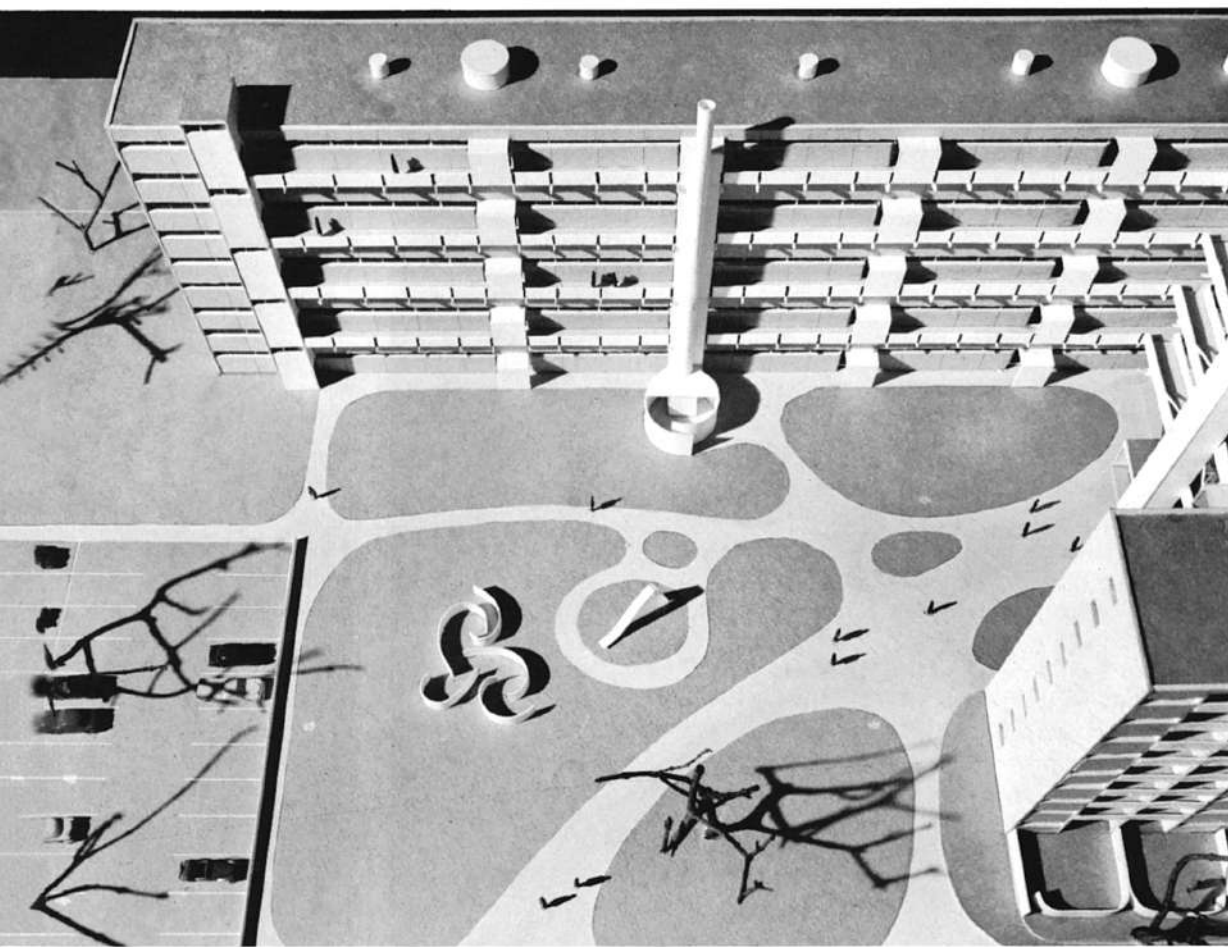
The Boston Government Center design was made for the latter age—ours. So far it seems to be proving itself rather well.

¹The group was Professor Lawrence Anderson (Anderson, Beckwith & Haible, Architects), Professor Frederick Adams (Adams, Howard & Greeley, City Planners), Professor Kevin Lynch, Professor Hideo Sasaki (then Sasaki, Walker & Associates, Landscape Architects), and John R. Myer.

²William Ballard was the real estate expert; De Leuw-Cather & Co. were the traffic engineers.

8. I.M. Pei's general plan, 1964





To achieve maximum openness, these two nine-story apartment buildings for the Housing Commission at Roseberry, Australia, have been placed in a parallel but staggered relationship facing the long site boundaries. The plans of the 207 apartments combine the advantages of cross ventilation—important due to the east-west orientation—with economical repetitive small span cross wall construction. To use the least amount of public circulation space, apartments are approached by a system of external access galleries arranged in a split-level system whereby every two floors are reached from one gallery by walking up or down a few steps. This also assures privacy to all windows on the approach side, placing them above head height.

The plans of the apartments are simple and direct, dividing the living-kitchen and the bedrooms by a cross wall and separating the living rooms from the kitchens by screens. In order to reduce the access gallery length, a reduction in the longitudinal plan dimension was necessary. This results in interior bathrooms mechanically ventilated. The architects, however, have found this kind of installation satisfactory in other projects. By placing a fan at the top of each duct, running continuously, two bathrooms on every floor are served—18 to each fan.

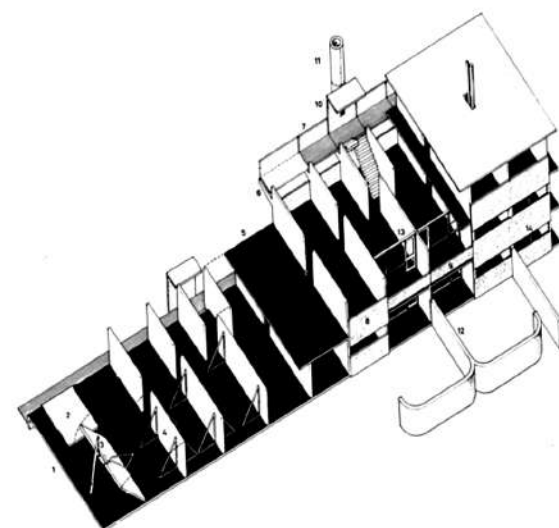
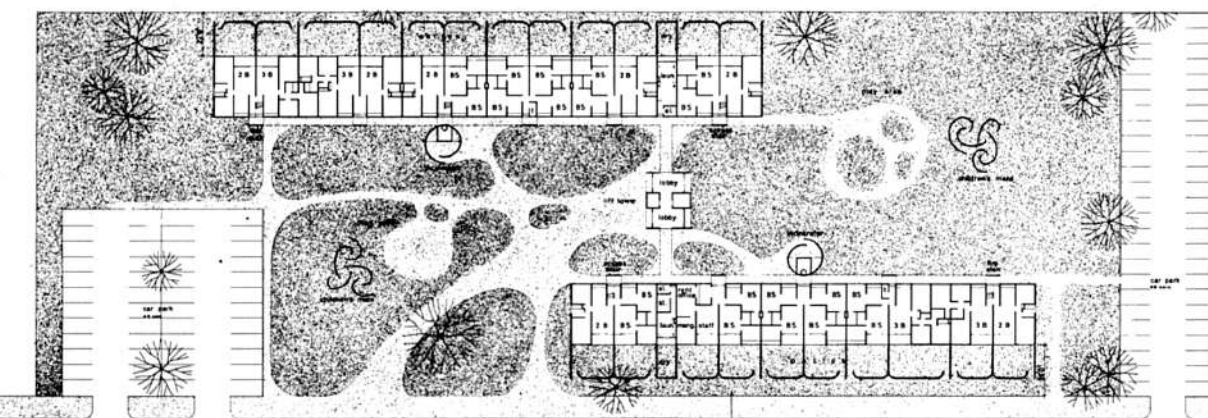
Of the total 207 flats, 20 are bed-sitting units at ground level, containing 650 square feet; there are 135 two-bedroom units of 650 square feet and 52 three-bedroom apartments of 811 square feet.

The repetitive nature of the planning results in a simple structure with concrete cross walls envisaged to be erected by the tilt/slab system and one-way concrete floor slabs spanning between these, erected with a minimum of vertical formwork supports. The external longitudinal walls are planned to be of precast concrete with exposed aggregate finish. These fill the spans between the cross walls and create between them continuous horizontal openings for the insertion of standard ribbon windows. The proportion of these, 2' 3" high, has been found to be most satisfactory in domestic buildings. In contrast to the glare producing conventional vertical window (glare an outcome of bright contrast between the window and the surrounding wall), ribbon windows give great evenness of daylight distribution to rooms and in fact result in a higher light level for the same area when compared to conventional "cut-in" windows. Horizontal strip windows are also less vulnerable to sunlight penetration. All sills are kept at a uniform 4' from the floor for children security and access gallery privacy. The level of the top of the windows is established at 6' 3" and any lowering of a window sill would result in the glass area being too large and too vulnerable to sun penetration.

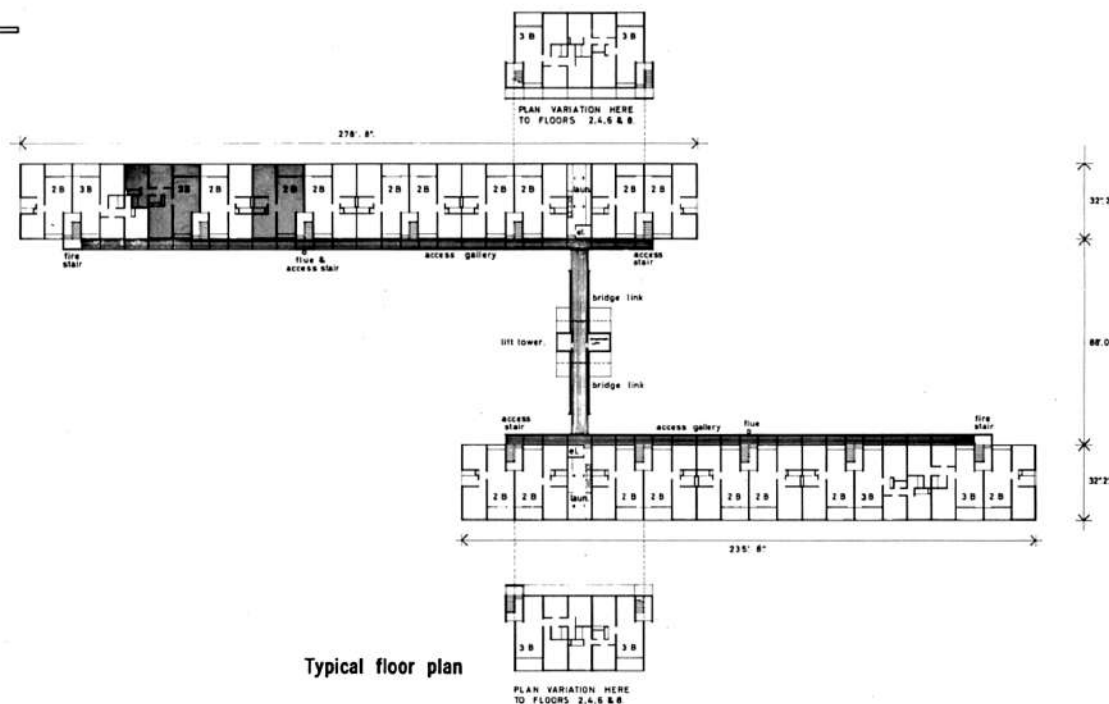
The construction of the exterior galleries is envisaged by means of precast "L" shaped units incorporating floor and solid rail supported on concrete haunches which are an integral part of the cross walls.

Vertical approach is by means of a centrally placed lift tower with access bridges suspended from it. These are structurally independent of the two wings containing flats so that the repetitive prefabricated nature of the flat construction is left unimpaired. A glass screen is planned above the

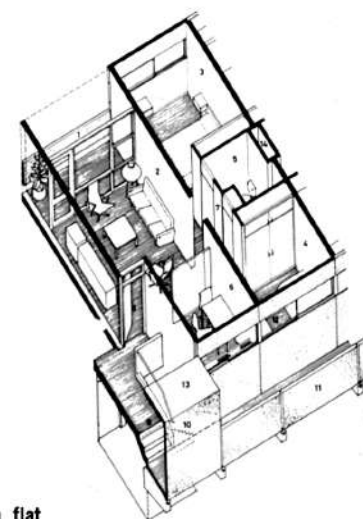
HARRY SEIDLER AND ASSOCIATES, ARCHITECTS



Structural system and components



Typical floor plan



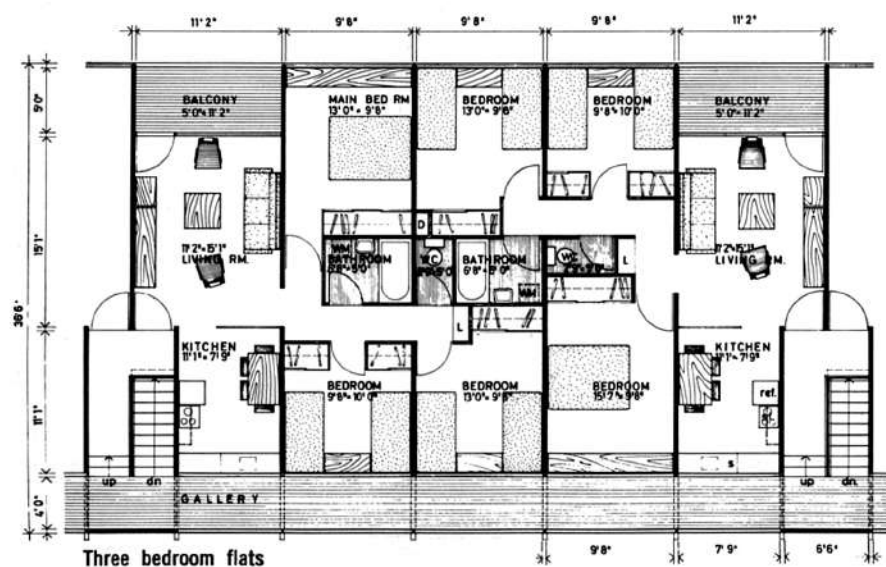
Typical two-bedroom flat

southern bridge rail which, together with the bridges above, should afford reasonable protection during inclement weather.

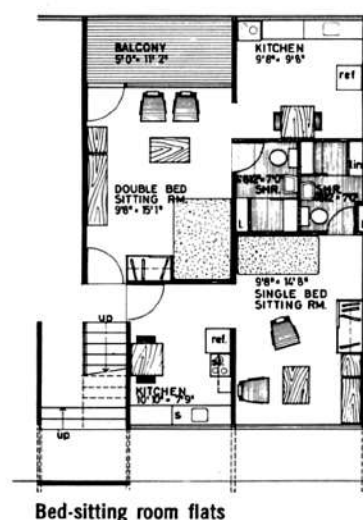
The site is developed in two parts, each serving one block with a screened parking area and children's playground. Due to the length of buildings, it is envisaged that those living on the lower floors of the extreme ends of the buildings would likely use the firestairs or access stairs provided, rather than use the central lifts. For that reason, a system

of pathways has been designed to facilitate access to these from the street and parking areas.

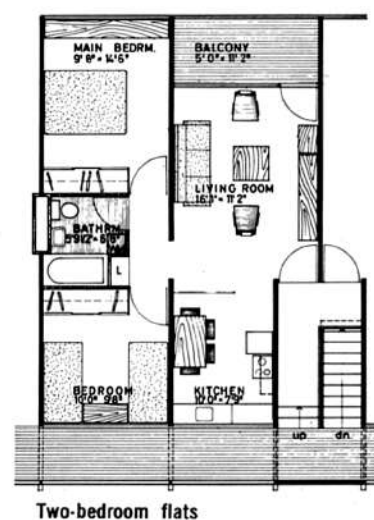
The landscaping of the open spaces of the site between the pattern of access walks is intended to be moulded three dimensionally to both lower and raise some of the children's play areas for security. The children's maze and slip, etc., together with the pattern paths and moulding of the site should form attractive elements to look down on from the galleries.



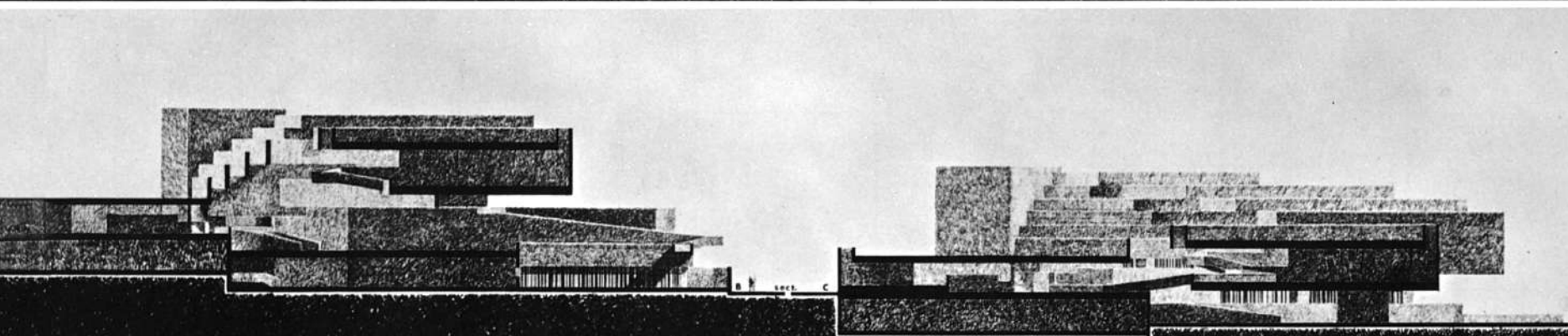
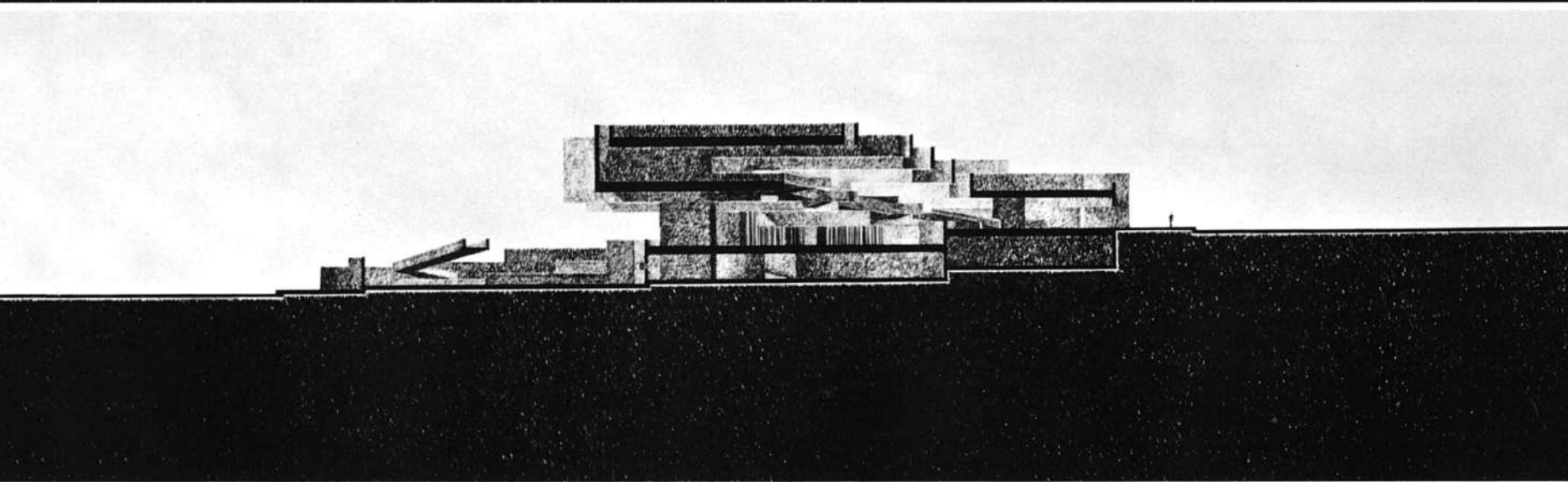
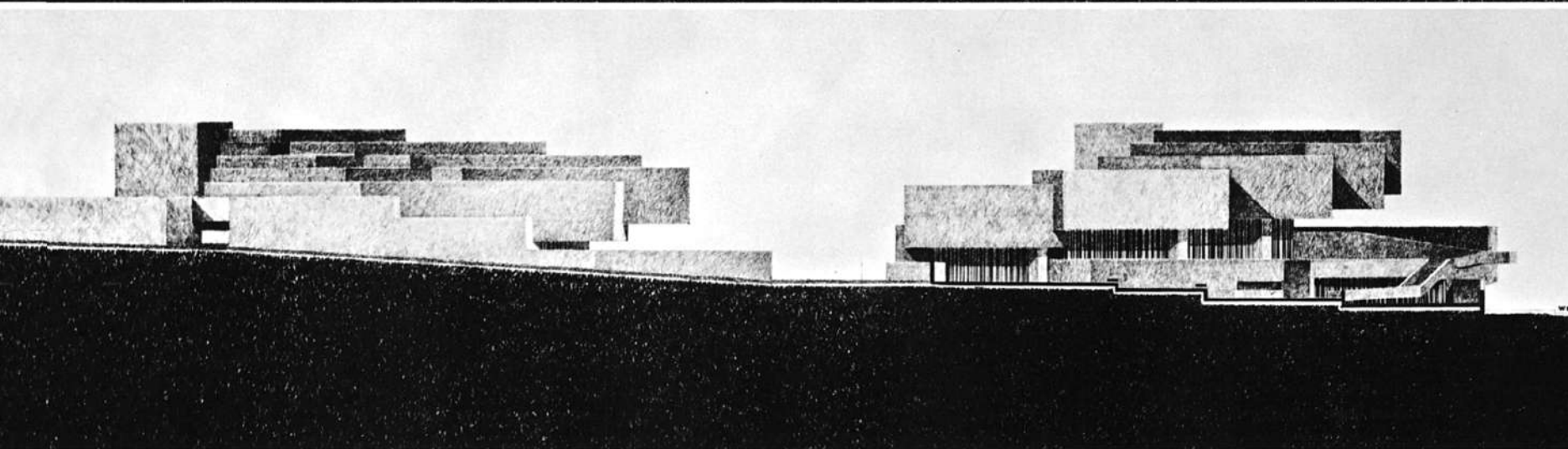
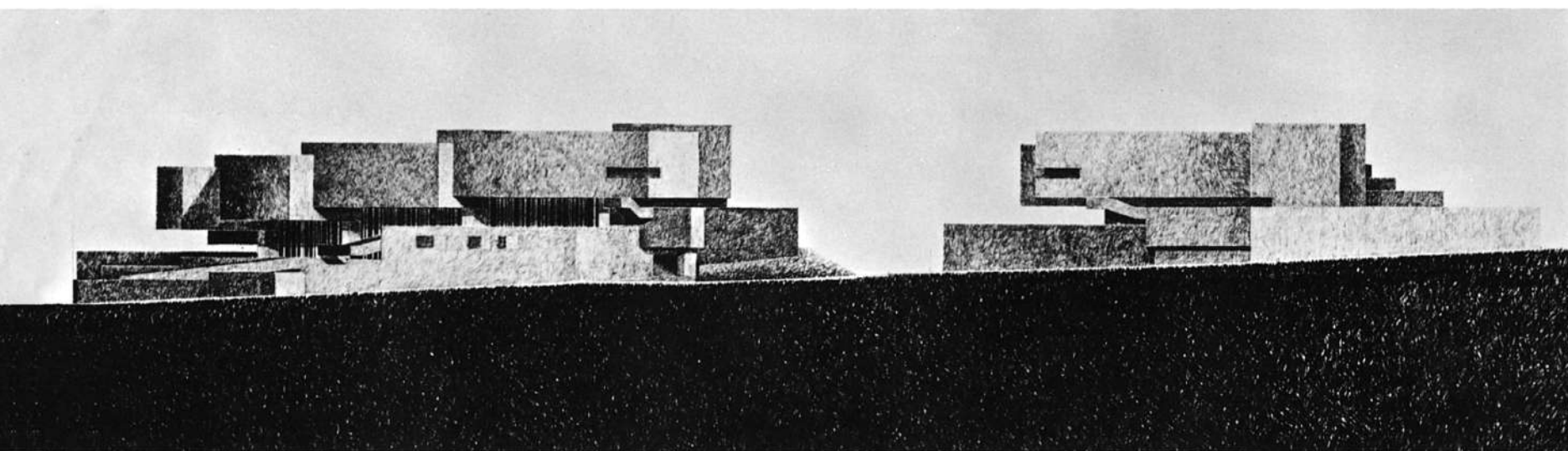
Three bedroom flats



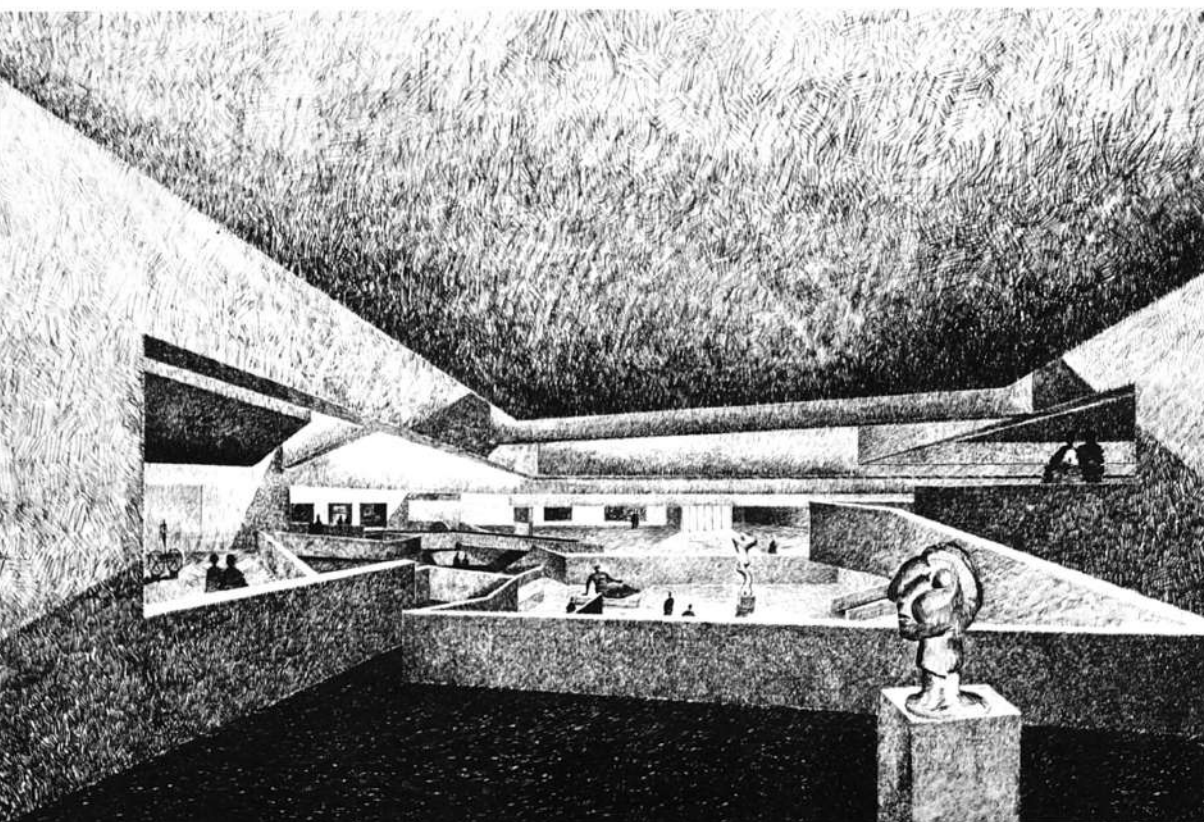
Bed-sitting room flats



Two-bedroom flats



UNIVERSITY ARTS CENTER BY MARIO CIAMPI, ARCHITECT



Paul W. Reiter, Associate Architect
Richard L. Jorasch & Ronald E. Wagner, Associates

This winning design in the \$25,000 University of California, Berkeley, University Arts Center competition was conceived as an expanding system of radial terraces and visually interconnected spaces superimposed on two levels "to achieve a synthesis of architecture and sculptural order in an urban area adjoining the campus."

The 90,000-square-foot building follows the slope of the site with exhibition and sculpture terraces stepping down from the entrance towards the garden areas. Permanent galleries are also on a radial plan allowing maximum visibility from a central point.

The upper and lower gallery spaces are of varying heights and employ natural light to articulate and give special emphasis to the display areas. As the Arts Center grows, the terracing principle will continue to be followed on both levels, providing visual continuity and a strengthening of the sculptural nature of the building.

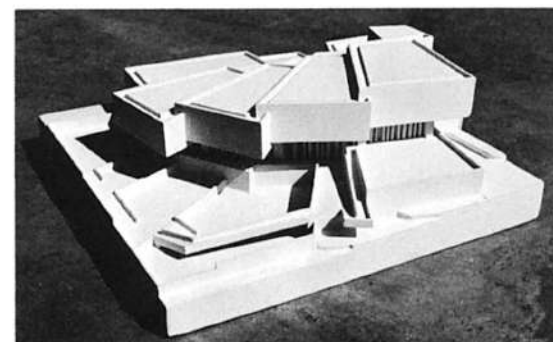
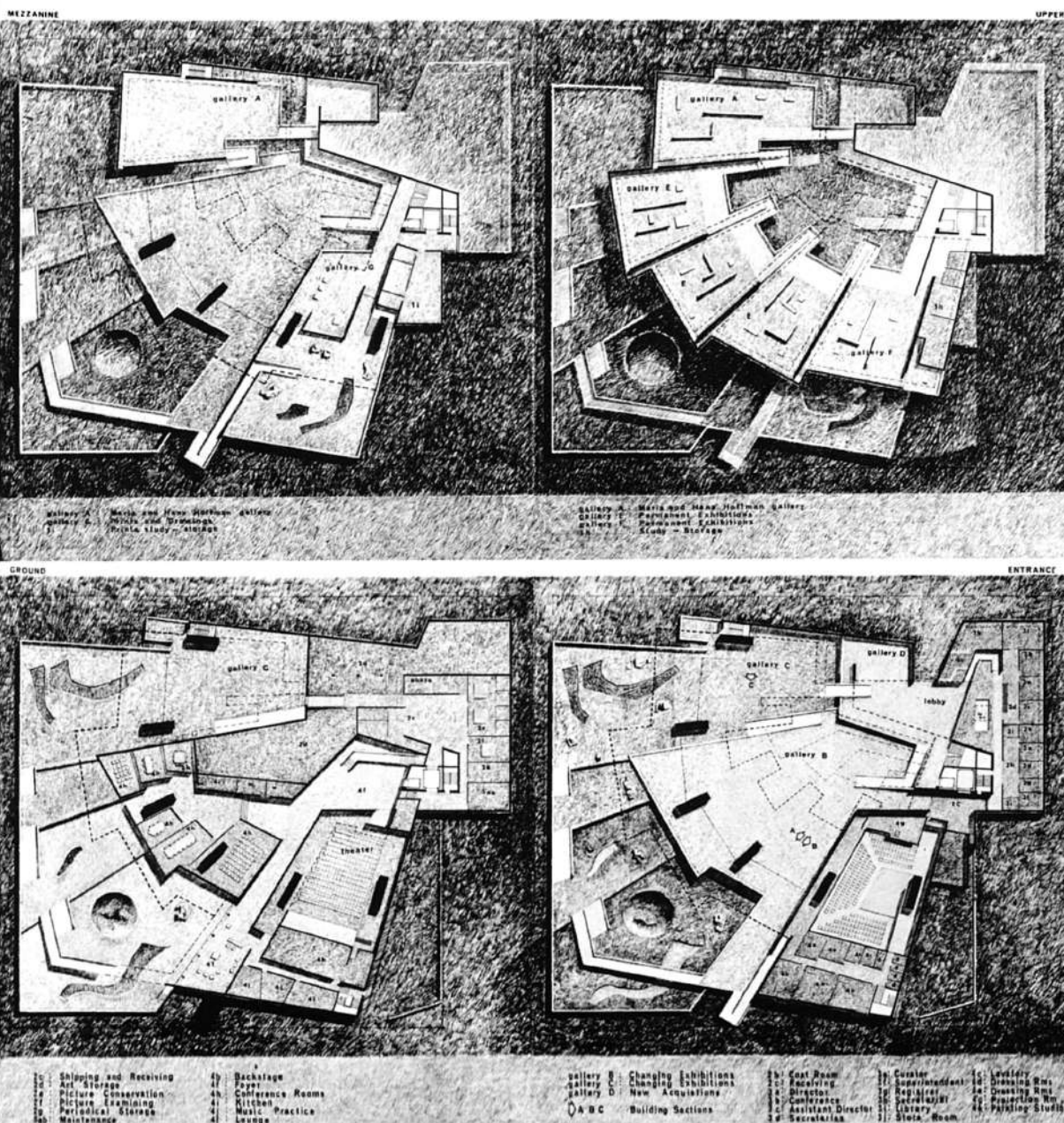
The design was chosen from among 366 entries. Prizes of \$5,000 go to each of the six other finalists: Sanford Pollack, Berkeley, with Eugene Lew and Wilber Weber; Alfred Wasthuber, San Francisco; John W. McGough, of Walker and McGough, Spokane, with Bruce M. Walker; Marvin Hatami, Denver; Louis J. Johnson, Chicago, with Arthur S. Takeuchi; and Earl Swensson, of Swensson and Kott, Nashville, with Alan Cooper, design associate.

Jury chairman was Lawrence B. Anderson, chairman of the Department of Architecture, M.I.T.; other members were architect Gardner A. Dailey, Dean Ralph Rapson of the Univ. of Minn. School of Architecture, and U.C. regents Dorothy Chandler and Donald McLaughlin.

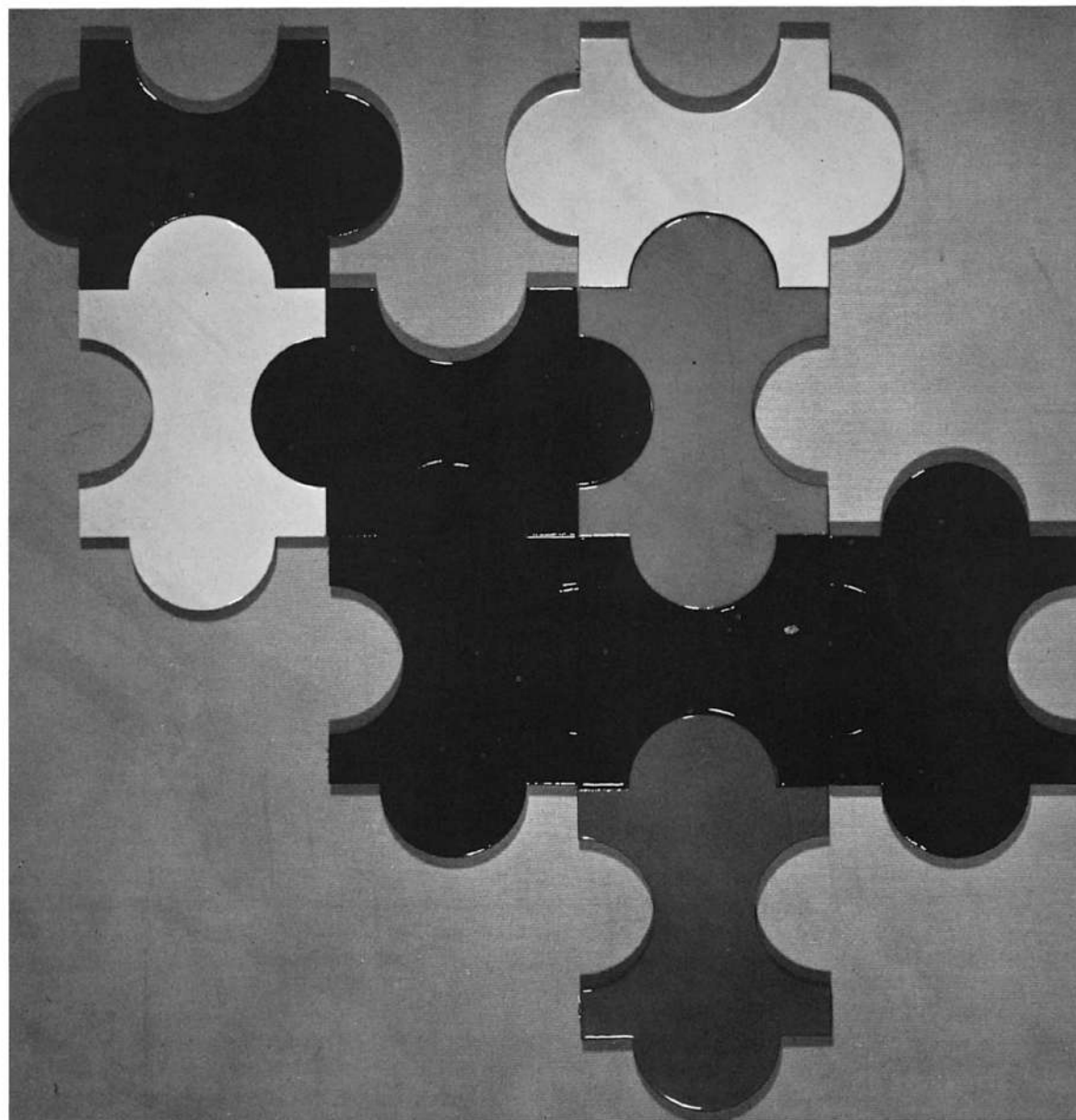
Report of the Jury:

This most original composition which has been chosen and developed with great skill should provide a thrilling interior volume at no sacrifice to exhibition needs. The play of natural light and the interaction of floor levels and room heights promise endless variety and interest. Externally the centrifugal character of the form becomes clearly apparent, especially from the downhill side. On Bancroft Way the entrance is dramatically simple and powerful in organizing the form along the street, but one could wish for an intensification of the rising movement against the sky which otherwise from street level will lose by foreshortening.

The richness of this building will arise from the sculptural beauty of its rugged major forms and will not require costly materials or elaborate detail. We believe this design not only meets the practical and aesthetic demands of the Berkeley Program, but can become one of the outstanding contributions to museum design in our time.



ITALIAN CERAMIC TILE



These tiles are from Sassuolo, center of the major Italian ceramic tile manufacturing district, where the industry had a revival in the 15th century. There are now 133 factories in the region which stretches along the Secchia Valley from Fiorano to Sassuolo and Scandiano, called the *calanchi* district from the clay hills bordering the valley. The clay there is rich in fossil residue having glue-like properties and the hills rich in manganic earth which turns a black color when baked that can be found only in the Etruscan vases.

Architects are rediscovering the beauty of hand-crafted tile, and the demand for it is growing along with that for the machine-made product. There is a renewed interest in majolica and *gres* as flooring and since rain washes it clean, it is becoming widely used for exterior facing in cities where grime collects.

At their simplest, the ceramic tiles from Sassuolo and the Secchia Valley are oiled clay or sandstone fired to a brick red, and at their most romantic they are beautiful embroideries molded by fire, filling the need of today's architecture for materials combining esthetic and functional qualities.

Photos by Bob Forester

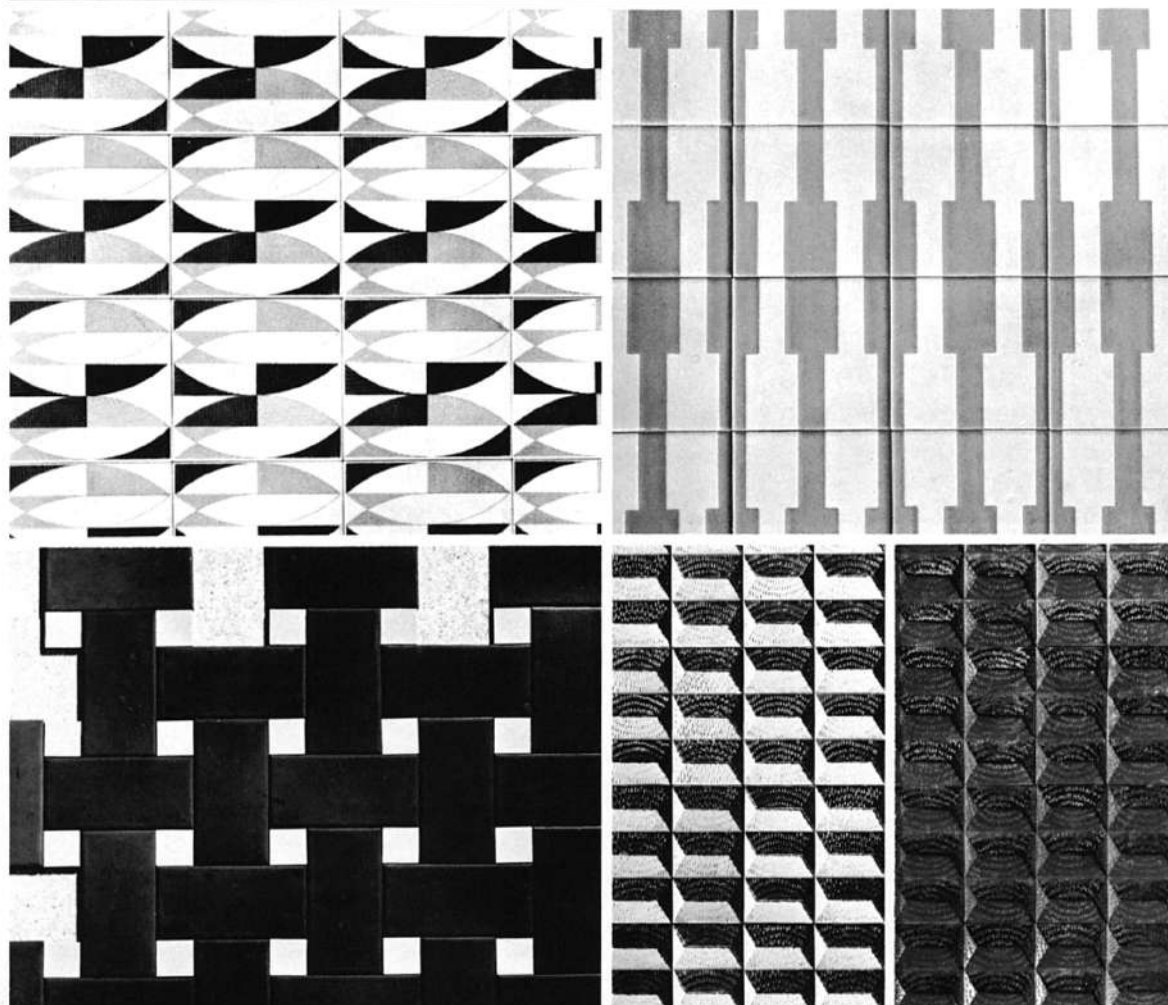
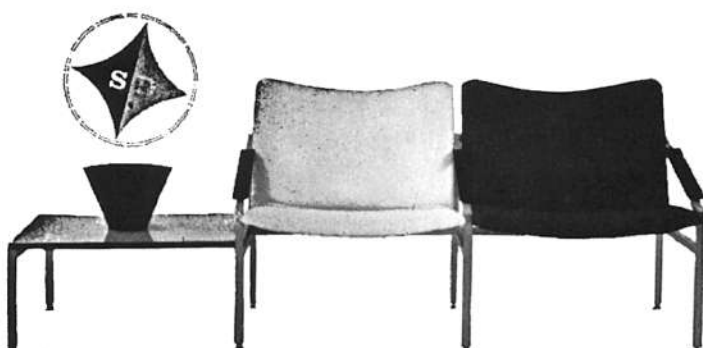
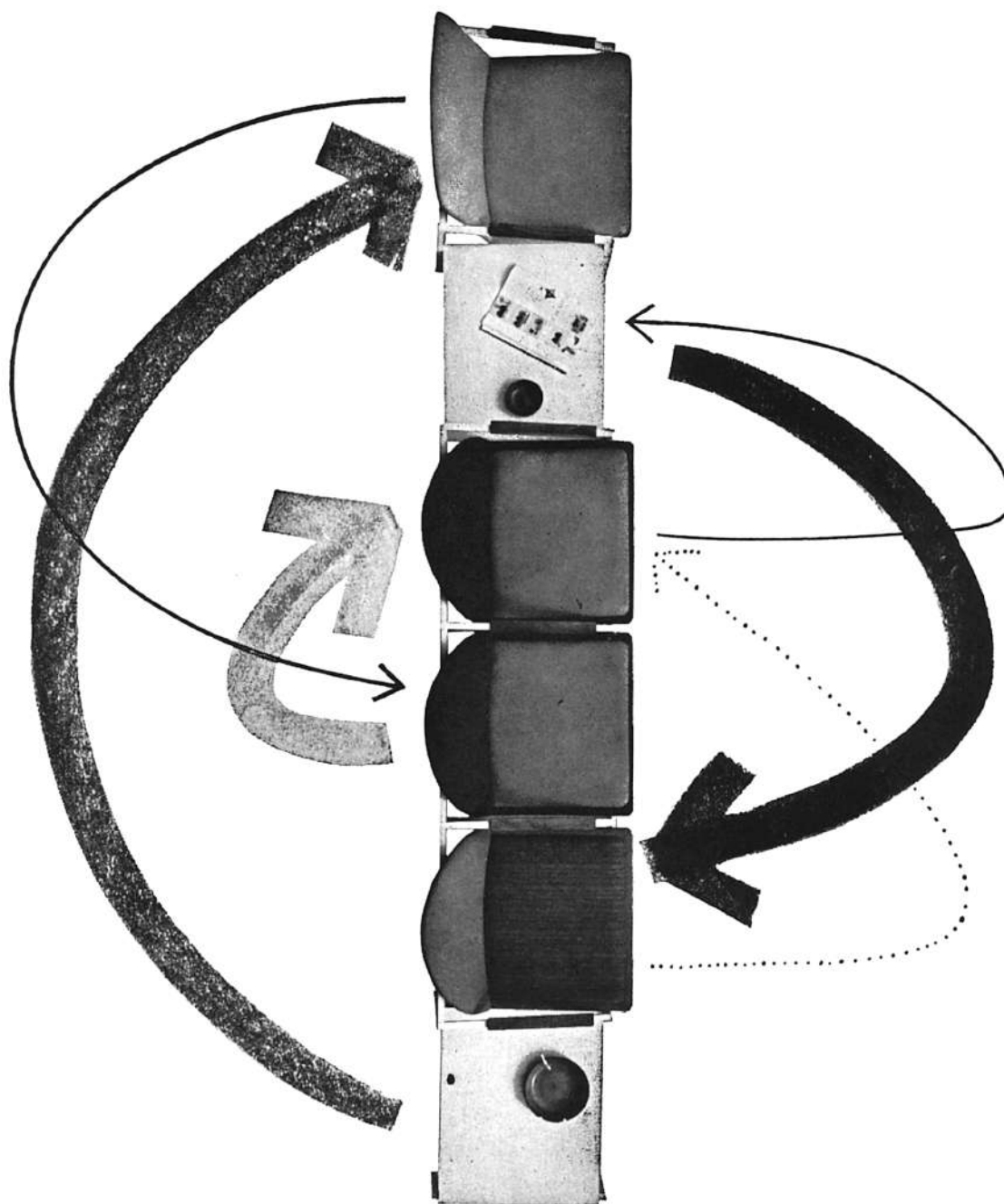


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art

DORE ASHTON

ISRAEL

When fire was sweeping through Jordanian Jerusalem, the Israelis will tell you, a telephone call through the United Nations offering Israeli equipment was refused. A Jordanian living in a house on the barbed-wire border cannot retrieve a blanket dropped accidentally to the street and an Israeli can, under no circumstances, pass through the Mandelbaum Gate. Tourists in the luxurious King David Hotel look nervously from the terrace to the barbed-wire fence straggling over a rubbly no-man's-land. Hostility is a permanent ingredient here. With the political lines hardening and hope for a peaceful settlement in the Near East dwindling, Jerusalem is at best an uneasy city. A rifle shot from either side could bring disaster at any moment. Israelis resident in Jerusalem tend to discount the possibility, but anyone who has strolled near the Mandelbaum Gate, or who has skirted the borders can sense the tension. Israel as the homeland of the Jews is reborn almost 2,000 years after the Romans destroyed the Temple, but its embattled position has changed very little.

It is no use pretending in Israel that culture and politics may be separated. True, since its birth as a nation 17 years ago, Israel has seen a new generation and relative prosperity. The young and the prosperous often shut out political considerations, anxious to live out their lives in comfort and complacency. But problems press in, even on the most determinedly apathetic citizens.

Israel's intellectuals, particularly those old enough to have fought in the war of liberation against the British, are profoundly uneasy on many counts. Just as a small example, a writer told me ruefully that the current political campaign (incredibly complex for a nation of only two-and-a-half million people) is being entirely run by public relations companies. "Imagine," he exclaimed bitterly, "a socialist party hires a publicity agency—that's how far we have come." His complaint was mild compared with that of a well-known sculptor who had been hauled before a military court and warned to cease protesting the mistreatment of Israeli Arabs. "I can understand their position," he explained. "It is true that an Arab in Israel today, unlike just a few years ago, is a potential Trojan horse and the security agencies must be careful. But that doesn't change the fact that Arabs in Israel are not given equal opportunity, nor have they been remunerated for their lands taken over by the government." According to him, and to a few others, it is essential for the moral health of Israel that the Arab be especially well treated—much in the way it is essential for the moral health of America that the Negro win his suit.

Along with anxiety over the increasing emphasis on military rather than diplomatic strength is a deepening worry that the country has lost its pioneering *elan*, that it has taken over ready-made culture from the West, and particularly America, with strange indifference to local particulars. Naturally, the idealist intellectual knows that in 17 years, and with the phenomenal achievements in Israel, gaps are bound

to occur. But he worries nevertheless as he sees garish Miami Beach style hotels cluttering up his horizons and Broadway plays crowding his theatres.

His worries are relatively contained compared with the real anguish of the older immigrants, many of whom came directly from concentration camps. When the German ambassador presented his credentials, it was mostly the older generation that flanked the streets in protest. A few of the members of the military band asked to be excused on that day so that they would not have to play the German national anthem which is, incredibly, still "Deutschland, Deutschland Über Alles."

Such is the moral climate—or at least a partial view of the climate—in which the extraordinary advent of the Israel National Museum came about. There in Jerusalem, where the new House of Parliament is within rifle range of the Jordanian border, a spectacular new museum straddles one of the ancient Judean hills, symbolizing all the paradoxes and all the traditional glories of this hallowed country. There, not far from a sombre monument commemorating what Israelis call "the holocaust," some 23 pavilions designed by architects Alfred Mansfield and Dora Gad gracefully crown a 22-acre hill known as Neveh Shaanan, which means "quiet habitation."

This hill, like the others circling Jerusalem is sown with ochre rocks. In August, a dry hot wind stirs the olive trees on its flanks. If you motor a few kilometres beyond the center of the city, you can view the valleys and hills through which Mary traveled to visit Elizabeth, a bit more rocky, eroded by time, but certainly very much as the Biblical figures knew them.

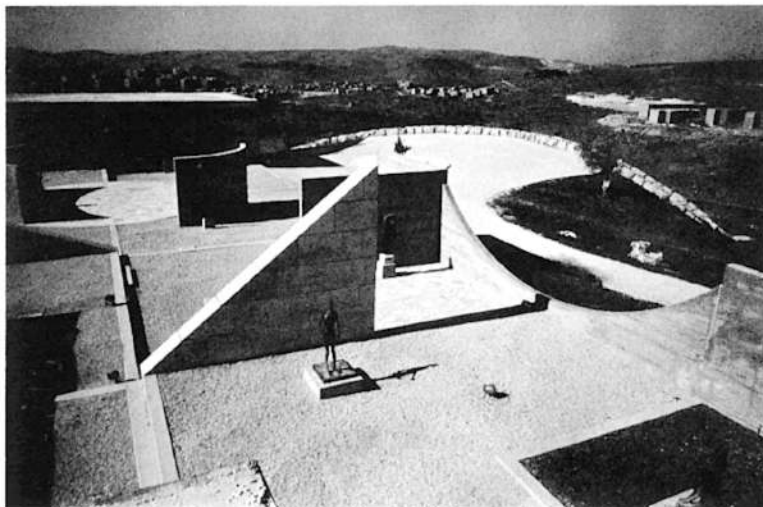
Circling Neveh Shaanan the hills bespeak their ancientness. Careful farmers shore up the precious fertile soil by building curving retaining walls from the living rock. These trail around the hills in graceful sequences, recalling ancient places elsewhere—China or India for instance. Olives and Jerusalem pines civilize the ruthless stoniness of the terrain, moving slowly against the blanched sky and inevitably touching the imagination with their timelessness.

It is not hard to imagine Isamu Noguchi's elation when he first beheld these terraced hills. The farmers of the Judean hills had carved out their livelihoods very much like sculptors. He must have been moved, too, by the closeness of Biblical descriptions to the actual landscape.

In some ways it is best to approach Noguchi's sculpture garden from this distance, for as you wind your way around the neighboring hills, Noguchi's inspired judgment is apparent from every side. It is quite obvious to me that he traversed the terrain thoroughly, learning every possible aspect of Neveh Shaanan, taking into account every view of its slopes and crest. No matter where you go within a radius of some 30 kilometres, Noguchi's carved mountain is visible, showing yet another facet. A sculptor in-the-round, Noguchi has literally sculptured the earth.

Coming closer, it is possible to see the precision with which he built his own five curving retaining walls, using the same ochre rock as the neighboring farmers. It is possible, too, to see how he shifted earth and rock, building artificial pyramidal shapes and rounded mounds to enhance the exhibiting space and also, to respond to the contours of

"Figure in Three Pieces" by Henry Moore



neighboring hills.

If you approach the garden from the museum pavilions, a grand plaza opens out a vista of descending curved platforms — the terraces formed by the retaining walls. A few olive trees recall its relationship to Judea, but I'm told that Billy Rose, the donor of the garden, interfered with Noguchi's planting schemes, refusing further trees. This is unfortunate since the dazzling light of marble gravel and marble walls would be mitigated by the soft silver-greens the olives would provide. The terraces were planned in such a way that each curved wall seems to arabesque into the sky, offering unprecedented sites for the sculptures. I was astonished when I saw Henry Moore's "Figure in Three Pieces" against the horizon. Never had it seemed so coherent, so majestic as when perched against the whitish Jerusalem sky in August. The terraced part of the garden grades slowly downward, but the more formal section, closer to the museum, is relatively level. Here, Noguchi has erected varying walls, some curved, some rectilinear, providing environments for sculptures of differing character. He has also designed two well-proportioned pavilions which will house sculptures that cannot be exposed in the open air. His choice of different stones — some yellowish white, some bluish white, some deep gray or black, aids the curators who must deal with sculptures in many materials. A green-black Maillol, for instance, is stunning against a black wall, while a more coppery Arp does well against a neutral background.

Noguchi's precisely planned and executed garden is offered a more informal pendant on the other side of the hill where Willem Sandberg, the former director of the Stedelijk Museum and now chairman of the museum's executive committee has allocated about an acre of land to two Israeli sculptors, Shammai Haber and Yitzhak Danziger. It is typical of Sandberg who has long been an active supporter of the spontaneous, the vivid, the impulsive in modern art to offer unhesitatingly an ample stretch of hillside to the two Israelis.

A word about Sandberg: in spite of his age (he is a few years past the retirement age of 65 for Dutch civil servants) he has retained an enormous appetite for change. His presence in Israel sets an international precedent. The sophisticated tone throughout the museum; the sense of striving toward world culture implicit in the structure and plans for the future of the museum, are assuredly due in large measure to his personality and drive.

His choice of the two sculptors — or rather, their choice of him, for they volunteered their services — is in keeping with his taste for a kind of casual, integrated art activity as opposed to the strictly formal and minutely planned. Haber and Danziger wished to work improvisationally and were given carte blanche. What they have done is to echo, in artistic terms, the quality of the landscape. Their partially carved rocks, with rough facets and natural breaks are lying about on a gentle slope as though they had originated there. Steel bars, laid in the corduroy patterns of railway ties, form a horizontal flow, almost as if water were carrying the rocks slowly downward. Against the severe cubic lines of the main pavilion, these elements are neither too dramatic nor too servile. They make their presence known without demanding undue awe. Both Danziger, who lives in Tel-Aviv, and Haber, who lives mostly in Paris, have dreams of creating islands of

sculpture throughout the country without unnecessary flourish. They are somewhat impatient — as good artists must be — and Sandberg's sympathetic attitude is undoubtedly a balm.

In contrast both to Noguchi's and Haber-Danziger's gardens is the Shrine of the Book, the work of architect Armand Bartos and designer Frederick Kiesler. Lying much lower, the Shrine consists mainly of a thick black basalt wall (which separates the sculpture garden from the Shrine's enclave) a plaza, and a tiled onion dome lying in a basin of water. The double-parabola dome, covered with warm yellowish-white tiles, can be seen from almost any vantage point in Jerusalem and provides a wholesome contrast to the severe architecture of the museum pavilions. At mid-day, it all but melts into the sky, but in late afternoon it gleams like a mosque.

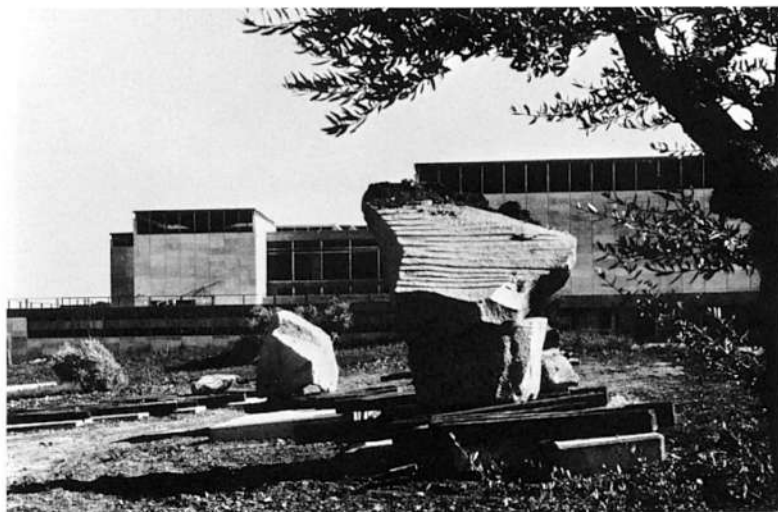
It is curious that of all the various structures of the museum complex, this dome is most often criticized by the Israelis. Sitting like an inverted amphora in the landscape, it seems to them incongruous. Their zeal to be modern, I suspect, prohibits accepting this symbol (for as Kiesler says, his is an "ideological" architecture). In fact, one of the depressing aspects of modern Israel is its indifference to local traditions, especially architectural traditions. Instead of adapting the beautiful Arabic curved roofs to modern needs, for instance, they have often built peaked-roof boxes similar to mass housing in middle-western America.

Kiesler, in conceiving this curving shell, remembers tradition. Not only does its roundness recall primitive moments (it could be one of the *trulli* near Bari, or it could be in North Africa, where many recent Israeli immigrants were born, or it could be native to one of Israel's own Arabic sites) but it also serves its function. Since the problem was to provide housing for the Dead Sea Scrolls and other spectacular documents recently unearthed in Israel, Kiesler and Bartos sought on the one hand to provide a dramatic symbolic structure to make up for the visual poverty of the displays, and on the other, to give the ancient materials a safe subterranean shelter.

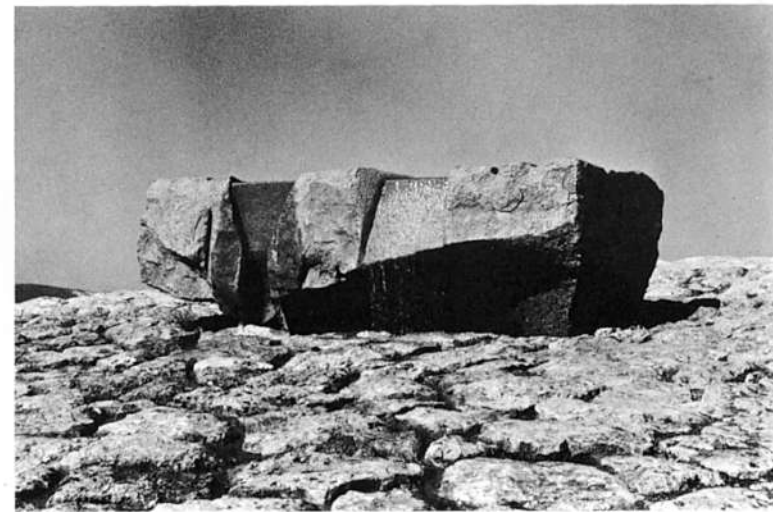
The interior of the Shrine begins with a narrow passage, lined with staggered trapezoidal arches (Kiesler's hand to the last) leading into the central dome with its ribbed walls recalling ancient pottery. Here, Kiesler places the major find, the Isaiah Scroll, on a raised drum with a huge ornamental bronze finial imitating the handle of the Torah scrolls. I'm told that a jet of water shoots up through the six-foot opening at the center of the dome symbolizing the rebirth of Israel, but while I was there, I saw only the rather cumbersome bronze sticking up from the display case.

It is apparent that Kiesler and Bartos were profoundly moved by the meaning of their assignment and sought to imbue every inch of the Shrine with symbolic overtones. Certainly it is a solemn affair, and also a miraculous one. The material in the scrolls exhibited is incalculably important both to historians interested in origins of Western civilization and poets eager to find eternal human affirmation. A little bit of both enters Kiesler's reverence and to my mind, is conveyed in the monument. Although the details have a slightly dated, *art nouveau* fussiness about them (one critic said the ribbed tunnel was like Dr. Caligari's cellar) the Shrine is dramatic and satisfying.

"Rockrise" by Yitzhak Danziger and Shammai Haber



Waterfall sculpture by Noguchi. Red granite



theater

BYRON PUMPHREY

Prior to attending the West Coast premiere of *Blues for Mister Charley* at the Lindy Opera House, I was at an afternoon affair given for the children who comprise the Medgar Evers Inspirational Choir of Jackson, Miss. It was being held in the garden of the San Fernando Valley home of Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Schneider. A swimming pool and playground were adjacent to the patio and garden and all of the children, Negro and white, were having a merry time swimming and playing. The party was the last of the events scheduled for Operation Exposure, the idea being a three-day exposure to life lived outside of a closed society for the children. While in Los Angeles, the children had seen Negroes participating in many meaningful ways in a society which, while far from completely free and open, was in enormous contrast to anything in their experience. They had witnessed, for instance, a Negro judge presiding at a trial; had been welcomed by municipal officials, some of whom were Negroes, visited the Art Museum and Music Center; been entertained at Disneyland and given a tour of the movie studios in Universal City. In the garden of the Schneider home they were seeing black and white adults in friendly, informal conversation with one another, quite a number of whom, apparently, had been friends for some time. Operation Exposure was the brain child of Thomas Neusom, a prominent Negro attorney of Los Angeles, and the affair at the Schneider home was given under the auspices of the Hollywood Civil Rights and Educational Foundation, Inc.

In viewing the James Baldwin drama that same evening, my mind returned to the scenes of the afternoon, and I suppose it was virtually inevitable that the thought should have occurred, "What if such experiences had come early in the life of Richard Henry, Baldwin's protagonist in *Blues*? Would the ways of the South nevertheless have fashioned him into the same angry, bitter youth Baldwin has given us on the stage? The question, though an imponderable, is relevant. The Negro seeks acceptance, "belongingness," the right to be treated for what he is, a full member of the human race. Rejection and unequal treatment can be counted on to cause, in some individuals, the same effects that Baldwin reproduces in his fictional hero.

Most of New York's drama critics viewed *Blues for Mr. Charley* as a play written in bitterness and anger; an impassioned, but confused statement on the wrongs done the American Negro by the white man. There was general disappointment concerning *Blues*. Baldwin's position is that it is not a Negro play at all. "I'm aiming it at everybody," he told Sam Zolotow, the *New York Times* drama editor. "The play is about a state of mind and relationship of people to each other helplessly corrupted and destroyed by this insanity you call color." (my emphasis)

Providing the white person seeing the play does not project his own fears and anxieties on to the action and content of the drama, he will find that Baldwin's claim is borne out. The young white man, Lyle, who murders Richard has been, if anything, more helplessly corrupted by the cultural patterns of the South than the young Negro who vows to cure himself by hatred. Psychologically, Lyle has been rendered just as sick. "I had to kill him. I'm a white man," Lyle says after they confront each other and Richard refuses to apologize for his behavior in Lyle's store, behavior towards Lyle's wife which was offensive and uncalled for. His remarks and actions were smarm-alecky rather than suggestive, but any husband would have taken offense to them.

Lyle's action in shooting Richard becomes, then, comparable to the case of the husband "honor" bound to kill the man with whom his wife has committed adultery. It received the cultural sanction of the community; even more, he had to do what he did or lose the community's respect.

Richard's dilemma goes deeper. He can be subservient and obliging when some white man yells out, "Boy!" and lose his self-respect. Where Lyle's action is dictated, in large measure, from the outside, Richard's is from within. Even so, Richard is sick with hatred and the hatred stems from what he has experienced in his relations with white people.

The dramatic action of *Blues*, it is true, shows one violence and hate, but it does so in order that this behavior may be counter-acted, not induced. In his search for dramatic truth, Baldwin could not have avoided showing the bitterness and anger that very certainly have been produced in some Negroes. If Richard's actions are extravagantly obnoxious, the cruelties and injustices he saw all about him, the circumstances of his mother's death, and the treatment any Negro experiences in his relations with the white world, were terrible enough to have had this effect upon him.

Baldwin tells us in his introductory notes to *Blues* of his fear that he would not be able to draw a valid portrait of the murderer, then goes on to remark about not just the author's but *our* duty to understand Lyle. And from Baldwin's understanding, there does issue a valid portrait. He gives us a faithful picture of the poor white, a man neither mean nor cruel, but locked by his cultural environment in the prison of color.

Baldwin's other principal characters are equally well drawn: Meridian Henry, the Negro preacher who is Richard's father; Parnell James, editor of the local newspaper, a friend of the Negroes, and a friend of Lyle; Jo Britten, Lyle's wife; and Juanita, with whom Richard fell in love.

Unfortunately for Baldwin's play, and notwithstanding some good performances, the staging of it here was so bad that Baldwin can still be accused of not knowing his medium and of having made a statement on current issues unworthy of his previous writing. Most disappointing in this respect was the performance of Frank Silvera in the key role of Meridian. The Negro minister is the character that comes closest to expressing Baldwin's viewpoint, though one should never make the mistake of identifying any character as the voice of the writer. It is Meridian, nevertheless, that voices the compassion and understanding that one has come to expect of Baldwin on the subject of race. Silvera, however, allows only rare glimpses into the depths of the character he is portraying. For example the sermon Meridian preaches over the bier of his son is not the sermon of a bereaved father, but the declamation of a man on a soapbox; it is stentorian but hollow.

Harens is fine as Parnell, the tired, white liberal, the self-elected mediator between the black and white world. He shows some the deep-seated conflicts of a man who works indefatigably to bring Lyle to trial and then, on the witness stand, cannot bring himself to contradict the false testimony given by Lyle's wife. There are those who would accuse Baldwin of playing fast and loose in the denouement, but it would be almost impossible for a true-gray southern gentleman to say a white woman lied, which was what Parnell was called to do. Baldwin is right in his understanding of how powerfully the cultural imperatives affected the minds and behavior of his characters.

The court scene was sadly mishandled. Baldwin was really sounding the Blues then, with solos by individual characters and black and white choruses alternating. Nobody in the theater could have had, however, the faintest realization of what was intended by listening to what went on on stage. It was all lost, miserably lost. The fact is that this play was never really heard on stage at all. There was dutiful applause on those occasions when it seemed that a player had extended himself emotionally. Center stage. Long emotional speech. Applause. Poor, conditioned audience. But sound and fury has got to signify something. There has to be an underlying rhythm of speech and movement that connects with everything that happens. It just wasn't there. Curt Conway, who directed, apparently wasn't hip to a very important word in the title of Baldwin's play: *Blues*. Anyway, he failed to get it into the performance. *Blues* would be, I believe, a very moving theater experi-

ence. When staged as it should be, then let Baldwin's dramaturgy be judged.

As to other individual performances, Mike Whitney's portrayal of Lyle was well done, and Otis Young acquitted himself as Richard. Margaret Blye's Jo Britten was an accomplished piece of acting and Nichelle Nicols as Juanita was adequate. William Thalley, a man who had never appeared on stage before, did Pape D to a turn. Good support was lent by Bob DoQui as Lorenzo, Zara Cully as Mother Henry, and Major Conic as counsel for the bereaved.

The Theater Group, University of California Extension, opened its 1965-66 subscription season with an evening of one-acts: Harold Pinter's *The Lover*, Murray Schisgal's *Windows* and Tennessee Williams' *I Rise in Flame Cried the Phoenix*, presented in that order.

Whether it was intended or not, the program disclosed one thing very clearly: the concoctions of Pinter and Schisgal are sterile when placed alongside Williams' study of the last living hours of D. H. Lawrence. The mirroring of the dry rot of vast segments of contemporary society was, however, the intent of Pinter and Schisgal. Taken on that basis, both plays succeed, but I wouldn't walk across the street to see either of them again.

The Lawrence and Frieda given to us by Williams are of the earth, earthy; their minds and bodies are open to sun and wind. This short piece is, in fact, one in which one feels cosmic forces at play in male and female. Love, marriage, death, and the struggle of the artist to give meaning to life. Williams touches on all these matters in a very short play. It is an amazing feat of dramatic condensation to have wrought so powerful a piece in so little playing time. A poet as well as a dramatist has spoken on Lawrence. In doing so, he has distilled life, love, and marriage in a play as complete as a poem which sends vibrations through the heart.

Although I did not find Alfred Ryder's portrayal of Lawrence wholly satisfactory, he gave one a sense of the burning intensity of the man. He seemed lacking to me, however, in that quality of dominating male-ness possessed by Lawrence, which is rather a matter of casting than of acting. Nina Foch gave another one of her fine performances for Theater Group as Frieda and Joyce van Patten was quite good as Bertha.

Alfred Ryder directed all three plays and showed himself a master of each one. Scene designs were by Joseph A. Rubino; lighting by Myles Harmon; and costumes by Mina Mittelman.

Theater Group's second offering was *Promises to Keep*, a dramatization of the poetry of Robert Frost. Frost's verse doesn't lend itself at all well to this kind of treatment and the overall effect was to reduce his observations on the people and country of New England to an almost unbearable triteness. What made matters even worse was that interspersed with the poetry were the comments Frost had made on what poetry meant to him. These were stirring, indeed, but were inappropriate to what went on on stage. It wasn't so much the actors were at fault, but rather that they were in the way. The poet's communication is directly with the reader or auditor who in some subtle way becomes the poet. Introduce an actor and that process is blocked. A good reader of poetry, whether an actor or somebody else, can make things happen in a poem, but once you start dramatizing it and messing it up with theatrical effects the essential spirit is too often lost. Maybe I can make what I'm saying clearer by asking those who saw *Promises* to make an experiment. Read Frost's *The Road Not Taken* silently to yourself. Then recall the scene on stage in which the actor delivers it.

The most successful pieces, pieces which lent themselves best to dramatic treatment were *Love and a Question*, *Home Burial*, *Snow*, and *One Hundred Collars*. The cast consisted of Philip Abbott as the poet; Sandy Kenyon who appeared as a young farmer, a preacher, and a neighbor; Gail Kobe as the wife; John McLiam as the husband and a collector; and James O'Reare as a farmer and a professor. The dramatization was by Abbott. Abbott and McLiam directed jointly. Original music was by Naomi Caryl Hirshhorn, scene design by Jim Freiburger, and lighting by Myles Harmon.

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music

PETER YATES

A FORD TO TRAVEL 5: ONCE at Ann Arbor

When I had drafted *A Ford to Travel* #4, printed here last month, I sent it off to Gordon Mumma and Bob Ashley of ONCE for their correction. After the copy was returned I wrote this letter, which I quote in part. "Lucky I didn't answer your yesterday's letter last night, because the ms etc. arrived today, with your controversial criticisms which are pure delight. This is how I get educated, by putting together the best information I have, plus corollary opinions, guesses, etc., and firing it off to the concerned parties, who in desperation but politely, to avoid slander, libel, myth, a blighted future, etc., rewrite it for me and send it back . . ."

"Oh it is tempting to publish you as wholly writ! . . . You have added to my information and I am therefore better educated. You glare at me like the bust of Beethoven. You have not solved the amateur vs. pro issue: the [Rockefeller Brothers Fund *Report on the Performing Arts*] says there are 60,000 amateur musicians in U. S. orchestras and only 7200 pros. How do they count you? Gerald Strang praised you as the best amateurs in the electronic music business. But you are right and I have mulled the issue too often. You shall therefore be as professional as a white-tiled men's room . . . The truth is you will neither ever be professional. You are enthusiasts, you are mad, you by-pass safety, you keep falling over one or another of your facets. I love you."

Gerald Strang said to me more recently: "What we need in electronic music, to enable it to speak its own language, is to have many more skilled amateurs and far fewer musically trained professionals."

In February this year I visited the ONCE Festival, presided over by Bob and Gordon, in the VFW Hall at Ann Arbor. Last month I gave the background of the leading members of ONCE and of their festival. I shall try now to describe what happened there.

Thursday 2/11/65. *Signposts* by Robert Falck (Brandeis University Electronic Music Studio). Long, sustained, harsh noise-sounds. No great piece but a good "trumpet overture" for a start. *My Piece* by Richard Waters (Ann Arbor composer) performed by ONCE Theater Ensemble: 5 episodes rather like charades, solemn-pompous, performed inside a plastic-enclosed room, using candles, old tunes from phonograph records, vocal sound with throat-mikes. Done like all at ONCE, with care. One can never tell from the presentation how the performers estimate the worth of what they are doing — reminds of Schoenberg's Vienna programs (*Verein für Musikalische Privataufführungen*), but there the bad examples were deliberately selected. I feel that ONCE, providing opportunity, reserves judgment. Programs do run too long. (These notes were written the next day from memory.)

Fragment by George Wilson, composed 1964 at University of Michigan Electronic Music Studio. Quick, smart, neat, short. (Ross Lee Finney took me through the new Electronic Music Studio — \$17,000 with more to come — temporarily located in the new School of Music building, University of Michigan, North Campus, later to be installed in a space designed for it. Will have computers available for composing. Not a convenience but a creative workshop like those in the School of Art. The building itself brought to my mind the *Hohefestung* at Salzburg, what the British sculptor, Reg Butler, calls "the neofascism of Eero Saarinen.")

Voce 1 by Harley Gabor (New York). A soprano made occasional voice and mouth noises while a pianist played, pounded, prepared (metal sheet, coat hanger, and other objects on strings) and plucked a piano. An outstanding virtue of ONCE is inclusion of many composers not confined to accredited names, allowing wide range and variety of exhibition, as at a well-run gallery of modern art, some ill-conceived, beginnerish, obsolete. This was all three.

The King of Denmark by Morton Feldman, played by Max Neuhaus. Accredited composer — I met him later in these travels, when Dore Ashton kindly invited us both to dinner at her home in New York — and accredited young percussionist (presently a member of the Rockefeller Foundation-sponsored new music performance nucleus directed

by Ralph Shapey at the University of Chicago). Neuhaus played very softly with fingertips on a large collection of percussive sound-producers supported on metal pipe-frames. Charming, in the real sense of the word, delicate, at the threshold of silence. I anticipated a return of the "ghost" by way of tape-loops, but the piece ended gratefully without change of dynamics or use of tape. Then followed *Everything Max Has* by Philip Corner: Max Neuhaus taking apart and boxing the percussion equipment, while we all gawked (which I wrote about last month).

I Spent the Whole Day Shopping: Jackie Mumma on hands and knees (cartoon of title) dragging two small tables, one roped to each ankle. Scraping sounds magnified via contact mikes. Later stood and maneuvered tables. Return of amplified sounds delayed, then actual sounds only. After Neuhaus an unnecessary diversion, but the group tries anything once. They admit many failures, changes of taste and sophistication. They never apologize. Bob complains: Our audience is so sophisticated we can no longer shock them. Is this the true purpose? At Finney's composition seminar we discussed the role of shock. Comedy a better term? Vaudeville? Composers discount shock yet do use it as dramatic means: Beethoven did often — or like Chaplin falling downstairs. Intermission.

The Jelloman by Mary Ashley, creator of ONCE publicity, some of the most provocative, arresting, imaginative in recent years. Has brought ONCE fame from afar. A melo-vaudeville including a wrapped creature in a wheelchair, later, when unwrapped, holding a clear plastic umbrella, afterwards bound with ropes; a naked, narcissistic savage with a mirror smearing himself with a body-lotion; a semi-uniformed handyman; a body on a wheeled stretcher; a blank-faced robot in diver's boots; four judo wrestlers (one a black belt master) who tossed one another with mighty thumps but not the master (too diverting, we all agreed afterwards); two fencers inept because fencing left-handed (trying I suppose to be funny: going down the aisle they nearly pinked a few spectators); a candy-foam machine and proud proprietor operating it. Many combinations, among them fight of savage and handyman and collapse under candy-foam tree. The event ended when all participants had been wheeled or dragged or gone on their own power down the aisle; and without pause a hard-beat trio, who had been splattering jazz throughout, drew a bevy of dancers from the audience to the cleared floor. (There was only a small elevated platform in one corner; most of the action occurred on the same level as the audience).

Inexplicable fun in the current humor, no why, with sexuality, sadism, psychos, and dead-pan action, set off against the thumping grace of judo. Make of it what you please. Igor Stravinsky, commenting on reviewers (*New York Review*, June 3, 1965): "The reader deserves the dignity of argument, and if the reviewer cannot supply one he should give the facts of the concert and other bits of reportage about it, and no more . . . Perhaps the central problem is to measure the individuating newness." I give here the reportage, last month the argument.

February 12, 1965, Friday: Began with *Vectors*, an electronic practice piece by my friend Aurelio de la Vega of San Fernando Valley State. Then *Trigon* by Udo Kasamets of Toronto. A large number of vocalists and instrumentalists spread around room walls, continually changing places; great variety of small and large *klangfarben* (clangor-making) patterns. Two conductors used gestures and displayed time-intervals printed on cards. The low ceiling with acoustical tiles absorbed sound, prevented mixing. Gerald Warfield's *January '65*, which I heard later at North Texas State University, used smaller forces in a good auditorium and succeeded.

A Lion's Share by Russell Peck. Audible *Op.* Light vibrating in synchronization with a slowly accelerating motorcycle motor — a noise-irritant with eye-irritation added. Irritation brings up a major problem: what to make of Bob Ashley's *The Wolfman*, performed at this point in the festival and a fixture in recent ONCE traveling productions. In the first place, my description of it is incorrect, because at Ann Arbor, from my seat in the back of the hall that night, I couldn't make out what he was doing. At Roosevelt University in Chicago, where I shared an evening with Mumma and Ashley, I could see what Bob was doing so clearly I choked up watching his red-faced effort to produce more sound, because the amplification was inadequate. Simply,

Bob Ashley, his face lit from below (horror movies) stands at a floor mike giving out a skilled variety of throat sounds (singer in a night-club) to the accompaniment of noises from tape. With the right conditions and enough amplification I presume that this conveys a horror-movie parody of Wolfman as night-club singer. At Ann Arbor, the ring of speakers about the walls gave insufficient volume and much of that was taken up by the low, acoustical-tile ceiling.

pc by George Crevoshay. The naked savage of *Jelloman*, now hairily resembling the young Einstein, performed on clavichord, and alternately, by shifting around, on upright piano and its open action, accompanied by a second piano played and plucked. Some nice sounds and occasional use of *bebung* (vibrato on clavichord) but insufficient invention to sustain its length. Mere oddity or unusualness of sound without some sort of idiomatic device to sustain attention soon cancels in the ears. The listener most often loses interest in such devices before the composer is willing to let up.

By contrast, sound relatively unvaried but idiomatic can sustain attention for a long time; I learned this while listening to the first half of one of LaMonte Young's *Dream Tortoise* performances in Greenwich Village. This consisted of two string players devotedly sustaining a single tone each (in just intonation) for two hours — no slight task of concentration, I would guess — while Young and his wife vocally produced several other tones (in equally strict just intonation) so accurately that the resulting accumulation of never more than four tones in correct acoustical relationship produced a play of overtones and difference tones which, via loudspeaker, seemed almost orchestral. Nothing else happened, except the moment of impact when Young from time to time would come in with the lowest tone of the ensemble, having the effect of the long "Om" of Hindu ritual. The small audience sat without shuffling its feet or coughing, seemingly as relaxed as I became; and the two hours I sat there paid tribute to a unique musical experience — no tribulation. At 11 p.m. we were invited to enjoy a 15-minute break and return for another 1½ hours of the same thing. Regretfully — I mean it — I apologized to the performers that I must leave. In sound at least, Young has got very close to a psychological nerve of ritual.

What most fascinates me about all of these experiences, barring a few presumptuous outright failures, is the determination of the performers and the difficulty I encounter when trying to assimilate what occurred by means of words describing positive experience. Because the experience is not negative — only that the older aristocracy of our tradition has lost its heads. (We are passing through and across one of the great watersheds of esthetic history, a succession of high, barren, forbidding mountainous ridges; I place the Continental Divide around 1925, when Schoenberg composed his *Wind Quintet*. After that, transmutation of a tone into any sound became possible, and we crossed another high plateau preparatory to attempting the steep gradients of Cage.) If I had doubted my own judgment that what was happening was worth my time, the generally positive audience reaction could not be doubted. Those who came to be *in* it enjoyed themselves; their attention told me that. I'm an experienced listener to audiences; their rustlings can tell more than the show. A few among the ONCE audience were not in it, a small unhappy minority.

If a tone can be transmuted into any sound, it can be replaced by a noise or, as I am starting to perceive, an action. We know that a sound can suffice for an action, as we sometimes hear more than we see in television drama: the question is to what extent an action can do the work of a sound. One twist of the rugged pass in esthetics we are now traveling.

Intermission. Then *Omaggio a Emilio Vedova* by Luigi Nono, one of the younger European big names. Like each of Nono's compositions that I have heard this is plainly meant to be "work of art" in the accustomed meaning of the term. The composer seeks to give the impression of a daring originality but takes few real chances. Though he is a declared Communist, like Picasso and Sartre, I doubt that his work is conservative enough for Russia. Some of our vestigial isolationists in high places had denied him admission to this country to attend the Boston premiere of his *Intolleranza*, but a flood of letters from his musical friends, and a general feeling of outrage, broke the barrier. Gordon Mumma told me that when the ONCE group performed at the Venice Biennale last year it was Nono who smoothed

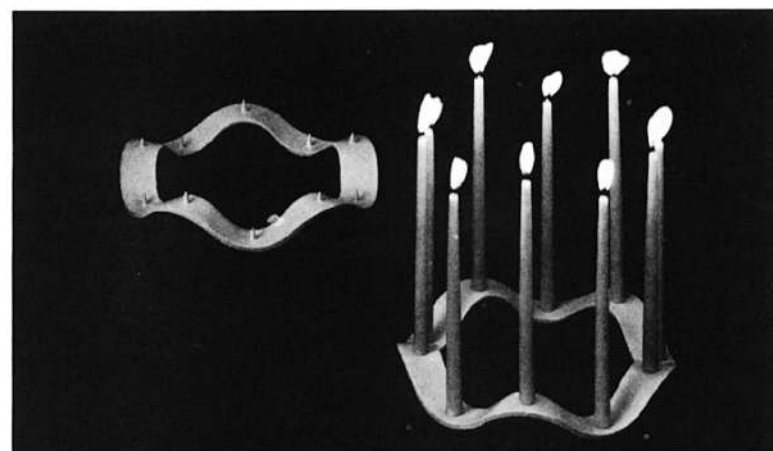
their path by many courtesies.

time on time In miracles by George Cacioppo of ONCE. An instrumental piece. I like George Cacioppo, but the next day I could recall nothing of his composition, nor could anyone describe it for me, and the score, as so often, was a graph too complex to convey its sound. Either the work or the performance must have been "neutral." George, I'm sorry. Perhaps it was swallowed up in the next composition, *Just Walk On In* by Robert Sheff, also of ONCE, which I have noted as a magnificently achieved theatrical sound-clangor sustained with many variants of interplay over a long period. Gordon was playing sax and clarinet and sometimes one *through* the other. Bob held a lighted bulb in his mouth, later used a slingshot (notes don't indicate how or why). The players exchanged scores, objects, crumpled paper. Contact mikes widely distributed, including one "soloist" who rubbed table, combed hair and body with it. When the time came to stop, one of the players would not let go, and the thing sort of frayed out. But best of evening. The second time around it might seem no more portentous than Sonny Liston.

Saturday, 2/13/5. *Compositions* by Gerald Strang, very short, composed with an IBM 7090 computer (hence the title) during his two-month stay at the Bell Laboratories in 1963. Smilingly delightful, but probably the farthest out in technique of all the electronic works offered (using, for example, two arbitrarily derived equal-tempered scales). Proving that genuine difficulty need not *sound* so. *Dialogue* by James Tenney, formerly of Bell Labs now doing research at the Yale Electronic Studio, a good electronic composition. *Study Three* by Edward Zajda of Chicago showed more character, dark, hard electronic sound, distinct and compelling.

Majority, quartet for three instruments and piano using indeterminate means, by Malcolm Goldstein of New York. "How Charley Ives would have loved that!" I exclaimed; and my words got back to the composer, who valued them because the piece is a tribute to Ives. I didn't know that, or that it was composed of fragments from Ives'

(Continued on page 37)



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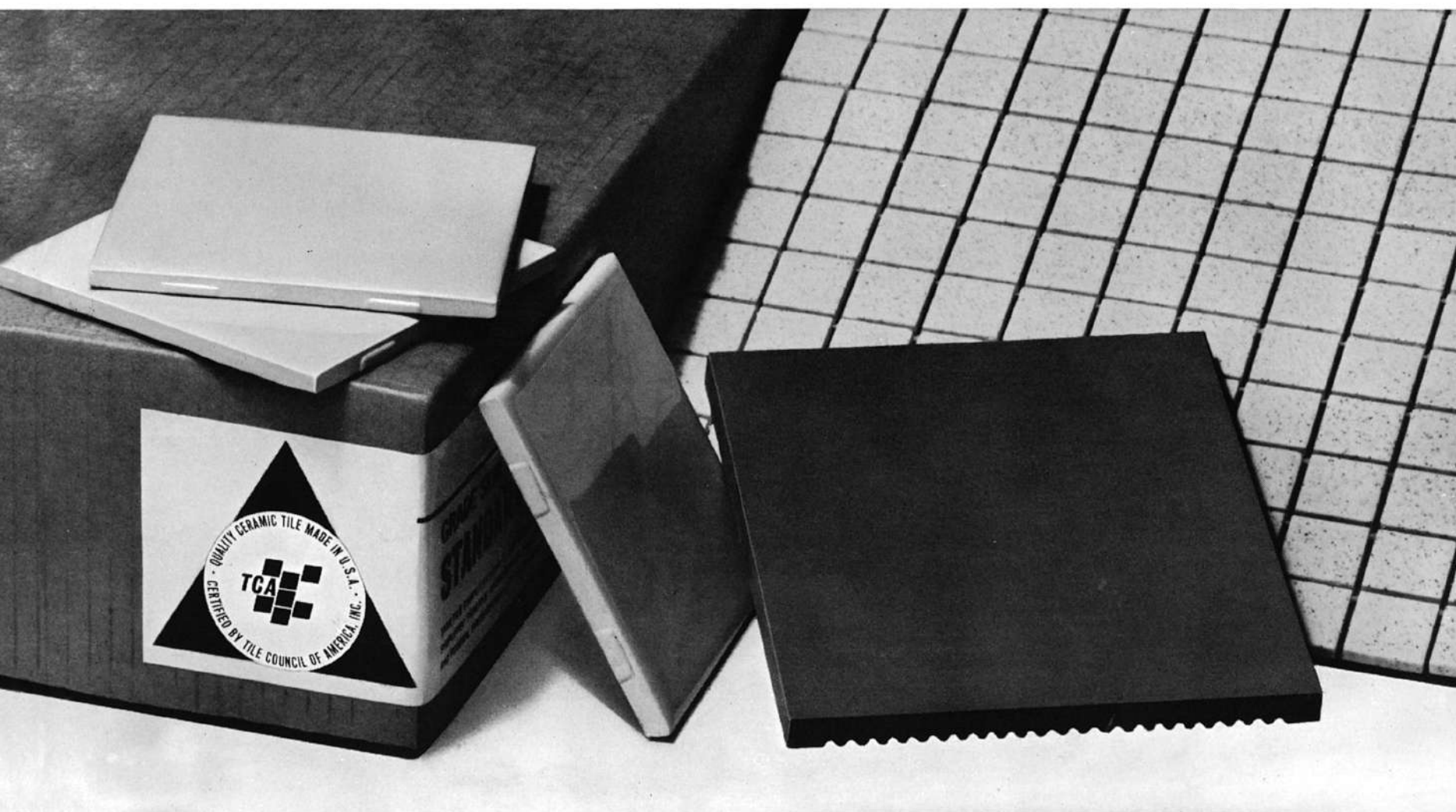
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compositions. (It was played instead of the programmed *For Once*, which was unfinished.) Finely weaving instrumental sound against a powerfully reiterated single piano chord. A hint of Ives quotation only; the sonorities and character make it unmistakable in reference, but it does not imitate. Then the instruments become less active, while the pianist bounces chords all over the keyboard—a superb display by Philip Corner, also from New York. The composer played violin. *Caterpillar* by Donald Scavarda of ONCE. Projected single colors on a columnar surface, side-angled, while a professorial voice solemnly lectures on The Caterpillar. The word "Spring" summons that Beethoven sonata, while the light-projection starts playing tricks on the columns. A weather broadcast overruns the music, then hog market figures, a meat company advertisement, the lights still more elaborate. Amusing, not fused. *Track* by David Behrman of New York, another sound-clangor piece for instruments, while tapes play talk. Hard to evaluate such an unassertive piece on an assertive program. Here too the composer played violin.

Mograph-interleaf-Mograph by Gordon Mumma opened as a composition for two pianos played by Gordon and Bob; tape loops took over, then electronic circuitry picking up the sound at various distances and transforming it. The *interleaf* was In Memoriam the Dresden firestorm exactly 20 years before; this became an overwhelming tone and sound evocation of the bombing and fire. Each part began in new keyboard-originated tones. Powerful, moving, and fully achieved, except one technical detail, which brought about an improvement for this section which I heard during our joint program at Roosevelt University, Chicago.

Variations IV by John Cage. Before leaving Los Angeles I heard John and David Tudor perform this for more than three hours in a Hollywood art gallery, each using a portable phonograph, tape players, and radio, through speakers located at various places in the building, the musical selections and sounds at random. The audience wandered about not "with it."

At ONCE the theatrical possibilities were emphasized. On the small platform an interview was being mimed (an American composer interviewing another American composer), while a tape of the actual interview, taken from the air, played through an inconspicuous speaker. The interviewee blasted several of his more popular contemporaries (all "gimmicky" but hitting also real flaws); Leonard Bernstein and his short, destructive, preliminary talks; said many things about musical conditions and personalities as true as embarrassing; while the mimed "feedback" turned it all to parodic comedy, the audience laughing at truth and parody at once. Meanwhile a girl was tied to a table and elevated by two men to the top of a metal pole. Firecrackers are exploding, an automobile motor is running outside an open door. George Cacioppo appears, bemused and carrying a baton, as if expecting an orchestra. Mary Ashley approaching with a scarf winds it round his neck, returns with an overcoat to put it on him, returns to exchange his glasses for dark glasses, to outfit him with a piano accordion, finally exchanges a blind man's white, red-tipped cane for his baton. The image of the reduced "conductor" is led down the aisle, bleating his accordion, as he continues doing in the lobby while the audience files by and down to beer and dancing in the basement. During *Variations IV* a reproduced letter from composer Nam June Paik of New York was distributed: his composition. A likeable fellow, a "character": I met him afterwards in New York.

It should be evident that in expanding these notes made at the time I have not tried to gloss over my difficulties. But the evidence in favor of ONCE piled up during the fourth program, Sunday evening, when Lukas Foss came with his performing nucleus from the University of Buffalo, all duly clothed in formal black but tailless, and played a "theatrical music" program that was stiff and unnatural with over-rehearsal, as well as, I suspect, professional reluctance on the part of the players, who were required in several places to engage in nonsense dialogue. If the spirit is unwilling, the show is weak. The program ended with Foss's *Echoi*, a compilation of borrowed technical and "theatrical music" devices worked up to the insistence of a masterpiece, unnecessarily troublesome to perform and played with excruciating precision, the unrelenting cascades of notes not dissonance but discordance, as in so many serial composition which obey arbitrary laws but disregard acoustics. A drop of discord may be good to sharpen flavor

but is bad by the cup. Noise is more musical, because of the far wider interplay of overtones. Listening to the audience I was aware that they, too, felt the difference. Richard Duffalo's *Improvisation* for flute, clarinet, viola, cello, percussion, probably because it seemed to be the least rehearsed, went best—as much talk as notes. How does one take credit as composer of an "Improvisation"? You can improvise it first, then write it out; I doubt that was done in this instance. A title as unrealistic as "Impromptu."

Let me say, to avoid controversy, that *this* article has *not* been read in advance nor have its contents or comments been approved by any members of ONCE.

books

CARLOS RAUL VILLANUEVA AND THE ARCHITECTURE OF VENEZUELA by Sibyl Moholy-Nagy (Praeger, \$12.50)

Sibyl Moholy-Nagy's books are always larger than the subject: she lifts it from the narrow to the historical with patience, sometimes with scolding, and always an occulting architectural eye that sees both the part and the whole. She notes that the King of Spain's Law of the Indies, by which South American towns of the Colonial period were pre-planned and executed in one piece, varies little from the *Castrum Romanum*; and that the "unlimited power of the 'Alarife,' the town builder, sent by the King of Spain, lives on in the supreme independence still enjoyed by South American architects and planners in their work."

In defense of this freedom from interference of the planner, she quotes Villanueva himself: "It is a curious cultural sidelight that the much deplored semi-feudal state capitalism of South America guarantees to architects of gigantic works the supremacy of their decisions, while the democratic, free-enterprise states of Europe and North America established long ago the strangling interference of the lowest 'common' design denominator."

Mrs. Moholy-Nagy's claims for Villanueva are based on his influence as an initiator, an educator, and a transformer of Renaissance tradition to fit the new social, technological and esthetic landscape as much as upon his planning and buildings for the new University City in Caracas and other large public works; these she calls "tentative statements arbitrating between historical man and the age of technology," which somehow strengthens the claims for Villanueva's powerful concrete structures. The human scale of the covered walk and plaza on the campus, the remarkable talent displayed in the integration of works of art into the architecture, and the way he has used landscaping to support the architecture speak of his acceptance of the total responsibility—rather than a divided one—of the architect.

But the book itself demonstrates the responsibility the author feels to the reader, for it is a book to be read as much as looked at. Her selection of handsome photographs brings history within close range and provides a wide-angle view of Villanueva's major works—and all of them are major in the planning sense and often in the architectural.

—ESTHER McCOY

TOWN PLANNING IN THE NETHERLANDS SINCE 1900 by J. Blijstra (P. N. van Kampen & Zoon nv Amsterdam, no price listed)

The relation between town planning and town development in America is highly tenuous in comparison to conditions that exist in Europe. Our planners will often say, with training, experience, and statistics to back them up, that development should take place in a certain way, but commercial interests almost always rule; or perhaps it is more truthful to say that what commerce feels to be its *immediate* interest rules, for we seldom go so far as to experiment to find out whether a beautiful area, one easy to approach and pleasant to move through, might not also be a more rousing commercial success than the deadly downtowns and shopping centers that are commonplace everywhere.

In the Netherlands the planners have far more control; indeed, their



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Q: I heard of a ready-mixed concrete job the other day that was quite faulty. Is this avoidable?

A: When ready-mixed concrete is delivered to your job it has been carefully proportioned and thoroughly mixed to produce the strength you ordered. Bulletin No. 3 of the Technical Service Department of Kaiser Cement and Gypsum Company lists the many precautions in the site preparation, placement, finishing and curing necessary in order that a satisfactory, quality finished product may be obtained. All of these are important and any one, if neglected, could cause problems for which the ready-mixed concrete itself could not be blamed.

Q: Someone recently mentioned a new system for coloring and giving pattern to tufted carpets that has advantages over older systems. Do you happen to have any information on this?

A: One of the newest exhibitors in the Building Center is a manufacturer of carpeting who utilizes the Colorset process for the creation of multi-color patterns on tufted carpets. This involves the use of a flat-bed, electronic device which transfers to plain tufted carpet any choice of hues in any pattern, and it is probably the system you have in mind. As the dyestuffs used in this process are pre-metalized, the carpeting is more fast-to-light than conventionally dyed yarns. Design can take any form or shape as the dyestuff is applied after the carpeting is tufted. Patterns can be curvilinear and as graph paper is not employed in design, steps and ladders are not encountered. And most important, the process draws the colored dyestuff into the yarn and fibers all the way through to the back. All of this, according to the manufacturer, results in better design, more permanent color, and more value for each dollar spent. We suggest you see the new display.

Q: I want an easily applied material to color a concrete block garden wall and adjoining concrete terrace. I would like something with interesting color possibilities. What do you suggest?

A: The time-proven penetrating stain for wood has been found to be an excellent, permanent coloring for all types of concrete, indoors and out. Color selection includes not only the wide range of ready-mixed hues but the variation in shade between one coat and two, intermixing of these hues for a variety of tinting shades and effects, and the use of white as a base with any universal colorant. Because of their penetration these color tones provide excellent durability and color retention and will never chip, peel, flake or lift as heavier film forming coatings often do. Application is quite simple on any surface that is completely cured and free of dirt, grease and wax. You can use a roller, a large paint brush, a pushbroom or an old mop to apply the stain. It should not be applied in the extreme heat of sunshine and of course will not penetrate previously painted surfaces.

Q: I have all the information I need on fire extinguishers. What I need now is data on cabinets to house them in an apartment building we are designing.

A: Cabinets made of heavy gauge steel and finished in hammer-tone grey conform to fire regulations and are available in several models, including recessed, semi-recessed and the surface mounted. All are installed 36 inches from the floor. One of the models recessed in the wall after plastering has smooth round edges to give it a modern appearance and features a circular shelf with beaded front to protect the fire extinguisher from damage.

Building Center 7933 West Third Street Los Angeles, California

control is so tightly exercised over architects it seems tyrannical. Disputes over roof pitches have reached the point of recriminations and resignations. Mr. Blijstra's book explores the relationship between architects and town planners and tries to consider dispassionately what the proper sphere of each should be. Should a planner even be an architect? and, if he is, will he proceed to assume too much of the architect's role to the detriment not only of the freedom of the project architect, but also to the other aspects of his own profession, i.e. sociological, traffic patterns, statistical and economic analyses?

All of this is, of course, discussed against the background of the Dutch landscape, which is quite unlike our own, and which irresistibly molds different attitudes and different feelings about towns and town life. Holland is a land literally wrested from the sea; occasionally the sea reclaims part of it, and this is an ever present danger. There is not much land, and what there is is precious and not to be wasted. The landscape is flat, with occasional dips that are usually filled with water. Since there are so few natural features and tidiness is such a national characteristic, both existing and newly reclaimed land is broken into monotonous gridiron patterns. Town life, while not highrise, is quite compact and without suburban sprawl; there is a clear division between city or village and country.

While the country does not have a problem of overpopulation, land use seems high by our standards. Statistics are not given, but the pictures show a concentration of attached dwelling units that, for example in a so-called "garden suburb" of Rotterdam, is many times the 4 or 5 dwelling units or less per acre that we would associate with this name. Higher densities are of course not in themselves a mistake; they can promote the advantages, among others, of short commuting distances, and the urban feeling which to many people rates almost as a cultural advantage. Yet density has to be carefully handled so that the urban area remains humane. Not all of the illustrated samples do. One example of "rather spacious town-planning" looks more like a crowded slum. It is discouraging to see that stringent planning does not necessarily produce either good architecture or well-planned towns. The most inviting photograph in the book shows a road built along a winding canal, with barges, boats, many trees, and scattered houses, the whole composition obviously not the result of planning at all.

THE NATURE OF DESIGN by David Pye (Reinhold Publishing Corp., \$1.95)

Professor Pye of the Royal College of Art, Great Britain, has presented us with a curious little work in which, like Don Quixote, he spends his time fighting windmills. Most professional designers are aware of the pitfalls of "Form follows function," a cliché which was heralded by the new forms of the nineteenth century. Yet this work is devoted in all its 95 pages to smashing this theory. Yes, of course, Mr. Pye, we have got to first ask ourselves what is form and then what is function and, by golly, it's anybody's guess as to how you put the two together. But, frankly, what has this to do with design and integrity? We should not be completely fair if we did not state that his arguments are lucid, well exemplified and constitute a proper criticism of a designer working against eclecticism in the 1890's. Problems of mass production and a reinterpretation of design as seen from the view of the mechanical designer are also presented.

THE ART AND THOUGHT OF MICHELANGELO by Charles de Tolnay (Pantheon Books, \$7.95)

Few individuals have made such an impact upon posterity through their art as this dynamic sculptor. While the Illyrian peninsula during the late fifteenth and early sixteenth centuries became a spawning ground for artistic endeavor, creating a profusion of giants unequaled before or since, one man dominates this period, Michelangelo. The rugged, twisting masses of marble which are a product of his maturity evolved from a concrete philosophy. M. de Tolnay admirably shows the relationship of Michelangelo's art and his moral and political philosophy. While not offered as an historical interpretation of the period, many fine insights are nevertheless presented. The author mainly concerns himself with the savage energy which characterizes this art, and the social implications of it. The dynamism grew out of

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a desire by the sculptor to express his religious ardor. But perhaps M. de Tolnay's most significant contribution to the welter of ideas on the subject is the postulation that much of his work had a political as well as a religious inspiration.

Being a staunch republican, Michelangelo fled his native Florence in 1534 for a permanent "voluntary exile" during the last thirty years of his life. The republicanism that he envisioned entailed a participation in the government by all the land-owning or tax-paying individuals, which was an enlightened position for the period. Actually, Florence was governed by the Medici, a tyranny with a thin veneer of republican embellishments. Not until Florence became a Duchy, and Michelangelo's patron, Lorenzo, removed the last vestige of popular government did the artist realize the deception and put himself under the patronage of the Pope for the glorification of St. Peter's. A brief interest in serving under Francis I also dominated the period of the 1530's. A collateral insight is the positioning of the celebrated David to the front of the Palazzo della Signoria to celebrate the brief expulsion of the Medici as a triumph of liberty over tyranny. The political approach makes an interesting thesis, and the book is a demonstration that the view of the artist as a total being is vital to an understanding of his art.

THE BAROQUE PREVALENCE IN BRAZILIAN ART by Leopoldo Castedo (Charles Frank Publications, Inc., \$12.50)

It is not often that the American reader is offered a valuable artistic criticism from South America, not because the South Americans have nothing to say, but because translations of their opinions are so few. The dynamic art forms which are a legacy from Iberia's most active period have continued to influence Brazilian designers to the present day. Divided into such sections as Universality, Intimacy, Audacity and Sensuality, Leopoldo Castedo's book shows the relationship between such diverse individuals as Antonio Francisco Lisboa, the paraplegic sculptor of the eighteenth century, and the architect Neimeyer. Few would deny Neimeyer's baroque inspiration, yet few of us are aware of the precedents for his work. The photographs are admirable.

—ALAN RAPHAEL

CREATIVE LITHOGRAPHY And How To Do It by Grant Arnold (Dover, \$1.65). **FIGURE DRAWING** by Richard G. Hatton (Dover, 377 Illustrations, \$2.00). **A HANDBOOK OF ANATOMY FOR ART STUDENTS** by Arthur Thomson (Dover, \$3.00)

Dover Publications continues to offer the serious student and collector of art outstanding handbooks on the subject in three current offerings. *Creative Lithography* carries the reader through each stage of the lithographic process. Color printing is covered through clear and concise exposition. *Figure Drawing* approaches the subject from the point of the draftsman. The book stresses how the figure-sketcher should handle his subject, with illustrations both contemporary and from the classical period. *Handbook of Anatomy*, by the late Professor of Anatomy at Oxford and member of the Royal Academy, is one of the classic works on the human form. This volume, copiously illustrated, offers the student a complete and accurate anatomical guide with male and female figure compared in like poses.

TO THE GREAT OCEAN: The Taming of Siberia and The Building of the Trans-Siberian Railway by Harmon Tupper (Illustrated, Little, Brown & Co., \$8.95)

Railroad buffs, historians and the lay readers alike will delight in what is surely the definitive work on the construction of this globe's most prodigious railroad, dwarfing our own transcontinental efforts. Aside, however, from recounting 23 years of rail construction over

6,000 miles—Moscow to Vladivostok—the author tells us much of Soviet and Czarist Russian history during the planning, building and subsequent years, for the trans-Siberian railroad is inextricably bound up with the history of the old empire and the new. A monumental and fascinating work on a little-known subject. The scholarship is prodigious, and yet the author never bogs the reader down with excessive detail.

WINSTON CHURCHILL: An Intimate Portrait by Violet Bonham Carter (Harcourt, Brace & World, \$8.50)

The ultimate story of Winston Churchill is the story of a world political maverick, a man who transcended factions in the breadth of his vision and purpose. And who better to tell the story of his politically formative years—1905-1916—than Lady Violet Bonham Carter whose father, H. H. Asquith as Prime Minister gave Churchill his first important cabinet post and helped him in a significant way into the well-ordered maelstrom of British politics in those early years. Churchill, as we see him, was capable of shifting party allegiance with ease. Although the sea was his first love, he was a superb military strategist and probably had as good a grasp of land warfare as any British General in uniform. He was a fine historian, and his words will surely continue to thunder and roll for generations to come. Lady Violet is an admitted admirer of Churchill, although she finds much to criticize in his decisions during the ten years covered in this book. He was not, as she observes, a good politician. Although the Tory Party in 1914 was more abysmally short-sighted than it would be a quarter of a century later and there was justification for Churchill to take on the Conservatives and ultimately join the Liberals, only to switch back later, the author does not entirely forgive this political inconsistency. Churchill had an uncanny sense of prophecy, and was usually persuasive enough to get other men to act on his forebodings. Of the many Churchill books which have appeared since the world leader's passing, this is surely the best of the lot. —ROBERT JOSEPH

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(102) An attractive 32-page booklet describing a number of steel-framed homes is available from Bethlehem Steel Company. Write for Booklet 1802. Color and black and white photographs describe outstanding steel-framed houses in many areas in the United States. Floor plans, construction information, and costs are described. Examples of mountain cabins, apartments, and steep hillside site solutions are shown. Bethlehem Steel Company.

(103) Executive Desks: New collection by Brown-Saltman features designs by John Follis and Elisha Dubin. Manufactured in Southern California; complete local inventory available for immediate delivery. Brochure shows executive desks, conference desks, executive storage units, etc. Brown-Saltman Company.

(104) Exclusive distributors of Monkey Pod hardwood plywood paneling and suppliers of all types of hard and soft plywood masonite, and Formica decorative laminates. California Panel and Veneer Co.

(105) Roof deck systems and insulation, Bermuda roofs, fireproofing, fiber forms, acoustical treatments, insulating materials and loose fills based on the light-weight, fireproof qualities of Zonolite. California Zonolite Company.

(106) Interior Design: Crossroads have all the components necessary for the elegant contemporary interior. Available are the finest designed products of contemporary styling in: furniture, carpets, draperies, upholstery, wall coverings, lights, accessories, oil paintings, china, crystal and flatware. Booklet available. Crossroads Mfg. Inc.

(107) Furniture: A complete line of imported upholstered furniture and related tables, warehoused in California and Virginia for immediate delivery; handcrafted quality furniture moderately priced; ideal-

ly suited for residential or commercial use. Dux Inc.

(109) A brochure describing Flushplate—a breakthrough in the design of switch and outlet plates is now available. Illustrated to show completed installations as well as installation details; for architects, designers, decorators and builders. Flushplate Manufacturing Co.

(110) A high pressure plastic laminate in solid colors decorator designs and wood grains with up-to-date samples available at the display. A Formica exclusive is the custom design service of sealing murals, designs and art treatments to Formica. The newest development is the brushed finish laminate surfacing for kitchen cabinetry. Also available are Formica flush faced doors. Formica Corporation.

(111) Contemporary Fixtures: Catalog, data good line contemporary fixtures, including complete selection recessed surface mounted lense, down lights incorporating Corning wide angle Pyrex lenses, recessed, semi-recessed surface-mounted units utilizing reflector lamps; modern chandeliers for widely diffused, even illumination; Luxo Lamp suited to any lighting

task. Selected units merit specified for CSHouse 1950. Harry Gitlin.

(112) Wood/Line, Globe's newest fixture series, accents the texture and patina of real walnut with the cool (all over glow) diffusion of milk white plastic to provide the handcrafted look in lighting. Globe Illumination Company.

(113) Douglas Fir Roof Decking, an architect's and builder's guide to its use and availability, is the subject of a new 4-page brochure by Hemphill-O'Neill Lumber Company. The manufacturer produces quality decking in random and specified lengths to 24 feet, making possible rich, dramatic ceilings at low cost and with greater unbroken spans than commonly available. The brochure offers complete installation and manufacturing specifications. Hemphill-O'Neill Lumber Co., Inc.

(114) A new, 12-page executive furniture catalog has just been completed by Hiebert, Inc., manufacturers of a complete line of executive office furniture. New catalog contains detailed illustrations of the line, including executive desks, secretarial desks, side storage units, corner tables, confer-

ence table, executive chairs, and side chairs. The center spread features a full-color photograph showing the various Hiebert furniture pieces. Copies of the catalog may be obtained free of charge. Hiebert, Inc.

(115) The 36-page Hotpoint Profit Builders catalog for architects and builders contains specifics on Hotpoint's full line of products, including built-in ovens, dishwashers, disposers, heating devices, refrigerators, ranges, air conditioners, laundry equipment. Also included are diagrams of twelve model Hotpoint kitchens with complete specifications for each. Hotpoint.

(116) Executive desk accessories and home furnishings in an original design series of black matte cast iron and other metals. Fine castings made exclusively in this country. Ashtrays, cigarette boxes, lighters, candelabums, other decorative pieces. Catalogue available. Les Hunter Designs.

(117) Tile — Full-color brochure gives specifications and descriptive information about economy line of tile which offers all the advantages of genuine ceramic tile at a low price. Striking installations are illustrated to show why Trend Tile

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is ideal for budget-priced homes and multiple dwelling units. A complete color palette shows the 11 plain colors and 9 Crystal Glaze colors available. Also shown are the three versatile Trend Tile decoratives which enable architects, builders, tile contractors and designers to achieve a custom effect at a nominal price. Interpace.

(118) Tile — Full-color brochure, gives complete information about Franciscan Hermosa Tile, a Gladding, McBean building product, which features a host of interior and exterior installation photos which illustrate the wide range of colors, shapes and designs available in Franciscan Hermosa Tile. Interpace.

(119) Furniture — Three recently introduced Mies van der Rohe pieces plus complete line of furniture designed by Florence Knoll, Harry Bertola, Eero Saarinen, Richard Shultz, Mies van der Rohe and Lew Butler and a wide range of upholstery and drapery fabrics of infinite variety with color, weave and design utilizing both natural and man-made materials. Available to the architect is the Knoll planning unit to function as a design consultant. Knoll Associates, Inc.

(120) Four-page color brochure shows Facebrick residential, office and institutional installations. Contains Facebrick color-selection chart and Name-Texture-Size-Color specification information. Cost guide table compares ultimate wall costs of Facebrick with other materials. Free from Pacific Clay Products, Los Angeles Brick Division.

(121) Lighting: A completely new 12-page, 3-color brochure of popular items in their line of recessed and wall mounted residential lighting fixtures is now available from Marco. The literature includes typical installation photos as well as complete specifications on all items. Marvin Electric Manufacturing Company.

(122) Clocks — Complete information on the entire Howard Miller Clock Company timepiece line in illustrated brochures. Contemporary wall and table clocks by George Nelson; contemporary, "three-dimensional" electric wall clocks, including remote control outdoor

clocks and the new battery operated built-ins; Meridian Clocks in ceramic, wood, metal and other unusual finishes for decorative accents; Barwick Clocks in traditional designs, battery or A.C. movements. Howard Miller Clock Company.

(123) Lighting — Four-page illustrated brochure shows all 21 styles in four models — ceiling, wall, table and floor — designed by George Nelson for Howard Miller Clock Company. Included are the large fluorescent wall or ceiling units designed for contract installation. Dimensions and prices given. Howard Miller Clock Company.

(124) Selections from the diversified decorative accessory collections for the Howard Miller Clock Company. Brochure includes shelves, mirrors, spice cabinets, wall vanities and desks, planters, room dividers, Ribbonwal. Howard Miller Clock Company.

(125) Veneers — An eight-page publication discussing new, lightweight, pre-surfaced wall panels and column covers is now available from Mosaic Building Products, Inc. Provides information on Mosaic's panel wall, veneering panels, curtain wall panels, column covers and fire-rated panel walls. Architectural detail drawings as well as types of available surface materials are included. Numerous photographs illustrate handling and installation ease. A short-form guide specifications outline is provided. Mosaic Bldg. Products, Inc.

(126) A complete line of tile including Space-Rite and Perma-Glaze ceramic tile and the Designer Series and Signature Series decorative tile designed by outstanding artists in

a wide selection of colors. Also available in Summitville quarry tile. Pomona Tile Company.

(127) A complete acoustical consultation service for architects is now available from the Broadcast & Communications Products Division of Radio Corporation of America. Service includes analysis, tests and recommendations on acoustics for theaters, studios, auditoriums, stadiums, classrooms, or any other public or private building where mechanical sound devices are employed. Radio Corporation of America.

(128) Fredrick Ramond, Inc. has just printed its newest full color brochure introducing a startling breakthrough in lighting fixtures. Hand-blown, geometrically designed globes. This brochure spectacularly illustrates the indoor/outdoor application of this revolutionary lighting development. Fredrick Ramond, Inc.

(129) Fountains — A 70-page catalog - brochure is available from Roman Fountains, Inc. More than one hundred fountain ideas are illustrated. Physical characteristics, applications, plans and complete specifications are shown. Fountain planning and engineering made graphically clear. Roman Fountains, Inc.

(130) Scalamandré Fabrics. New Architects' Collection of contemporary textured upholsteries — natural fibres, man-made fibres and blends. Tremendous color ranges and interesting weaves. Also special colors and designs to your specifications. Excellent group of casements for contract and institutional interiors. Write for swatched brochure. Scalamandré.

(131) Scalamandré Wallcoverings. Large collection of wallcoverings — includes grasses, reds, corks, linens, foils and novelty textures. Write for swatched brochure. Scalamandré.

(132) Scandiline Furniture offers for \$1.00 a 36-page catalog "Scandinavian at its Best". Many new items in the residential line are pictured as are those in the new office furniture division. The design-awarded, hand-printed Swedish lampshades for ceiling and wall hanging lamps are detailed. Price lists available. Scandiline Furniture, Inc.

(133) Scandiline Pega Wall System is the ultimate answer for any storage or service requirements. Unlimited combinations can be designed. The system is available either wall hung or free standing with 12 alternate leg heights. This patented construction, designed by Ib. Juul Kristensen, is imported from Norway by Scandiline Furniture, Inc.

(134) Service to the architects for projects in their areas to establish tentative load and service needs for exterior and interior artificial lighting to meet I.E.S. Standards, adequate electric space heating and air conditioning, and electric cooking and water heating. Southern California Edison Company.

(135) Appliances — New illustrated, full-color brochures with complete specifications on built-ins by Thermador: ovens, cook tops, accessories and dishwasher. Also electric heating for home, office, factory, apartment, hotels and schools, and the Thermador glass-lined electric water heaters. Thermador.

(136) Unique high fidelity loudspeaker systems in the form of elegant lamps and end tables are described in brochures available free from Acoustica Associates, Inc. Fully illustrated literature gives technical specifications, dimensions, prices, etc. on these decorator-designed lamp-speakers which are now available in 16 different colors and styles. The attractive lamps come in table and hanging models and feature a cylindrical electrostatic loudspeaker which is also the translucent lampshade. Unlike conventional directional speakers, the lamp-speakers and table-speakers both radiate full frequency sound in a true 360° pattern throughout the room. Acoustica Associates, Inc.

(137) New Dimension In Ceramic Tiles. Brochure available to architects, explaining a new tile in the form of the Crown and Coronet which multiplies the possibilities for treatment of flat wall surfaces is announced by Redondo "True-size" Tile of Los Angeles. In this their Royal Line they present a flat tile but of such distinctive shape that it imparts the appearance of depth and contour to any wall—interior or exterior. Made in 4¼x 8½ inch size the Crown and Coronet blends with the standard 4¼ square tiles to help architects and designers to create patterns of continuing attractiveness. For instance laid horizontally or vertically this tile imparts a convex or concave impression—and tends to accentuate or diminish the height of wall areas. Redondo Tile Co.



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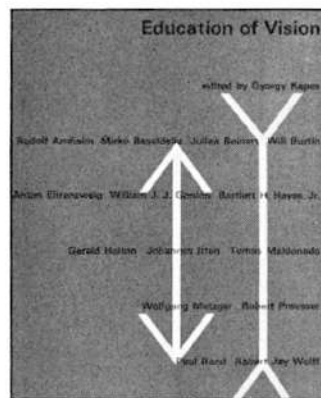
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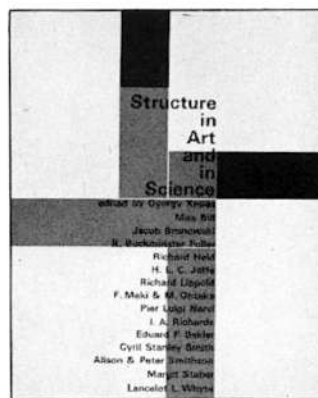
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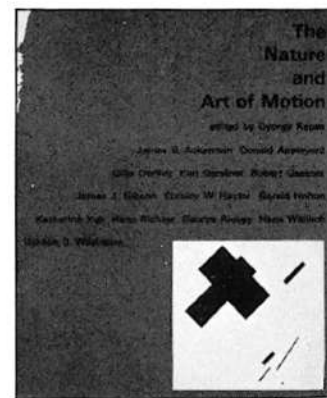
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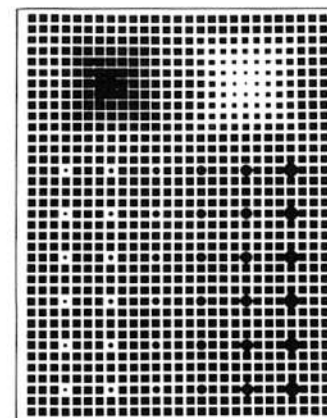
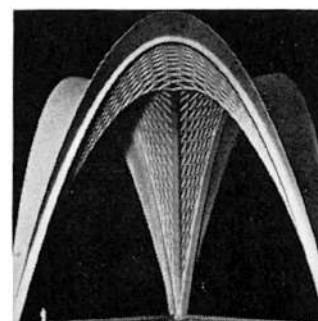
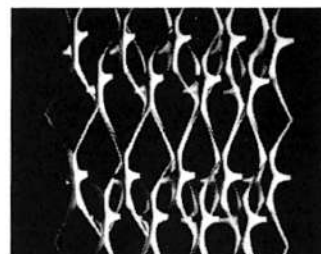
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