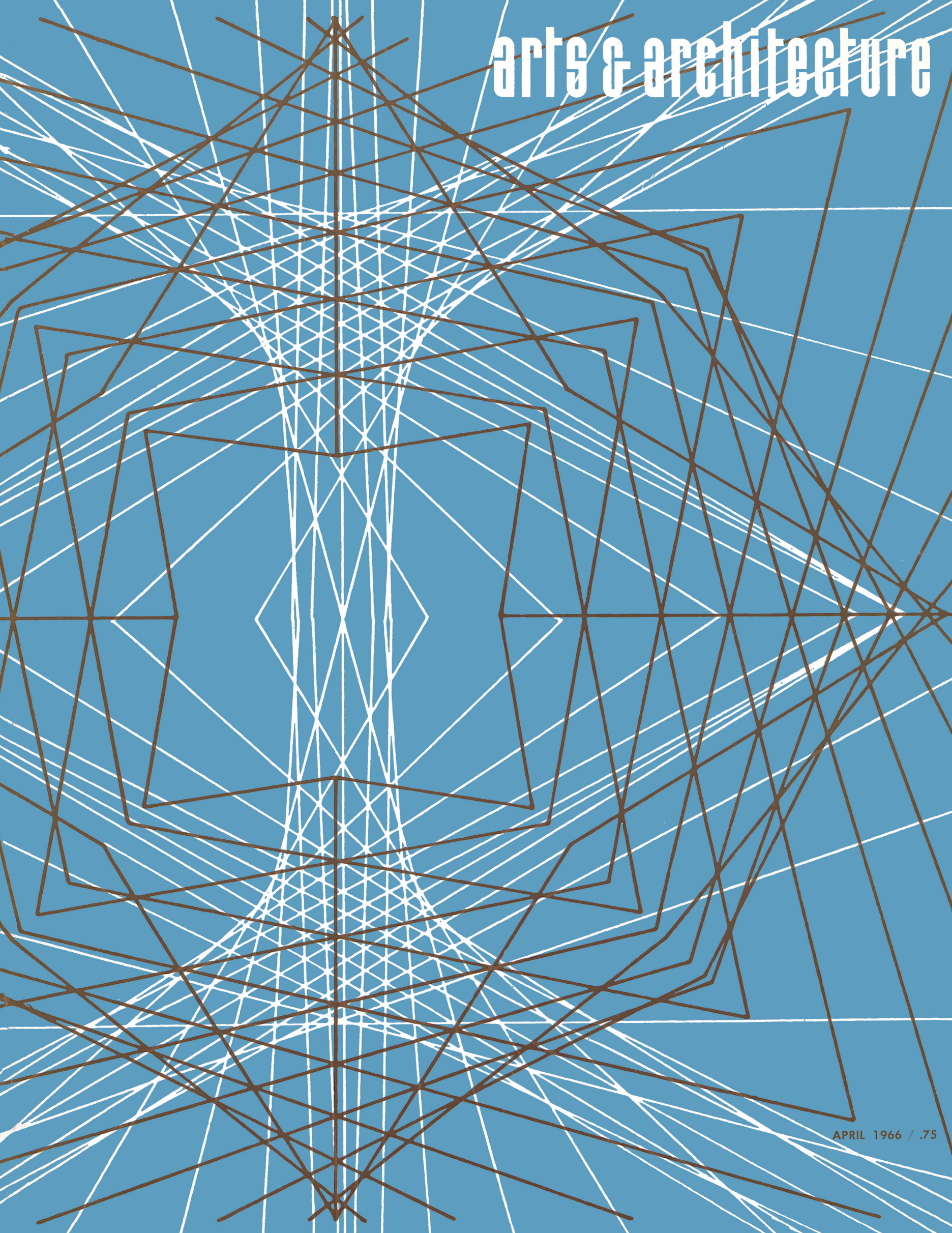


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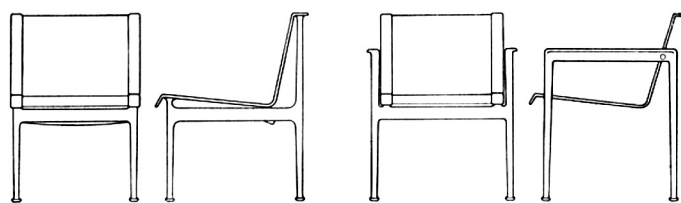
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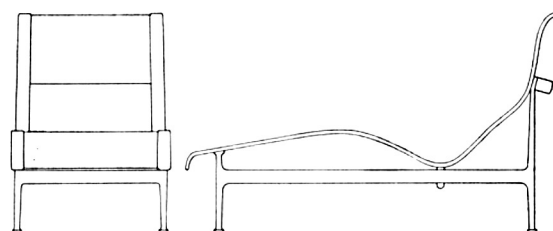
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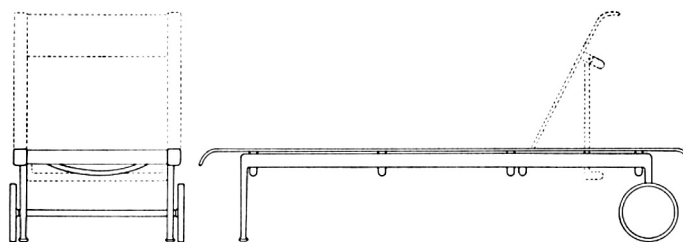
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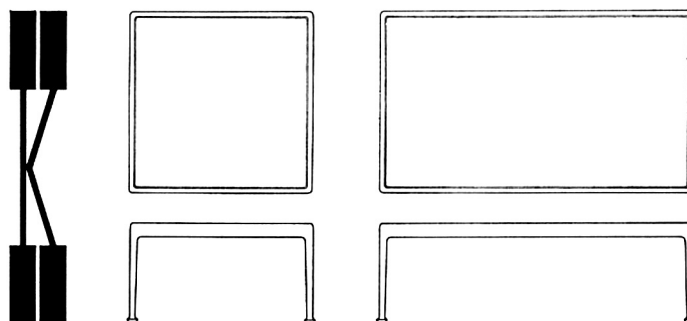
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art

DORE ASHTON

The artists in Los Angeles urged themselves on to build their tower because, they said, they could no longer work in peace. Not the most hermetic retreat in the United States is safe anymore from the whimper of drowned infants.

Distracted, frustrated and somehow personally dishonored, the American artist is forced to take the war in Vietnam into his consciousness, one way or another.

How disheartening, though, to think of all the outcries that have passed unheeded, all the artists in history who have been forced by circumstances to find a rhetoric of dissent.

Not long ago I picked up a speech made by Victor Hugo on the 100th anniversary of Voltaire's death which could as well have been delivered today. On May 30th, 1878, Hugo recalled the hideous events that passed in Voltaire's lifetime and added:

"The frightful things that I have recalled were accomplished in the midst of polite society; its life was gay and light; people went and came; they looked neither above nor below themselves; their indifference had become carelessness . . ."

Against this carelessness, Voltaire declared war, and according to Hugo, he conquered:

"Voltaire waged the splendid kind of warfare, the war of one alone against all; that is to say, the grand warfare. The war of thought against matter, the war of reason against prejudice, the war of the just against the unjust . . ."

Alas, Hugo, in an access of enthusiasm, misread his time. He thought that Voltaire's battle had made for progress. He said that in his own modern time force had come to be called violence and begun to be judged. He said "war is arraigned," and that people were beginning to realize that if to kill is a crime, to kill many cannot be an extenuating circumstance. They began to realize, he thought, that homicide is homicide and bloodshed is bloodshed. And in his grand rhetoric he summed up:

"Ah! Let us proclaim absolute truths. Let us dishonor war. No; glorious war does not exist. No; it is not good and it is not useful to make corpses. No; it cannot be that life travails for death. No; oh mothers, that surround me, it cannot be that war, the robber, should continue to take from you your children . . ."

In the midst of polite society where people go and come and look neither above or below themselves, where they worry about publishers, art auctions and pop, op and computer art, more and more artists become uneasy. At Town Hall in a Read-In for Peace in Vietnam, twenty-eight distinguished poets, fiction writers and theater performers bore witness to what was called "the viability of American conscience"

just as hundreds of painters collaborating on the tower bore witness to what Mark di Suvero called "the cultural conscience of artists all over the world."

But Hugo's vague optimism was nowhere to be found. Where he addressed himself to mothers "robbed" of their children, Viveca Lindfors read a telling passage from Brecht nearer the current truth, "I beg you, mothers, let your children live."

Alan Dugan read a bitter poem with the refrain "what can one crime matter in a normal life" and reminded us of what results from one memo from McNamara. A television cameraman asked me who in the audience was "visually recognizable" and a celebrity. I pointed out Mark Rothko, but he smiled wryly. His audience required special handling, certainly not to be exposed to what they don't already know. A woman asked me if she could speak to someone on the panel. She was neatly dressed, middle class, a young mother I think. She wanted to ask about a photograph in the New York Times. It showed a naked prisoner, his arms bound behind him above the elbow, and between his knees, a three-year-old child staring out with unspeakable desolation. She wanted to know what would happen to that child.

America is "the richest, most grotesquely overarmed country in the world," Susan Sontag told us. "We are being injured morally." Stanley Kauffmann spoke of our revulsion. "We protest the corruption of this country," he said quietly. Robert Lowell lamented a time when "a father's no shield for his child" and Stanley Kunitz read his searing poem with its first line from Proverbs: "The daughters of the horse-leech crying 'Give! Give!' / Implore the young men for the blood of martyrs."

And all of this in midst of polite society.

But the malaise grows. Man after man among us falls into the shadow of depression. All the time-honored arguments about the artist's commitment surface again. The artist as the conscience of society—that offspring of the French revolution—re-emerges, albeit reluctantly and with the greatest of misgivings, for as one painter bringing his panel for the Los Angeles Tower Against the War in Vietnam pointed out, his art is visual and ought not to be put into the service of propaganda. He is right, but the malaise remains, and what is a man to do? Years ago, writing about art and society, Herbert Read focused on the artist's dilemma. He has one of two courses, Read said; he can either evade society or revolt against the system. Either way, his lot is hard.

Certain genres of visual art admittedly serve better than others to focus on moral and physical atrocity. The comic-strip style of Peter Saul, a youngish American working in Paris, is highly adaptable. His new drawings at the Frumkin Gallery are specifically concerned with the war in Vietnam. The exhibition bears the subtitle: "Open Letter to the Marines."

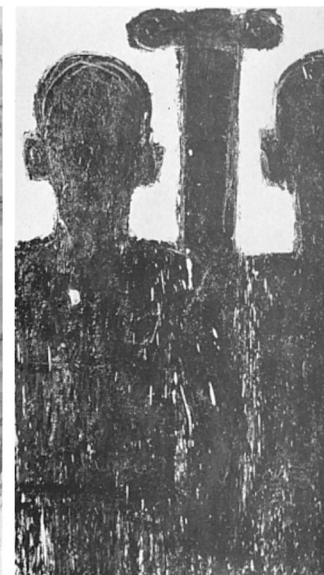
Saul's original idiom was already satirical, using the hackneyed techniques of the cartoonists to excoriate banal or absurd American mores. His new drawings in ink and crayon carry over the balloons and exple-



Peter Saul. "New China #1" 1965. Photo by Nathan Rabin. Courtesy Allan Frumkin Gallery



Phil Guston. "May Sixty-Five" 1965. Photo by Eric Pollitzer. Courtesy The Jewish Museum



Lester Johnson
"Dark Portrait #3" 1965

tives, but endow them with a savage message of revulsion. Symbols of American banality such as Donald Duck mingle with universal symbols, such as the crucifix. Donald wears a military uniform and trudges intrepidly through corpses. The great yellow hordes are characterized, the gooks, the less-than-human adversary. Their saviours, be-medalled and oblivious, wade through inflated organs. Among the crucified are those identified as "Commie Pervert" and "Commie Sex Beast." All the bogey-man myths of America which go back to my own childhood (comic strips showing the Japanese yellow devils) are exposed with compelling candour.

Saul's drawings are anything but pretty. Their vulgar yellow, red and green facades, their harsh outlines, their fat, comic-strip lettering are repulsive. Yet, beneath the cartoon parody, there is a strong composing hand, and the means admirably suits the end.

The several hundred artists participating in the tower enterprises could do with a few more spokesmen whose styles are not inimical to direct commentary.

Indirectly, there is no dearth of art growing from malaise, from the personal and cosmic uneasiness that countless artists in history have experienced. We think most often of Rembrandt and Goya, but there were others who "could not work in peace."

Rembrandt and Goya, though, are the painters who come to mind when I think of Philip Guston's exhibition at the Jewish Museum. Almost everyone who saw it remarked on the somber mood pervading the gallery. I think the somberness is largely the result of Guston's recent reduction of his palette to sharp grays, whites and blacks, with not even a hint of the rose and blue ether he used to admit in his images here and there.

Aside from the obvious solemnity of his work, there are overtones that cannot be covered by the purely factual critic, the new critic who confines himself to judicious, and I think tedious, expositions of the methods and physical shapes employed by the artist. These overtones must be apprehended psychologically whether we like it or not. Guston's painting, as superb as it is technically, can only be fully assimilated by the few who are sensible to the moral and esthetic malaise from which it issues.

Like any poet, Guston is preoccupied with the grand themes and although his work is no sense an illustration of Life and Death, or Justice and Injustice, it is nevertheless derived from the same emotional hypersensibility which urgently presses upon a poet an image rooted in human distress.

Not long after the exhibition closed I glanced through Theodore Roethke's poems and found everywhere a sadness which is general, impersonal, philosophical, and as elusive in his poetry as it is in Guston's painting.

"The visible obscures. But who knows when?

Things have their thought: they are the shards of me;

I thought that once, and thought comes round again;

Rapt, we leaned forth with what we could not see.

We danced to shining; mocked before the black

And shapeless night that made no answer back."

(from "Four for Sir John Davies")

In the lengthy suite of gray paintings in which Guston seems to falter and begin again, sometimes stammering, sometimes enunciating unequivocally, there are thoughts that come round again. And there are shards—what better way to think of those blackened masses that lodge within the eternally shifting tides of infinite grayness around them.

Those shards of Guston that are the "things" that have their thought are no nearer to practical language than Roethke could make them. They are the language that flows from unaccountable sources and recurs and recurs in the work of singular artists.

In Guston's later works, the same rough "thing" appears again and again. It appears even in the same syntax. But one breath, one beat in the rhythm changes, and all is changed. The artist recommences, but each time a new context is evoked, getting one step nearer to the full sentence, the final poem, the One that many poets and some painters have dreamed. In such poetic faltering, the very fault is part of the meaning.

Most of the criticism of Guston's show focused on the repetition of motif, on the obsessiveness revealed. But this is asking of Guston that he be another painter altogether. It is tantamount to denying Rembrandt because Rembrandt persisted in showing forth an obsessive emotion concerning light.

A look at the drawings indicates that Guston is evoking shards of himself. They are things, they are substances. The whiteness of the paper is a vastness to be qualified.

His problems can be approached from another direction: the well-known crisis in painting. His personal crisis can stand for general crisis. There is no doubt in my mind that in speaking of illusion and reality as overtly as he does, Guston is beating his way through a jungle of painterly confusion that is none of his making but that he suffers nonetheless.

I'm thinking now of the very latest paintings, those uncompromising steely-faced images in which a single thing-like, blackened shape rides the surface, and from which an occasional lick of assertion in searing white darts out like a serpent's tongue or a Renaissance stiletto.

These paintings are full of the reminiscence both of solid forms and fluid atmosphere. In their material density—the strong impasto strokes and the firmly kneaded central form—the paintings assert that they are real, material things. But, as if to remind us of an eternal painting problem, Guston does not draw his corporeal image to the edge of his universe, the squarish canvas: he leaves stark white canvas all around the edges announcing the insistence on illusion.

The crisis on this level is a crisis in philosophy of art, for the function of painting is at stake. On another level, it is a purely moral crisis, perhaps as simple as the worrying question as to why paint at all, and

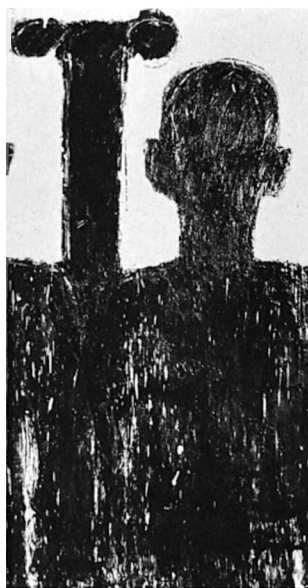
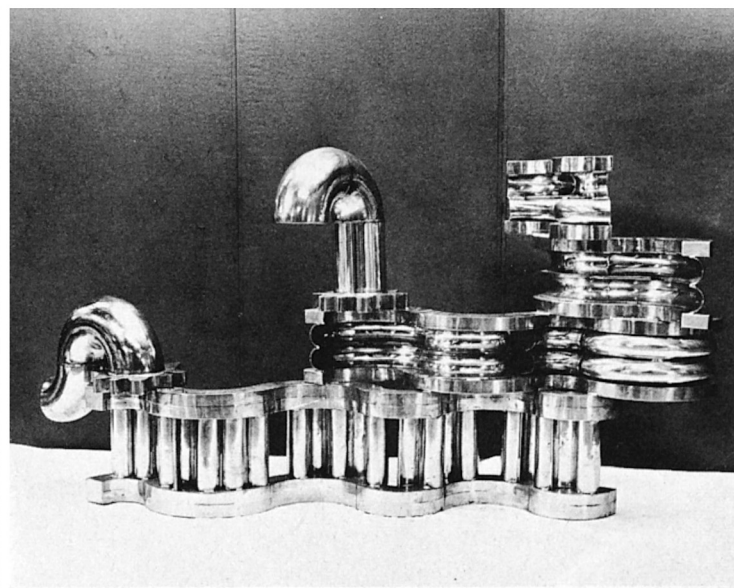


Photo by John D. Schiff
Martha Jackson Gallery



Philip Guston. "Air I" 1965. Courtesy Martha
Jackson Gallery. Photo by Eric Pollitzer



Eduardo Paolozzi. Polished aluminum, 1965. Courtesy Pace Gallery

what is one to do when it is no longer possible to work in peace? I am quite sure that no matter how obliquely, a painter of Guston's concentration and power is subject to innumerable plaguing thoughts seeping into his mind from the world, the ugly world that Hugo hoped was passing.

Chilling grayness also pervades Lester Johnson's best paintings in his show at the Martha Jackson Gallery. Perhaps it is not beside the point to remember that Johnson was a conscientious objector, and that his insistent need throughout the past fifteen years was to express something about the position, the condition of a man, or men in the world. When he deals with this man, who is multiplied in identical guise in his paintings, Johnson always summons the power of pathos and isolation. When he paints still-life, he wavers. It is really the Everyman, emphatically blocked in by heavily laden black strokes, and flushed through to his bones with the coldness of his environment, that Johnson paints.

His figures in frieze-like stances can be likened to Egyptian or Coptic paintings and the classicalism is lately enforced by references to columns and capitals. In the sequence of anonymous cutout figures, heads alternate with columns and the whole is lit cunningly in the light gray, no-man's-land in which they pose. Archaism here strengthens Johnson's hand.

Although Johnson's motif does not change appreciably over the years, his drawing has become more emphatic. The inferences concerning the space around his figures are more clear thanks to the careful delineation of profiles, and the multi-leveled rendition of planes in the human body. Very slight superimpositions of planes render the composition more complex than previously, although the rigor of frontality is maintained at all times.

It is possible, but certainly perverse, to consider Johnson's paintings as pure paintings with reference to their subject, and as pure paintings they have considerable interest. But what is unavoidable is coming to terms with the precise emotion that drives him to repeat this homeless homo sapiens. Once his motif is pondered, it becomes apparent that Johnson's emotion is specific: he has a somber vision which thrusts itself upon him and scarcely even permits him the luxury of painting a still-life, for when he does paint still-lives, he cannot concentrate the energy implicit in the figure paintings.

Coming from a different direction altogether is Gianfranco Baruchello, a Roman, an intellectual, an adventurer in ideas. His exhibition at the Cordier Ekstrom Gallery was filled with cryptic reminders that the world interiorized still partakes of what we so unimaginatively call the outside world. Many of the tiny, almost illegible symbols that wander over the surface of his paintings and constructions allude to uncomfortable truths concerning the human condition. Like Vasareley, Baruchello is much preoccupied with the shattering discoveries made recently by astronomers—the announcement of universal origins and the possibility of the Big Bang finale. Baruchello flits in and out of a

web of contemporary events, both scientific and political, and shapes a point of view. Tinged with dada, but stopping short of the absurd, Baruchello's work heralds an area of visual research that has not yet been probed.

The introduction to his catalogue was written by Italo Calvino, one of Italy's most thoughtful and gifted writers, who offered a short story based on "Edward P. Hubble's estimates of the velocity at which the galaxies are receding" and its potentially tragi-comic implications. The parallelism of thought and interest between these two Italian artists is clearly congenial to Baruchello's conception of the new artist.

More easily read for intention is his film, "The Uncertain Verification" made in collaboration with Alberto Grifi. Taking sections from films produced in the 1950's, Baruchello selected his images on the basis of a statistical table of random numbers. But the randomness gives way to a keen editor's sense for apposite imagery. Although the scenario, as Baruchello has explained, was dictated by the shooting, the film in all its mobility makes a strange kind of sense. There is no escaping certain social and political implications when the rapid sequence of deaths—Indians, cowboys, ancient Romans, American soldiers and gangsters—evolves with such horrible simplicity. The use of Hollywood clichés (the opening and shutting of doors, or the preying of sharpshooters behind rocks) enforces this truth-in-banalities. There are oblique criticisms of the clergy, of governments, of other film makers, and more obvious criticism of a single prepossessing phenomenon, war. Oddly enough, when this film was shown to a selected audience at the Museum of Modern Art, it was received largely as an amusing commentary on American movies and little more. Yet, Baruchello's spoofing ability, while it is notable, is not what provides his film with its meaning. Rather, I would say it is his worried, thoughtful, and uneasy position which dictates the inflections in both this seemingly absurd film and his paintings.

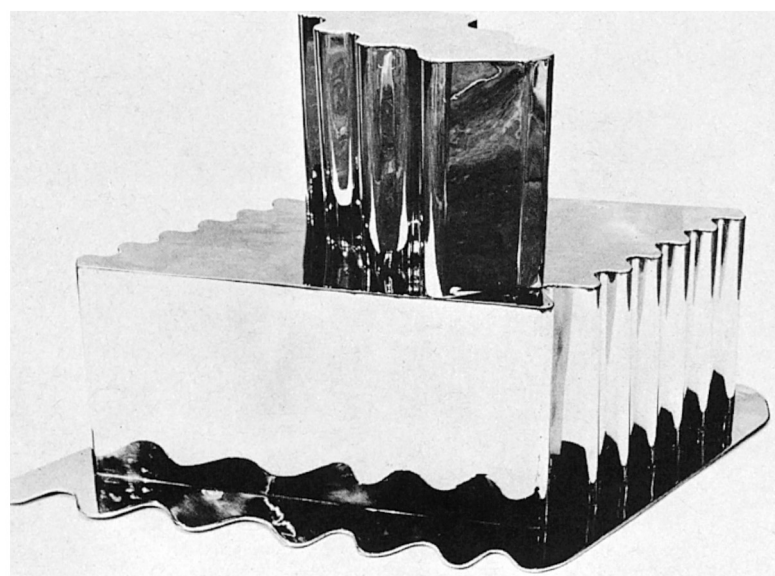
Certainly specific concern with philosophical and moral questions cannot be said to be of pressing importance in the work of all artists. If Vasareley, Baruchello, Guston and others turn their minds to the task of puzzling out implications, and if they sometimes appear to be working directly with concepts derived from other disciplines, their work can be seen in an independent light as well. Yet, it is not inappropos to remember intention when the full significance of an artist's work is assessed.

Take for instance the lively intelligence at work in the sculptures and drawings of Eduardo Paolozzi who has long tantalized his admirers with snatches from such recondite thinkers as Wittgenstein. In his recent exhibition at the Pace Gallery, Paolozzi again reminded his viewers that all is not pure form and tactile pleasure in his work.

As the scientist Billy Kluver has said, the artist is not so much interested in scientific discoveries as he is in utilizing the fall-out. Both Paolozzi and Baruchello have made generous use of certain scientific and mathematical fall-out. For instance, in a sketch for one of his most striking sculptures, Paolozzi notes, "the lyricism of randomness with the discipline of a specific." Elsewhere he invokes Wittgenstein's games theory, and other principles from the logical sciences. His old concern with the human image, derived from early exposure to Duchamp and Giacometti with all that implies, is mutated into a concern with human mental mechanics.

I don't claim that the intention is readable in the work. But it does condition a response to the work. Paolozzi, who has an unfailing sense of form, has consistently provided Joyce-like notes from which his intentions can be inferred, so that even the most streamlined of his sculptures—the chrome-plated, melting structures—must be seen as a reflection of some wayward thought momentarily preoccupying him.

The most powerful sculptures in the exhibition were a large structure of polished aluminum which is based on an s-curved horizontal axis, and grows up from the floor in gracefully answering curves; and a large welded aluminum piece. Here, Paolozzi joins thick curving pipe with angular elements in a downright funny compendium of shapes. Bulbous joints, rocking balance, proboscises echoed by geometrical horns and a torso-like center refer to both organic and mechanical structures. The cross references, all posed by a finely organized sculptor's mind, don't lessen the impact of the sculpture as a strongly wrought esthetic entity.



Eduardo Paolozzi. "Kotaz" 1965. Courtesy Pace Gallery

Reactions to the sale of Irving Gill's Dodge House by the Los Angeles Board of Education to financier Bart Lytton last month range from hand-wringing despair to a more prevalent guarded optimism. The latter at this time seems the more reasonable view. Causing most of the concern and debate is Lytton's equivocal statement to the board that he would do "everything possible" to save the Dodge House but that he wanted to make it "abundantly clear" that he was not committing himself to more than that. When asked later what this meant, Lytton explained that laws governing investments by savings and loan institutions such as his forbid the spending of depositors' funds for the preservation of architectural monuments. A commitment to save the Dodge House at all costs would put him in contravention of his state charter. Tentative plans are to build one or two highrise apartments on the Sweetzer Avenue half of the property, leaving the house and gardens on three sides untouched. Lytton, who said he has some thinkers on his staff, is confident that the Dodge House will be preserved. "I wouldn't have paid \$800,000 to tear it down. There's too much other land in Los Angeles I could have bought."

Denise Scott Brown, who on page 16 offers some suggestions about the highrise development of the Sweetzer half of the Dodge House property, is one of several dual degree (architecture and planning) faculty members of the new School of Architecture and Urban Planning at UCLA which opens for business in September.

Defenders of the individual house as a phenomenon of architectural or social significance are increasingly hard to find. A few years ago it was in the single family residence that much of the exciting and meaningful experimentation in architecture took place—in design, use of materials, construction techniques. The reasons behind the decline of the house to the point where in print it is being termed "embarrassing," a toy which the new architects of the absurd play with, are fit subject for a book. It would be a Domesday Book of Modern Architecture, a record of the social and economic forces which have formed and deformed our natural and man-made environment. In fact, in the right hands a profound study of our 20th-century civilization could be written around the fall of the single-family residence to its present shameful state as an ugly commercial product built of cheap and shoddy materials.

It is tragic that the house has been abandoned to commerce—only three percent are architect designed—at a time when suburban land surrounding major cities from Los Angeles to Philadelphia is being covered with tract developments like "oozing Camembert," as Allan Temko pun- gently described the irrational sprawl.

By and large, the reasons are economic ones. The architect with a practice of any size cannot afford to design individual houses; and only a few developers would allow an architect to touch anything but the floor plan. A good floor plan won't increase costs, a good house would. Moreover, the usual large developer lacks faith in the architect's ability to design a saleable product. At a recent depressing seminar, three of Southern California's most successful developers said emphatically that architects were too far removed from the marketplace. "Floor plan, O.K., but stay away from elevations and specifications. We know what will sell."

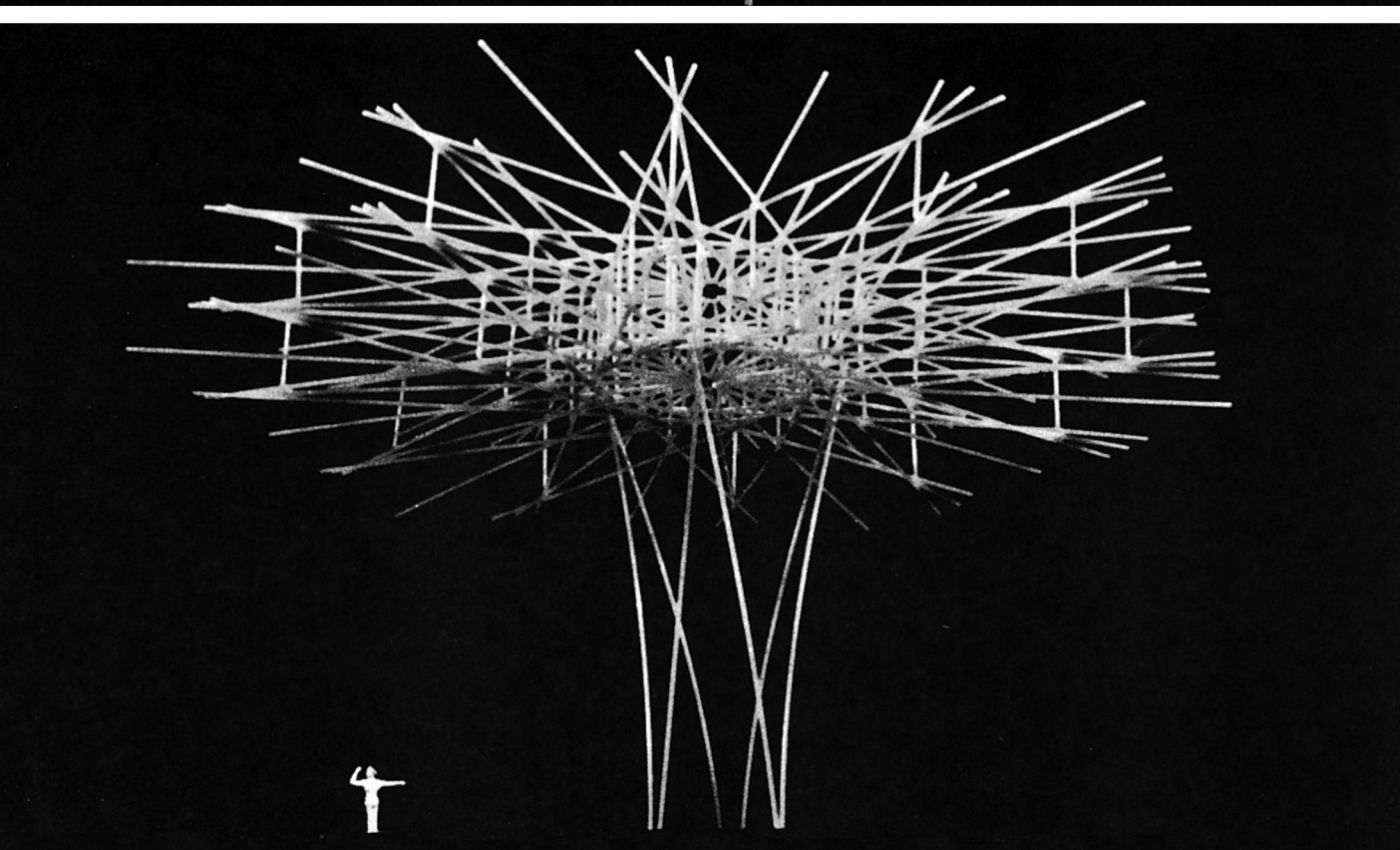
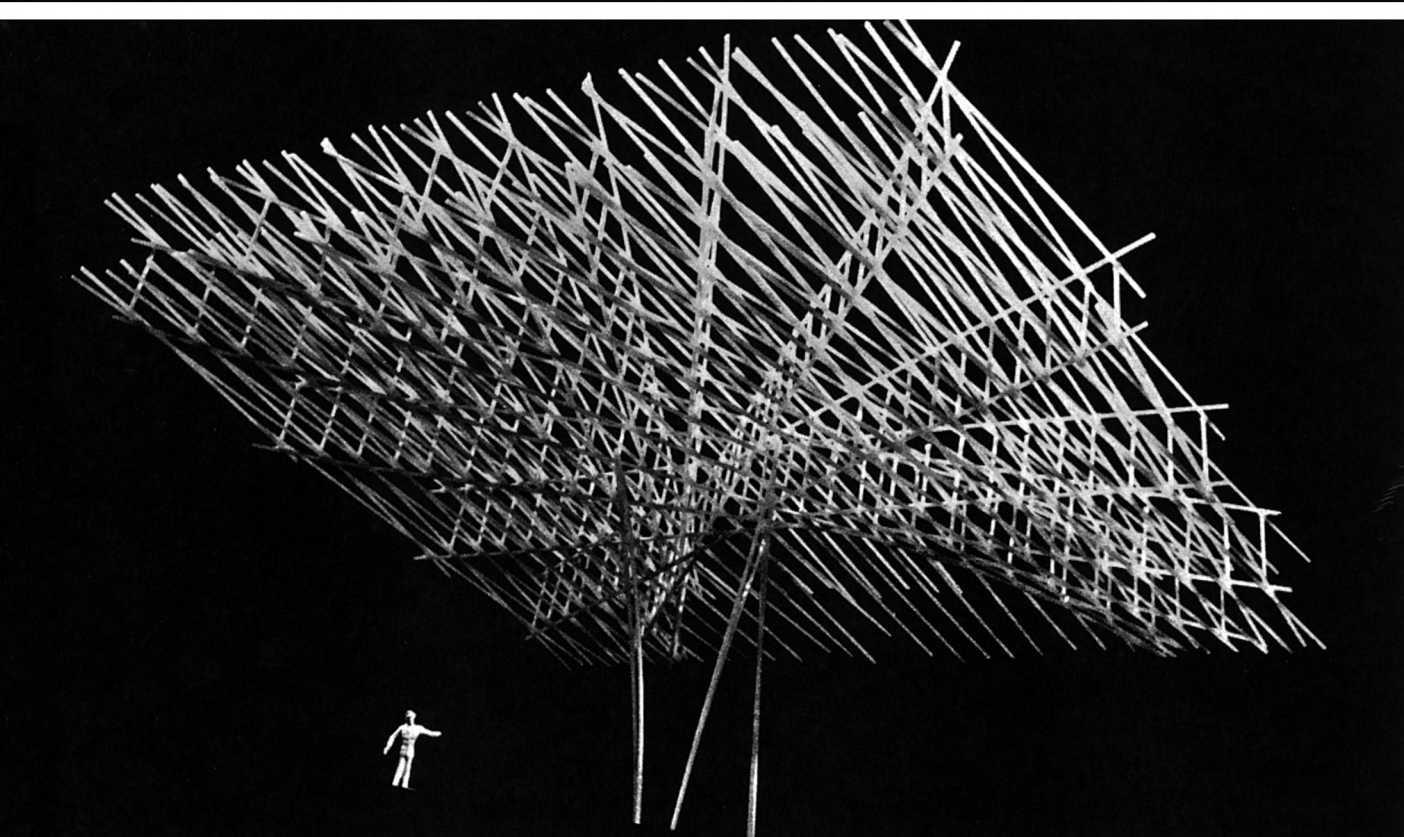
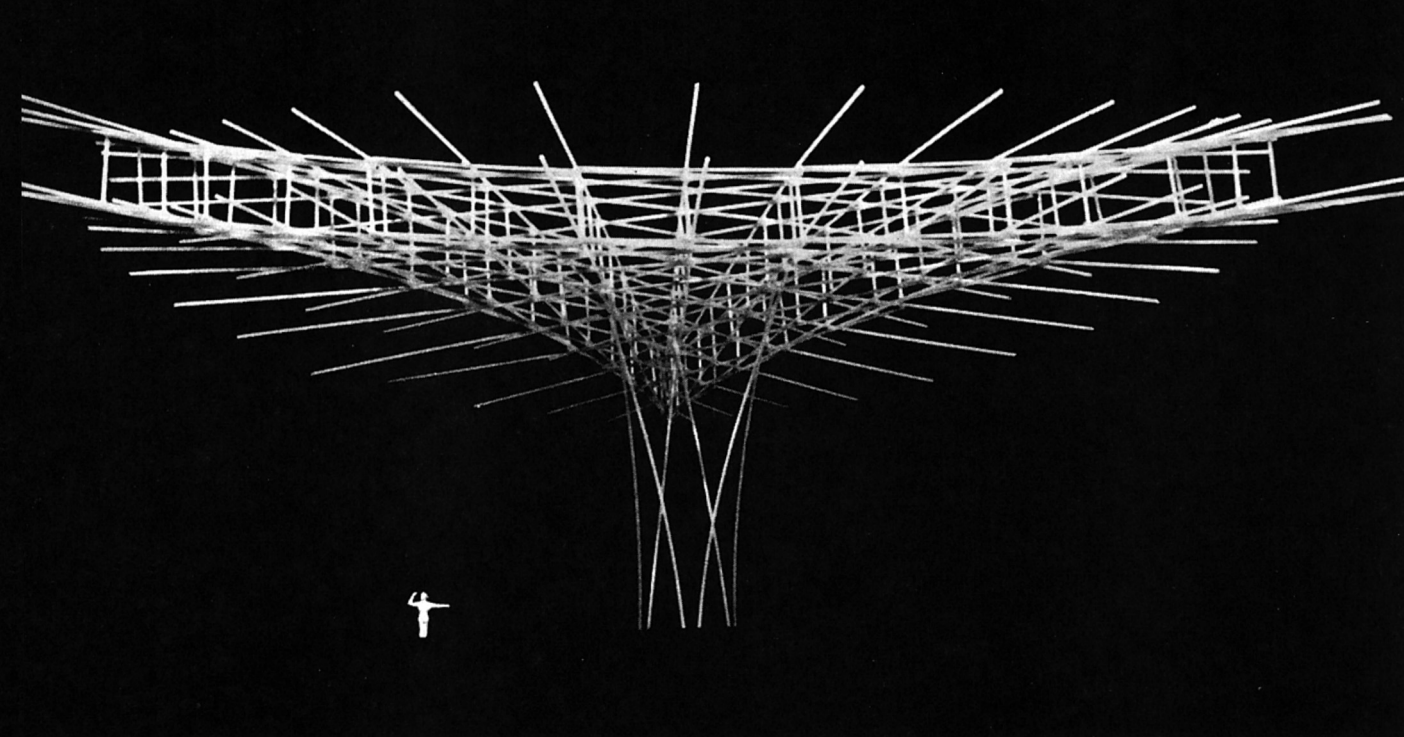
Behind these economic factors, lies a more fundamental one. From Irving Gill's lift slab method early in the century to the Wachsmann-Gropius General Panel System in the 40s to the recent pitiful efforts of U.S. Steel to sell developers steel panel prefab houses disguised as stucco, every attempt to give the building industry a new technology has been fought and rejected by one or more of the builder-designer-labor triumvirate. Prefabrication is still a dirty word to the architect (U.S. Steel doesn't use it). Labor, proud of its progressive record in other fields, is blackly reactionary in its own. As an indication, for ten years the Bricklayers Union successfully fought the introduction of end poles designed to simplify brick construction. And lastly, the entrepreneur-builder walks forward backward, refusing to take a chance on anything that has not already proven its marketability.

As Esther McCoy writes in her book on the Case Study House Program, quoting Charles Mackintosh, "Everything new has 10,000 enemies."

Perhaps it is time to develop a new type of building industry based on the concept that housing is a national capital investment, not a national disaster and not a consumer product.

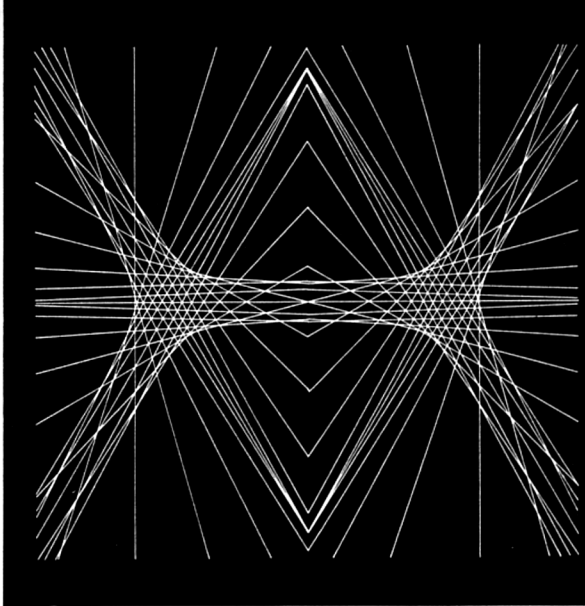
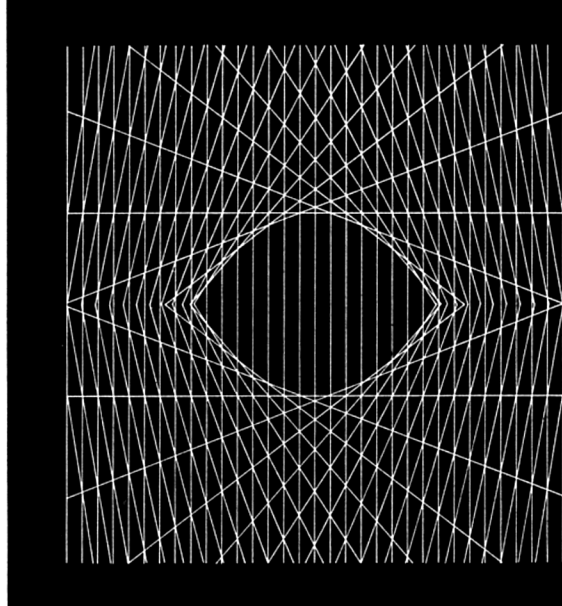
A new magazine called *Highrise* has made an appearance in Southern California. The name is inspired. Architects not building highrise ache to be and reading the magazine will be a sort of masochistic probing of the ache. Moreover, those architects who are designing highrise will want to see what others are doing, get a few pointers, even a detail or two. Unhappily, at this point in development the *Highrise's* appearance and content is nowhere near as inspired as its name; I suspect that architects who receive it will read it surreptitiously, behind locked doors or after hours when the office is deserted; until then, like teenagers with pornography, they will put a plain wrapper on it and keep it tucked away in a drawer. If given thought and care, however, *Highrise* might have a long and worthy life, and I wish it good luck.

D. T.

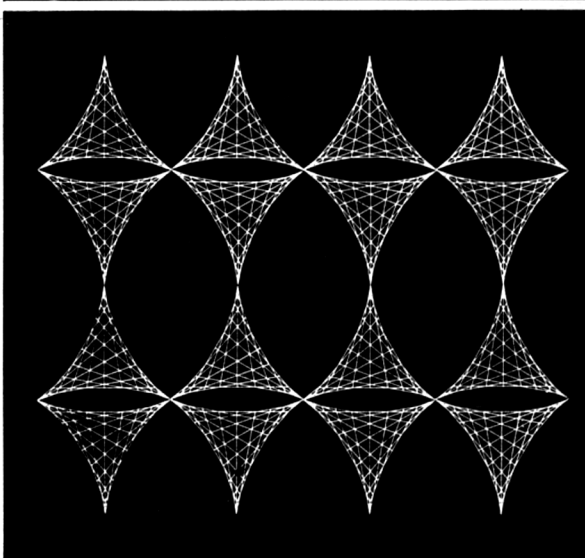
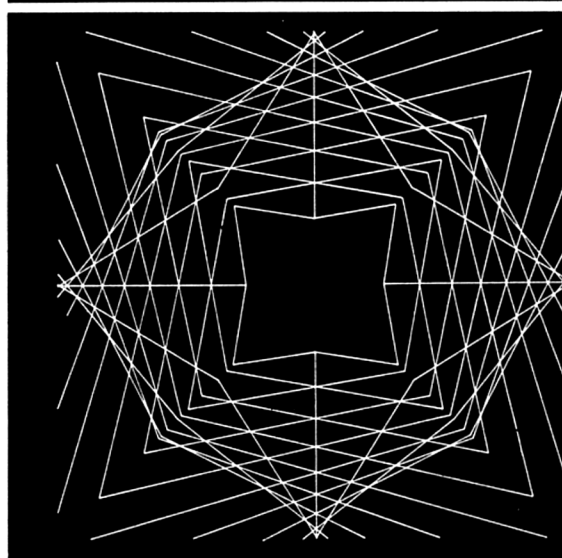


Constructions are made of rods and based on systems of three layers, where the rods form tangents to a plane third degree algebraic curve. Thus three tangents can be found in one single node.

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THREE-DIMENSIONAL METAL ROD CONSTRUCTIONS BY RUDOLF RUMMELEIN

The production of tensions is one of the most important basic principles in the conception and expression of any esthetic creation.

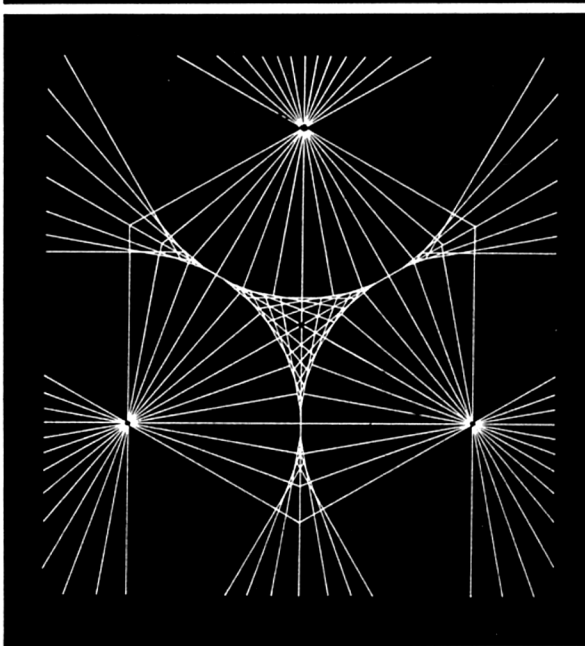
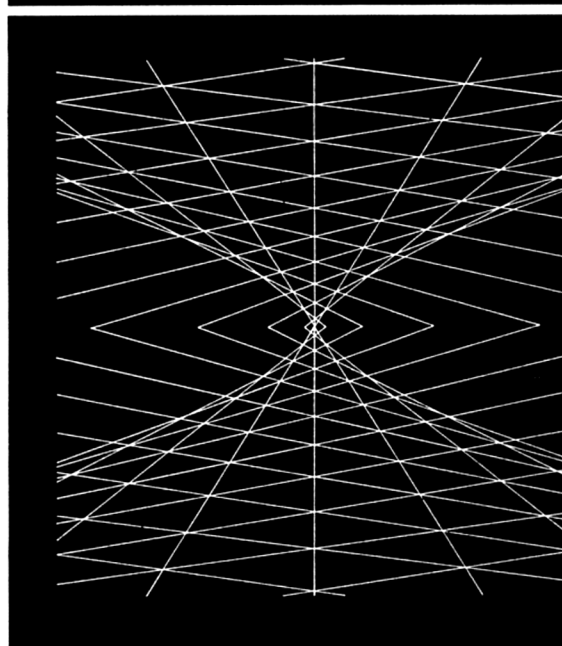
Up to the present time there has been little theorizing in this field, and there are no syntheses for application to buildings.

For rod constructions, the architect or the engineer tries to produce these tensions by various methods, by various combinations of basic elements. Nevertheless, such systems, whose sole variant was the span, limited the freedom of an artistic conception. For these restrictive reasons, perhaps, the architects rejected the idea of such structures.

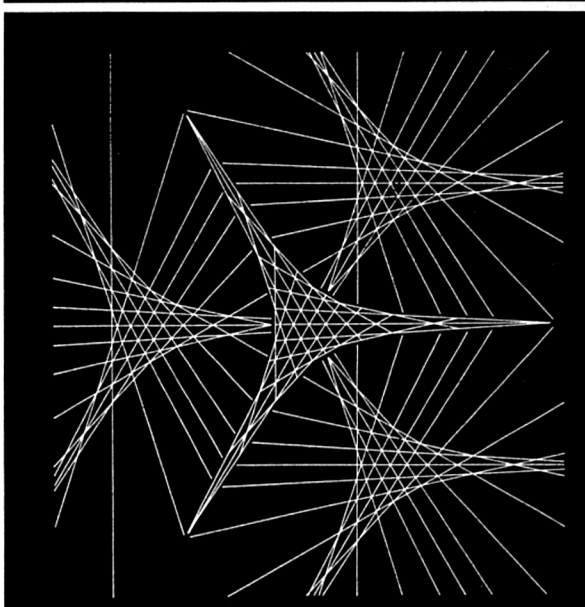
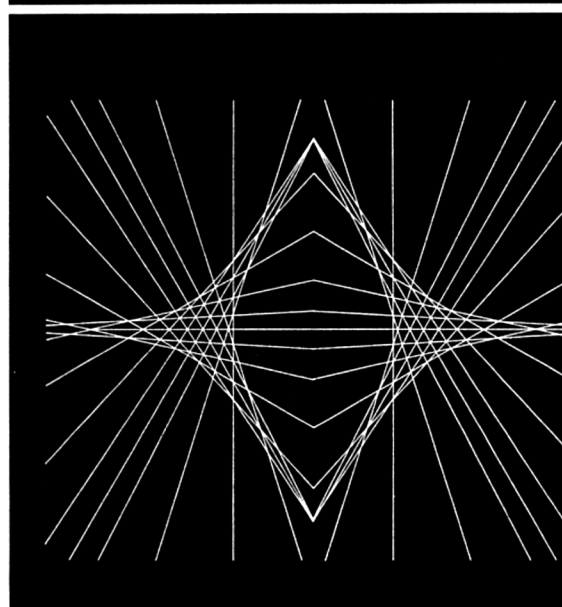
The present report seeks to show what are the unexplored possibilities that permit the application of such structures composed of rods, which can thus constitute the basic element of certain constructions.

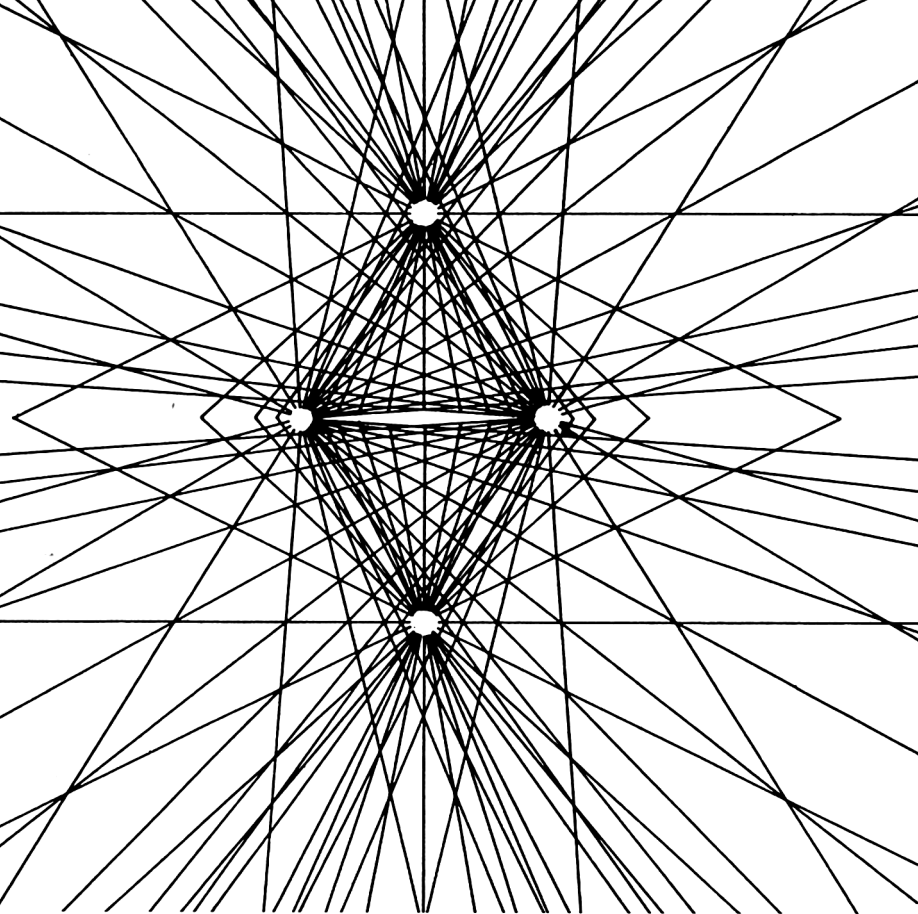
An over-all picture given by model photos and sketches reveals the large number of new forms which permit a free application thus contributing to the more generalized use of three-dimensional structures. The models represent basic shapes, the sketches yield combination possibilities. Naturally, a partial application alone of these shapes is thoroughly within the realm of possibility and can lead to new solutions that are not simply the result of purely intellectual speculations but are the outcome of electronic computations. It is beyond the scope of this report to go into the mathematics involved (it is a question of high degree hyperstatic systems), because what we want to do

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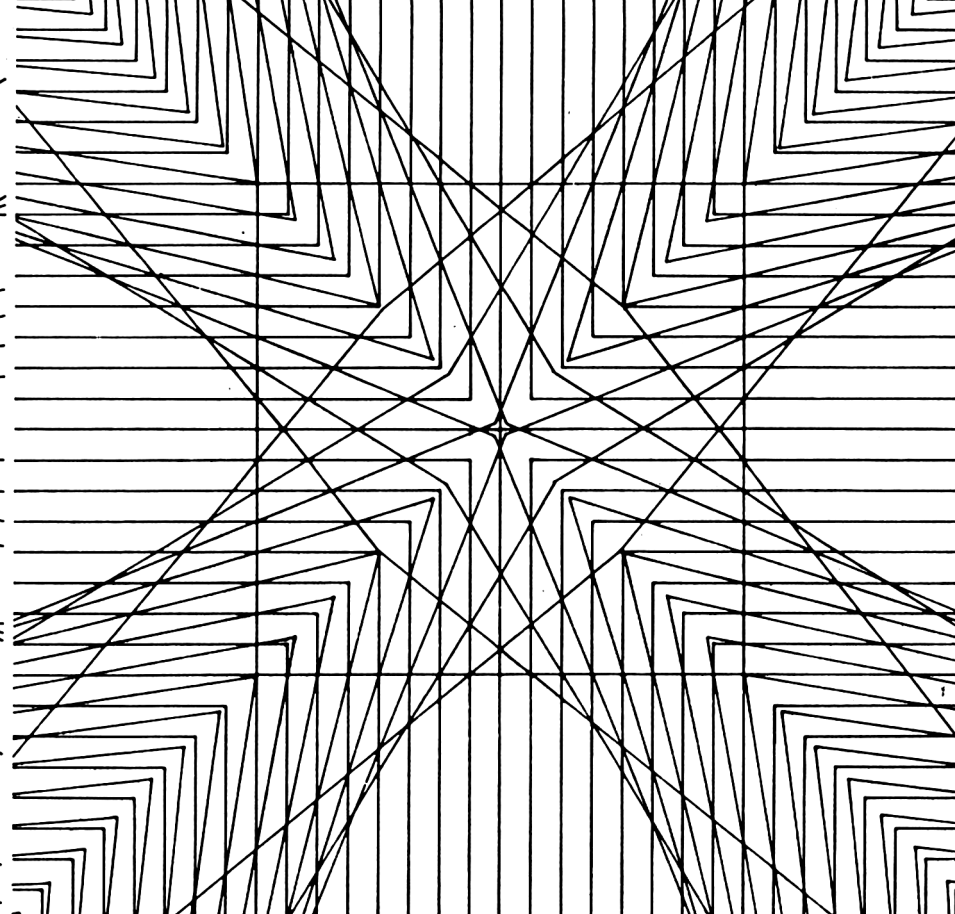
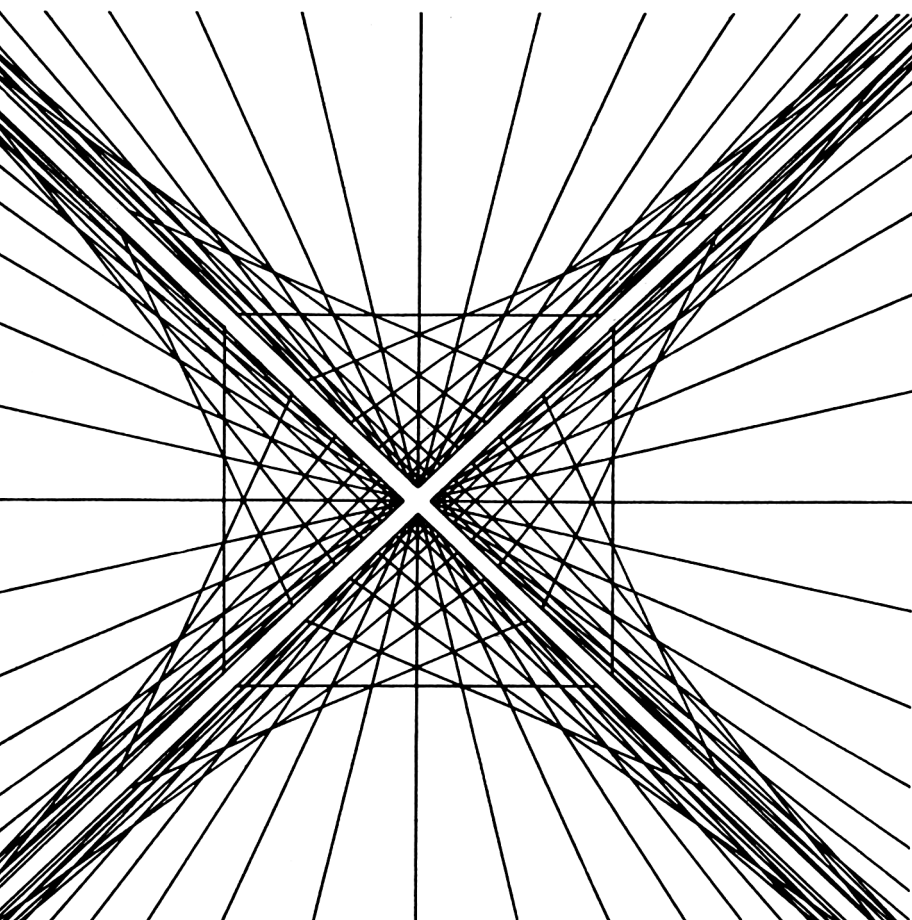




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1. Two symmetrically disposed quadratic parabolas.
2. Rational third degree curve with tangents prolonged beyond the interior zone.
3. Four Neil parabolas with apexes outwards.
4. Rational third degree curves, tangents not prolonged.
5. Two opposing Neil parabolas with common double tangents. Prolongation of the tangents entails additional intersection points which do not constitute integral parts of the actual system.
6. Three tangential segments of circles.

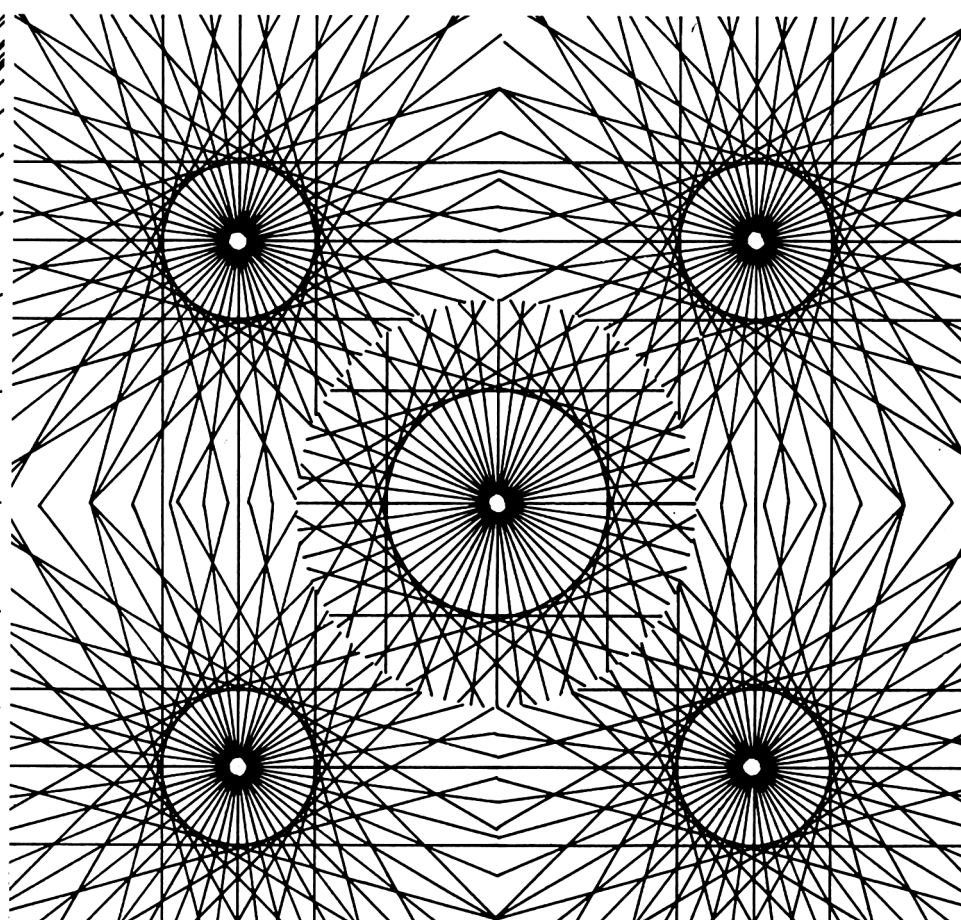
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- 7/8. Rational third degree curves with prolonged tangents.
9. Rational third degree curves in symmetrical arrangement.
10. Doubly symmetrical quadratic parabolas.
11. Hyperbolic segments.
12. The equation of the third degree curve breaks down into the equation of the circle and its center, so that all tangents of the circle are cut by a perpendicular. The support points of these constructions are the centers of the circles.
- 13/14. Rational third degree curves in symmetrical arrangement.

12



here is to elucidate the practical possibilities of application. All these structures composed of rods have a factor in common: they involve systems based on right angles on three planes, where these right angles form tangents to third degree algebraic curves.

It is known that a third degree curve can tend toward three points in infinity. Thus, the three-dimensional structures executed up to now represent, from the mathematical point of view, a special case of the structures presented here.

On the basis of geometrical structural shapes, based on mathematical formulas, it is possible to develop technically viable constructions, whose expression will possess a general value which, owing to their logical beauty and their crystalline purity, will counter the purely sensational effects of a stylish formalism, "for the beauty of architecture consists in the perfect harmony of these elements, where nothing can be added or taken away." (Alberti, 16th century)

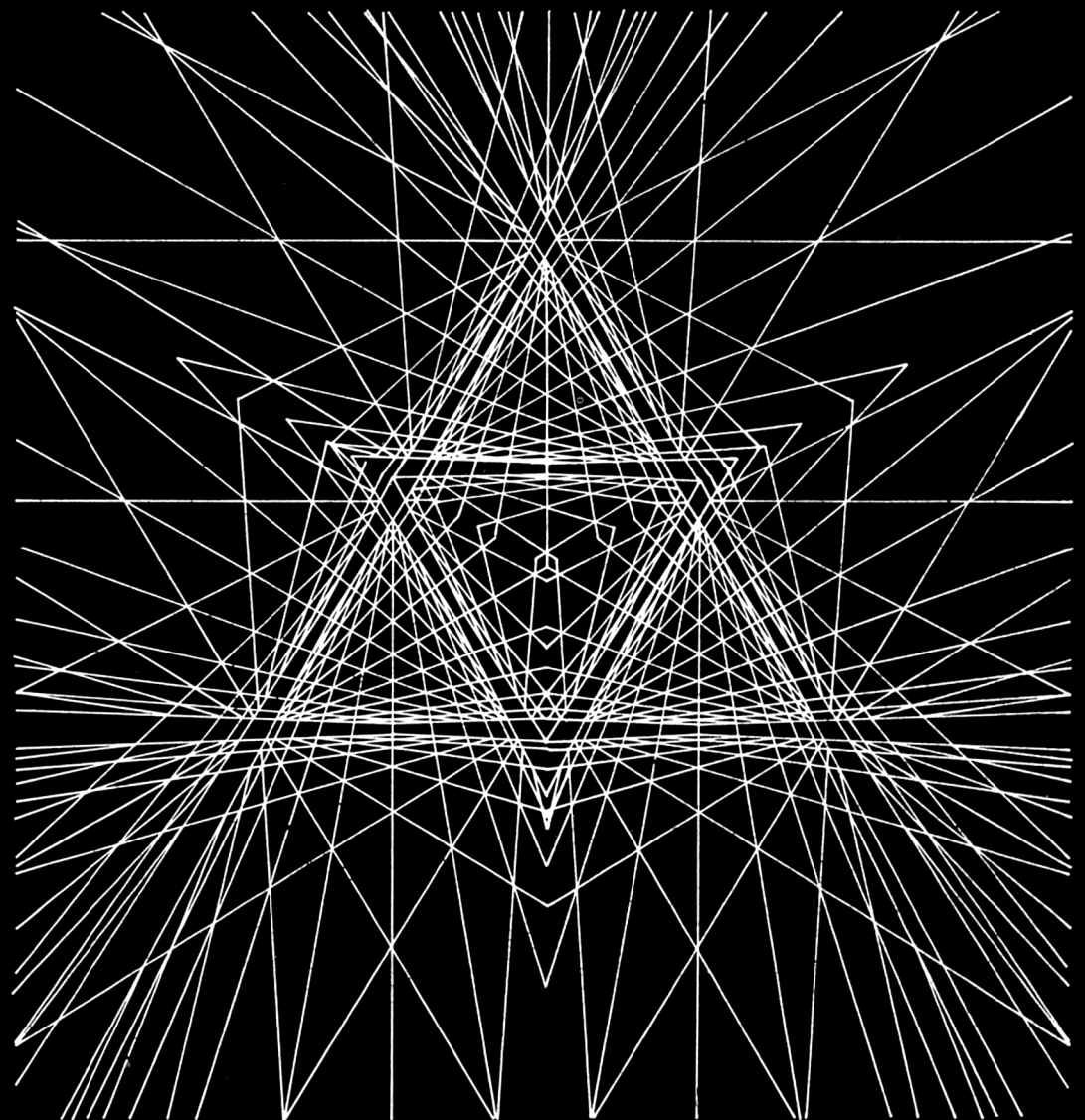
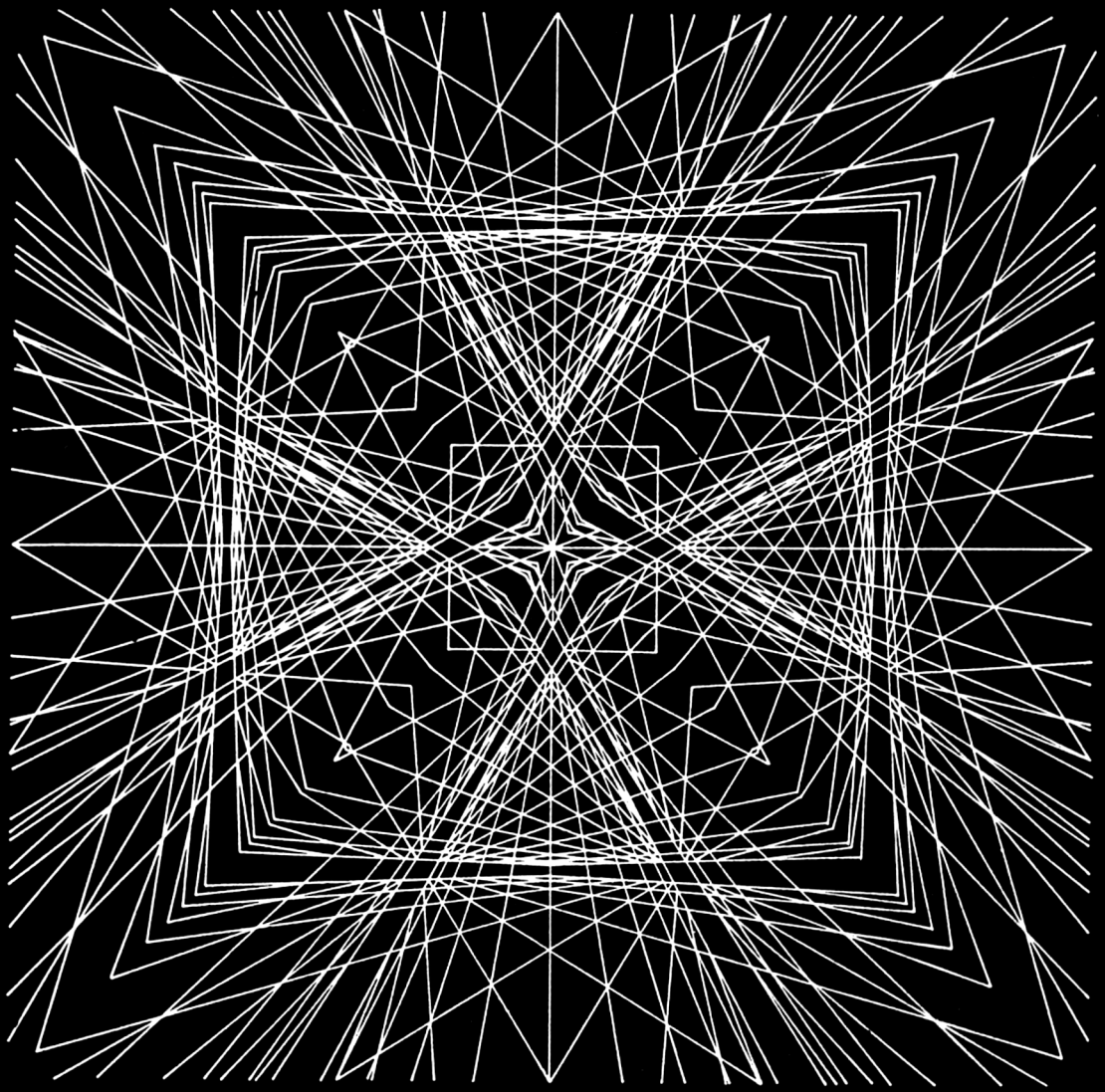
From the esthetic point of view, the rods or the metal tubes constitute an excellent means of rendering the structures light and almost immaterial, where the observer no longer thinks of the existence of a heavy roof, but where he feels drawn by the "movement" unleashed by the play of light and shadow. These structures yield a fascinating dynamic impression which is expressed in the arrangement of the rods.

These metal rod structures, which are three-dimensional, give the impression of weightless constructions, resting on but a few points, whose arrangement will depend on the utilization of the given volume.

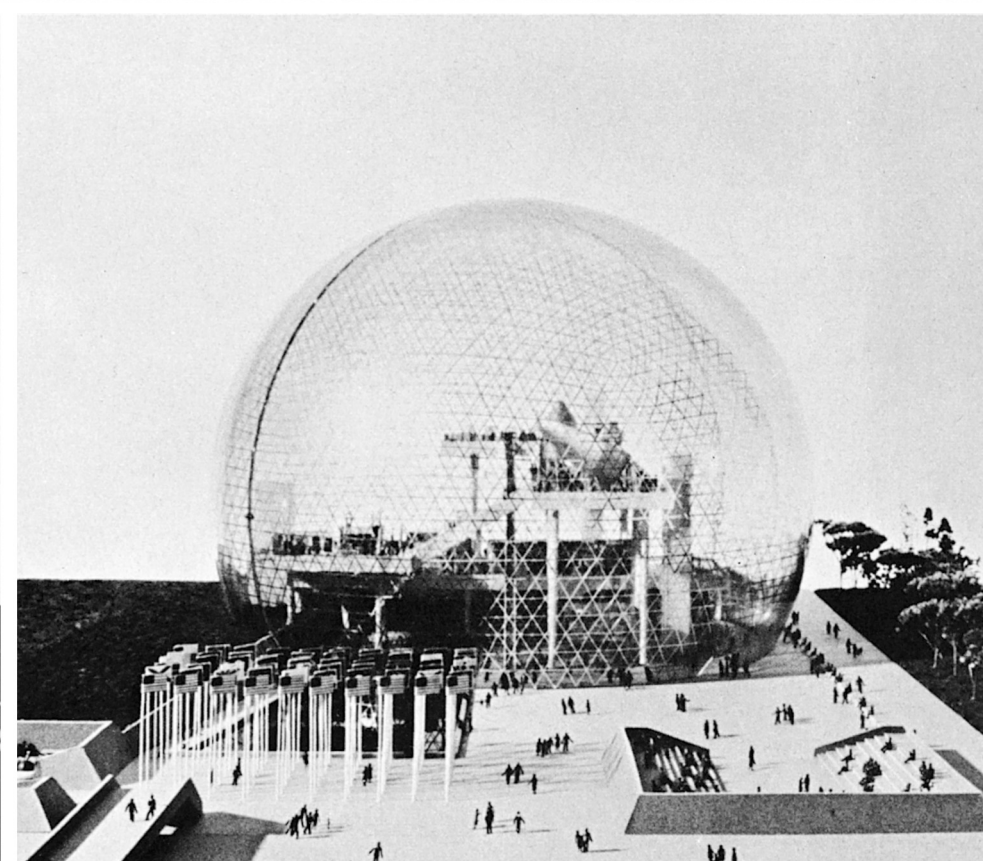
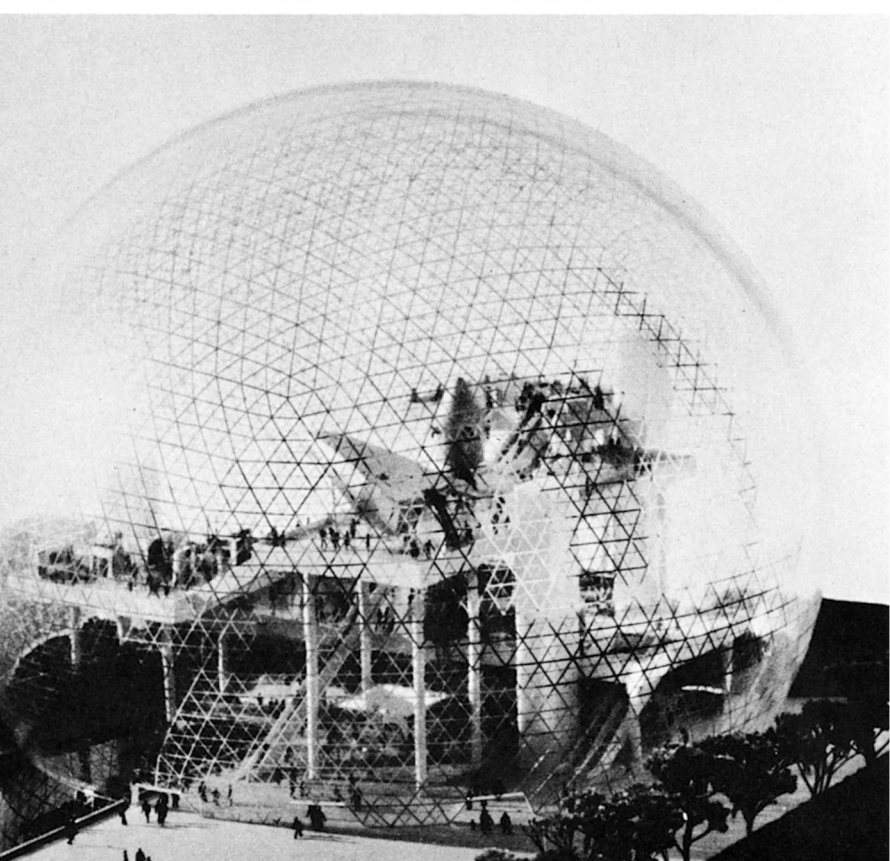
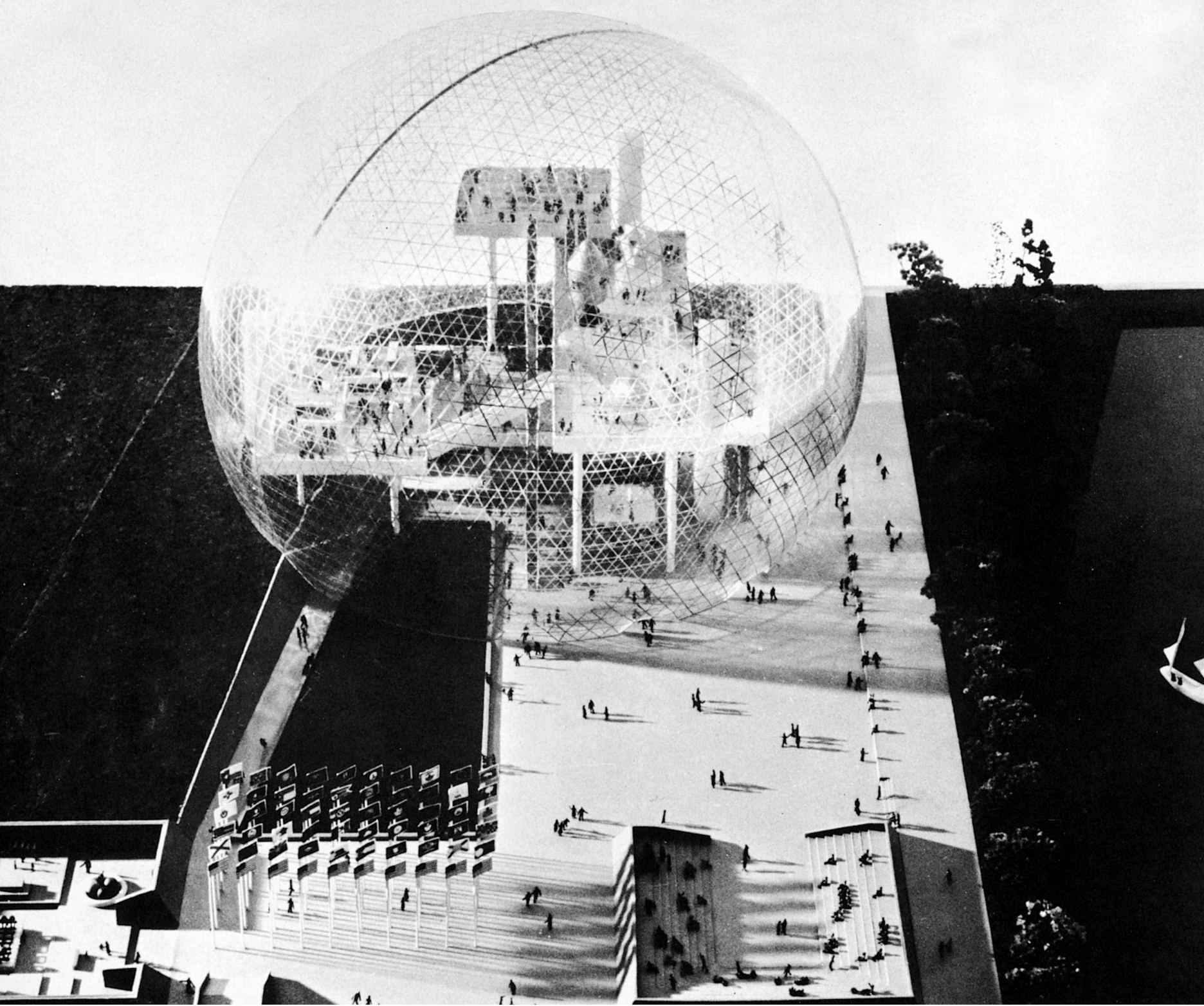
Now then, these structures are economical, for they offer a favourable relation between weight, proper, spans and employment of material. These structures express the aspirations of modern architecture, which reduces to a minimum the supporting elements so as to obtain an effect of lightness, which seeks a unity of exterior and interior expression as well as an interpenetration of spatial volumes, and which leads to a new spatial conception given by the relation between the sections of the elements and their span.

These structural shapes leave sufficient play to the architectural imagination to transform into reality artistic ideas based on the sense of forms, which, finally, is responsible for the esthetic aspect of the constructed end product. The continuous and discontinuous curves of the third degree can be obtained by a linear graphic representation: these curves are obtained by a continuous movement of the constructive mechanism from points or tangents based on the sole characteristics of a right angle. Moreover, there is the possibility of determining triangulated systems on the basis of the basic hexagon. Reprinted from *Bauen + Wohnen*.

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U.S. PAVILION AT MONTREAL

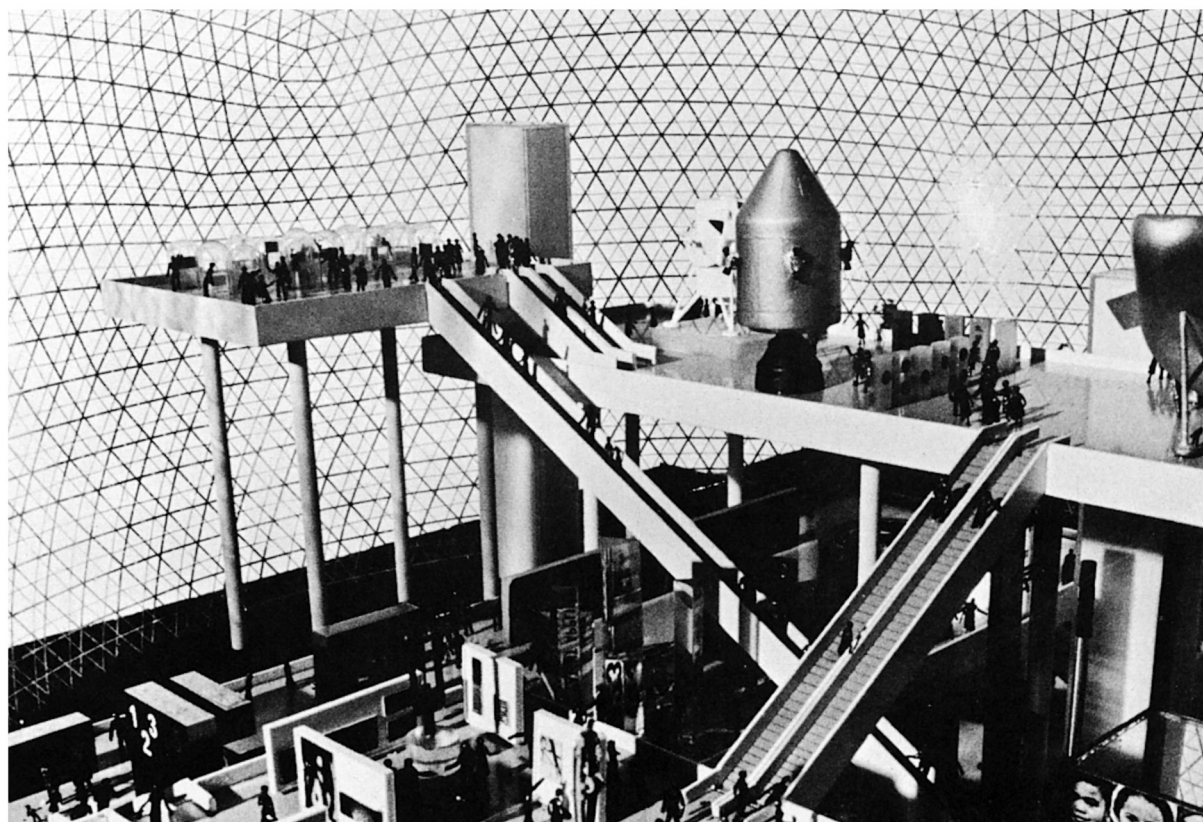
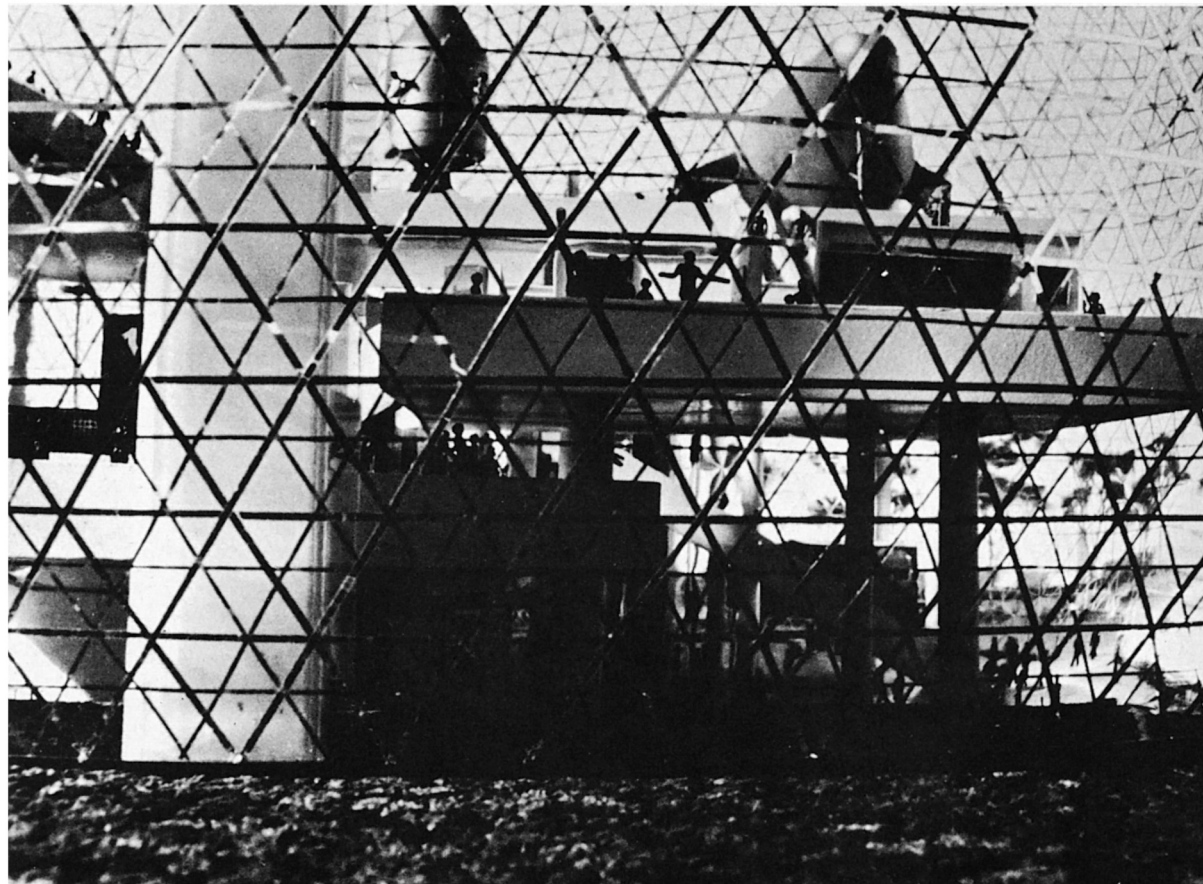
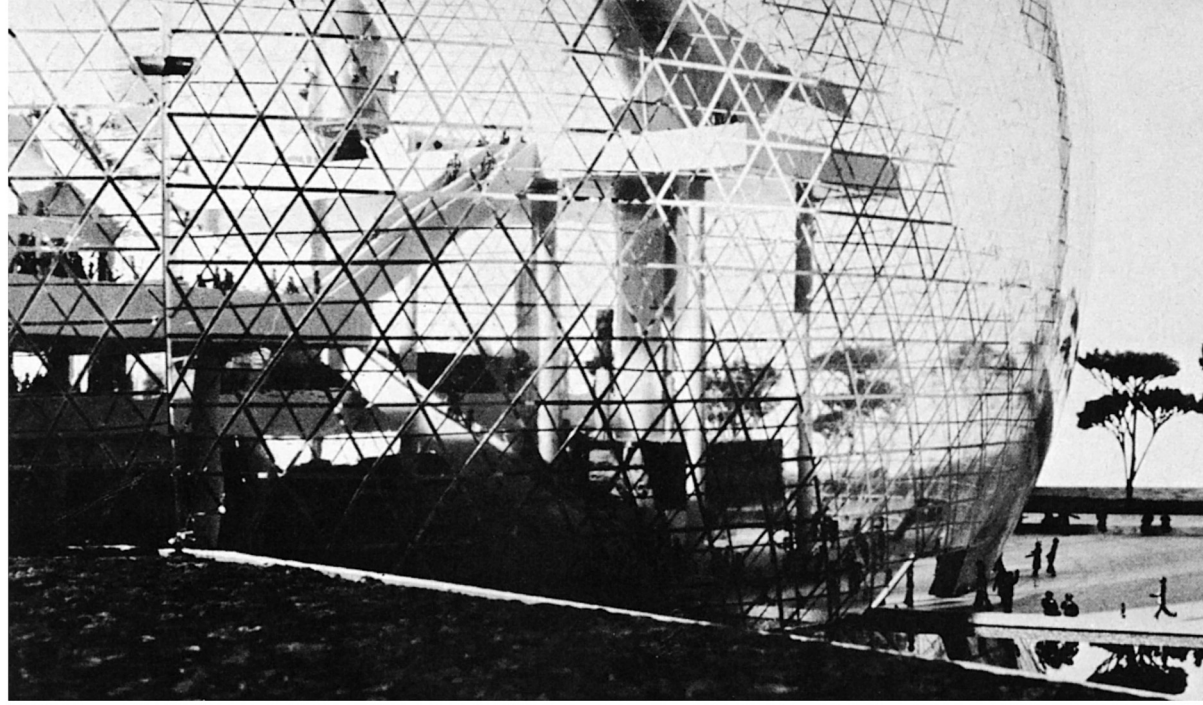
*By R. Buckminster Fuller,
Fuller and Sadao, Inc.,
and Geometrics, Inc.*

The U.S. Pavilion for the Canadian Universal and International Exposition in 1967 will be a three-quarter geodesic sphere 250 feet in diameter. The structure will be a lightweight metal space frame supporting a transparent enclosing surface composed of newly developed plastics or glass films and sheets. Retractable shading devices will be fitted over about 60% of the surface and controlled by computer to follow the course of the sun, screening the interior platforms.

The bubble enclosure, though transparent throughout, will not be invisible. In different areas, the various materials will be tinted and shaded or made partially reflectant by a thin metallic film. There will be four openings in the dome: a main entrance, 32' x 14', provided with an air curtain; a smaller scale subsidiary entrance; and an entrance and exit for an elevated "minirail" automatic train.

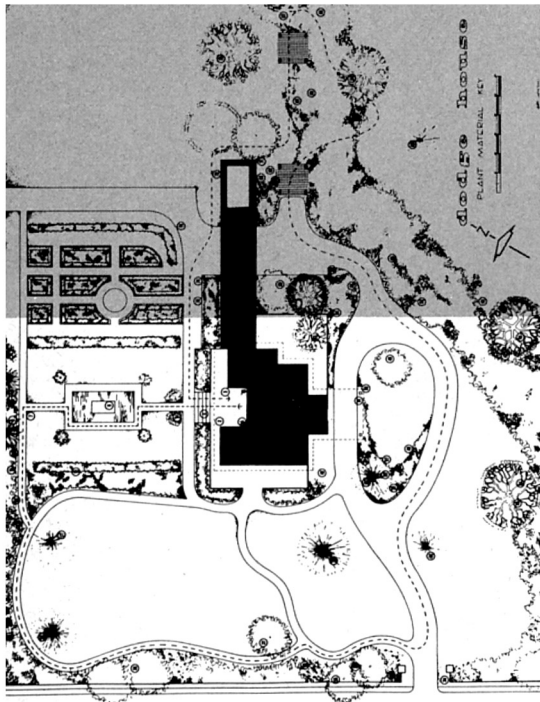
The air in the general open area will be tempered by units in two major locations and locally modulated by package units on the platforms. The bubble will be illuminated by Xenon lamps.

Architects for the interior structure and exhibits are Cambridge Seven Associates, Inc.



DEVELOPMENT PROPOSAL FOR DODGE HOUSE PARK

By D. Scott Brown, UCLA School of Architecture
and Urban Planning



There were moments of high drama in the Los Angeles School Board hearing of February 28th when Bart Lytton walked down the aisle, check in mouth, (answering a member's jibe that few people in this case seemed prepared to put their money where their mouths were) and in a flurry of due process and procedural questioning, made a bid, and bought the Dodge House for \$800,000. "I come not to praise the Dodge House but to save it," he said.

Members of the Committee to Save Dodge House were not so sure. In the corridor afterwards they appeared not to know what had hit them. In describing his plan to add one, and perhaps two, high-rise buildings to the site, Lytton had promised no more than to "do everything possible" to save the Dodge House. How much of a guarantee was that? Besides, the committee's aim had been to maintain all of the building and grounds in the public domain.

Symbolically, does one save one's cultural heritage through Lytton Savings and Loan?

Over coffee with the committee afterwards, this question, in its various forms (Does a commercial sponsor mean more risk for the house's future than a public one? Or less? Will they work with us? If so, how? How will they work with the city?) began to take on a more general meaning than I had first given it.

"Saving" the Dodge House, in this manner, seems to establish a precedent, and to suggest a strategy for future action.

Here is the thesis: in a fast-changing urban environment, there are bound to be individual buildings and spaces (and even whole areas) of great architectural and sentimental value, which cannot be maintained as they are. Not all buildings can be saved and not all battles can be won. There is only one Central Park in New York and this took a great national effort and an enormous weight of public opinion to preserve. Those members of the committee who felt the school board ("an educational board, no less!") to be crass, materialistic,

and supine, must realize that only rarely will an elected board be less so. Politics and the democratic system, lovely though it be in many ways, deals in compromise, and does not give rise to the great idea, the uncompromising position.

The urban strategist soon learns to choose his battlegrounds—to decide which fights must be fought to the end, where to make the heroic stand, what constitutes "Central Park." For the rest, another philosophy must prevail. There must be a way to accommodate change, such that the new augments the old. In a mixed economy, systems must be evolved for the cooperation of the public and private domains, and this applies in urban design as well. As economists keep telling us, there are other motives in the pay-off than monetary profit—prestige, power, self-respect. Be those as they may, Mr. Lytton appears equally as intent on doing good as on doing well.

So here is an excellent opportunity to set an example of good but realistic cooperation between public interest and "enlightened self-interest." There are two aspects to this opportunity, an organizational one and an architectural (and urban design) one.

The organizational one is basically "How do we ensure this good cooperation?"—i.e., what should be the structural and personal framework of relations and the philosophical approach through which it is ensured? This I leave to the worn, but experienced, Dodge House committee policy-makers to debate.

On the architectural side, so far only half the battle has been won. A negative good has been achieved—the "non destruction" of the building and part of the grounds. At this stage, the battle could still be lost and the building destroyed, though untouched, through what is built beside it. In order now to attain a positive good, a greater whole must be made through the addition of the new parts. And to do this we must have a philosophy for the setting of large new buildings in existing areas (especially urban areas) and for the juxtaposition of the old and new. In addition, we must consider what is the nature of a private architecture "affected with the public interest"? Lytton told the committee that in getting him, they had escaped the "other commercial interests." How does his enterprise differ from these other interests and, in particular, how should the architecture which results, the architecture of the public-private realm, reflect this difference, and still give both Mr. Lytton and the city a good deal?

All architecture has a private and a public face, but this is a special case. A group of private citizens will live here in particular grace and favor (height restrictions, perhaps lifted through the large, half-public site; location in a beautiful, half-public garden) but, at the same time, they will be at least symbolically, much within the public eye. The problem of privacy of their inner spaces is an intriguing one, but not exactly pertinent to our questions of public policy and city strategy. What concerns me here is the *outer* spaces. Architects are accustomed to thinking of outer space—the space between buildings, the space of the road—as residual, as "negative" space. Such an attitude, I feel, would be wrong in the design of public-private architecture. Here the *urban* space must be

treated as the positive element, not only for the sake of the public realm and to project the right public-private corporate image, but also for the sake of the private individuals and the protection of their privacy. Where the public spaces are dominant, private spaces and functions may achieve a seemingly reticence, and the *sense* of privacy necessary, in our culture, for urban living.

Now there are many ways to do this; many mixtures of formal and informal, outside and inside, street-side and yard-side. However, the Dodge House itself is already an eloquent expression of an attitude to this problem, and perhaps something could be learned from it for this particular case and in the interest of the making of greater wholes. On its west and south sides, maximum use was made by Gill of contrast between man-made and natural forms, in the setting of the building against the soft sweep of the garden, its sinuous paths and artfully placed trees. But on the other sides, the house sends its arms out into the landscape. Walled courts are arch-pierced to glimpse the trees beyond: paved and pooled gardens stretch toward the boundary, open but formal—*more formal than the house itself*; and at the far end is a columned loggia, a final outpost of the house on the boundary.

This second way of relating building and outer spaces is more important for us today than the first, since in a dense urban area the first is a luxury we usually cannot afford; in the Dodge House we are lucky that we already have so much of it; but for the additions we would do well to take the more formal approach (always for the *public* spaces; the private courts and patios, by contrast, can be informal). Because there is no room for the grand sweep of landscape—we are too near the house on one side and the street on the other—this should be urban, public, formal space, like the street. In any case, the automobile and the exigencies of its parking requirements force a formality on the plan. This exigency, I am arguing, should be embraced as an opportunity to produce a truly *urban* solution, in an area which, as it becomes denser, could learn so much from this example.

How will the buildings relate to the street? Can they help to make of the street space something more than the residual it usually is and thereby set a pattern for the rebuilding of the area? Can the basement parking structures be thought of as the firm and monumental (in a good sense) base of the complex? Can the driveways be thought of as part of this formal, urban architecture of the street, not introduced circumstantially as if we wish they weren't there? On the house side, how can we use the rich and ample elegance of what we already have to augment our necessarily much more prosaic structures?

Having once decided to put a new building beside a fine old one, can we make it a good one? And if it is good, can we bravely come right up close to the old one, perhaps intertwining with it, using its walls for the definitives of new spaces?

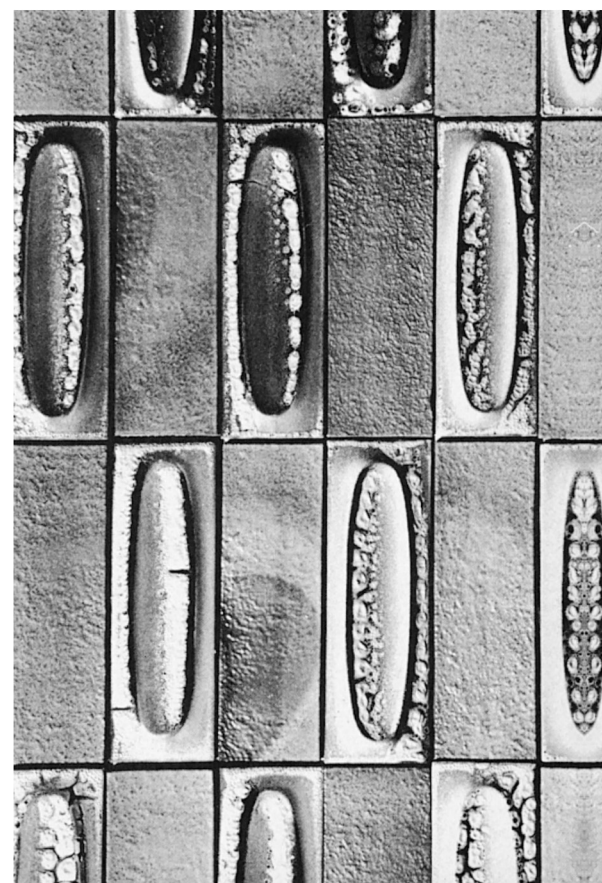
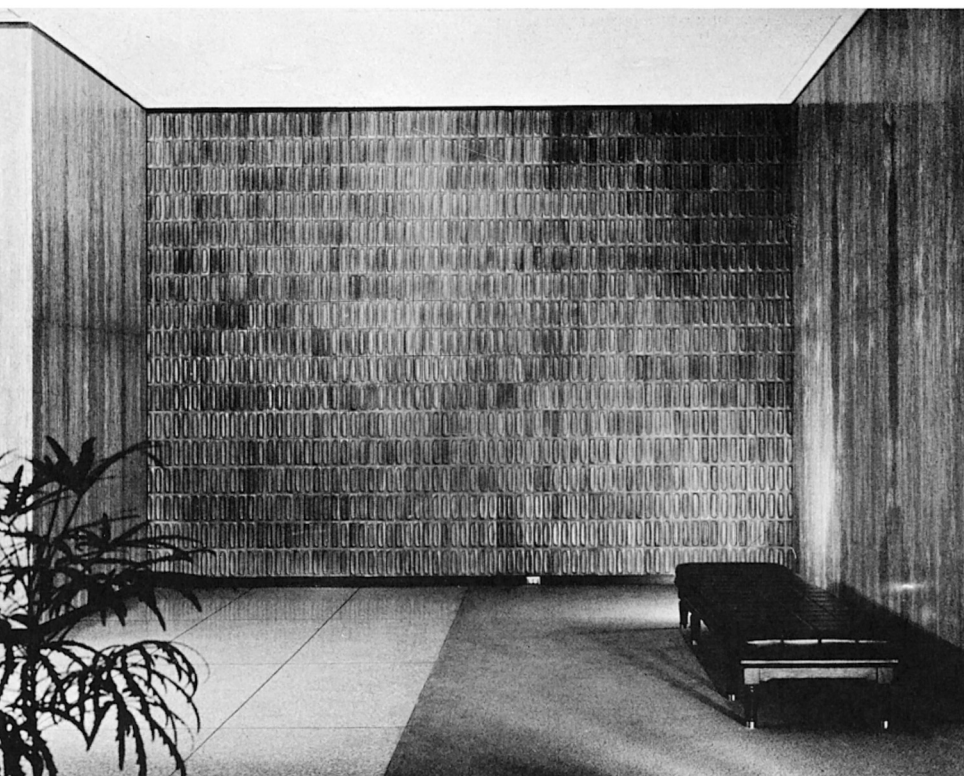
How can we ensure that when every site and every street around the Dodge House is built up in walk-up and multi-story buildings, this public-private place will stay as a haven not only for our building but for our souls?

HEATH CERAMIC TILE

The direction taken by Edith and Brian Heath is opposite to the historical practice in ceramic manufacture of constantly and increasingly refining clay to the point of anonymity. They introduce the natural imperfections and the tones and textures of the earth; the result is a tile that has many of nature's impurities restored to its matrix and acts as a foil to the clean, aseptic style of much of modern architecture.

Production consists essentially of two basic types of tile, "ribbon tile" and pressed tile. The method of fabrication creates the differentiation since the same clay and the same range of glazes applies to both. The "ribbon tile" is made in a three-inch module with sizes ranging from 3" x 3" through 3" x 6", 3" x 9", and 3" x 12". This tile is made entirely by hand forming methods and incorporates a certain amount of undulations, roughness, and a general insistence on its own character. The pressed tile, on the other hand, is flatter and more even, being intended primarily for use on floors, and depends on the normal variations of human application of glaze and differences in firing for its tonal and textural variation and interest. The floor of the Los Angeles County Museum is an example of the kind of variation expressed by the pressed tile.

In addition to these two basic types of tile the Heaths also make a three dimensional form which is quite severe and sculptured in character.



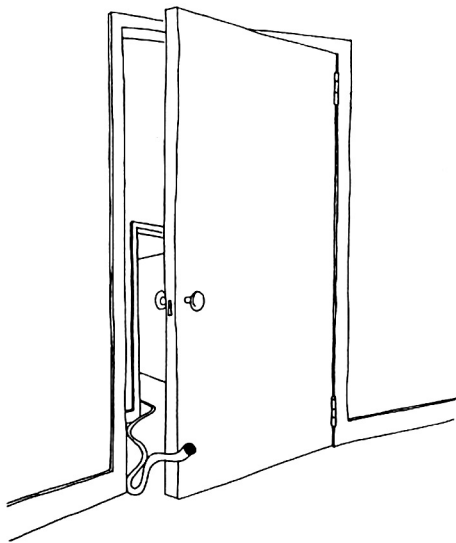
ALIEN BUILDINGS

BY ROBERT SOMMER

Drawings by Forrest Wilson, Associate Editor of Progressive Architecture

(Mr. Sommer is an associate professor of psychology at University of California, Davis.)

In a bureaucratic building every little thing has a place of its own. The rooms fairly shout—this is where you keep records, this is where you have conferences, this is where you drink coffee, and this is where you see the boss. Every function requires a new room which is indicated by another box on the blueprints. The clerk does not enter the executive suite without permission, the accountant has no place in the maintenance area, and the secretary is regarded with puzzled glances and appreciative whistles in the shipping department. The fully developed bureaucratic structure keeps the orbits of people permanently separated. An employee can predict with almost perfect accuracy whom he will meet the entire day. Occasionally a man goes in the wrong door or leaves the elevator at the wrong floor and finds himself in a completely new world. For several years I passed a closed gray door without knowing where it led. One afternoon I noticed a heavy wire cable protruding from the room like an arm, leaving the door slightly ajar. My curiosity as to whether some machine was trying to escape led me inside, down a narrow staircase, into a huge windowless area containing massive shielded motors. Further exploration revealed that the maintenance engineers had offices larger and more lavish than my own, an indication of the relative scale of values in the company.



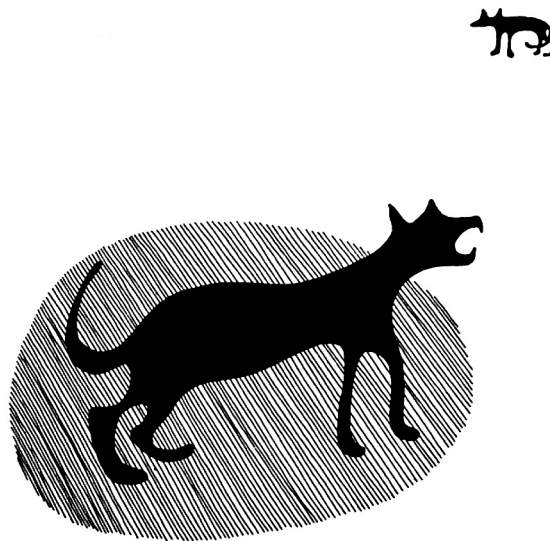
Another out-of-orbit trip occurred when I found the usual entrance to the public library locked and a sign in the window "Use West Door." Though I am mentally alert generally, and can distinguish up from down, I have never known directions. In New York City people indicate directions with their arms or soberly explain you must walk three blocks towards the river and then turn right. Few natives in that vast sophisticated metropolis know north from west or east from south. As a boy I imagined that north was up and south was down but I was never sure whether east was to my right or left. The library sign made no sense to me so I entered the first door available (which turned out later to be the "South" door). It led through a well-tiled and dim corridor into a brightly lit office area. Clerks on both sides who were busy typing library cards and purchase orders paid no attention to my presence. Further on I found a large storeroom containing unopened crates of

books and several shelf areas filled with books I can only assume were for the use of the library staff. To this day I regret not having examined more closely this librarian's library.

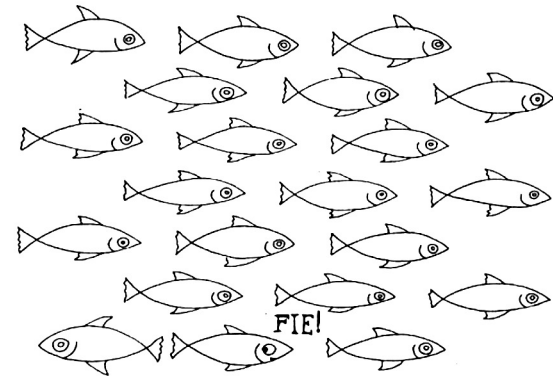
The corridor continued past a gay green elevator and a stairway out of *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*. Rather than stray too far from my familiar world, I retreated back to the main office and asked how to find the stacks. The girl assumed I was library staff and my question had no meaning for her. Suddenly a glint of comprehension came into her eyes—I was a library user, not staff! Apparently she hadn't seen a user for years.

Since there was no way to pass from the staff area into the user area except by a secret panel in one of the stacks, I returned to the outside the way I entered. I've used the library many times since then but I have never seen any trace of that strange "staff" world.

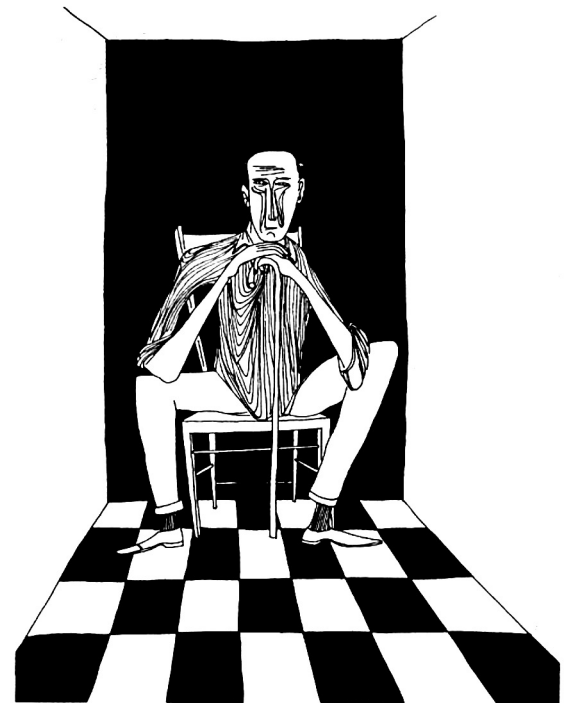
The segregation of orbits within the building parallels the separation of function of the buildings themselves. As an organization grows, it moves from a separate office to a separate floor to a separate building to a separate campus. Segregation of public building into office complexes or civic centers is the rule. The visitor as well as the state employee is lost in a vast maze of bureaucratic structures. The previous alternative, keeping the buildings scattered throughout different parts of the city and with a style consistent with neighborhood architecture, seemed less efficient to the planners who equate bigness with goodness and consolidation with efficiency. In non-owned space, individual territories are actively discouraged. A territory is a place that an animal or a person marks out and defends against intruders. Away



from his territory an animal is tense, watchful, and fearful. In many species, animals without territories will not mate or reproduce and are more susceptible to predation and disease than animals with places of their own. Among humans, teenagers as well as salesmen actively defend territories. There are many accounts of gang wars when the members of one gang invade another's "turf." A bureaucratic environment insures that one can call, but not make, a space his own. A certain degree of restrained individuality in person and personality may be tolerated, but by no means to or beyond the point of nonconformance with the corporate image.



Bureaucratic architecture reaches its acme in institutions for the infirm, handicapped and elderly. This is no coincidence, since these are places whose insides are hidden away from public view and where the inmates typically cannot complain (they have no rights, only privileges). These are buildings in which the rooms arrange the people, and where the residents are expected to remain passive towards the environment. There are explicit rules, under the guise of protecting public property, against a patient altering his physical surroundings in any way, including the location of the bed he occupies or the drapes on his window. The arrangement of people and furniture invariably takes the form that is easiest to clean and maintain.



This alien environment is not so much a product of a diabolical conspiracy against individual needs as it is a reflection of an existing style of organization. It will take deliberate planning to construct college dormitories that foster a sense of community and hospital rooms that make patients feel at ease. Schweitzer's hospital at Lambarene has been criticized as being dirty and unhygienic, observations that have been confirmed by numerous visitors to the hospital. However, the good doctor wanted to treat the bush people who would be frightened away by a modern hospital designed and maintained according to Western standards. Schweitzer believed that the surroundings should

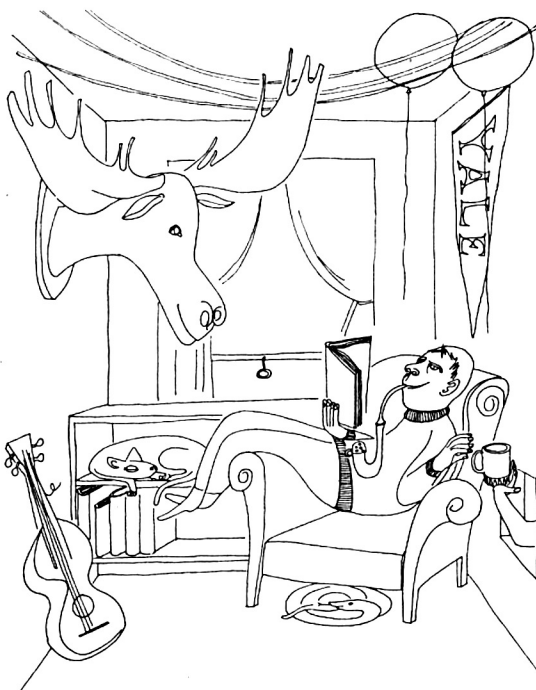
respect the cultural and individual identity of the patient. Although humane buildings may suffer in terms of outward physical beauty and technical efficiency this is sometimes preferable to making people suffer.

The psychiatrist Humphry Osmond uses the term *sociofugal* to describe space that keeps people isolated from one another. At times the design of facilities to encourage individual isolation and privacy is a laudable objective. (An architect designing a library reading room or study hall would be wise to learn the ways in which people use the physical environment to avoid one another. Several studies have shown clearly that freedom from unwanted eye contact is of critical importance in preserving privacy.) However, what I am discussing here is not space designed to keep people apart, but space that works that way in fact when the goals of the building are otherwise.

Architects do not bear the major responsibility for the existence of bureaucratic buildings. Almost by definition these are buildings that belong to no one, not the people who work in them nor those who built them. Their faceless and impersonal style reflects the committee systems under which they were built and a set of regulations designed to insure ease of maintenance.

Can a good architect do anything in the face of the increasing bureaucratization of all sectors of society? This is not the loaded question it may seem at first reading. Bureaucracy need not always be used in a pejorative way since students of government consider it the most rational system of administration for a complex society. Max Weber, the father of bureaucratic studies, maintained that a bureaucratic system increased in efficiency to the extent that it *depersonalized* the performance of official tasks. Weber believed "the ideal official conducts his office . . . in a spirit of formalistic impersonality . . . without hatred or passion, and hence without enthusiasm or affection." Note the intimate connection between *official* as a person and a bureaucratic category and *office* as a status and a location. In a personal administration where everything comes down from a boss who knows everyone, favors are granted on the basis of whim, fancy, and kinship; in a bureaucratic system, favors can be granted openly only with reference to objective impersonal attributes. But the impersonality which was the antidote to favoritism, nepotism, and arbitrariness when transferred to the area of design resulted in faceless buildings in which no one feels at home. There is little the architect can do about the committee system that awards him a contract. Large companies are becoming even larger and corporate clients outnumber individual clients. Undoubtedly the architect has difficulty maintaining an individual style under a committee system whose end product is all too frequently the lowest common denominator of the tastes of everyone involved. There is ample evidence from social-psychological studies that when people come together to discuss topics about which their initial opinions are vague and diffuse, their subsequent opinions will tend to converge towards a common mean. An experienced architect has learned to live with such a system and has developed methods for convincing individual committee members of the virtue of good design. Architects, engineers and lawyers can write books describing the *real* how-

to-sell-clients as distinct from the ethical mythology taught in professional school. However for an architect to exercise his own personal style does not automatically produce pro-human architecture. We are talking here about space that satisfies human needs. By modern standards this space can be beautiful or ugly, sleek or Baroque, but it has one essential feature—the people who inhabit it can alter it to suit their own individual needs and personalities. In a word, the space is *territorializable*. No matter how well a college dormitory is designed, if the students themselves cannot personalize their rooms they will not feel at home. Impediments to territoriality can be administrative rules as well as the architecture. However there is an interaction between rules and structure that should be the concern of the architect. A college may prohibit students from hanging up pictures in an effort to save the walls but if perforated wallboards had been located in the rooms in the first place, the rule would be unnecessary.



To go one step further, provision for group alteration of the environment is necessary for the development of a spirit of community among the residents. The authority to plan the allocation or distribution of various environmental elements, including even such minor items as washing machines, flower beds, and water coolers, is vital for the communal spirit. Perhaps the result of giving the occupants themselves a say in the landscaping through some form of tenant advisory council will result in an unesthetic arrangement some years, but the provision for resident-initiated and -directed change will permit improvement when things appear unsatisfactory. Certainly such a state of affairs is superior to one in which the environment is fixed permanently at the outset and no change is possible. What I am pleading for are buildings and sub-units within buildings that can be personalized, turned into territories, and provide residents with the feeling that they have had some stake in shaping their environment and the possibility of alteration when it appears unsatisfactory. Behavioral studies related to architectural forms have just begun. Several recent studies such as the

one by Mintz at Brandeis indicate that the first defense against a poor environment is avoidance. Stated in plain language, people will try to avoid a bad environment when they have the opportunity. When people are forced by circumstances to remain in unpleasant environments, the effects can be paradoxical. For example, a study we did relating classroom design to student participation showed that the greatest amount of participation took place, *not* in an attractive, well-lit and beautifully furnished seminar room, but rather in an "unsuitable" biology laboratory. A little checking disclosed that the students in the laboratory, seated on lab stools and benches, could not lean back and "withdraw" from the discussion, while the students in the seminar room were able to relax and withdraw psychologically at will. However, it is not clear what price people have to pay for poor architecture. Like the high noise level that temporarily increases production but permanently increases absenteeism and turnover, the effects of bad design on the human organism may be insidious and covert.



The twin goals of the architect interested in the behavioral effects of buildings should be to learn how people accommodate themselves to existing structure, following the methods of the ecologist who deals with the distribution and density of organisms within a biome; and second, to learn the optimal environment for given human functions. The extent to which a building or town that people have helped to create and maintain actually contributes to personal and community well-being is an empirical and eminently researchable question. It calls for experimental comparison between buildings in which people are involved in the planning process at all stages and then are given a role in adjusting and maintaining and those environments which are designed and maintained by non-residents. I would predict that the sum-total of human satisfaction would be greater when the residents themselves are involved in the design and maintenance of their environment. The popularity of do-it-yourself home workshops and home gardening (where each tomato costs 50c) attests to a deep personal need to interact with the environment and impress one's uniqueness upon it.



HUGH STUBBINS AND ASSOCIATES, ARCHITECTS

The Francis A. Countway Library of Medicine of the Harvard Medical School is one new building which manages to combine a fresh approach and an imaginative design concept with perfect respect for its environment. The new building, designed by Hugh Stubbins and Associates, houses the combined collections, staffs, and services of the Harvard Medical Library and the Boston Medical Library. In an agreement signed in January, 1960, it was decided to combine the resources of these two venerable institutions in one building located on the grounds of the Harvard Medical School. The new building was opened in June of 1965.

The library, located on Huntington Avenue in Boston, faces the opposite way towards the monumental neo-classical buildings of the Longwood Quadrangle of the Harvard Medical School. Future development plans call for the removal of the encroaching structures of the Peter Bent Brigham Hospital. This will open up the presently overcrowded site to form another open mall, and the library will then occupy a more central position in the total design of the medical school.

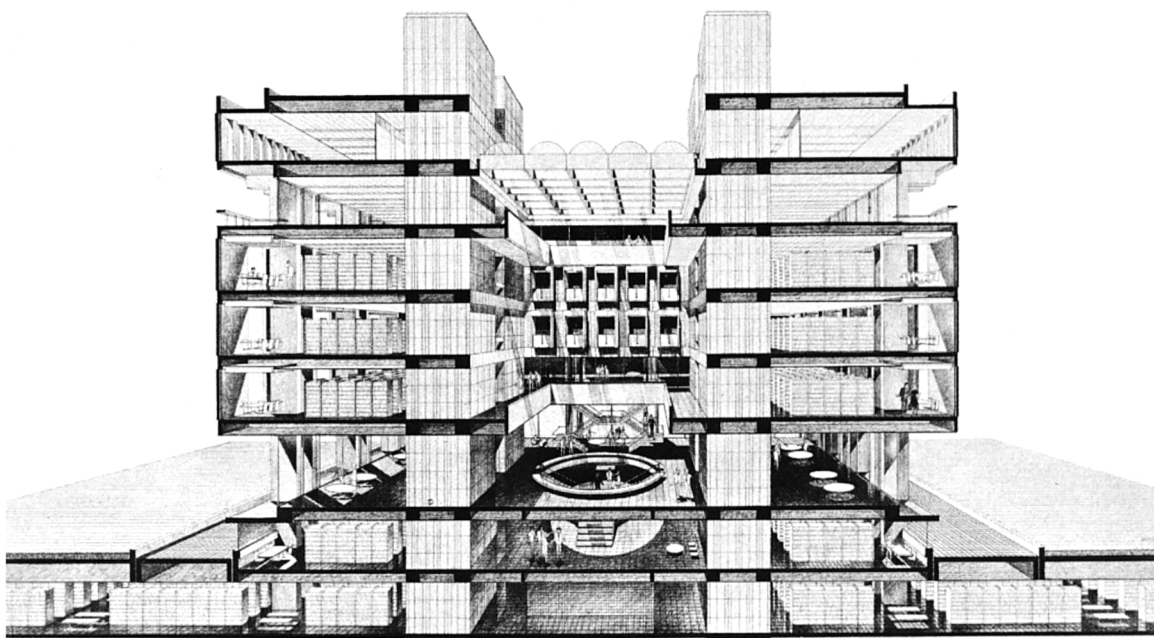
At present the library houses 400,000 volumes (with a future capacity of 750,000) and is one of the largest medical libraries of the world. It serves all doctors, students, and research investigators of the Harvard Medical School, the Harvard Schools of Public Health and Dental Medicine, the professional staff of the Harvard affiliated teaching hospitals, and members and fellows of the Boston Medical Library, which includes the members of the Massachusetts Medical Society and the entire Boston medical community.

The building, by providing easy access to the collections, expresses the idea that the library should be an active instrument of education and an essential contributor to research rather than a mere storehouse of books. The library is clearly organized into two parts. All the periodicals are on the lower two floors with easy access to the current ones arranged on open shelves facing the court, also the main entrance; while books are in open stacks in the upper three floors.

The square massive building of eight stories (two below ground) with identical facades on all four sides, above all expresses dignity, permanence, and power. Though contemporary in every aspect, the architects have most skilfully integrated their design and materials with the domineering neo-classical columned buildings of the rest of the medical school.

The library is the same height as its neighbors; its heavy fascia is coordinated with the classical cornices of the other buildings. The natural buff colored limestone was chosen not only for its durability and attractive texture, but also for its harmony with the white marble of the nearby buildings. The sunken court-yard (the main entrance is reached over a bridge) which surrounds the building provides light for the first below-ground story, where the periodical rooms are. This plaza is paved in warm, tan colored brick, which blends well with the concrete retaining walls and the limestone of the building.

Except for the top floors and the ground floor, all windows are located on the sides of the cantilevered sitting and study areas. This controls the light and view (which is not especially interesting) and turns the library towards the inside—the central open court, around which the whole building is



Photos by Louis Reens

organized. At the same time it creates a strong vertical design quality which is further supported by the expressed paired columns which reach from the ground to the cornice. The whole building is carried by these columns, which span to the four supporting walls which surround the central courtyard and house stairs, elevators, and plumbing. The service areas and periodical stacks are underneath the whole plaza and extend out towards Huntington Avenue where a small separate building provides access for truck deliveries.

The design of the library can be understood only from the inside. The central court is open from the first below-ground floor (which has large windows opening onto the plaza) to the fifth floor, where the special meeting rooms, the auditorium, and special collections reading room are located.

The organization of the reading rooms and stacks around this central court concentrates the circulation and noise producing activity around the middle. The quiet study areas are located on the outside of the building in the alcoves projected out beyond and between the columns. This functional feature in fact creates the exterior design of the building. These small study areas are furnished in a variety of ways and can be used by up to eight people or subdivided for individual use.

The main feature of the central court is the graceful open stairs which lead from the main entrance floor to the periodical rooms below. The two carpeted stairs, following the curved opening (one at the front, the other at the rear of the open court) establish a perfect design balance with the squareness of the building. Located at the bottom of the central court, their graceful curves connect the main floor with the floor below (used for periodicals) more intimately by the large central opening. Indeed the two floors seem to become one connected space despite the vertical separation. The court is lit partly by natural light, partly by mercury lamps high inside the skylights.

On the upper third and fourth floors of the court, balconies project at each elevator landing. On the two other sides, five carrells each are cantilevered. Like small individual boxes they are hung over the court with a large window in front. This greatly contributes to the appearance of the court but surely does not offer much privacy to the occupant of the carrell.

It becomes at once apparent—upon entering the building—that the architects exercised complete design control over the interiors and that we have here fortunately for once a really coordinated de-

sign. The building materials, furniture, fabrics, colors, carpets, in fact everything, are integrated with the architecture. This is a rare treat. Much of the furniture and materials used were specially designed for the purpose.

Throughout the library—except in the book stacks—heavy wall-to-wall carpeting, in fact a total of 4300 square yards, was used. This was found to be the most practical from a maintenance point of view and most useful to deaden interior noise. The tobacco colored carpet also creates a feeling of warmth in contrast to the limestone, which is exposed in the interior court, and blends beautifully with the stained oak woodwork. The carpet throughout the fifth floor for the meeting and special function rooms is bright scarlet red, which lends it an aura of festivity, especially with the massive black upholstered chairs.

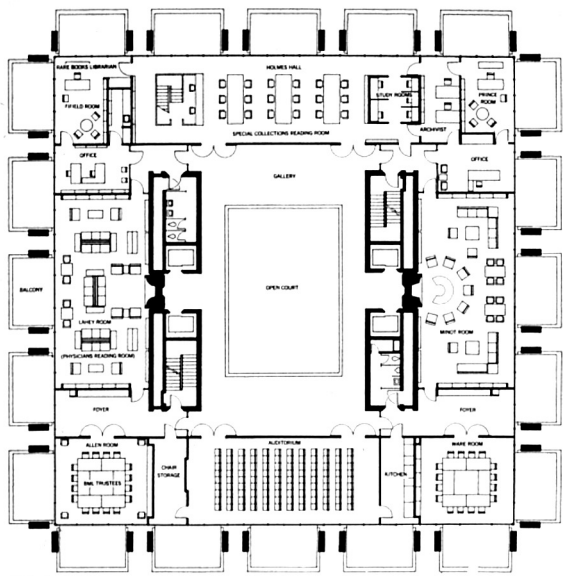
In general the interiors are simple and restful: there is consistency in the color scheme as well as design. The dark oak millwork and the attractive wire brushed oak panelling lend an air of dignity.

One of the unusual new features is an electronic paging system. Upon entering the library, each doctor (and others) may pick up a vest pocket electronic paging unit. Upon receiving a call this unit will emit a quiet signal; the call may be answered at the nearest red telephone. (There are two on each floor near the elevators.) An antenna specifically for this paging system was built into the walls. The library is also experimenting with new cataloging systems using computers.

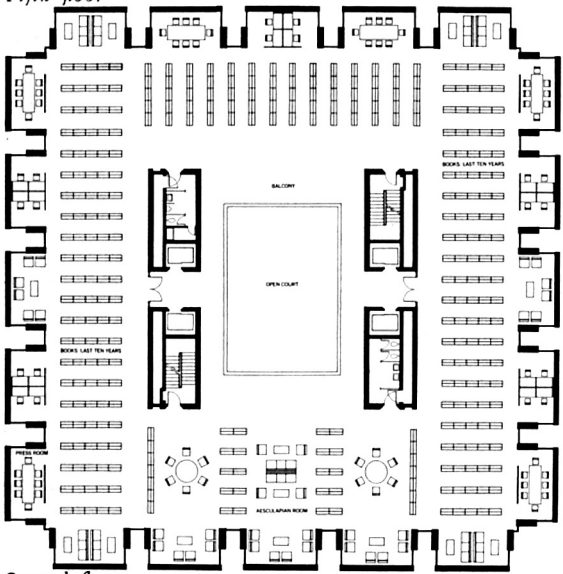
The Countway Library, though it serves a very special function and a limited group of professionals, has nevertheless fulfilled by its quality and design expression some of the most important requirements of contemporary architecture. As such, it should set an example for institutional building, which of late has provided fertile ground for much architectural experimentation. Unfortunately some of this experimentation has, in the eyes of this critic, yielded not many answers, but rather some very unfortunate, meaningless buildings which neither suit their purpose nor are acceptable in the community.

The Countway Library, designed with restraint and self discipline, establishes a new quality in a context of permanency. To achieve this in a neo-classical setting was difficult indeed. The plan and interior space organization is eminently clear and "works." The simplicity of the solution belies the difficulties of housing the multitude of functions which are combined in this building.

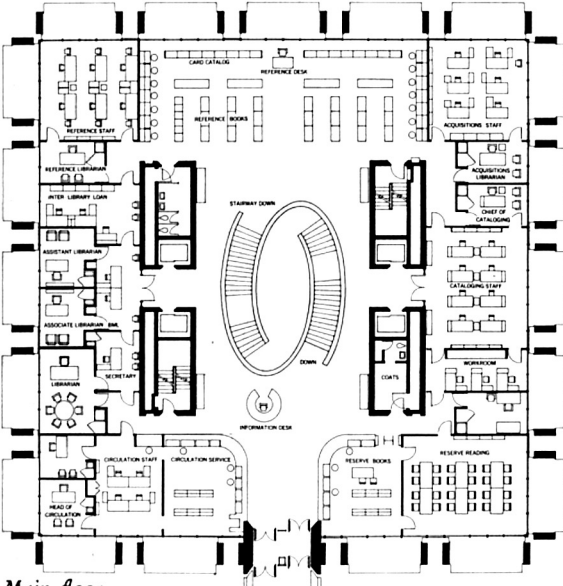
FRAN P. HOSKEN



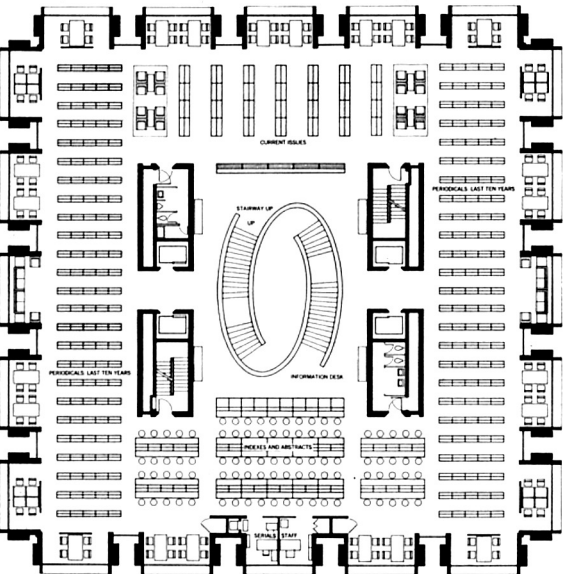
Fifth floor



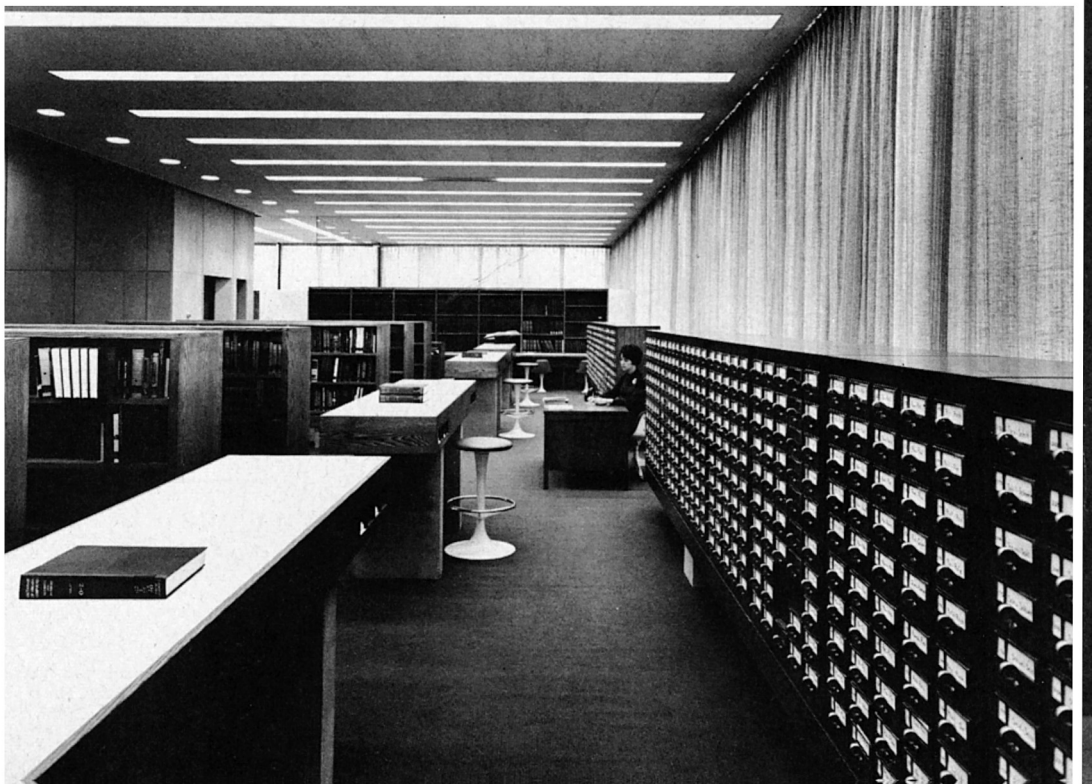
Second floor



Main floor



First lower floor







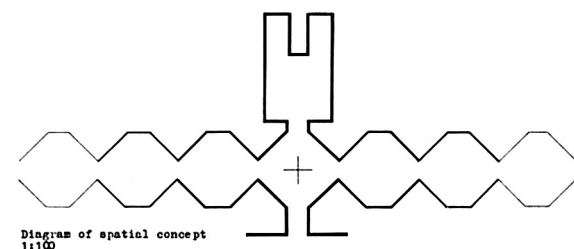
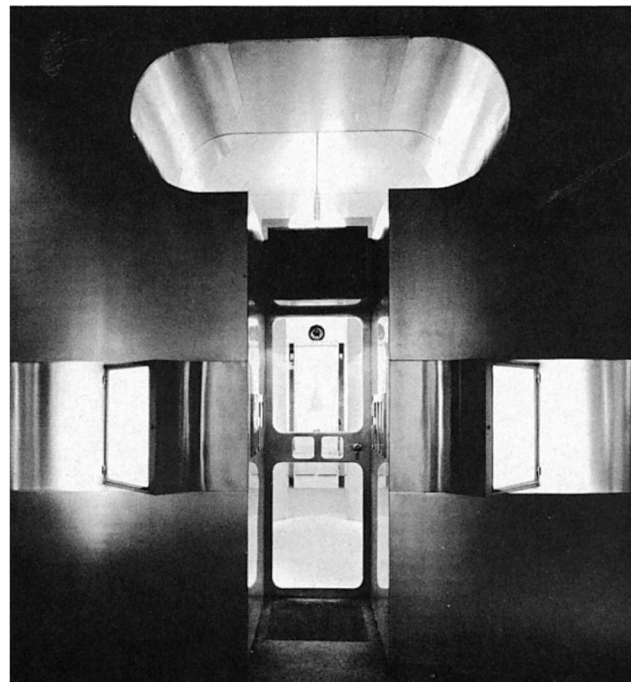
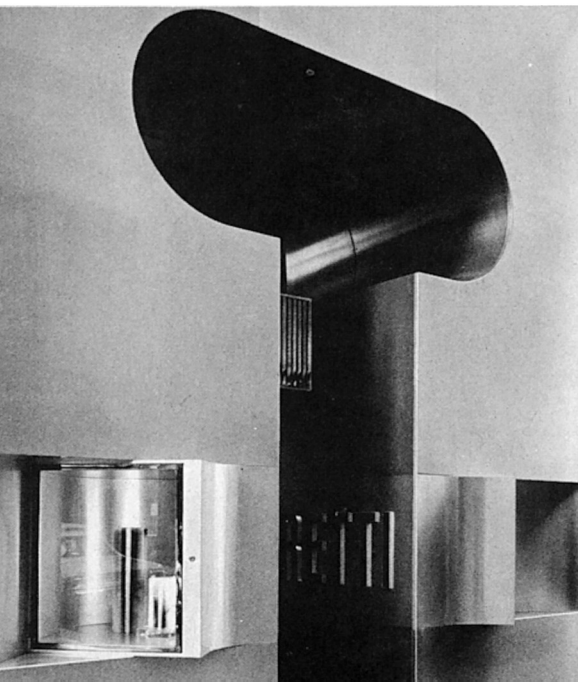
HANS HOLLEIN, ARCHITECT

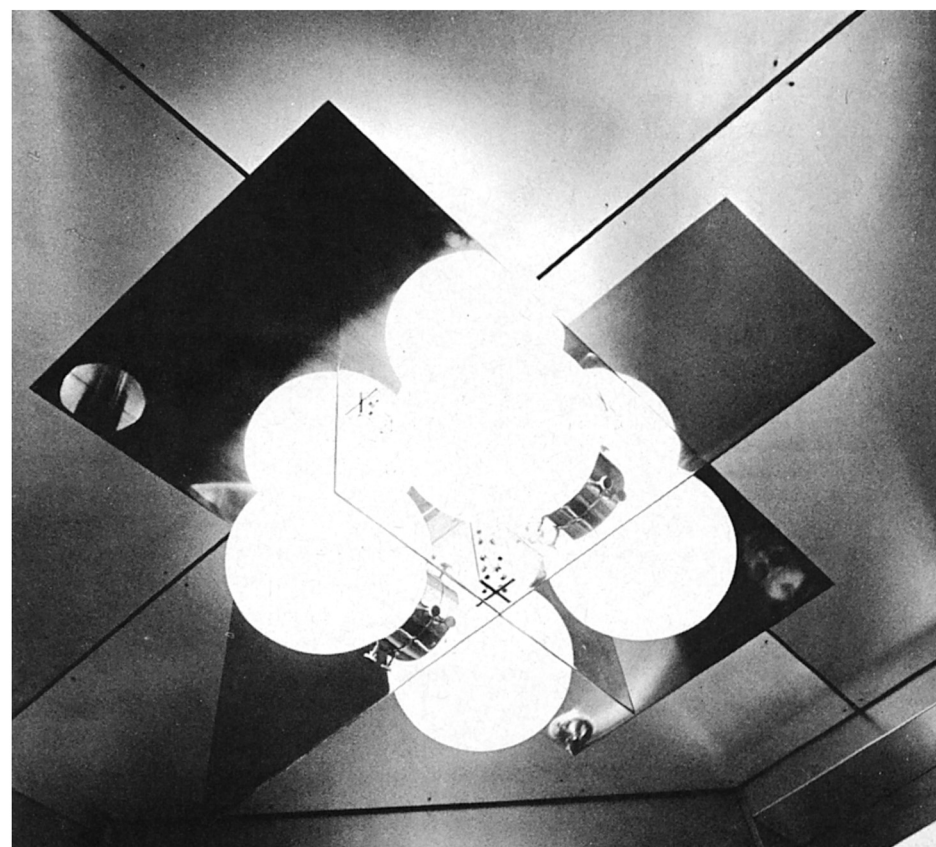
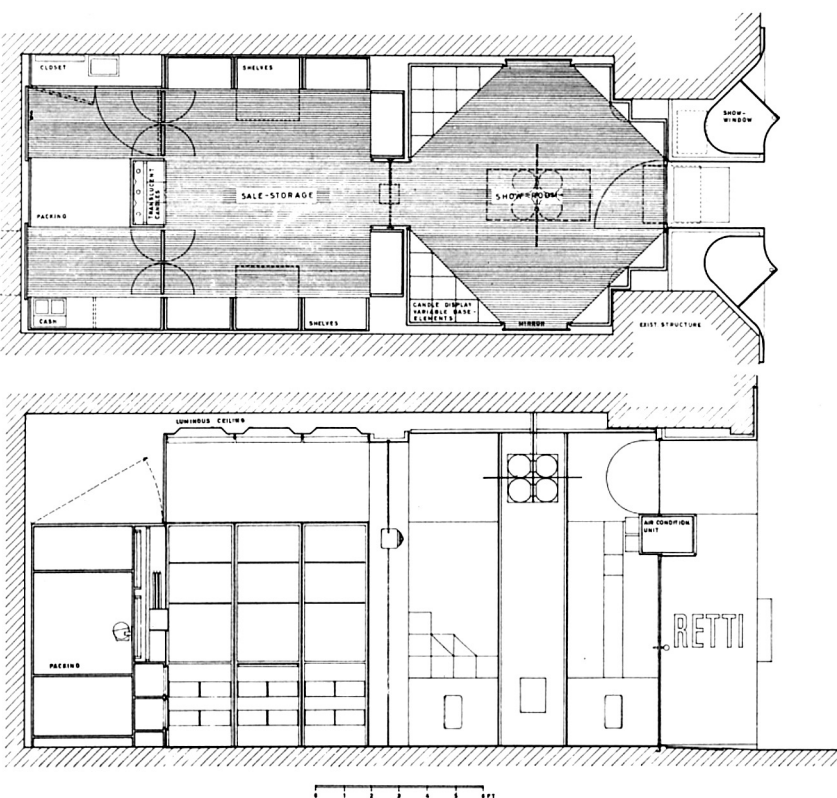
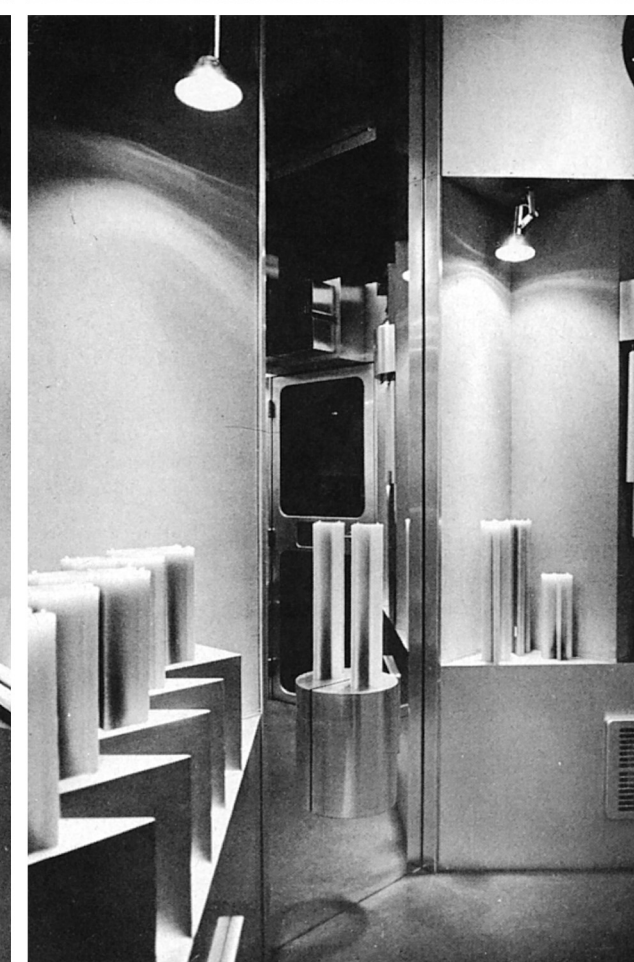
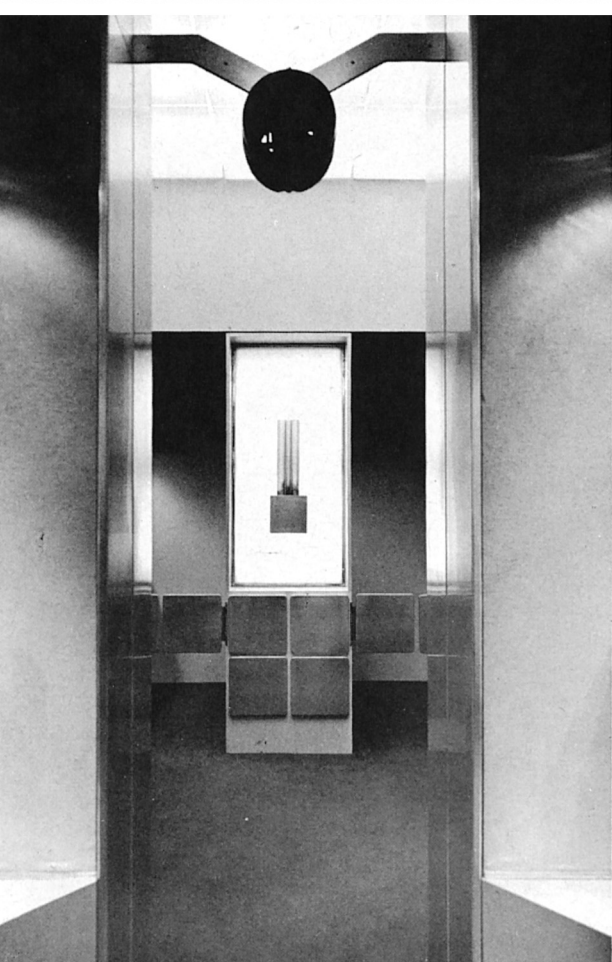
The Retti Candleshop is located in the Kohlmarkt, Vienna's Fifth Avenue, and the client required that the character and appearance of the shop reflect a certain extravagance and elegance congenial to its surroundings and use. The solution is a highly plastic concept which meets the functional needs, provides a maximum utilization of the minimum (160 square feet) space and is at the same time a true product of our age of technology. Attention is not drawn to the shop by gaudy neon signs or large, overstuffed shop windows, but rather by the polished aluminum structure itself, its architecture and by the few selected items displayed in the small windows. The outside continues on the inside in a flow of space and materials. Beyond the narrow entryway, the shop opens up for an instant into the indefinite by means of mirrors then contracts again through another narrow passage which leads to a rather restricted space that opens upwards. The scheme has in essence, two horizontal axes at right angles and one vertical one. The intersection is accentuated by the design of the lighting fixture of chrome plated steel and glass spheres located there. The somewhat processional and highly differentiated spatial concept creates a feeling of size and movement, a sensation of "pulsating" space. This dynamism is heightened by the use of the mechanical equipment and fixtures as part of the spatial conception. While these elements retain their individuality of form and function, the shop is plastically a whole. Within a dominating order a multitude of variations are possible. The main display area can be arranged in a great number of ways by means of a system of cubes and prisms. The concept of the shop is also the concept of a city.

A better way of selling has been introduced. First one enters the showroom and then is able to proceed into the storage area where he is also served. There is no counter forming a barrier between customer, sales person and merchandise. A small area for packing and cash register is separated by a small swinging door.

Materials used in addition to the polished aluminum (anodized) include chrome plated steel, plastics and fabrics. Surfaces in the storage area are Formica; the niches in the showroom are covered in orange shantung. The floor is carpeted in terracotta red. Except for mechanical equipment, everything down to hinges has been specially designed, employing high quality craftsmanship along with modern techniques. The architect also designed the packaging.

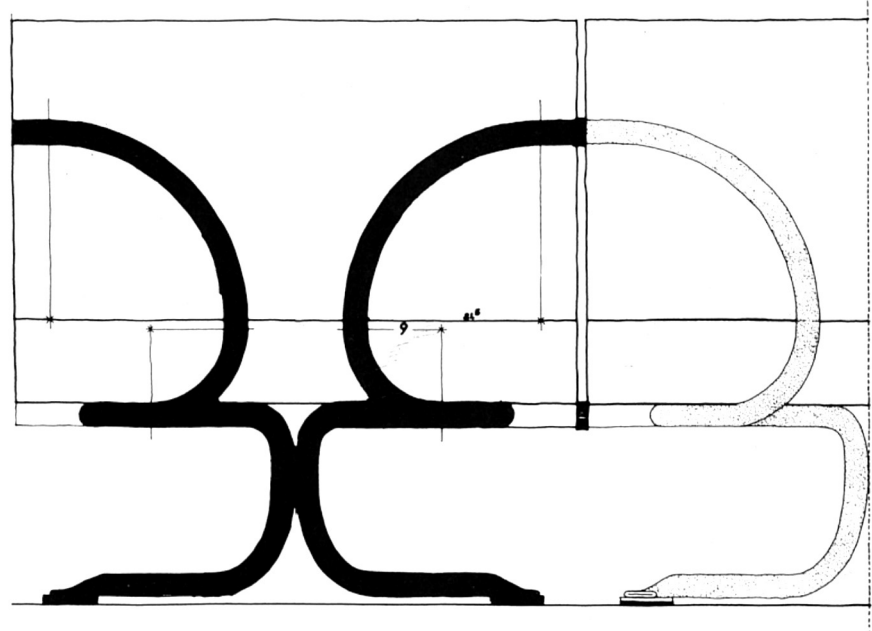
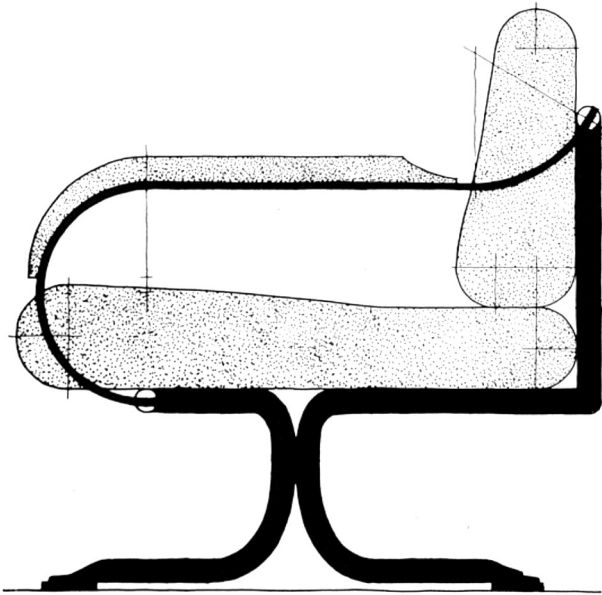
H.H.







Lounge chair, framed in steel tubing and upholstered in leather, is designed to permit joining of basic chair element into larger units as desired.





Photos by Aldo Ballo

FURNITURE SYSTEMS OF FULVIO RABONI

By Nathan Shapira, University of California, Los Angeles

Fulvio Raboni is one of Italy's post war architects brought up in a period of transition; his search for valid expressions in furniture design led him to a variety of experimental explorations in which form has been related to materials, to production methods and to human factors without abandoning the search for traditional continuity. Influenced like many of the younger generation architects by Ernesto Rogers' *Casabella* efforts to establish continuity with the past in the modern expression, Raboni has succeeded in freeing himself from the rigor and mannerism which brought the "neo-liberty" outburst of the late 50s.

The concern with tradition in Raboni's work is more an emphasis on (local) reality than a rejection of the modern climate of thought. Influenced in his symbolic approach to form by Alvar Aalto and in his commitment to the refined detail by Franco Albini and Ignazio Guardella, Raboni succeeds in developing a vig-

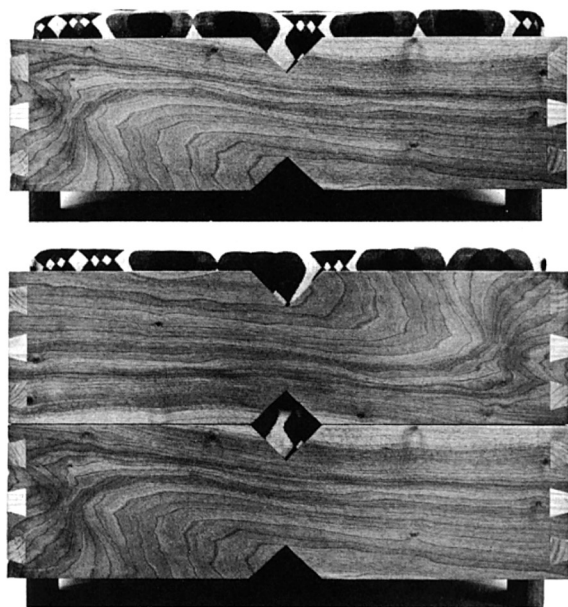
orous idiom of his own which fascinates and convinces at the same time. Perhaps the structural simplicity of his systems-oriented architectural background brings clarity and warmth to the furniture here illustrated. We have grouped together a number of Raboni's proposals for furniture elements in which versatility is the main feature. Knock-down furniture and component elements designed for Pierpaolo Delitala represent his solution for a manufacturing company heretofore rooted in handcraft production. Techniques and materials while oriented to mass production are still partially manageable on a custom-made basis. This allows close control of quality and freedom of detail in which expression can have priority over production technical limitations.

Altogether, Raboni's work illustrates a richness of vocabulary and a creative approach which are convincing evidence of a vigorous potential for future developments.

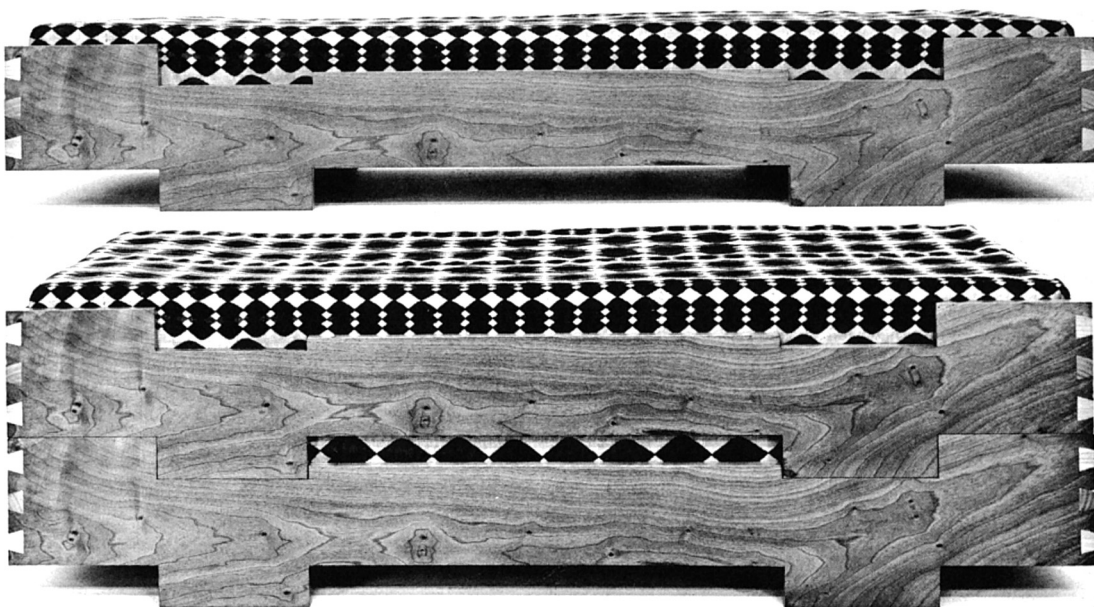


Chairs and small stackable tables have walnut and bent plywood framing and can be completely disassembled for shipping.

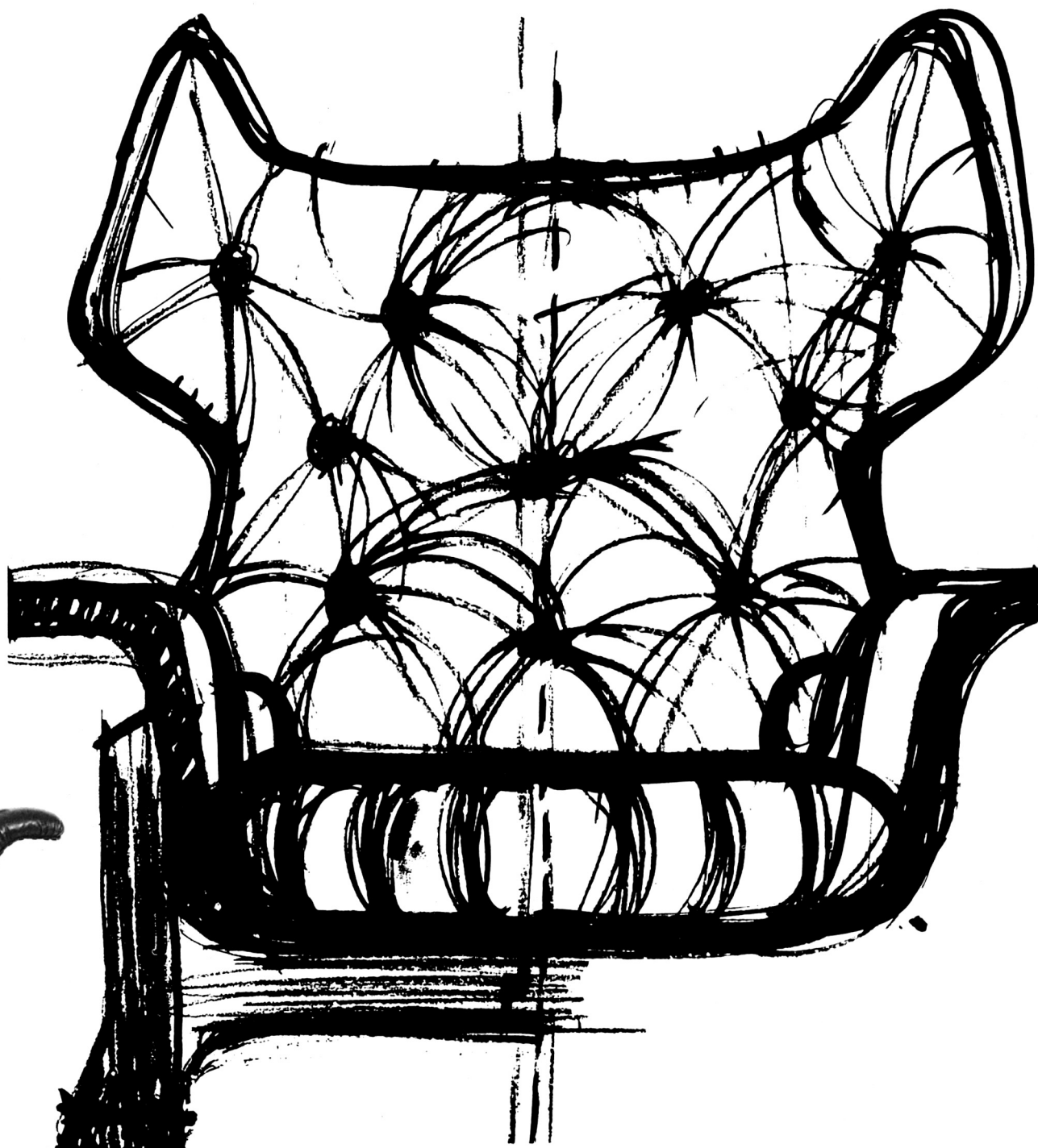




Stackable children's beds are framed in iron with wood veneer and mattress support of leather strapping; elements of solid wood machined to special angles make joints visible.



Armchair is bent plywood on walnut structural support. To simplify production and upholstery, the back and seat are separate. This also, in combination with demountable supporting frame, facilitates shipment.



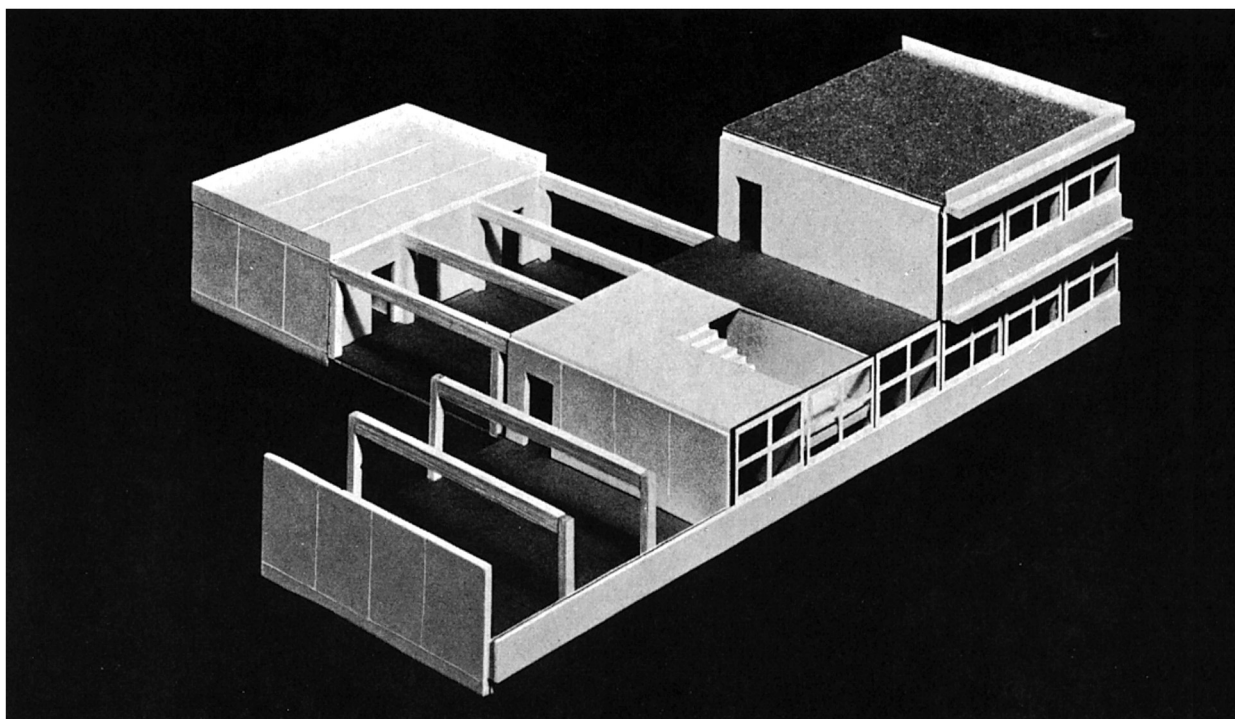
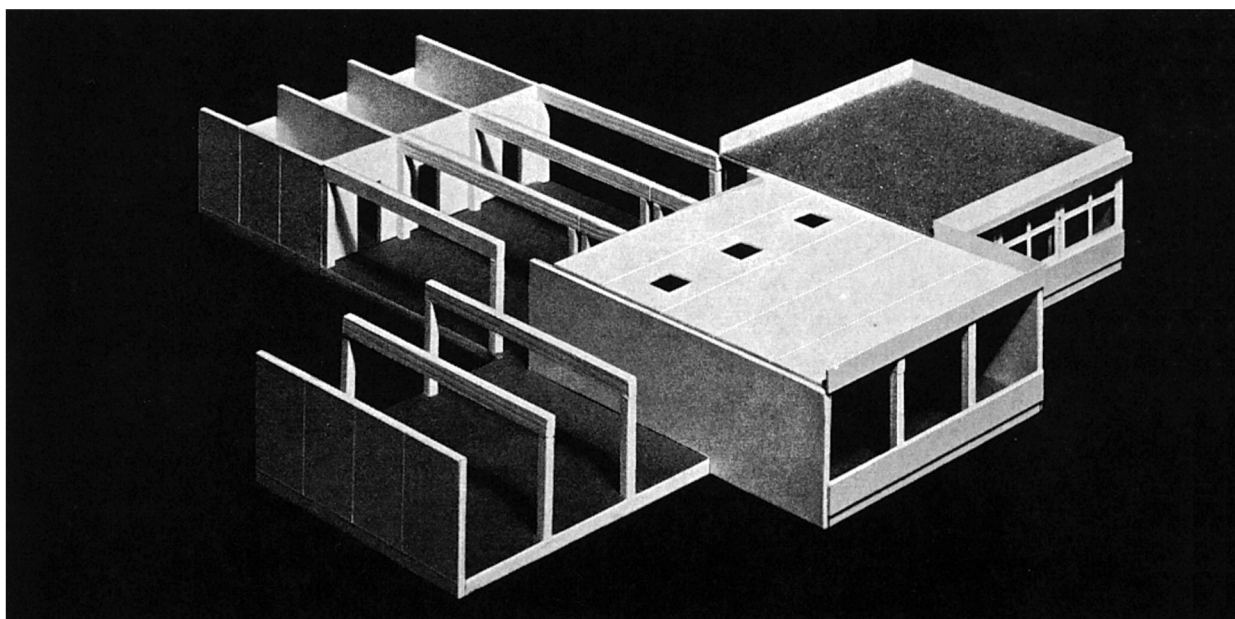
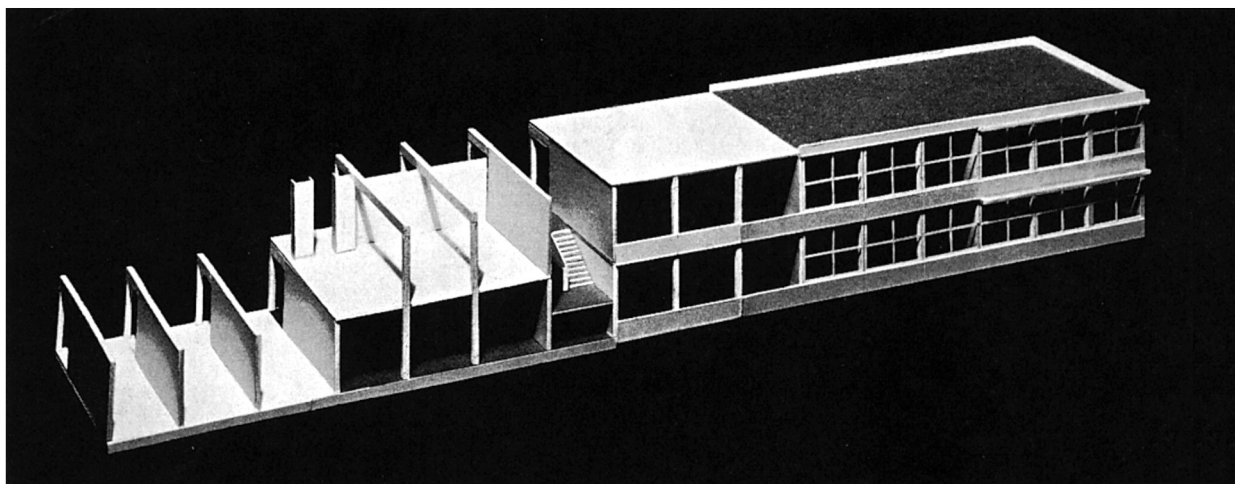
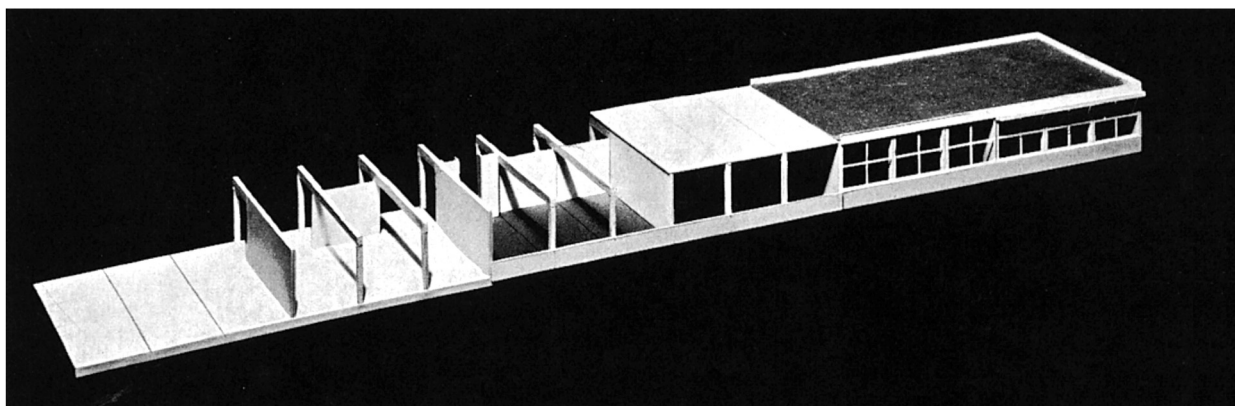


PREFAB SCHOOL SYSTEM

*Architects: G. Behnisch, W. Buxel,
E. Tranker, E. Becker*

This classroom building for the National Engineering College at Ulm, Germany, is a variation on one of several types of prefabricated school schemes produced by the L. Rostan Company of Friedrichshafen. The buildings, entirely prefabricated in concrete and steel, are offered by the concern at fixed prices and construction time is guaranteed. The present building was completed in 10 months (this doesn't include, apparently, four months required for assembly of the prefabricated elements) at a cost of a bit less than \$30 a cubic meter.

Architect Günter Behnisch, after building several variations on the four basic types, notes that construction time corresponds to the claims of the fabricator, despite the fact that on site work was not always well coordinated with the pre-assembly work. He feels that the great weight of the decks as presently designed and the lack of horizontal installation zones after erection of the supporting structure complicates construction of multi-storied schemes. However, the advantages of dry assembly, minimum need for paint, fast erection time even in severe winter conditions demonstrate, Behnisch concludes, that even an individual and dispersed solution can be prefabricated rationally and economically.



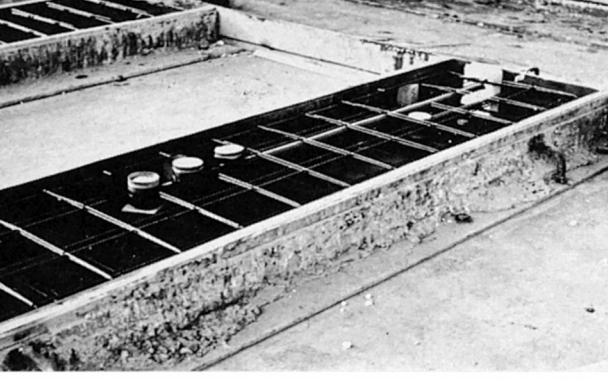
From Top

Type A: Completely machine-normed school-building.
Form 9.12/8.25 m. = 75 m².

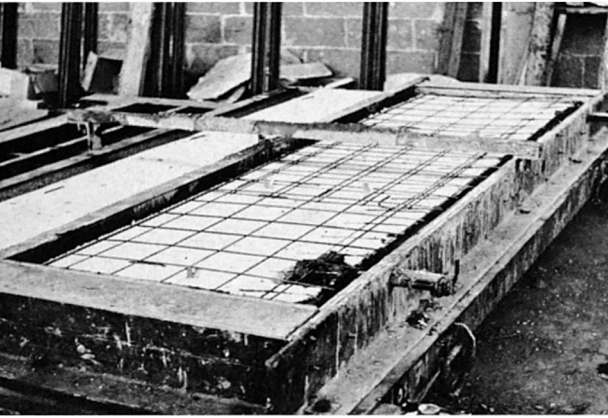
Type B: Completely machine-normed school-building.
Form 10.25/7.20 m. = 74 m².

Type C: Completely machine-normed school building.

Type D: Completely machine-normed school building.
Form 9.12/8.25 m. = 75 m².



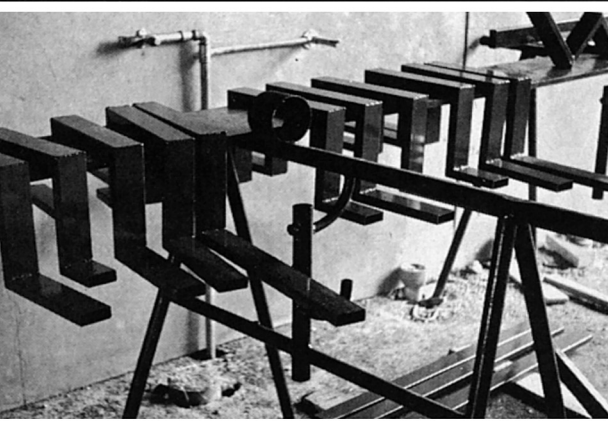
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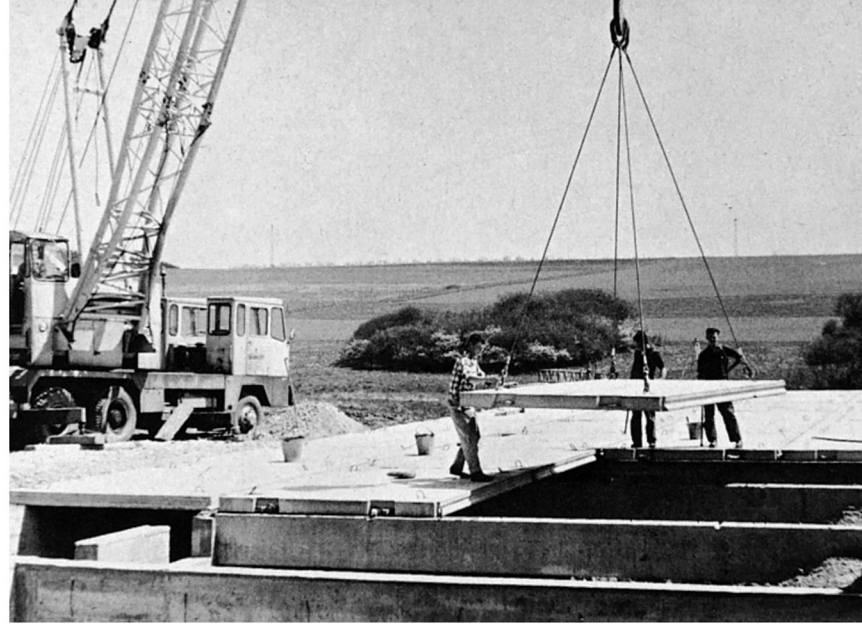
1. Steel frame set in horizontal boarding.
2. Laying of deck.
3. Sandwich slab being fabricated.

4. Pre-fab heating ducts with radiator connections ready varnished.
5. External row of supports of an upper floor. The irons protruding from the supports show that rigidity was here achieved by methods of on-site execution.
6. Pre-fab pipe union.

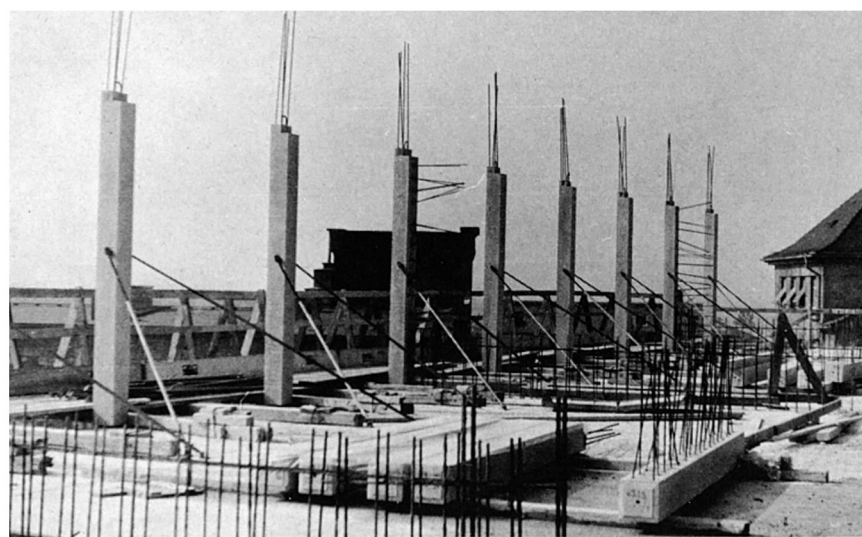
7. Longitudinally stressed pre-fab deck girders with panel elements. This deck system was replaced in later projects by large deck slabs.
8. Installation element, after fitting of mains will be sealed on corridor side with asbestos-cement slabs.

9. Assembly of concrete face elements in front of supporting construction.

2



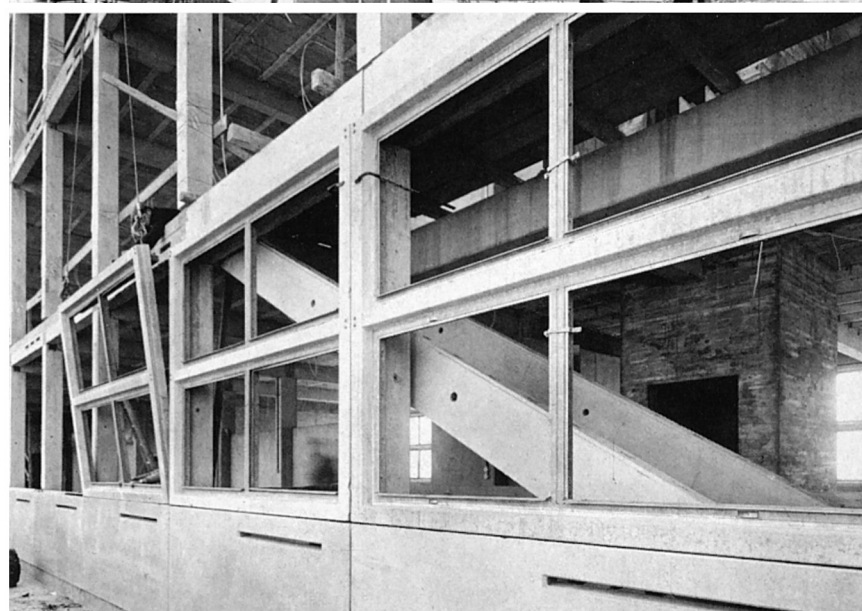
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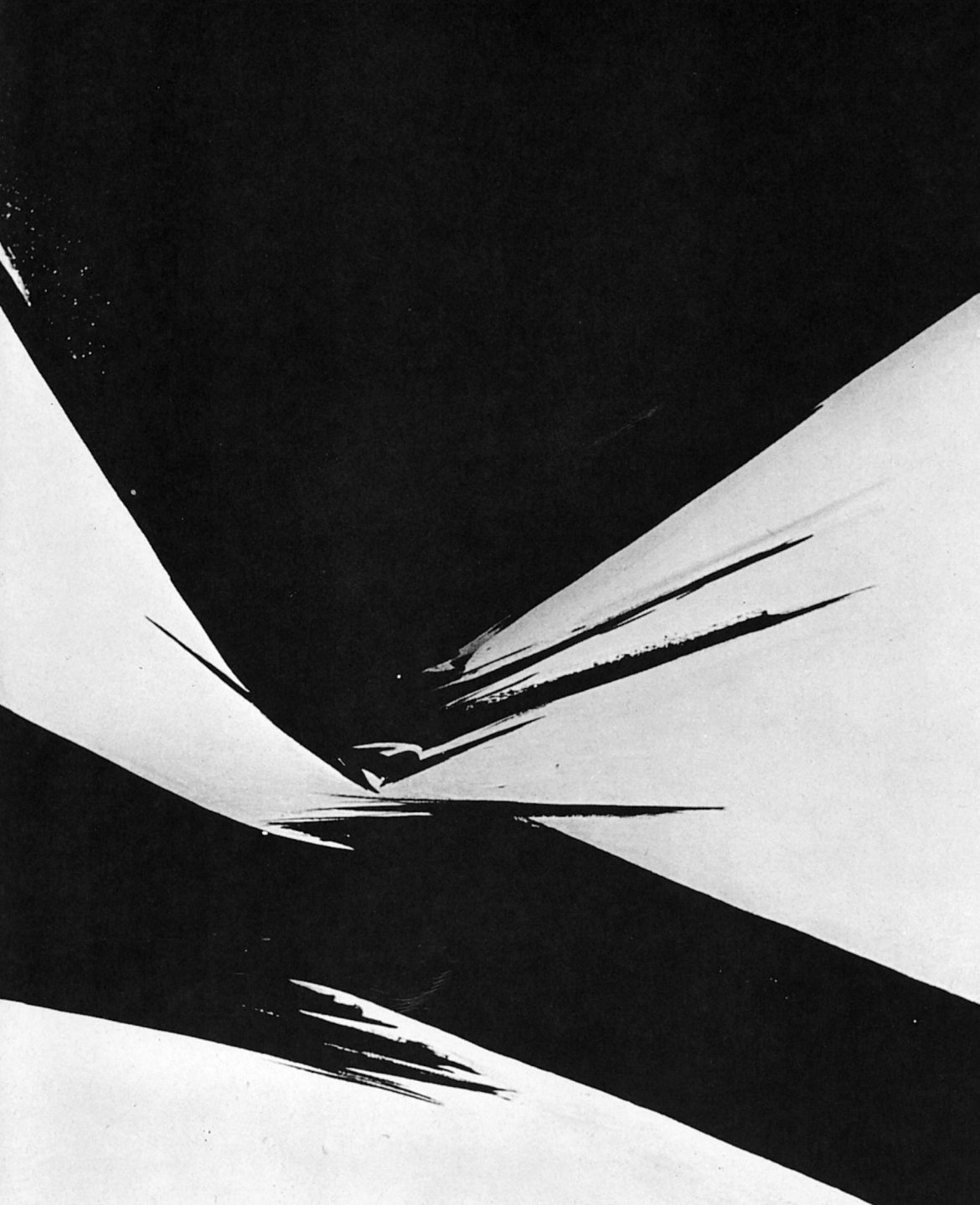


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9

Photo by Dr. Lossen & Co.



EPOXY MURAL BY RITA LETENDRE

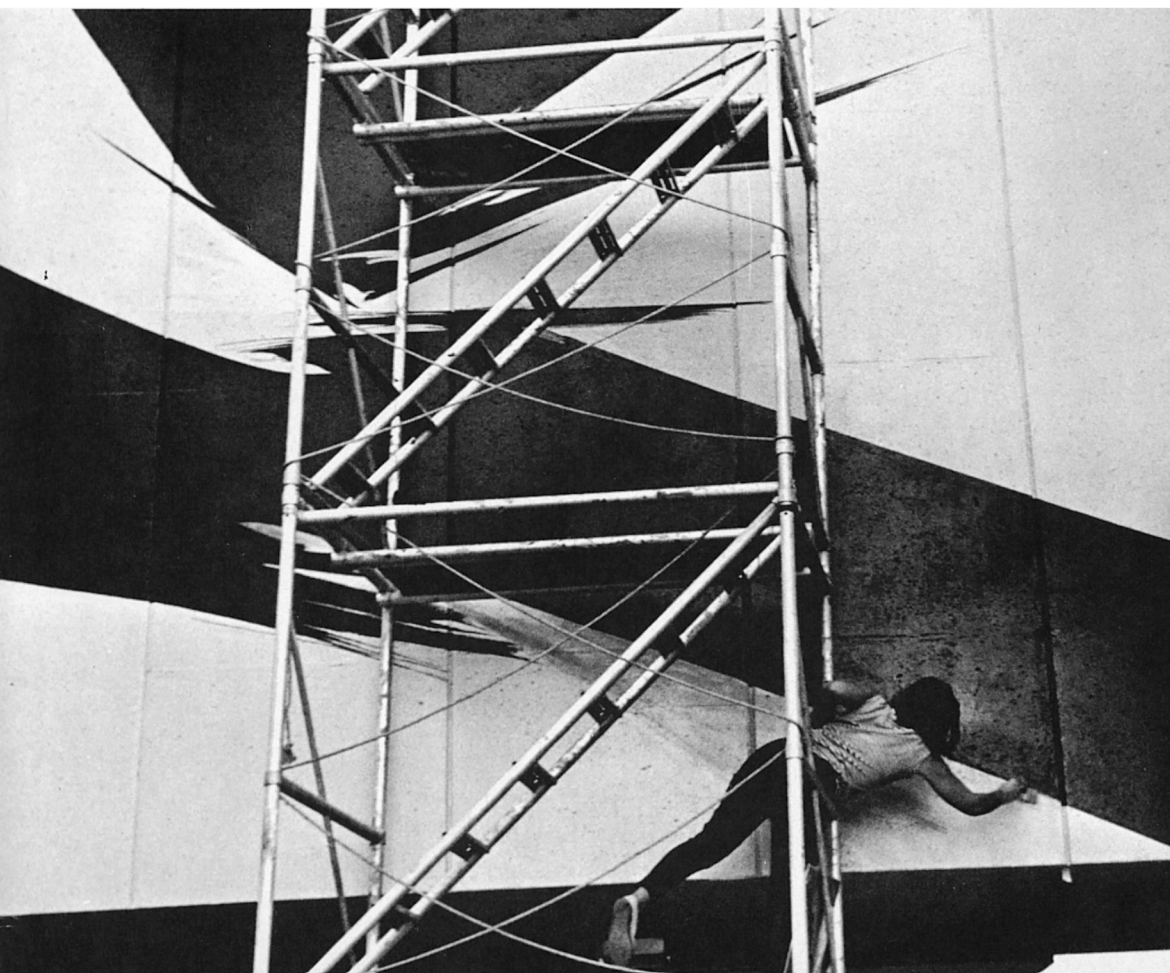
Use of epoxy paint in the galvanic work of Canadian Rita Letendre resulted from her informal participation in the recent International Sculpture Symposium (A & A, Jan. '66) held at the California State College at Long Beach. While there with her husband, sculptor Kosso Eloul, an official participant, Letendre was asked to do a large mural on an exterior wall of the Liberal Arts Building. Unable to use her customary media—oil or acrylic—for permanent outdoor exposure, she turned for a solution to industry, whose open-handed cooperation in the symposium contributed mightily to its success.

Flex-Coat Corporation of Paramount, Calif., already involved in the symposium in a modest way, undertook to adapt its epoxies to her demand for an intense cadmium yellow paint which would not fade or weather.

Said chemist and Flex-Coat president Russ Skiff, "Our business is surfacing material—epoxy. Artist applications interested us so we opened our labs to Miss Letendre. She wanted color fast durability. Epoxy involves the addition of a reagent, and once the reaction is complete, the result is a material which is absolutely neutral and inactive. It bonds chemically to the surface it is applied to and will not fade, flake, chip or crack. It is quite a chore to do much to it even with a hammer."

The site of the mural is a 21' x 24' wall above a 10-foot-high breezeway, chosen "because I want people walking in and out of my painting. It must not be static." Letendre conceives of her work with its sharp thrusts and powerful contrasts as "mass and force in action, provoking new, continuous action."

Photos by Alex Primeau



theater

BYRON PUMPHREY

Tiny Alice by Edward Albee, which has been on view at the Ivar since January 11, is a play that has provoked and confused both critics and playgoers. So much so, in fact, that Albee felt it necessary to call a press conference at the Billy Rose theater in New York in 1965 to explain it. That the play has received so much attention is due, I would think, to Albee's already having distinguished himself by writing that fine one-acter, *Zoo Story*, and that corrosive study of modern marriage, *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*

Albee's explanation of *Tiny Alice* is beguilingly simple:

"A lay brother, a man who would have become a priest except that he could not reconcile his idea of God with the God which men create in their own image, is sent by his superior to tie up loose ends of a business matter between the church and a wealthy woman. The lay brother becomes enmeshed in an environment which, at its core and shifting surface, contains all the elements which have confused and bothered him throughout his life; the relationship between sexual hysteria and religious ecstasy; the conflict between the selflessness of service and the conspicuous splendor of martyrdom. The lay brother is brought to the point, finally, of having to accept what he had insisted he wanted: union with the abstraction, rather than man-made image of it, its substitution. He is left with pure abstraction—whatever it be called: God or Alice—and in the end, according to your faith, one of two things happens. Either the abstraction personifies itself, is proved real, or the dying man, in the last necessary effort of self-delusion creates and believes in what he knows does not exist."

Taken strictly as an explanation of the story line, Albee's explanation may suffice, but the labored, consciously wrought symbolism that he employs to tell it is something else. Such being the case, it is best to refer in some detail to both the action and the imagery in the play.

In the opening scene, a Cardinal receives Miss Alice's attorney, who, on behalf of his fabulously wealthy and beautiful mistress, offers this prince of the church 100 million a year for 20 years if he will agree to place at Miss Alice's disposal (i. e. sell) the lay brother, Julian. It is understood that Miss Alice may do with him as she pleases.

Julian is accordingly assigned by his superior to Miss Alice's castle. Upon his arrival there, he is ushered into the library. The most striking feature of this room is a replica of the castle itself—a replica that immediately reflects any accident or injury to the castle, or anything that goes amiss in the functioning of the place. This is dramatized in one scene, when a fire breaks out in the chapel's castle. Flame and smoke immediately flare up in its facsimile. As the men rush away to put out the blaze, Miss Alice falls to her knees and fervently prays that the residence be saved.

In Julian's first encounter with Miss Alice, a scene which takes place in her boudoir, Miss Alice informs him that the butler with whom he talked in the library was a former lover and that she is presently the mistress of her lawyer.

"Have you slept with many women?" she asks. Julian can't really say that he has ever slept with one, but while he was in a mental home (he had committed himself because he had lost his faith) there was this woman who believed she was the Virgin Mary. One night, when he was walking in the garden, he saw this woman in a grassy space by the pool. She wore a gossamer, filmy thing. She saw him, raised her head, and held her arms out, crying, "Help me." And Julian then remarks: "We ascended, or descended, into ecstasy." Fantasy or reality, Julian doesn't know. The scene ends with Miss Alice saying: "I'm rich, I'm beautiful, and I live in all these rooms."

That Julian is to be the victim of a plot designed by Miss Alice, her lawyer, and her butler, dimly sensed in Act I, is more fully revealed in Act II. One detail of the plot is to have him marry Miss Alice. The motives of the three conspirators, however, remains mysterious, and what, exactly, does the lawyer mean, when, addressing the replica of the castle, he says: "You will have your Julian."

In Scene 3, the concluding scene of Act II, we are back in the boudoir again, with Julian asking Miss Alice:

"Why am I here? Why am I being tempted?"

"To accomplish what can't be explained," is one answer she gives. Another is: "You're being used, my little Julian. I'm being used."

Artfully, she leads him to talk about himself, of his dream of being a martyr, of feeling the hot, burning breath of lions in the arena before they sink their teeth into him, etc. As he reaches a kind of ecstasy in his vivid imaginings, Miss Alice begins to caress him, the scene ending in his seduction.

With the opening of Act III, which is played entirely in the library, we see Julian in a business suit and learn that he is now married to Miss Alice. He complains of being alone, for she hurried away immediately after the ceremony. The cardinal enters, and Julian tells him of the ecstasy he feels, an "ecstasy like God's life. A joy I once thought possible only for martyrs."

The Cardinal responds uneasily, asking him to accept what comes as God's will. A little later he is hoping that Julian will accept "what you don't understand."

Julian leaves the room for awhile; the lawyer takes a gun from the desk, inspects it, and addresses the Cardinal: "Oh, you knew we may have to shoot him."

When they are all assembled in the library, Miss Alice in traveling clothes, the butler putting covers on the furniture preparatory to their departure, a toast is solemnly drunk to "Tiny Alice"—that is to say, to the facsimile of the castle. As they drink to "her" the lights go on one by one in "her" rooms. Julian is commanded to stay with "her."

"But there is nothing there," Julian protests.

"She is there, we believe," says the lawyer. "It is what we believe."

"You touched her lips through my lips," Miss Alice tells him. "You are hers."

The Cardinal, backing them up, says: "I order you to (stay) Julian."

But Julian, claiming that he married Miss Alice, claiming that all his life he has fought against illusion, against the symbol, is unwilling. The lawyer calmly takes the revolver from the drawer and shoots him.

They take their leave of him while he is bleeding to death, though not immediately. Miss Alice holds him awhile in her arms, their pose together suggesting those artists' renderings of Pietá. The butler, the last to leave, plants a kiss on his forehead.

Steps which sound as though they could be the labored thumping of Julian's heart sounding interiorly in his ears are heard, a plaster cast with a wig on it lights up, the door opens, and Julian's dying words are: "Abstraction, thou art coming to me... I accept thee, Alice..."

This summary admittedly leaves out a good deal, but I believe no fundamentally important part of the action, or of the symbolism has been disregarded.

I cannot look upon this work of Albee's as being one of true symbolic expression, by which I mean that it had its source in the unconscious of the writer. I see it as an intellectualized, hence, synthetic construction of symbolism chosen by Albee in order both to carry and to veil his message. It is an infantile, rather awkward reaching for profundity. It may have something of the ambiguity of an authentic symbolic drama—such synthetic constructions very often do—but Albee's imagery is one of conscious invention, rather clever in a snide way, but nothing more. Although the play has puzzled critics and audiences alike, Albee is right in a way he did not perhaps mean when he said he was telling a perfectly straightforward story, so let us decipher what that story is in terms of its symbolism.

A deal is made between the Castle and the Church, the one symbolic of worldly power, the other of spiritual and psychological power. The Castle is personified in the person of Miss Alice, the Church in the person of the Cardinal. Although presiding over separate domains, each is an ally of the other; they work together to keep men in bondage, a task they are able to accomplish by reason of man's psychological make-up. The Church, at least in Albee's view, and it is a view for which one can make a very strong case, is subservient to the Castle. The Church, therefore inevitably reflects the Castle just as the model, "Tiny Alice," reflects it. In the Church, as in the Castle, there is pomp and ceremony, and a corresponding array of titles (i. e. a Cardinal is a prince of the Church, the Pope is its supreme head, etc.). The Castle, then, is dominant. Although its power and its money

control the Church, it must now and then provide the Church with huge sums in order to maintain the system. Both, moreover, especially in this age, feel the need of proving that the system is not in jeopardy. They proceed to do so in this instance by carrying out a plot to dramatize the myth on which their respective powers over men is based. Julian is selected as their prey.

"Tiny Alice," which is the replica of the Castle, is symbolic of the actual state of things; it is an image of the way Castle and Church function just as "God" is an image constructed after man's own likeness. "Tiny Alice," the replica, is worshipped as an abstraction, as a reflection of the real, just as God is worshipped as an abstraction, as an image reflecting man. This is why, in the play, the model of the Castle—that is to say, "Tiny Alice,"—instantly reflects, as in the instance of the fire, any happening or event concerning it. In short, Albee's view is the antithesis of Platonic philosophy.

One sees what Albee is up to, but the play rings hollow, and that empty hollow ring is due to the fact that its pretentious symbolism is further weakened by what actually does take place with respect to Julian.

For one, this victim is a man who is given to hallucinations indicative of severe sexual repression. For another, he is tempted by an actual woman, comes to want her, marries her. He cannot, in this frame of mind, suspect that he is slated to become the bridegroom of "Tiny Alice"; or that Miss Alice has yielded her body to him only to throw him back upon the abstractions and fantasies, the images and beliefs by which he had been dominated before. These conspirators in the service of a myth have won a hollow victory in achieving Julian's sacrifice to it. Hollow, because Julian is an antagonist unworthy of them. The wedding ceremony is, of course, symbolic of Julian's wedding to Mother Church, to "Tiny Alice" as the Virgin Mary. Miss Alice is shifted from one symbol to another, standing at times for the Castle and at other times for the Church.

Apart from the opening scene between the lawyer and the Cardinal and Scene 3 of Act II, the seduction scene, this is pretty dull theater. In the first scene mentioned, Albee achieves in his dialogue some of the fun-and-games quality that made of *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf* such a fascinating play to follow. The seduction scene is the the most emotionally powerful and moving. In it, Albee effectively dramatizes the connection that exists between religious and sexual ecstasy: Taken as a whole, however, Albee's employment of symbolism to mock the myth by which Julian is duped is less effective than a strictly rational dramatic assault—an exposure of it, say in Freudian terms. Albee's mockery of the myth is, incidentally, quite explicit. There is no question but that he believes that Julian, dying, deludes himself; that he creates and believes, out of his agony and loneliness, in an abstract Alice which he knows does not exist. When that plaster cast, now topped by Miss Alice's wig lights up, one thinks back to the old hag mask worn by Miss Alice when she first received Julian. And one remembers, too, the Butler's reference to a little boy being locked in a dark closet, and so lonely, and so afraid, that he does not care who comes—that out of necessity, he must imagine somebody coming. *Tiny Alice* is reminiscent of T. S. Eliot's *The Cocktail Party*, the greatest difference being that Eliot believed in his legend of martyrdom, believed that his psychiatrist and those who abetted him sacrificed that lovely girl for a noble purpose. Not that Eliot has written a much better play, though audiences may find it a more entertaining one.

"Abstraction, thou are coming to me . . . I accept thee, Alice . . ." What could possibly be more mocking than that?

Signe Hasso as Miss Alice was seductively alluring and richly eccentric. She came through strong both as a character and as a symbol, conveying, especially in the scene wherein she prayed that the residence be saved, both her allegiance to, and belief in, the myth she was enacting. John Rust was too perpetually nervous and timid in the role of Julian, his best moments being in his recounting of his dreams of martyrdom in the seduction scene, which he played with intensity and conviction. George Furth was indolently casual and acidly nice as the Butler. Berry Kroeger as the Cardinal and Barry Atwater as the lawyer failed to give their respective types much human dimension. Clarke Gordon directed.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Sir:

As a faithful reader of your magazine, I must tell you how much interest and enjoyment were afforded me by your editorial in the December issue.

You headed your article with a quotation: "Au secours! Au secours! Les con nous cernent." I think my memory is exact as to the actual exclamation, which should run: "Nous sommes cernés par les cons!" At all events, the author of this anguished cry is Monsieur Henri Jeanson, the celebrated wit and lampoonist, who a few months ago once again became Editor-in-Chief of the *Canard Enchaîné*."

Louis Carré
Paris, France

Dear Sir:

Thank you for your splendid editorial on our beauty conference (Feb/March).

I think you put your finger directly on the most significant thing about the meeting—that it represents a growing interest in the environment.

Please be assured this concern is an integral part of every decision we make in Sacramento these days.

Edmund G. Brown, Governor
Sacramento, Calif.

Dear Sir:

We would like to take this opportunity to tell you that we receive and enjoy ARTS & ARCHITECTURE and consider it an invaluable assistance in our effort to produce good architecture.

Incidentally, our office is currently producing what we feel are stimulating buildings, some of which you might wish to use in your publication. We have available professional photographic coverage on all projects and usually submit with this a news release containing pertinent data.

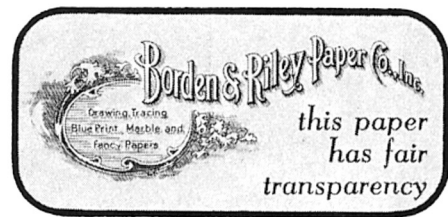
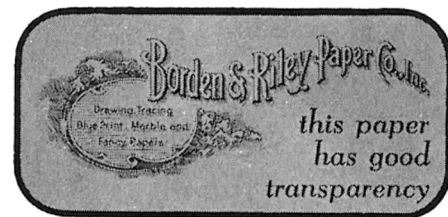
Schmeicheln and Luge
Architects

Dear Sir:

I would like to tell you that your magazine ARTISTS & ARCHITECTS gets better with each succeeding issue. In fact, it has been months since I was able to read one they disappear from the office so fast, but the covers are a delight. I am sending you under separate cover (speaking of covers, Ha-ha), material on my latest project, including a complete set of the plans and specifications, which received a special award from the Grossmont Building Department. The completed project has been promised to *Progressive Record* but I thought you might like to publish it in drawing form.

Durango Arn, AIA

P.S. Please return the material by air freight if you can't use it.



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music

PETER YATES

REVIEWS

When I came in late to the Bing Auditorium at the new Los Angeles County Art Museum, for the Monday Evening Concert of January 10, it took me a couple of minutes to realize there wasn't an empty seat in the house. I had to take up a Buddha posture on the floor. Comfortable seats, superb acoustics, a hall which pleases the eye from every angle do attract an audience; a larger audience does stimulate the musicians; and as a result the concerts this year have been continually rewarding. Looking back through the vista of 27 years since I helped found these concerts, though I'm no longer responsible for them, I feel the thrill of reward. A concert series *can* be established and maintained in this country without making concessions to "what the public likes." Contemporary music, difficult music, the works of living composers *can* be played in quantity without defeat. Nationwide there is still much fearfulness about offering adult music to adult audiences, but in my observation audiences, when given the opportunity, adjust to new music more rapidly than the impresarios who would protect them from it.

Through the years these concerts have been fortunate in having a succession of notably gifted flute soloists. Louise Di Tullio, who played a major part in three of the four works of this evening, can, for my taste, compete with any of them. Her tone and phrasing are both pleasing and decisive, whether leading the group in such a work as the Quintet in D major by Johann Christian Bach or in such demanding new music as the *Sonata da camera* for alto flute, clarinet, and piano, by Karl Kohn, and *Satires of Circumstance* to poems by Thomas Hardy, for soprano and six instruments, by Seymour Shifrin, in which soprano Carol Plantamura struggled with a vocal part less rewarding than those for the instruments. Karl Kohn directed both performances, leading his own work from the piano. Both composers are excellent musicians and creative craftsmen, but their well-made music, taking off from the Schoenberg-Webern atonal period, does not really lie this side the tone-row. Like the founder of this style, Pierre Boulez, they have neither the melodic gift of Schoenberg nor Webern's accurate austerity. The harmonic anarchy they work with is correct; the spontaneity has been carefully built in.

Or it may be one begins with the anarchy and spontaneity as formal elements and designs the composition around them, like a graceful platinum holding an invisible pearl.

Michael Tilson Thomas, a senior at the University of Southern California, played at Hancock Auditorium a piano recital that set him apart from the generality of today's young virtuosos, first, by the character and order of his program, and second, by the fact that he directed the audience's unswerving attention to the music. I had heard him twice before, at the Ojai Festival, when he performed several early keyboard pieces by Henry Cowell, *Introduction and Dance* by George Tremblay, and a couple of pieces for prepared piano by John Cage, with the excitement of an elder showman delivering his Chopin, so that the audience responded to the unfamiliar music as if it had been Chopin indeed. Then later at the Bing Auditorium, taking part in a concert of Japanese music in connection with the exhibition of art treasures from Japan, he played *Music for Piano No. 7* by Toshi Ichiyanagi and participated in compositions by Kazuo Fukushima and Toshiro Mayuzumi, three of the most interesting of present-day young radical Japanese composers.

I was curious to know what he would make of a program beginning with a Prelude and Scherzo by Chopin followed by Beethoven's mighty Sonata opus 111, music indubitably of and for the piano, and then Bach's Sixth Partita, music as indubitably of and for the harpsichord, swinging for a finale into yet another treacherous but pianistic area, the *Mephisto Waltz* by Liszt.

Young Thomas unconsciously emphasizes his stage personality by a deprecating mannerism of carrying his right shoulder so much higher than the left that he seems at first deformed. The distortion vanishes when he sits at the piano, to be succeeded by another mannerism from the great days of pianistic art: he waits; he relaxes; he raises slightly

his eyes to heaven but not to linger and, in complete control, sounds the first tones. The whole effect is unobtrusive but definite: the audience is waiting not on him but on those first notes. They are as curious as he is to evoke the sounds they anticipate but cannot expect. He began with Chopin's solitary Prelude, in C# minor, opus 45. And if ever a prelude served its purpose, this did so. It was not a technical display: "This is how I do it"; it took us inside the music, with a little more thought to the left hand. Not another in a series of previous auditions, but this. Chopin wrote: "When your completed work gives the effect of an improvisation, you will make the greatest impression." The performer should play the music almost as if he were composing it. So Michael Thomas allowed the Prelude and Scherzo the inner glow of their romanticism.

The Beethoven sonata was not too big for him, nor he, technically, as some aspire to have it seem, too big for the sonata. I would set his performance with any I have heard, over-all and in detail, plus one passage at the end among the trills where an extra voice, not usually heard, seemed to be singing by itself. For the Bach he compromised the arts of harpsichord and piano, keeping the repeated chords and figuration at one level, as the harpsichord would sound it, but avoiding a false effect of uniform registration, which does not belong to the piano, using instead the dynamic variety of piano tone to articulate the melodies, without undue emphasis, and no thundering. The elaborate embellishment of the Saraband grew toward its end as naturally as blooming. And having in these ways so far dispensed with showmanship, he threw into Liszt's *Mephisto* the full, yet restrained resources, of that skill. The three little boys down the row from me twisted in excitement.

For an encore, two lyrical movements from the Six Little Pieces, opus 19, by Schoenberg, something I should not have thought of doing but right; then Tremblay's *Introduction and Dance* to bring the house down again; and finally — of all things — Ravel's *Pavan for a Dead Infanta*, as prim and starched as a little girl's dress.

With a musician who is all musician age signifies nothing; maturity may lose him as much as it brings. I trust that maturity will bring young Michael Tilson Thomas only increased ripeness.

Formerly, bounding in three leaps from wings to podium, the little man seemed to be twice his size, the torso triangular to the broad shoulders; now, a wisp of the same presence, he bends upon an ebony cane while making his way across the stage. This could have been an occasion for communal rejoicing: the world-beloved master, longtime resident in Los Angeles, returning again to the orchestra of his city, itself renowned for the world premieres of his music it had commissioned and performed under his direction. Alas, other communities have grasped that privilege; the Los Angeles Philharmonic has never commissioned or presented a single Stravinsky world premiere.

Stravinsky himself wrote, after the week of programs dedicating the new Dorothy Chandler Pavilion for the orchestra in 1964: "Los Angeles . . . chose to baptize its new (Music) Center with such beer as Strauss's *Fanfare* and Respighi's *Feste Romane* . . . To play Respighi instead of Schoenberg at the debut of a Los Angeles Music Center is comparable to the unveiling of a bust of Lysenko rather than Einstein at the opening of a museum of science at Princeton . . ." Schoenberg had lived in Los Angeles seventeen years.

During the present season the Los Angeles Philharmonic has performed five works by Schoenberg; it is time still to include in the next season a comparable recognition of the chief American composers.

Having thus reaffirmed my standing with the orchestra management as an "unfriendly critic" (their words), let me hasten to exclaim that the new chandelier Pavilion (my wife's pun) is one of the most thoroughly rewarding buildings I have ever entered: the great crystal chandeliers and wall brackets, the mirrored grand staircase multiplying dimensions, the sense of textures, colors, luxurious simplicity and openness, however expensively obtained, even the costumes of the attendants, the wide-spaced and many entrances, the immense arched lobby windows looking out to the mountains, the grace of plaza, fountains, illumination, the almost total success, visually and acoustically, of the auditorium and stage. Add to this the musicianship and authority of the young music director and conductor, Zubin Mehta.

I find only two flaws: that the unbroken ceiling of the orchestra shell

causes the tuttis to blast the central main floor seats; that conductor Mehta flies as if from a sterile wilderness to other scenes, instead of mingling with the native composers or acquainting himself with the two or three resident composers whom he might ask to share his podium. Mehta seems almost unacquainted with American music, at a time when the outstanding masters of this century are at last coming to recognition.

Stravinsky emphasized his criticism, already quoted, by commencing his program with Schoenberg's magnificent orchestral setting of J. S. Bach's *St. Anne Fugue*, magnificently directed by Robert Craft. (The printed program included a short article by Leonard Stein, *A Schoenberg Tradition in Los Angeles*.) Craft then conducted the first Los Angeles performance of Stravinsky's early work for chorus and orchestra, *Zvezdoliki* (Starry-faced), better known as *Le Roi des Etoiles* (King of the Stars), on a poem by Constantine Balmont. Unwarned, one might take this for a later work: bare, a strict setting of the words, with one apotheosis, it stops when the text ends. The stop caught the audience unprepared, awaiting an unneeded orchestral close. The third work of the Craft half of the program was the Symphony in C. After intermission Stravinsky appeared to an ovation to lead chorus and orchestra in his marvellously beautiful setting of Bach's *Canonic Variations* and the well-beloved *Symphony of Psalms*.

I reproduce without elaboration a short note I wrote myself after the concert: Listen to *this* instrument, Stravinsky tells us happily. Now listen to this. Now hear how cheerfully they will sound together, each speaking its own voice. No other composer so delightedly inserts a piano, with its dry lack of overtones, or two pianos, into a full orchestration. Where love and the assimilation of characteristic differences are natural to Schoenberg, happiness and the assumption of characteristic differences are Stravinsky's pleasure. Schoenberg is passionate, Stravinsky affectionate.

Carl Ruggle's orchestral masterpiece, *Sun Treader*, first performed in Paris in 1932 and since then repeated at music festivals abroad, had its first American performance, January 1966, by the Boston Symphony directed by Jean Martinon, at Portland, Maine, as the third of a festival of three programs, sponsored by Bowdoin College, honoring the composer's ninetieth birthday. During the same month Columbia issued an excellent record of *Sun Treader*. Credit for this belated recognition should go not only to Bowdoin and Martinon but also to Alfred Frankenstein, chairman of the Naumburg Award Committee, whose award to Ruggles in 1965 included the making of that record, to composer Henry Brant, who directed several of the works performed, and to Bert Turetzky, the bass fiddle virtuoso, who shared with Brant in organizing the programs. With *Sun Treader* and Ives's Fourth Symphony both on records we can at last study in sound the foundations of the American experimental tradition. (During the next five years Columbia will record Ives's complete works; the Gregg Smith chorus of Los Angeles is recording the choral works.)

Whenever Ingolf Dahl takes over direction of the University of Southern California student orchestra for a concert, one can be sure the works he chooses will be of prime worth and relatively unknown. I recall especially his great performances of the Ives Third Symphony and Ruggles's *Men and Mountains*. His latest program, for chorus and orchestra, began with Haydn's *The Storm*, on a short poem in English by Peter Pindar. Unlike Stravinsky, who reaching the end of his text in *Zvezdoliki* at once ceases, Haydn having made short work of his short poem cuddles the last words into his elbow and runs the length of the field. This was followed by a repeat performance of Halsey Steven's *The Ballad of William Sycamore*, on a long string of narrative stanzas by Stephen Vincent Benét, a likeable and unusual score which brought an ovation for the composer, a member of USC faculty. The modern classic was Bela Bartok's *Cantata Profana*, a tragic dialogue for chorus, soloists, and orchestra on the tale of a father and his nine sons who became stags. As in Bartok's other dramatic works, the tone is bitter and despairing. The powerful performance justified Dahl's enthusiasm for the music. I repeat what I have written before, that Ingolf Dahl, whose authority as a composer is slowly coming to recognition, is not less gifted as an orchestral conductor. Among us, the career opportunist too often snatches the laurels, while the diligent workman stays inconspicuously at his job.

books

PERSPECTA 9/10: The Yale Architectural Journal. Edited by Robert A.M. Stern (School of Art and Architecture, Yale Univ., \$6.00)

Perspecta 9/10, the double issue of the Yale Architectural Journal, is too heavy to hold comfortably and too important to put down—a handsome book, designed for looking at, with few concessions made to penning at the end of the Mies dynasty: why did a reign which prothe reader. However, I suspect that 9/10 will be one of the three or four sources for the future historian who wants to learn what was hapduced some great monuments end? (Was it because the language was universally understood but few could speak it beside the master? Was it because its directness was both the language of business and of esthetics? The telegram and the *pensée* have conciseness in common.)

Only a small part of the 336 pages of 9/10 is a clue to the future; the rewards of the present and the past are many.

Vincent Scully develops a thesis that the schism between the International Style and Bay Region Style of the 20s and 30s was false, and in the late 40s when the lines were drawn between domestic and monumental architecture the true schism became clear; Edward L. Barnes remarks on the continuity of design of Mykonos, etc., and notes its effect upon his own design; Louis I. Kahn interprets an architect-client encounter and comments on his own recent work; Philip Johnson examines architecture as the organization of procession in hops from Greece to New York to Cambridge and New Haven, and ends by advising himself and others "to proceed on foot again and again through our imagined buildings." H. R. Hitchcock brings into focus a double image of Aalto, and Paul Rudolph proves in sketches for a proposed extension of his office that the controlling idea sparks early; and in a well documented and illustrated article G. L. Hersey follows European forms in their American contexts. And so on.

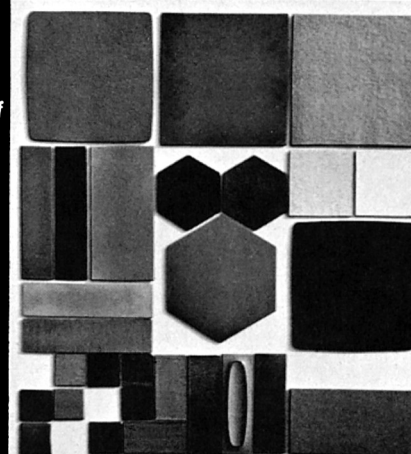
Well to the front of the book, and not by chance, are the works and

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statements of Robert Venturi, Charles Moore (of Moore, Lyndon, Turnbull and Whitaker), Romaldo Giurgola of Mitchell and Giurgola, Peter Millard (of Carlin and Millard) and the work alone of the late Robert Ernest. They are the young, and youngness refers not only to youth in the American architect but somehow to the height of his buildings and the degree to which his ideas pass into public domain. Giurgola brings to design enough memories of Italy, and Millard enough memories of the brutalism of Le Corbusier, to single out the Moore and Venturi offices as representative of a more undiluted expression of the tensions of the America of today. Both offices to be sure have a more than usual interest in history, but it is sieved through an irreverent American consciousness.

Moore and Venturi are the *Nouveau Vague* of architecture because of its newness and its indebtedness through surprises of timing and juxtaposition, akin to cinematic techniques. The unexpected in their work goes beyond visual effects, but the effects are there; and it also occurs in their writing, different as one style is from another. Venturi deals with paradoxes in paradoxes, and behind them is a mind with a hard gem at the core. The light he gives bounces off the gem.

Moore is so so conversational, so non-institutional that he offers an invitation (to me) to interpose my own experience, for instance of Guanajuato, of California's pop culture and heritage of monumentality. However, loose and personal as his writings are, his reliance upon images to express ideas, there is no place to break in until he brings his argument safe to shore. During the journey he has made some excellent points about freeways and Disneyland. "Disney has created a place, indeed a whole public world, full of consequential occurrences, of big and little drama, of hierarchies of importance and excitement . . . keyed to the kind of participation without embarrassment which apparently at this point in our history we crave."

The Moore piece runs 50 pages, and if you'd like to see what a sharp fresh conversational mind makes of California get *Perspecta* 9/10.

ESTHER McCOY

THE BARN OF THE ABBEY OF BEAULIEU by Walter Horn and Ernest Born (University of California Press, 1965, \$10.00)

This beautiful book, a preliminary study looking towards a much larger work, is also a specialist's book, but it will ornament any library. The word *beautiful* recurs each time I look at it unopened or open it. The barns are as glorious as cathedrals without ornament, masterpieces of structure and proportion, put together by monastic craftsmen in a form which seems to have been common in the period. Most of our contemporary architectural showpieces seem by comparison dull and unilluminate. The Great Coxwell barn is still in excellent condition, retaining its original stone and timbers; a recent reconstruction was limited to essential replacements. Though the text is technical, I read every word of it. Just for the pleasure let me say once more, it is a beautiful book.

CATHEDRALS OF FRANCE by Auguste Rodin (Beacon Press, Boston, \$15.00)

This book came to us not from the publisher but from the News Bureau of Arejas Vitkauskas, Jersey City, N. J., with the following note: "Since you are a staff-written magazine (as the Writers' Market says), please be so: Just write yourself some comments (no charge for our service) on this here book stating (as in the attached sample) that it was *us* who supplied you with the book . . ." A facsimile of a review of another book similarly distributed was attached to illustrate that the credit should be included in the first paragraph. The writer gives no explanation for this unusual and, I should think, expensive practice.

Cathedrals of France consists of notes on French cathedrals by the great sculptor, plus a few generalized sketches. The text has been well translated by Elizabeth Chase Geissbuhler, herself a sculptor and a translator of Simone Weil. The original was published in France in 1914. In the French manner, Rodin moralizes: "Cathedrals impose a sense of confidence, of assurance, of peace. How? By their harmony." There is a long section of rhapsodic notes on the French countryside. Rodin dogmatizes: "Gothic style is the history of France . . . Romanesque architecture is always more or less a cave or a heavy crypt . . ." Among these generalities there are many personal and technical observations on style, purpose, descriptions through the eyes of a great visionary artist. "What astonishing beauty is preserved in the *barbarous* Romanesque reliefs!"

This was Rodin's only book, never before translated into English. For admirers of Rodin it is a handsome, loving book, to be cherished. Not at all scholarly, it is to be read like a book of travels, a testament of appreciation by one of the greatest of French artists to the greatest glory of art in France.

PETER YATES

MAKING POTTERY WITHOUT A WHEEL—Texture and form in clay by F. Carlton Ball and Janice Lovoos (Reinhold \$9.95)

Several years ago, I took an adult school class in ceramics. The course proved to be rather disappointing because only hand forming methods were taught, and the rapport necessary to a learning situation did not exist between the teacher and me. Carlton Ball, who teaches pottery at the University of Southern California, and his co-author a contributing editor of "American Artist", quickly establish rapport with the reader by the use of excellent step-by-step photographs well integrated with explicit text, and go on to prove that handsome pottery can indeed be made without using a wheel.

Although directed at the beginning potter, the book contains a great variety of projects, ranging from simple tiles to intricate pots, some of which should also appeal to the reader with some experience in the medium. The authors have kept in mind that the beginner will probably wish to keep expenses at a minimum: molds are usually made of readily available materials such as cardboard tubing and newspapers; tools suggested for texturing run the gamut from rolled up scraps of leather to kitchen utensils.

Glazing and glaze recipes are discussed at length, there is a clearly written glossary, and an annotated supplementary reading list.

After my previous, unhappy experience in pottery making, I doubted that I would ever want to work with clay again; this attractively presented, enthusiastic book could very well change my mind.

JOHANNA PICK

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