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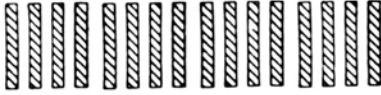


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Erratum: Credits for the drawings on pages 10 and 11 of the January issue were regrettably omitted and should have read: by L. Sutnar, courtesy Power magazine.

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art

DORE ASHTON

ON CRITICISM

Certainly it is a fool's errand to seek the *raison d'être* of art criticism. All that we know is that there has never been a body of visual art without an accompanying body of discourse, either written or spoken. (Plato's dialogues and Homer's descriptions of local art must have been fairly accurate reproductions of contemporary art talk.)

The richest art criticism has always appeared in highly civilized communities accustomed to the questions posed by philosophy. When asked in a philosophic framework, questions concerning the value of a work of art seem to elicit more profound discussion, though certainly not answers. But philosophy as an activity is a vanishing sport in Western culture. Kant told his pupils that he could not teach them philosophy, but he could teach them to philosophize. We are far from the habits of philosophizing and, therefore, the problems of criticism—that is, problems of value—arouse great consternation. It is common now to refer to something called the “crisis” in art, and that crisis naturally is the same for art's critics.

The crisis must have presented itself as overwhelming chaos in a recent meeting of the International Association of Art Critics in Prague. Hundreds of writers on art, curators and historians attempted to discuss the “Essence of Criticism” with predictable, frustrating results.

The crux of the matter, as summarized by philosophical Italian critic Argan, is still the question of value. What, in contemporary terms, can a value judgment be?

In painting a value is easily enough defined: It is determined by the degree of dark and light surrounding it. A painting value can have no independence of context. It is absolutely relative.

But can a value judgment, announced by someone who has examined a work of art, be absolutely relative?

Argan builds his case in this way: He says first that a work of art is a value consciously posed by a man to other men. One must accept it or refuse it, and to do this, one must form a value judgment.

“If you speak of art as a sort of *creation*, there is no doubt that between *creation* and *judgment* there is an antithesis: Creation begins; judgment terminates; creation opens, judgment closes. . . .” From this argument, Argan jumps to the conclusion that “it is criticism finally that, through its judgment, determines or contributes to determining the very rapid changes that everyone sees in the development of contemporary art.”

If the argument were left here, we would scarcely be wiser about the nature of modern art criticism, but Argan goes on to raise the real and troubling questions peculiar to our era.

He says that in an epoch in which industrial techniques determine ideas and values, duration is no longer the distinctive character of value. He accepts, in other words, the technological flux and reflux; the circular and meaningless movements of industrial progress as the ultimate determinants in the value of art. He does not argue with the idea that value is no longer judged in terms of duration. This is perhaps the most serious tendency apparent in contemporary criticism and one which requires serious rebuttal. But Argan does not rebut. On the contrary, he elects to swim with the tide:

“There are only two possibilities,” he reasons. “Either esthetic value presents itself as the only durable value, and thus, as a contradictory value, or, esthetic value is defined, like all the others, by its tendency to shine for an instant, and to be immediately replaced. One cannot conceive of esthetic value as a value in contradiction to its time without declaring at the same time the end of art.”

The role of the critic, then, is to expedite the process of art which

by Argan's definition has become a succession of quickly exhausted values. But there is a good argument to counter this, namely, that there are not only two possibilities. I submit that there is another possibility: That there are, and have always been, two values that judgment can affix to a work of art. The first is temporary, influenced by and receptive to the currents of the particular moment. The hedonistic pleasure of identifying a novel sensation, or perceiving a novel image belongs in this category. Then, there is the durable value, traditionally adjusted and shaped by time. The value of Arshile Gorky, let's say, is certainly adjusted nowadays, when some of his more complete works are seen within the long and cogent modern painting tradition.

Furthermore, I cannot agree with Argan that an esthetic value in contradiction to its time is inconceivable. There are many instances in the history of art in which an artist's work found no echo whatsoever in his own time; was in clear contradiction to the values of his time, and yet lived to be valued in later periods.

Argan does qualify his argument with the solacing thought that no matter how rapidly values are replaced, they are not destined to disappear. They will always be an experience that humanity has lived, he says, and will become part of its history. But if a fleeting esthetic value shoots over the horizon, is it *lived* in the fullest sense of the word, and can it not disappear, a burnt out comet, never to be recuperated?

Argan's final designation for the role of the critic indicates the severe breakdown of critical thinking. He winds up by saying that the job of the critic is to seek out the *law of change*, and to prevent changes from appearing haphazardly.

Suppose seeking the law of change is a proper pursuit, among others, but preventing senseless change would contradict all Argan's prior arguments. It would force the critic to establish values that survive more than the meteoric instant. Otherwise, he himself, like everything else, is subject to constant and senseless change.

Quite different is the attitude of the Mexican poet, Octavio Paz, as he struggles to define the role of poetry in the modern world—that same industrial world which Argan accepts so readily. Paz resists. In his essay, “Signs in Rotation,” he examines the role of the work of poetry, but also, its fate in a community that has none of the familiar characteristics of community.

He is haunted by Lautreamont's statement that poetry must be made by all, not by one. Language, he is forced to admit, is for the poet a product of community, defined as I and you. A one-to-one relationship is enough to guarantee the authenticity of language, and probably, in Argan's terms, its durable value.

But modern poetry, Paz feels, has lost its bearings, its sense of community, from Rimbaud onward. He traces its losses in terms which Argan would certainly reject, but which to my mind, still bear serious consideration.

Paz also recognizes the hegemony of technology. He bases his argument primarily on the differences between societies that knew archetypal patterns, and modern society that recognizes no pattern, due to technological changes. In antiquity, he argues, the universe had a form and a center. The political order, the order of poetry, public fetes and private rites, even discord itself and transgressions of universal rules, were all manifestations of cosmic rhythms. Later the image of the world enlarged and man stood relatively alone, although vestiges of ritual and myth remained. In our world, however, our “universe which pulverizes itself and separates from itself,” a totality is unthinkable except as absence, or a heterogeneous collection of facts.

The new reality is not an image of the world, Paz maintains. “Technology is so powerfully real—visible, palpable, audible, gifted with ubiquity—that the real reality has ceased to be either natural or supernatural.” Industry is our landscape. In other epochs, a Mayan temple, a medieval cathedral or a baroque palace were more than monuments. They were “privileged observatories where man could contemplate as a whole the world and the beyond of the world.”

If we think of the acres of pre-fabricated housing; the chaos of our industrial landscape, it is not difficult to understand Paz's complaint. There are no singular vantage points, not even the grassy

(Continued on page 32)

ARCHITECTURE IS THE MESSAGE

As long ago as 1960, just before our dams began breaking, *Time* magazine proclaimed the advent of "the abundant life" in America. We have finally achieved what we have pursued for so long and so single-mindedly: the ability to gratify instantaneously our desire for things. Second car? small potatoes! Boats, airplanes, second homes, the luxuries have become the new necessities of the good life. And they are within the grasp of everyone—give or take a few million. Money? no problem. Ask your tax man. With a little imagination anyone can lay his hands on some extra cash. Someone is always pushing it at you. A smart operator can figure a way to take it without being locked up. Hup! one for me, one for the till. Or the old reliable insurance company. What's that clause—mysterious disappearance? A little fire can bring a real windfall. Whiplash? a nice clean hustle and nobody hurt. (What's that... the kid is stealing from your purse again? Well, what do you expect when you leave it lying around...)

The abundant life is available to everyone (give or take those few million). We arrived at rainbow's end: our Stardust Home in Friendly Hills. The pot of gold was there but somehow everything wasn't enough. The suburban dream has failed miserably. The freeway wasn't the Yellow Brick Road after all. Something went wrong and the millennium has given us the go-by again, and we're milling around in confusion waiting for the superabundant life to go on sale.

Abundance has cost us far more dearly than we realized. To achieve it our framework of values and moral purpose—never noted for its compressive strength, anyway—had to be warped and twisted out of shape and now has been all but abandoned.

We have an architecture which is giving faithful expression to our ideals and aspirations—the ignoble ones we practice, not the noble ones we preach—not purposely but because the architect is subject to the same pressures to "get someplace" as we, his clients. He's thrall to the same confusion, the same cynicism, the same uncertainty of purpose, the same dilemma described by Edward Hall in *The Silent Language*. He tells of a young girl who has been imbued by her family "with a series of formal beliefs which stressed the importance of premarital chastity. The young lady did not want to violate these beliefs, yet here she was, riding around in cars at night alone with boys, petting, and going to unchaperoned house parties. In effect, the traditional supports (or restraints) on which sexual virtue had long been based had been cut away. Moreover, there was continual pressure on her to chuck the idea of premarital chastity. How, she asked, could she maintain her position in the absence of supports?"

The answer is "with difficulty." And, taking her in the aggregate—if one is to believe what he reads—with decreasing success. So it is with us all, including the architect. We're surrounded by his miscarriages, by what the epithet makers call "Savings & Loan Modern," by broken rhythms and harmonies that lead nowhere, by clumsy imitations of the work of the few who have kept their virtue.

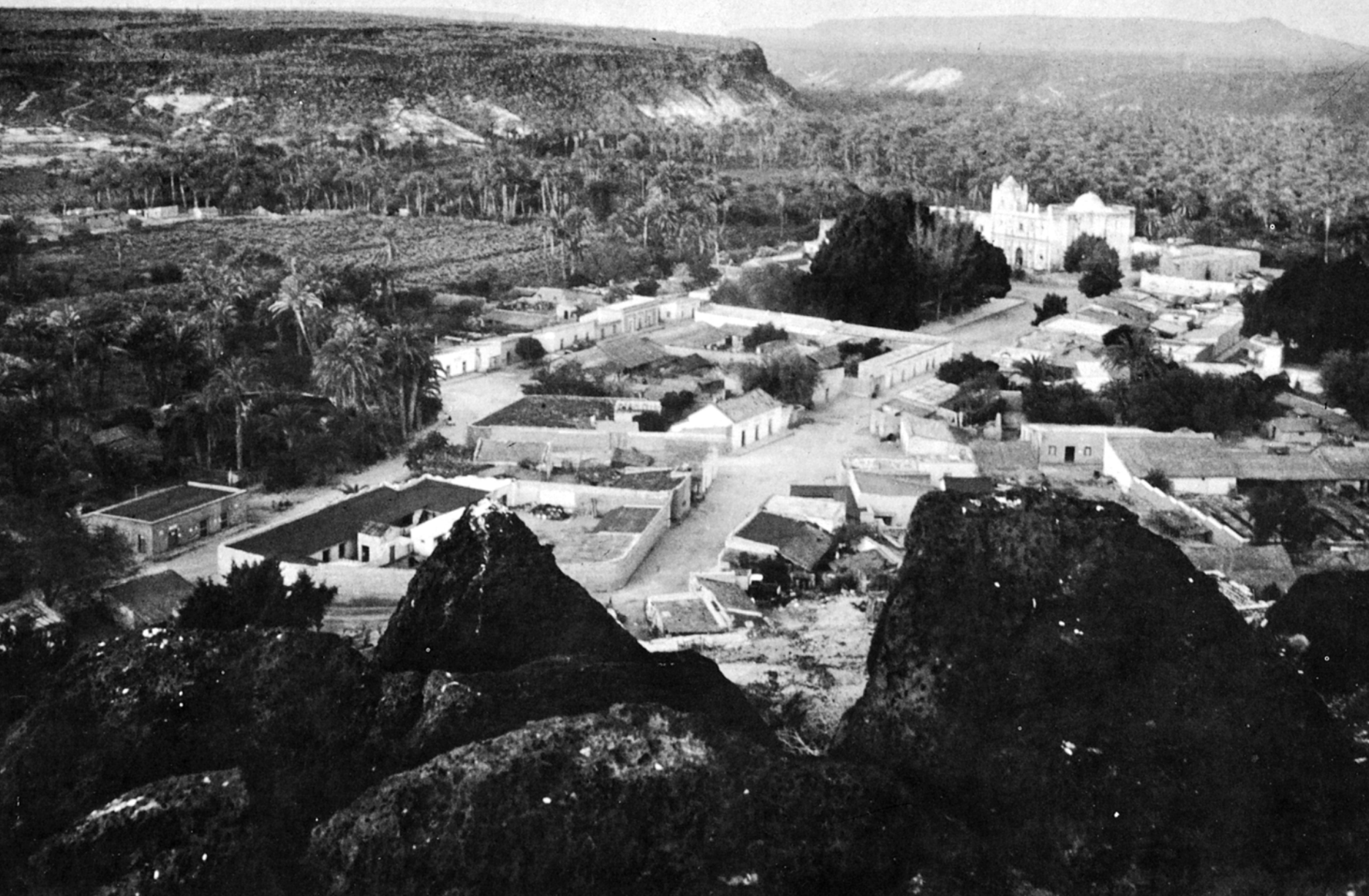
An example of how far we have fallen is the case of a brash young architect—not a hack but a talented and disciplined designer who after working in several large offices, has become chief designer for a medium sized firm with a long history of good, solid work. The new associate, who has strong opinions about the misdeeds of others, stated without a blush that the new policy of the firm was to offer clients a choice of three kinds of solution: Mies and Kahn are two. I forget the third—Sea Ranch, I suppose, if it makes any difference. Imitation in itself is not evil, but it becomes so if, as it is today, it is an unprincipled copying of form. If there is no concern for the purposes and beliefs that brought the original into being. If it sells copy.

There are encouraging rebellious sounds coming from the very young, the students. We raised them in our religion of "getting ahead," with its ceremonial concern for deeper values but real emphasis on extrinsics. But it didn't take with a lively number of the younger generation who seemed to have emerged with a healthy and articulate disrespect for us. News reports from campuses around the country have been reading like war communiques. Students are examining all aspects of our society and questioning it—and us—with harrowing intensity. It is they—not by and large their teachers as it should be—who are pressing for educational reforms, for an end to learning by imitation and rote and the "isolation of overspecialization." The response in our architectural schools has been a typical one: instead of working towards improved teaching methods and curricula, they change the name of a course, department or college—as if changing the label affects the contents.

A superficial change in direction is no longer enough. A shift in weight won't change the law of gravity. Many of the young realize this and perhaps it was sensed by California voters last November, causing them to try, as someone put it, to repeal the 20th century. But it's not a temporal about-face that is needed. We need to reconstruct the abandoned framework of values and moral purpose, and shore it up with laws and penalties not precepts, so that it is strong enough to withstand the pressures of a growing and changing civilization which is "beyond the comprehension of the individual."

D.T.

in passing



Most Americans are aware of Baja California only as lines on a map; many Americans visit the border cities, a few penetrate deeper by jeep, yacht, or airplane mostly for hunting and fishing, and a very few love its history, its great mountain ranges with highland forests and meadows, its oasis villages, its hospitable people. These few love even the great dry hot central deserts, the summer rains, the tropical hurricanes, the violent storms of the gulf. They like the land because it has resisted the devastating hand of man for so many centuries.

6 Man has lived here since prehistoric times, as is shown by ancient petroglyphs, but the land exacted a stiff price and this price was that man make most of the concessions. The Indians, the missionaries, and later the settlers were forced to gear their activities to the terrain and climate. For this reason it was dubbed by Max Miller, "The Land Where Time Stands Still." But it is doubtful if Mr. Miller would call it that today.

In the past few years many books and magazine articles on Baja have appeared, new hotels have been built. Scientific developments indicate solutions to the water problem. A paved road from border to tip will be a reality sooner than expected. But what then? Will its beauty be destroyed as is happening to its prosperous neighbor and namesake to the north? Will new towns along the proposed highway spread over the precious farm land? Will the Plaza of San Ignacio, one of the most charming of all plazas, be ringed with office buildings? Will the great

chain of Jesuit, Franciscan and Dominican mission buildings and sites be destroyed or too hastily restored to permit systematic archeological investigation? Can the beauty of the great land be preserved and at the same time permit the inhabitants to participate fully in the benefits of 20th-century civilization, economic opportunity and advanced education?

With these questions in mind I was excited to learn of the existence of an organization known as the Commission of the Californias. I immediately wrote for information and learned that it had been constituted in June of 1964 by then Governor Edmund Brown of California, U.S.A., and Eligio Esquivel Mendez of Baja California Norte, Mexico. (The Territory of Baja California Sur is not yet a state and was not at first included. This will be changed early in 1967.) The Commission by-laws state that the general objective of the organization is "to promote mutual development of the two states, to take better advantage of their human, technical, cultural and economic resources by improving the coordination and public relations between the two states."

I also learned that in August 1966 the Commission had secured the services of a full time executive director and secretarial assistance, and that they were to meet in Tecate in December 1966. I determined to go to observe the proceedings.

Driving from Los Angeles to Tecate is an enlightening progression in itself. After tearing myself loose from Los Angeles and San Diego

traffic it was a relief when La Mesa disappeared from sight and I was driving through the gentle hills to the border. Tecate is hardly an ancient Spanish Colonial Town but it is beautifully situated in a flat valley between hills and has miraculously avoided the evils of most border settlements.

The headquarters for the 10th General Session of the Commission was the Motel El Dorado and here the members of the Commission, wives, advisors, friends and newsmen were assembling. The arrival of Dr. Ernest O'Byrn, the secretary general, and Edmund L. Feeley, executive director opened the agenda which included a formal visit to the office of the Mayor of Tecate at the Palacio Municipal and a tour of the Cuauhtemoc Brewery, economic mainstay of the community.

Tourism, education and culture, economic development and interstate relations are the four areas of concern of the Commission and are studied by four corresponding committees. They have made solid accomplishments in the area of education, economic development, and solution of border problems. Of interest to architects and physical planners is a pledge from the Mexican Government that the transpeninsular highway will become a reality before the expiration of the term of office of the current president. The Mexican Government has also pledged funds for mission restoration including \$40,000.00 for San Fernando Valicata, the only Franciscan Mission in Baja California. Work is to be implemented by the Sociedad de

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San Fernando Vallicata
(1769—Franciscan)

Santa Maria de Los Angeles
(1767—Adobe ruins)

Calamajue
(7—Adobe ruins)

San Francisco Borja
(1762—Stone building)

Santa Gertrudis
(1751—Stone building)

San Ignacio de Kadakaaman
(1716—Stone building)

Nuestra Senora de Guadalupe de Huasinapi
(1720—Stone foundation)

Santa Rosalia Mulege
(1703-5—Stone building)

La Purisima Concepcion de Cadegomo
(1722—Stone ruins)

San Miguel del Comodu
(1714—Visita of San Javier)

San Jose del Comodu
(1708—Stone ruins)

San Juan Caballero y Ocio de Londo
(Visita of Loreto 1698—Stone ruins)

Nuestra Senora de Loreto
(1697—Stone, rebuilt)

San Juan Bautista de Malibat (Ligui)
(1703-5—Few stones only)

San Francisco Javier de Vigge (Biaundo)
(1679—Stone, good condition)

Nuestra Senora Dolores del Sur
(1721—Dam and irrigation canal—no buildings)

Mission San Luis Gonzaga
(1719—Stone, fair condition)

La Pasion
(Visita of San Luis Gonzaga—Stone ruins)

Nuestra Senora Pilar de La Paz
(1720—No remains)

La Paz

Santa Rosa de La Ensenada de Palmas
(Todos Santos)
(1723—No remains)

Santiago de Los Coros
(1721—No remains)

San Jose del Cabo
(1730—No ruins)

Probable path of the transpeninsular highway is shown on the map at left. It follows the existing road which is a modification of the ancient route connecting missions and is largely unimproved. The solid line indicates hard surface, broken line is primarily ungraded dirt road classified cautiously by the Automobile Club of Southern California as "all other types (inquire locally)." Condition of the missions themselves is noted beneath their names. Dates refer to founding of the missions and are unrelated to the construction of the buildings.

BAJA CALIFORNIA: A PLEA FOR PLANNING

By Carleton Monroe Winslow

Geografia y Estadística de Tijuana. Credit for these efforts must go in great measure to Pierre Allinio of El Cerrito, California, a Baja enthusiast and member of the commission.

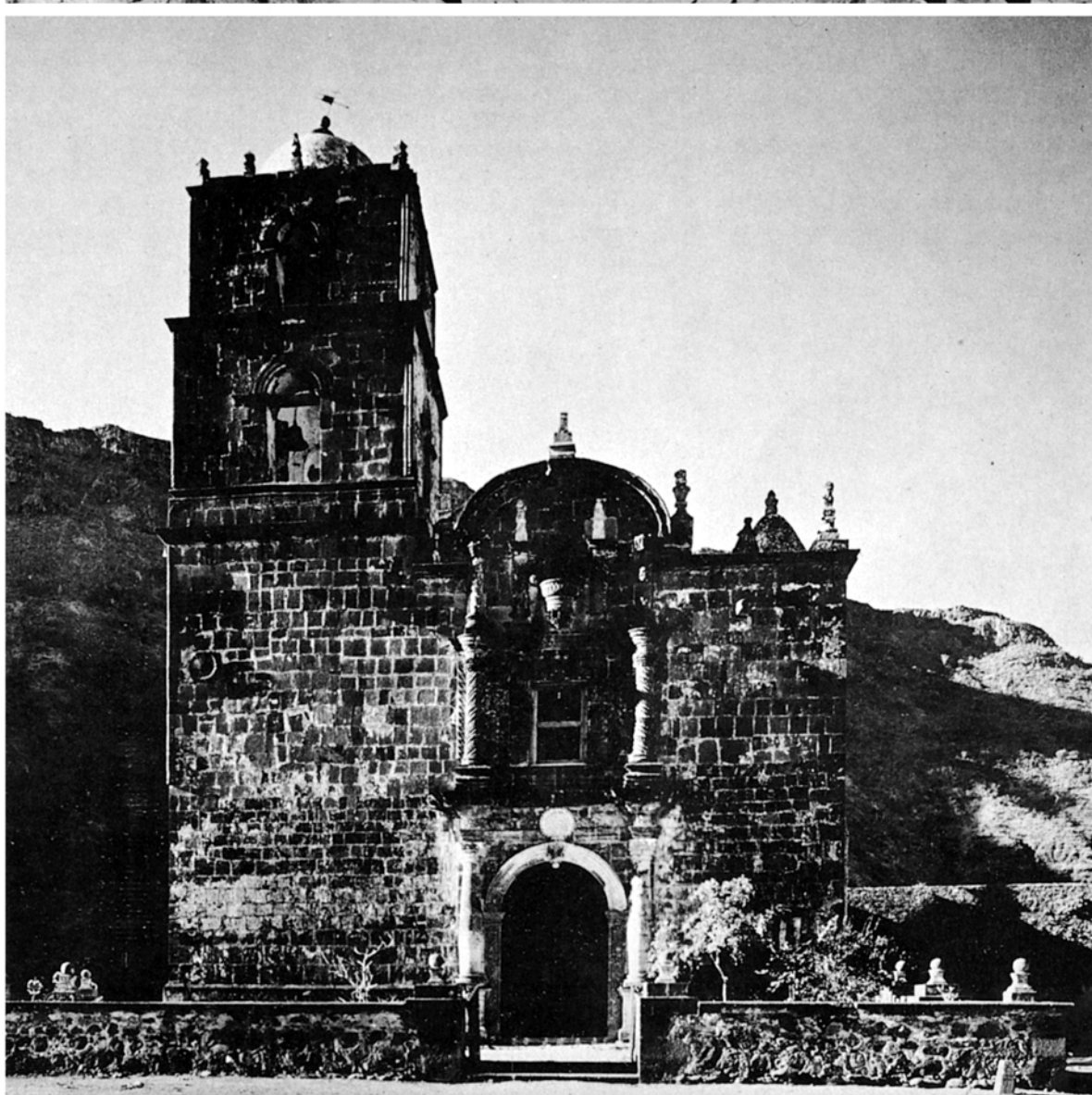
The exact route of the transpeninsular highway is pretty much determined but maps were not released in Tecate. The highway will no doubt follow the ancient route connecting mission sites which means following the Pacific slope most of the way except for the section between Santa Rosalia and Loreto which will require two crossings of the Sierra de la Giganta to reach the gulf coast.

This will implement the original master plan of the first true European settler of the peninsula, the Society of Jesus. This plan first began as a dream in the mind of Eusebio Francisco Kino when he sailed with Isidro Atondo y Antillon on a colonizing voyage which, as did all previous ones since Cortes voyage of discovery in 1533 or 1534, failed to maintain a permanent settlement. Kino did not live to effect his dream personally but he did explore the west coast of Mexico facing the gulf and was the stimulus behind the first successful colonization effort in the Californias in 1697. During the ensuing 72 years the small band of Jesuits explored nearly the entire 800 miles of the peninsula, built roads, initiated animal husbandry and agriculture, built some 18 missions and as many more *visitas*, or outlying visiting stations. (The number of actual missions will vary in different accounts because visiting stations are counted as missions by some.

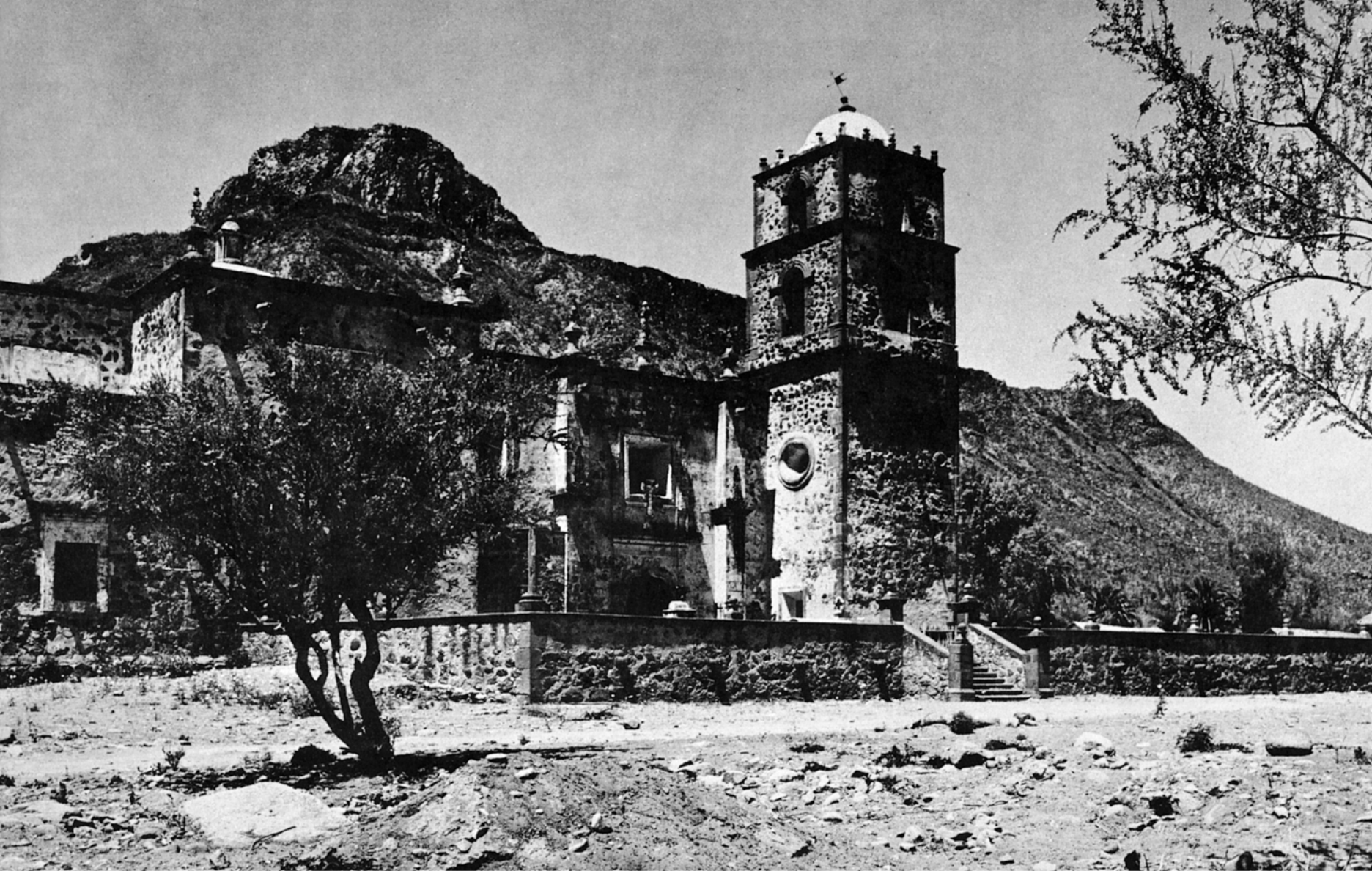
The conditions which determined the mission locations and hence the road were water and Indian population. Whether these same conditions should govern decisions in the 20th century is a matter for urgent study but the Jesuit plan will certainly serve as a basis for the road which in turn will determine the course of peninsular development. It is also reasonable to organize such a highway around the historical attractions that exist if the road is to encourage tourism.

But the questions posed at the beginning of the article still remain unanswered, and enthusiastic pursuit of immediate accomplishments must not blind us to the consequences of our actions. The most important task the Commission of the Californias could undertake would be protection of the beauty of the peninsula. Although the Commission is essentially a recommending and advising body it could and should institute planning seminars, raise money through foundations for studies, and above all encourage government agencies in Mexico and California to work for a creative regional plan for the development of Baja California in conjunction with that of neighboring Southern California.

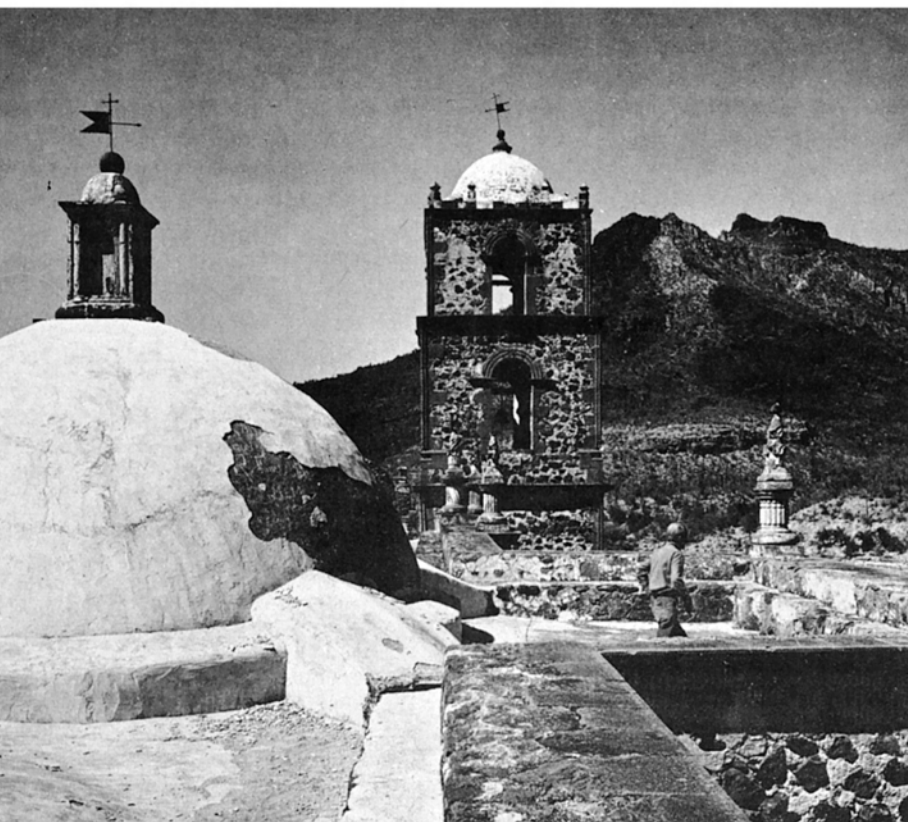
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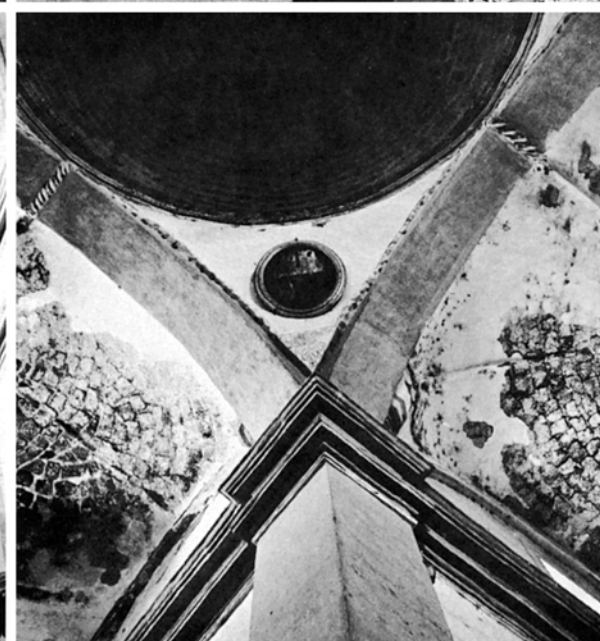
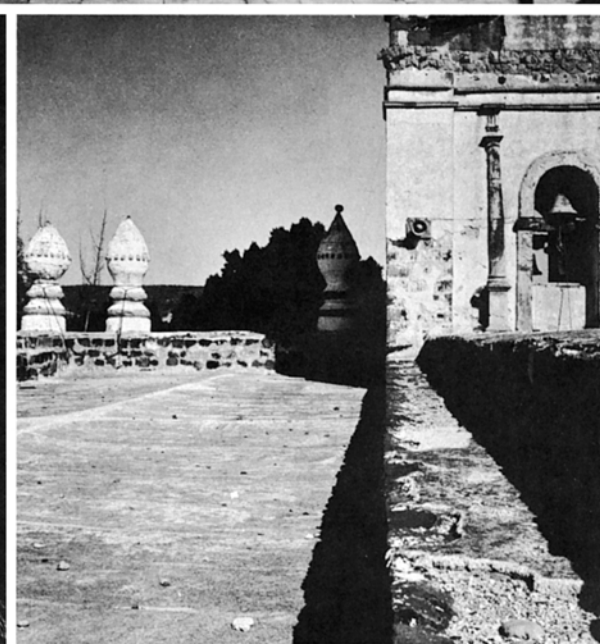
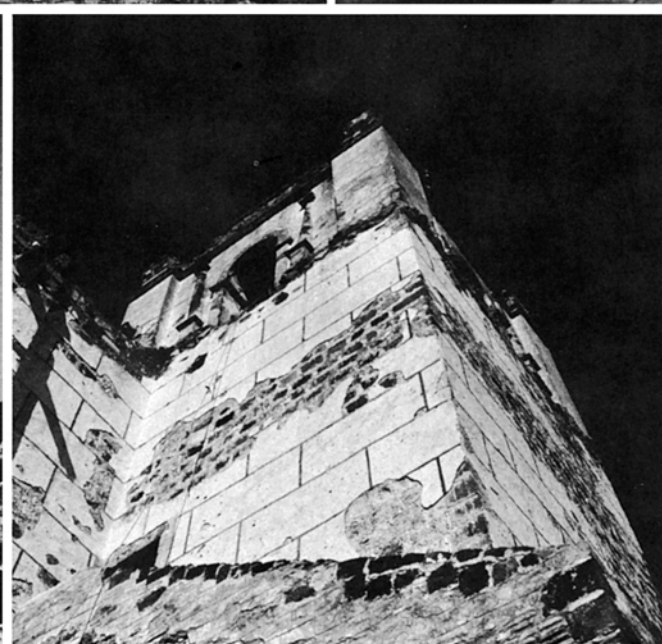
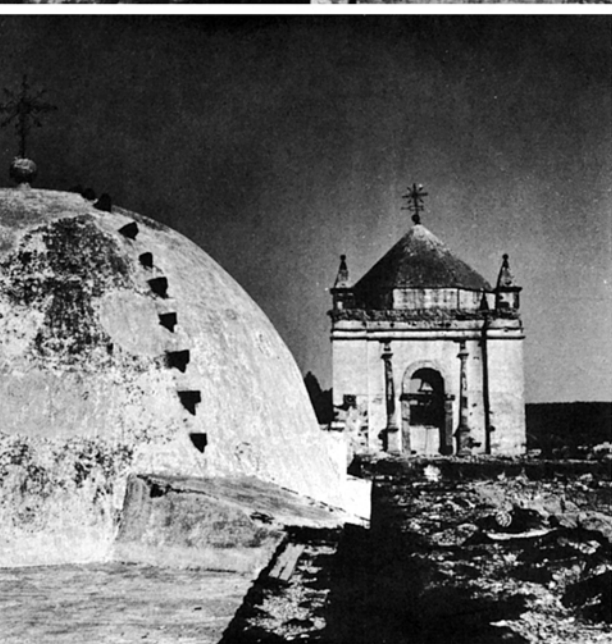


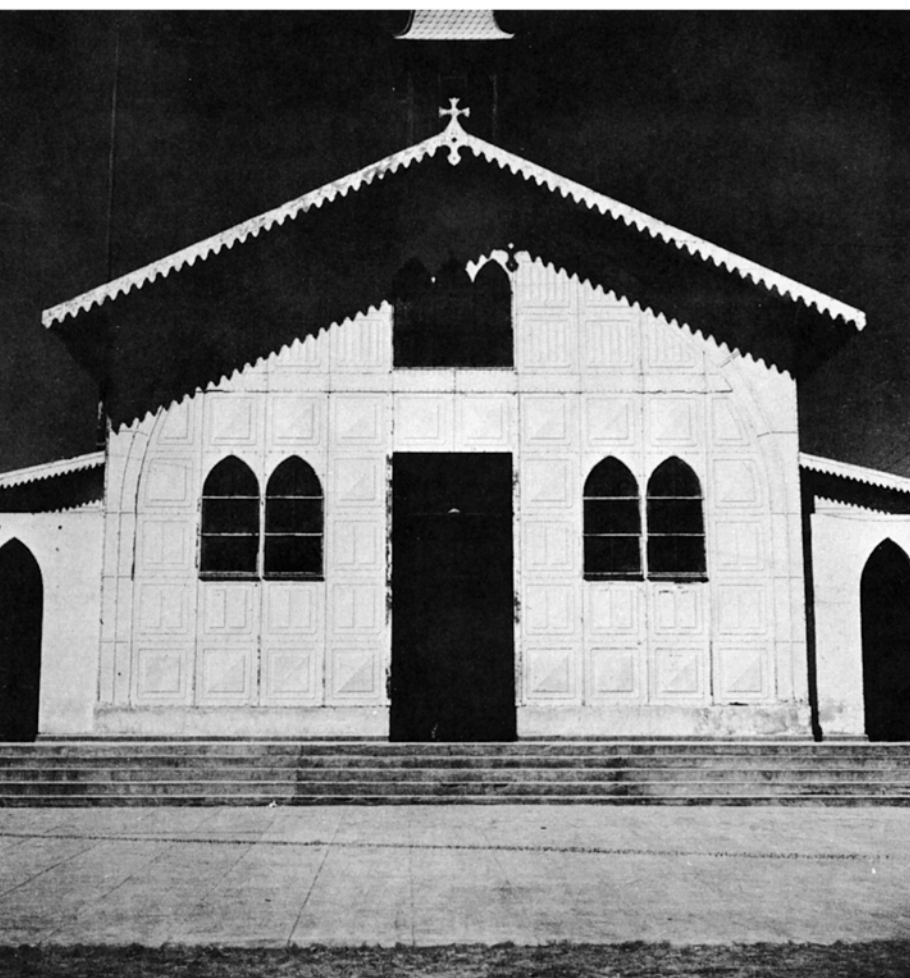
Photos by Carleton Winslow



Of the 54 mission and *visitas* built in Baja California, only a few survive. Of these San Francisco Javier de Vigge shown on these two pages is the finest and least altered. This remarkable building was completed under the direction of Miguel del Barco, resident Jesuit Priest. Started in 1744 and completed in 1758, the mission is situated in the Vigge section of the Sierra de la Giganta 23 miles from Loreto. The high canyon wall behind the mission makes the approach a dramatic one. The walls are 5' thick providing lateral stability. The roof construction is masonry with a true dome over the crossing and flat masonry "domes" over the other compartments. One is inevitably reminded of the cupola construction in the Charente Valley in the South of France. The Reverend Peter Masten Dunne refers to the possibility of an architect from Mexico having been consulted for the work, but does not reveal the source of his information.

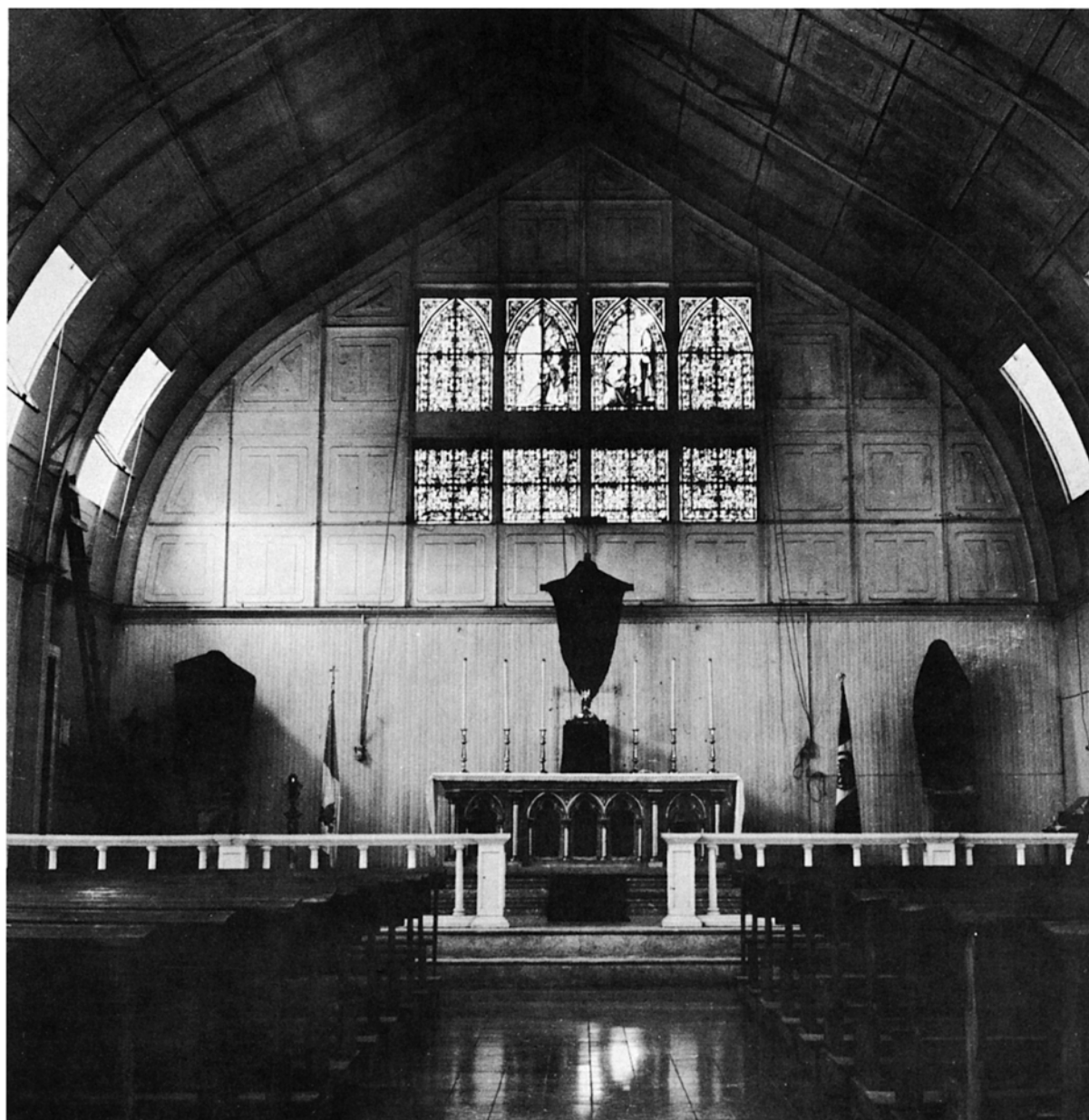






Mission San Ignacio de Kadakaaman (facing page) is located inland from Santa Rosalia in the center of the penninsula. This is the northernmost of the oasis villages in Baja California and has been continuously inhabited since pre-colonial times. Although many authorities attribute the construction to the Dominican Fr. Juan Crisostomo Gomez between 1779 and 1786, the work must have been already well along under the Jesuits. Fr. Francisco Palou writing in 1771 records the following: "The church of stone and mortar, which is half finished, if completed, will be the best edifice in California." There is also visual evidence. The coarse plaster detail on the facade and strange finials on the roof could not have been designed by the person capable of the upper part of the tower and the sensitive doorway.

Other buildings of interest in Central Baja include the metal church (this page) of the town of Santa Rosalia itself some miles to the north. This remarkable building is reputed to have been built in France for an exhibition around 1890, purchased by the Boleo Mining Company of France, then operating in Santa Rosalia, and reassembled on its present site. If all this is true it could well be the first instance in history of a demountable building being moved half-way around the world.





LOW-COST HOUSING IN MEXICO TEODORO G. DE LEON, ARCHITECT

This development of 529 rental units was built to house workers and their families employed in an automotive plant at Ciudad Sahagun, an industrial town near Mexico City. The locale is an arid one subject to strong winds and sudden temperature changes. These factors plus the desire to encourage and improve social life in the new community dictated a grouping of the houses. A scheme of squares was developed with each square composed of 12 houses protecting an interior semi-enclosed space against the wind, also avoiding views of the desolate landscape. The squares are reserved to pedestrians; automobiles are restricted to parking lots placed so that the maximum distance from car to house is 240'.

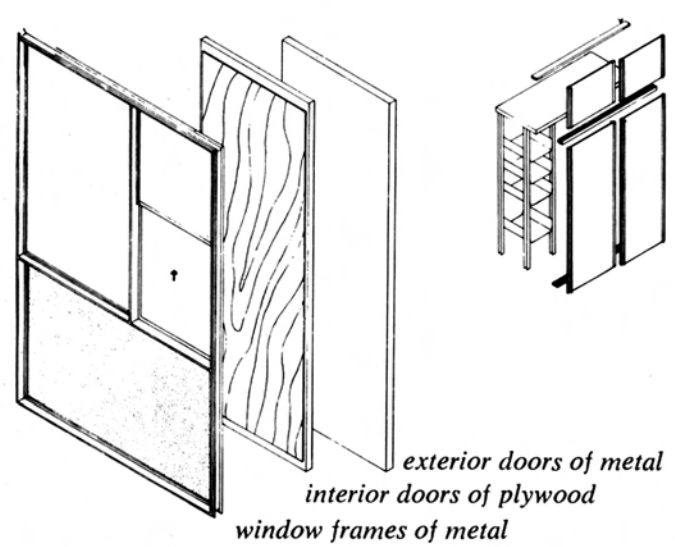
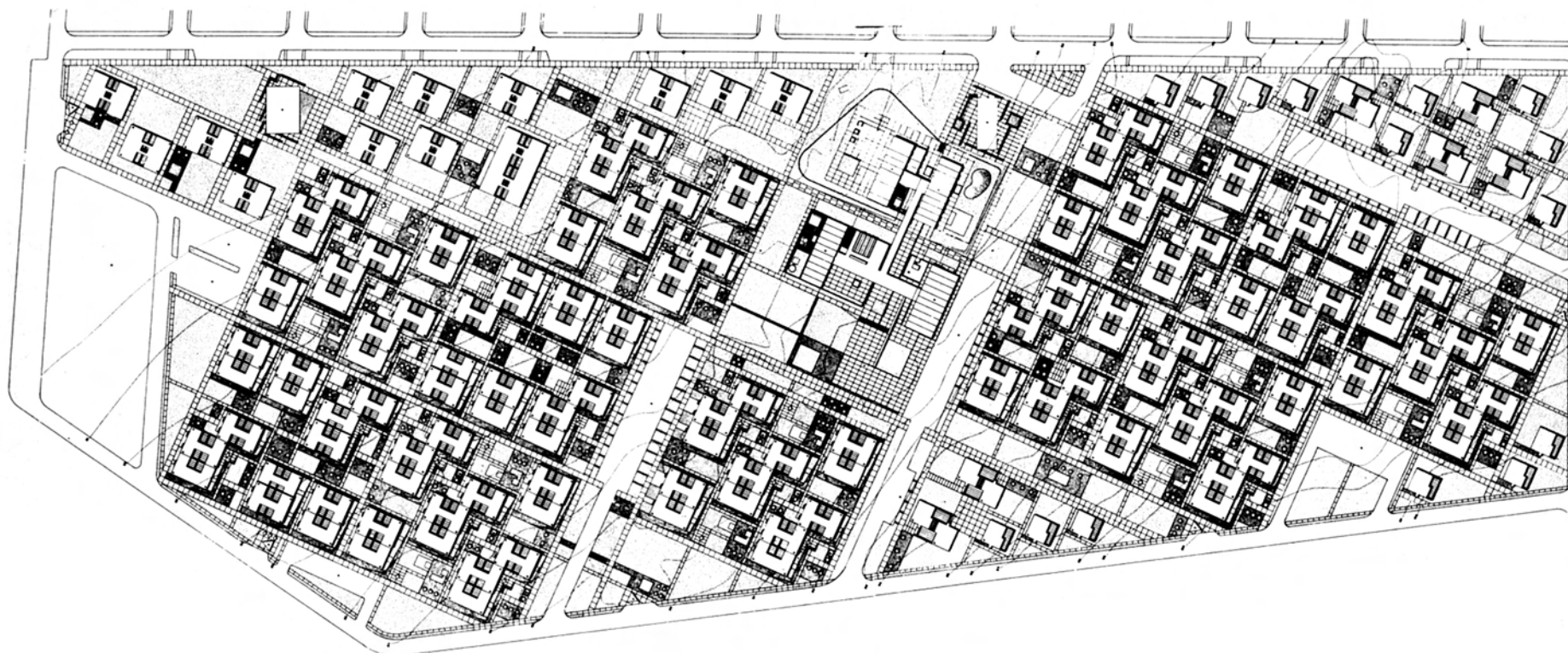
There are six types of houses with plans varying from 708 to 990 sq. ft. to suit wage level and family size. Each type is joined to another of its kind so that groups contain a variety of one- and two-story forms. At the same time the scheme permitted standardization of elements

and construction.

On the exterior at the ground level, clay grille-works screen the interior of the houses and hide individual window furnishing, giving homogeneity to the whole. The lattices, and the extended roofs, also protect the interiors from the sun.

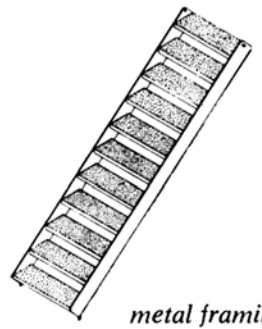
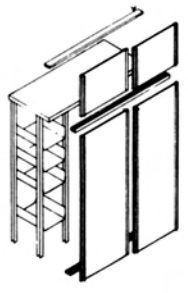
In the central area of the project there are three community buildings: the commercial area, a kindergarten with five classrooms, and general purpose hall, and an elementary school with 10 classrooms, two laboratories and an assembly hall. All of these buildings are of exposed concrete with steel beams acting as tie rods and closing devices for the brick vault roofs.

The architect has exploited the unevenness of the site to help him in the creation of a pleasantly diverse townscape. The project, operated by the Instituto Mexicano del Seguro Social (Mexican Social Security Institute), has only 19% of its ground area covered by buildings. Open pedestrian areas total 64.3%.

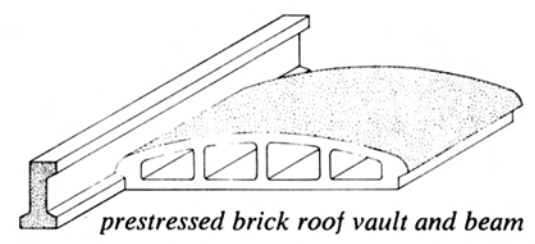


exterior doors of metal
interior doors of plywood
window frames of metal

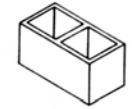
demountable closet — rigidized plastic doors.



metal framing and stairs of metal plate and asbestos

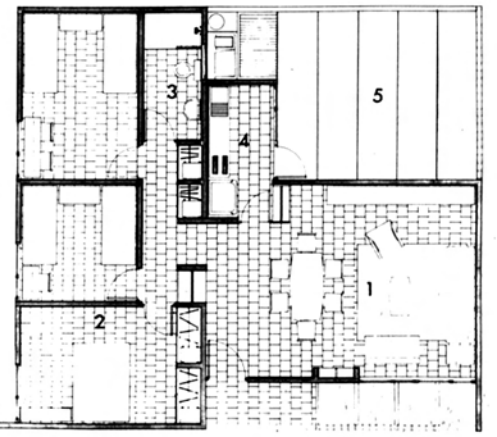
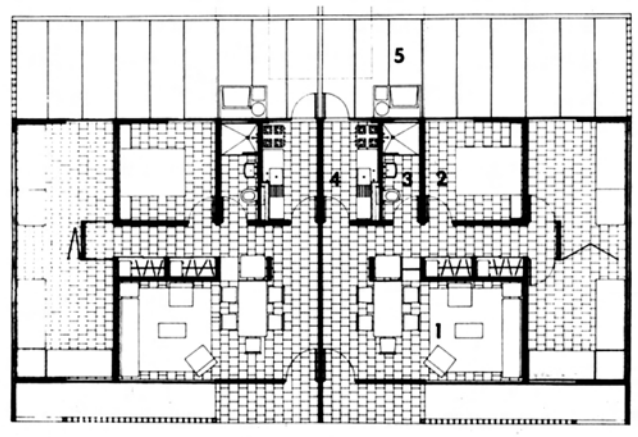
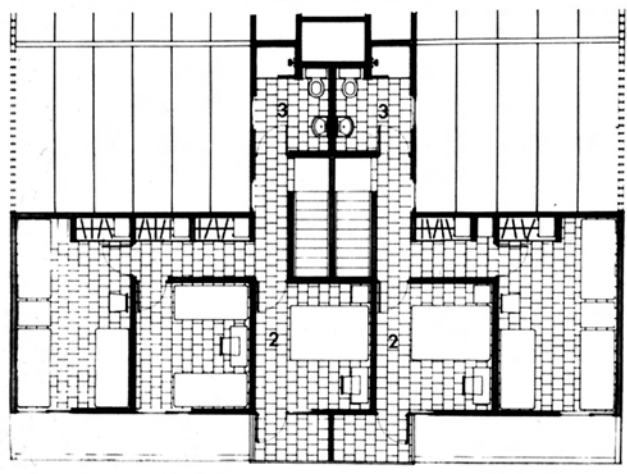
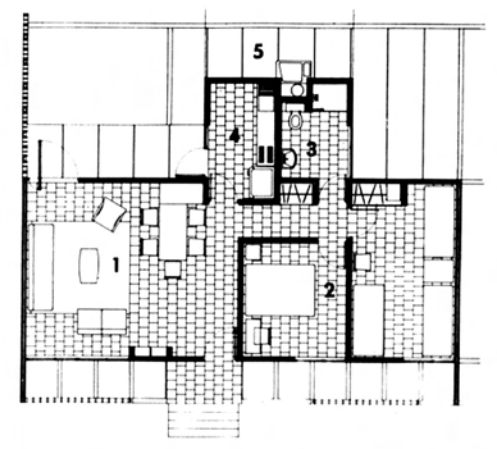
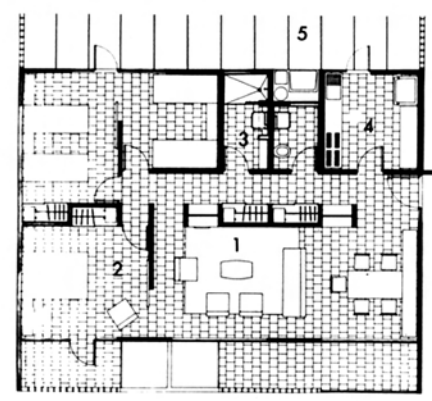
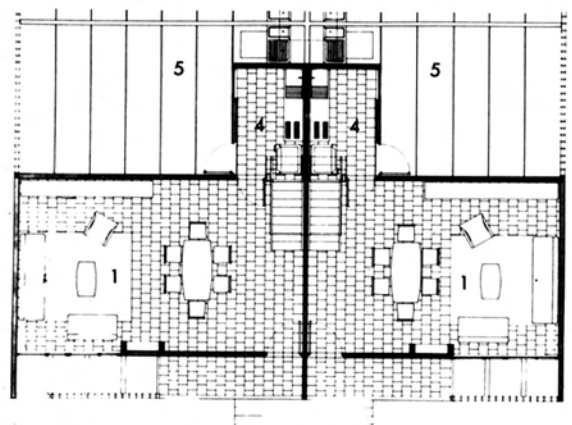


prestressed brick roof vault and beam



adobe brick

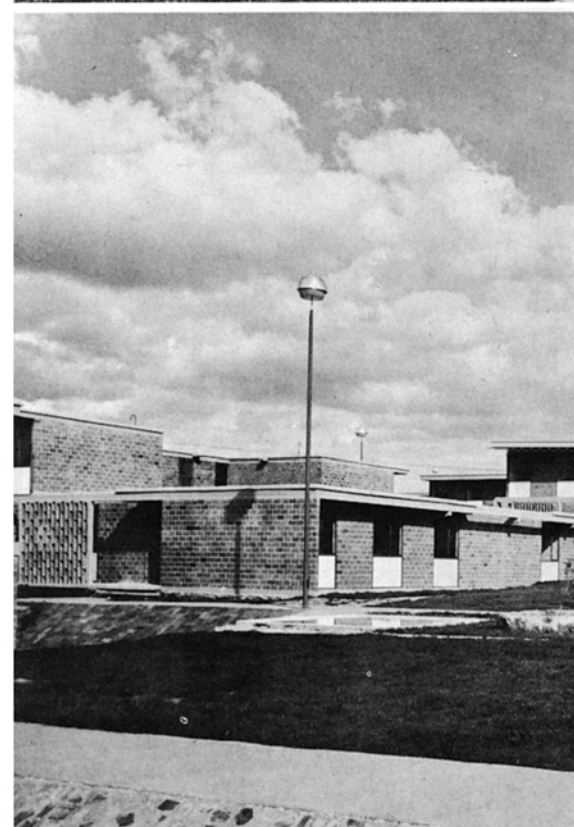
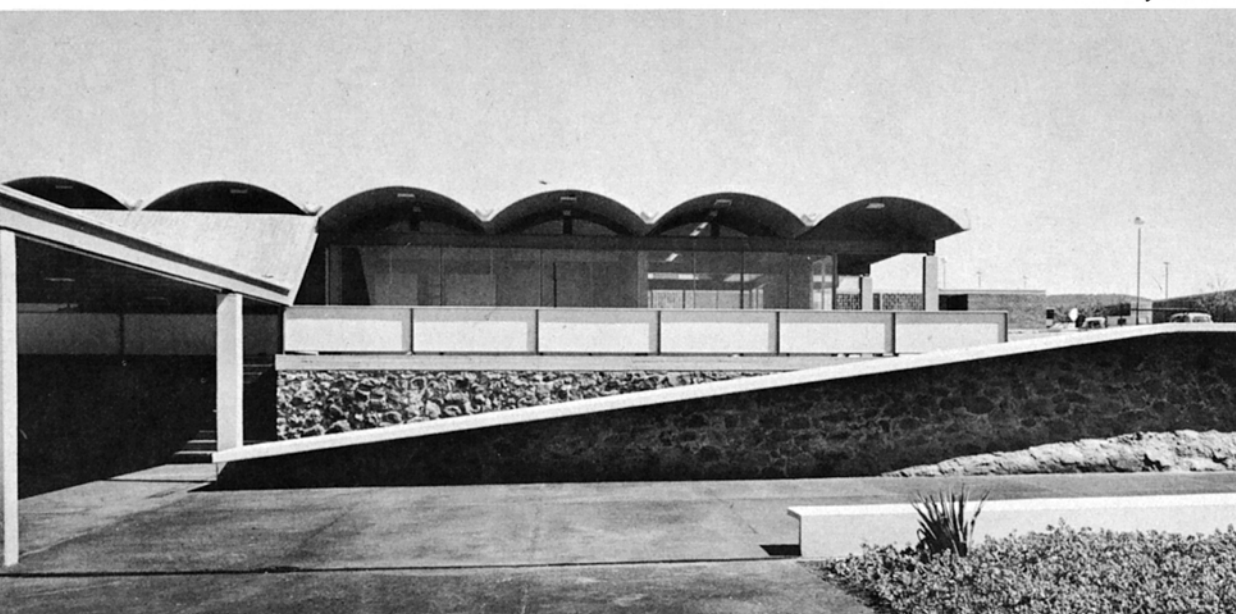
Structural Elements

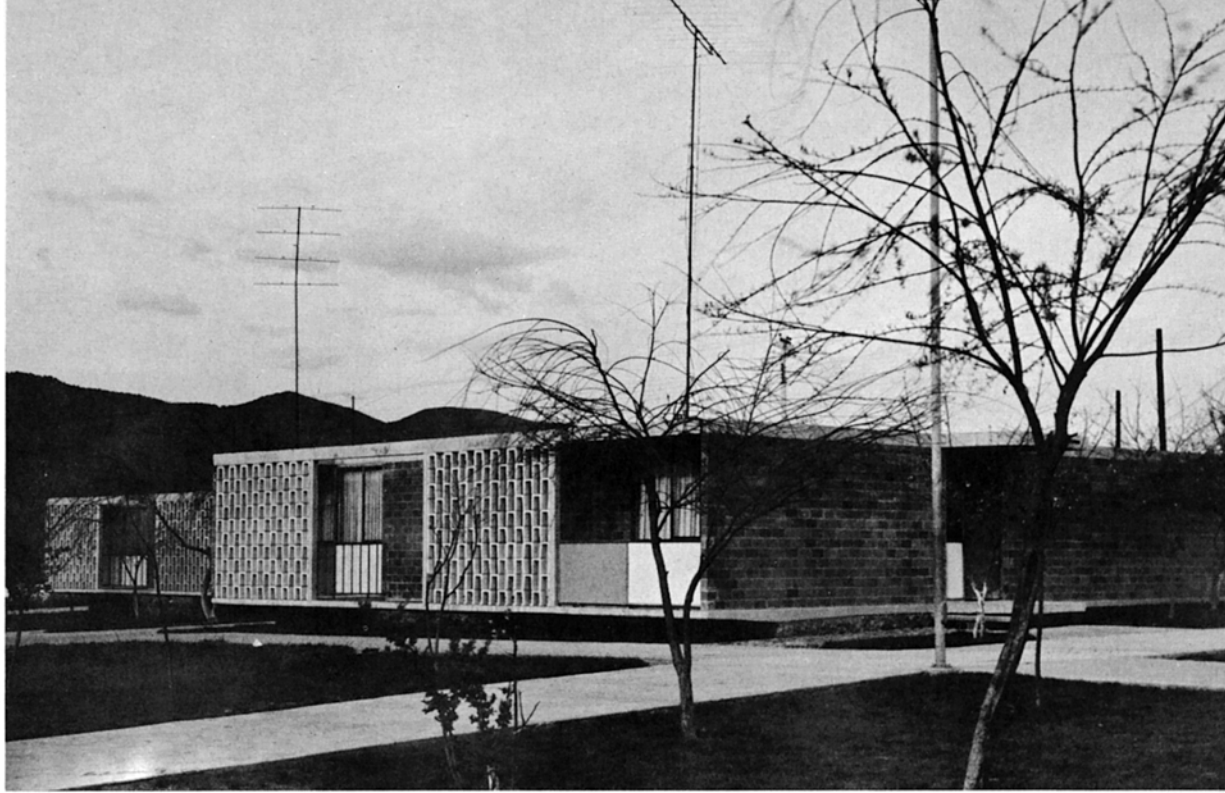




In this column are photographs of the community buildings, distinguished from the residential structures by the brick vault roofs. Above is the elementary school building and its large patio; center is the commercial area and at bottom the kindergarten classrooms and play area.

Photos by Brehme





There are six types of houses with differing elevations and plans built from the same prefabricated elements. Clay grilleworks which protect interiors from the sun and screen individual window furnishings, give a homogeneity to the project. Below is a typical cluster of 12 living units surrounding an interior plaza.



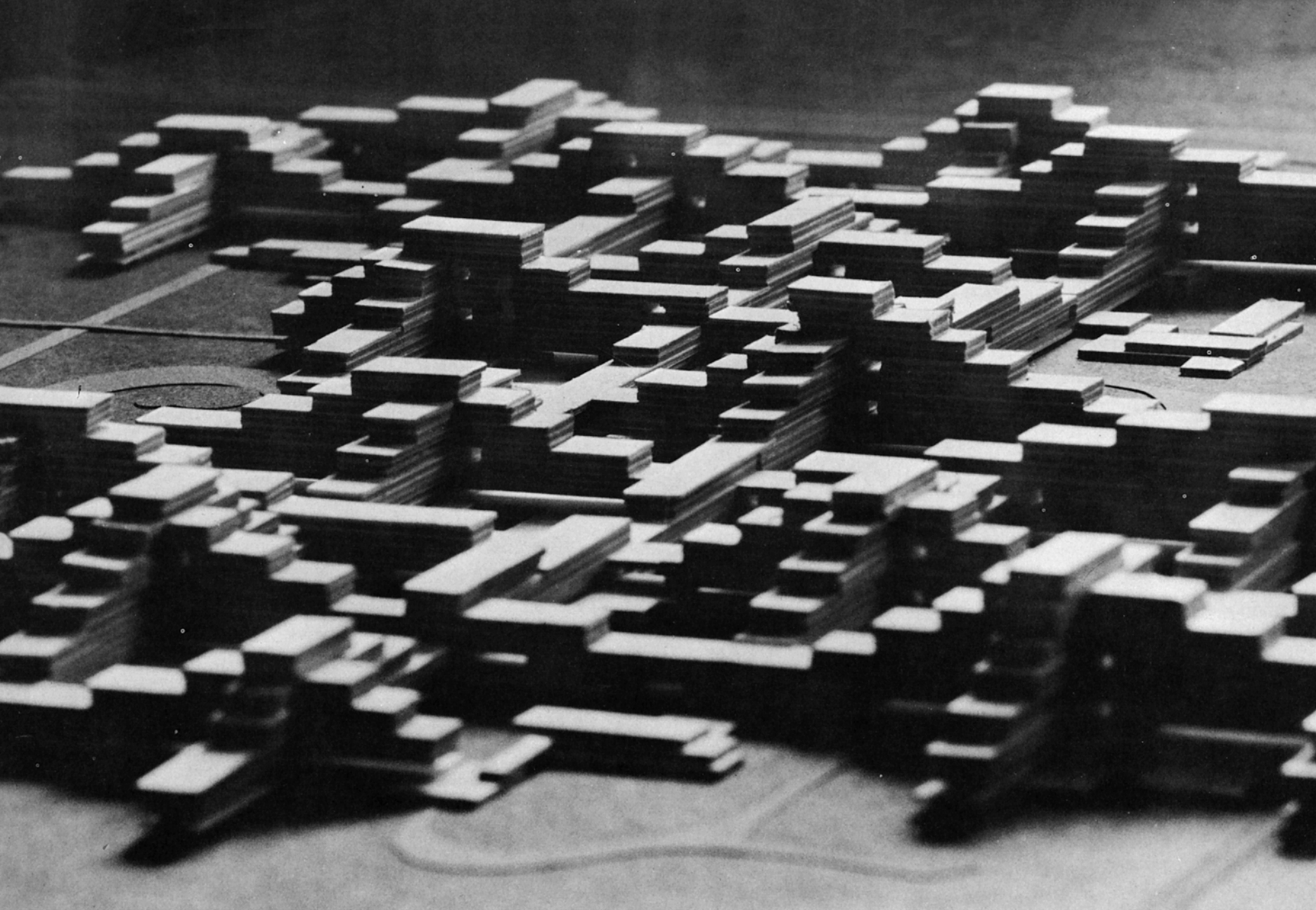
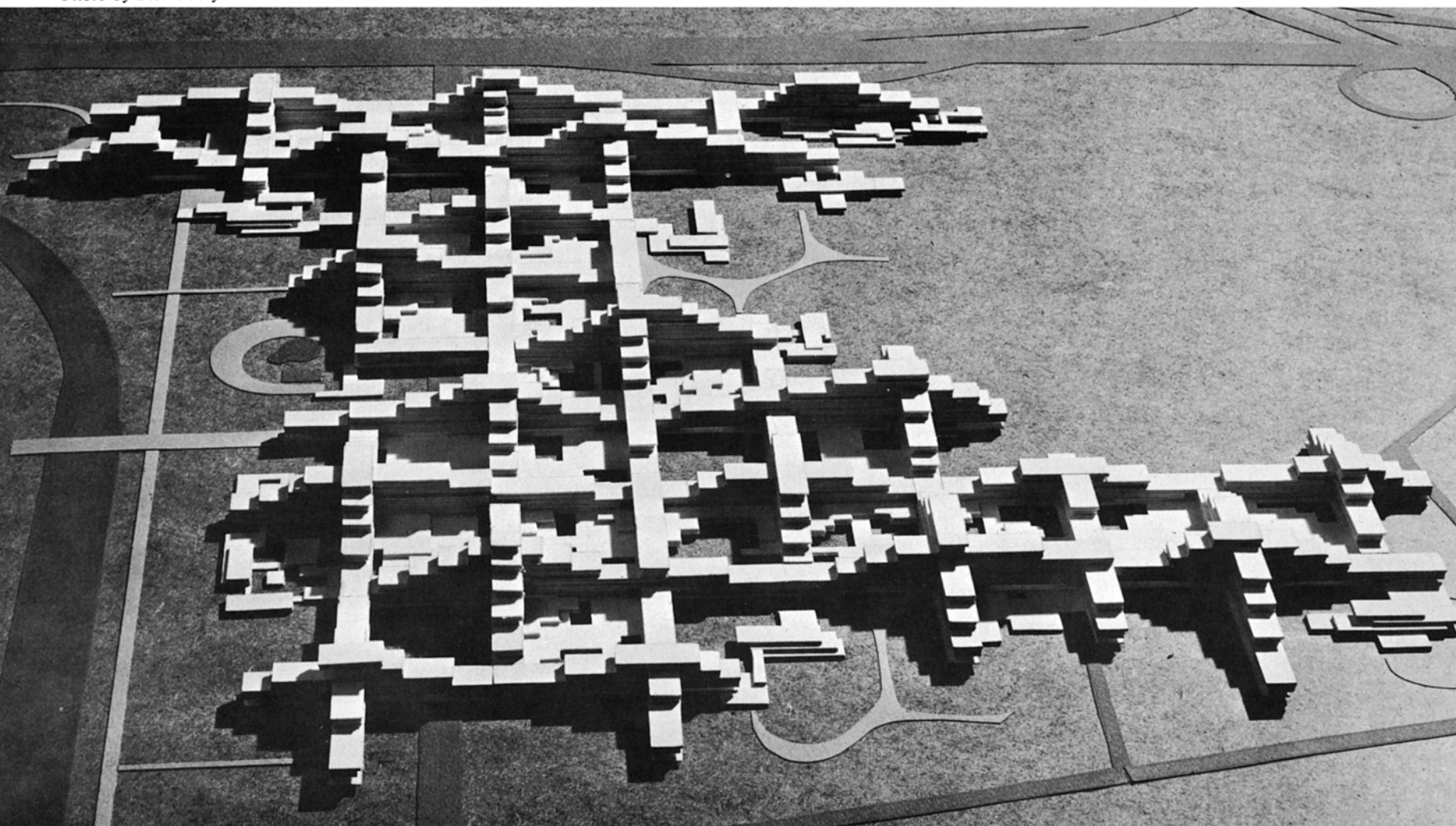


Photo by Pierre Joly-Vera Cardo



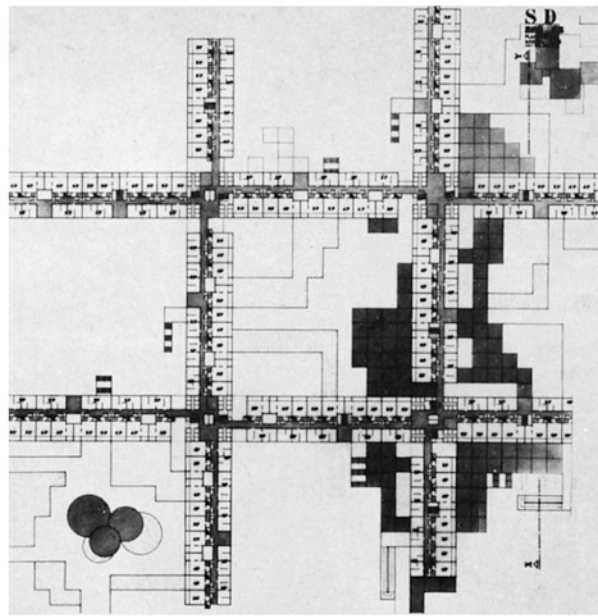
MEGASTRUCTURE IN FRANCE

*Architects: J. Renaudie, P. Riboulet,
G. Thurnauer, J. L. Veret*

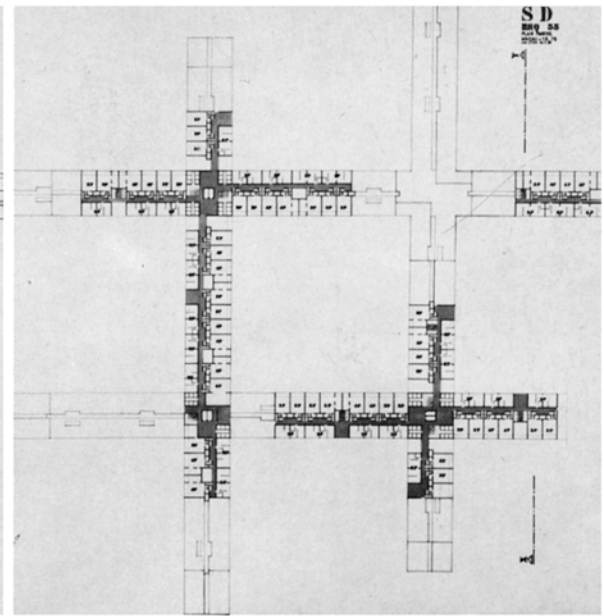
This project for a residential community of 5,000 units and its supporting commercial, cultural, recreational and educational facilities forms part of the redevelopment of St.-Denis—a city of 95,000 just north of Paris—and also the integrated, large-scale planning of the entire Paris region. The study is an attempt to adapt an urban neighborhood to the new patterns of life of city dwellers. The result is an extremely high density scheme within a system of continuous volumes.

Living units are elevated from the ground and interconnected by a pedestrian level on which are located the community facilities mentioned. These elements have been distributed and organized so as to provoke maximum usage and an animated social life within the infrastructure. an animated social life within the infrastructure, also offering employment opportunity to residents.

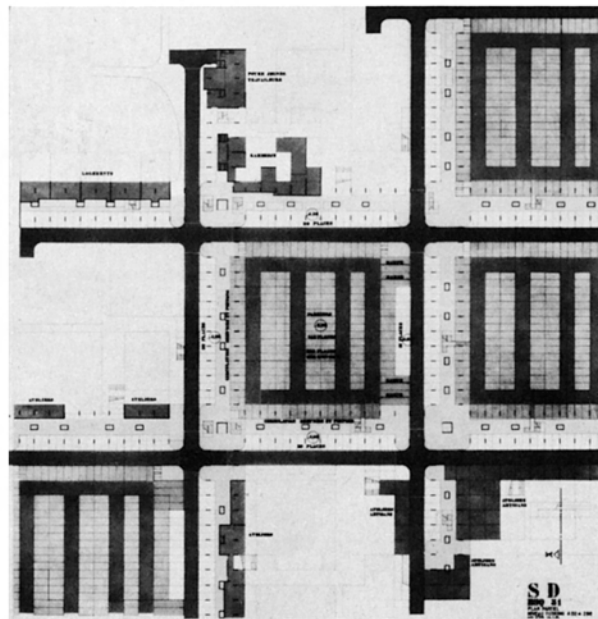
The apartments are massed in pyramidal forms which are linked horizontally and based on a three-story vertical rhythm that provides large surfaces for terraces. The scheme permits construction of units of one, two and three stories in whatever proportion the needs and economics of the project dictate.



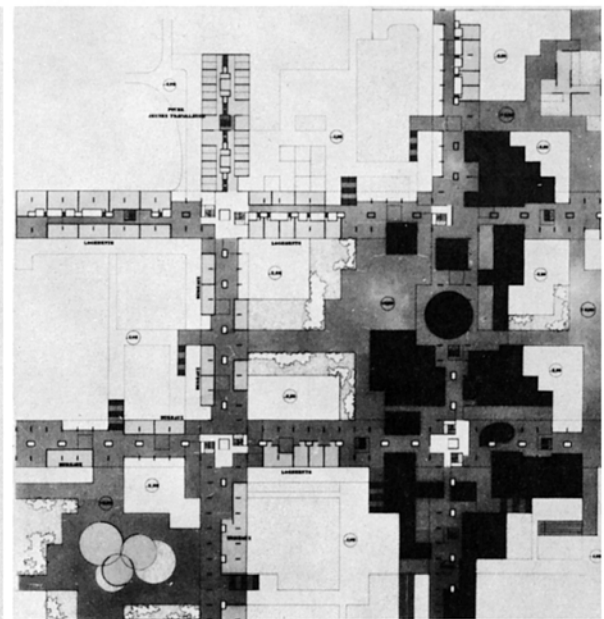
second story apartments



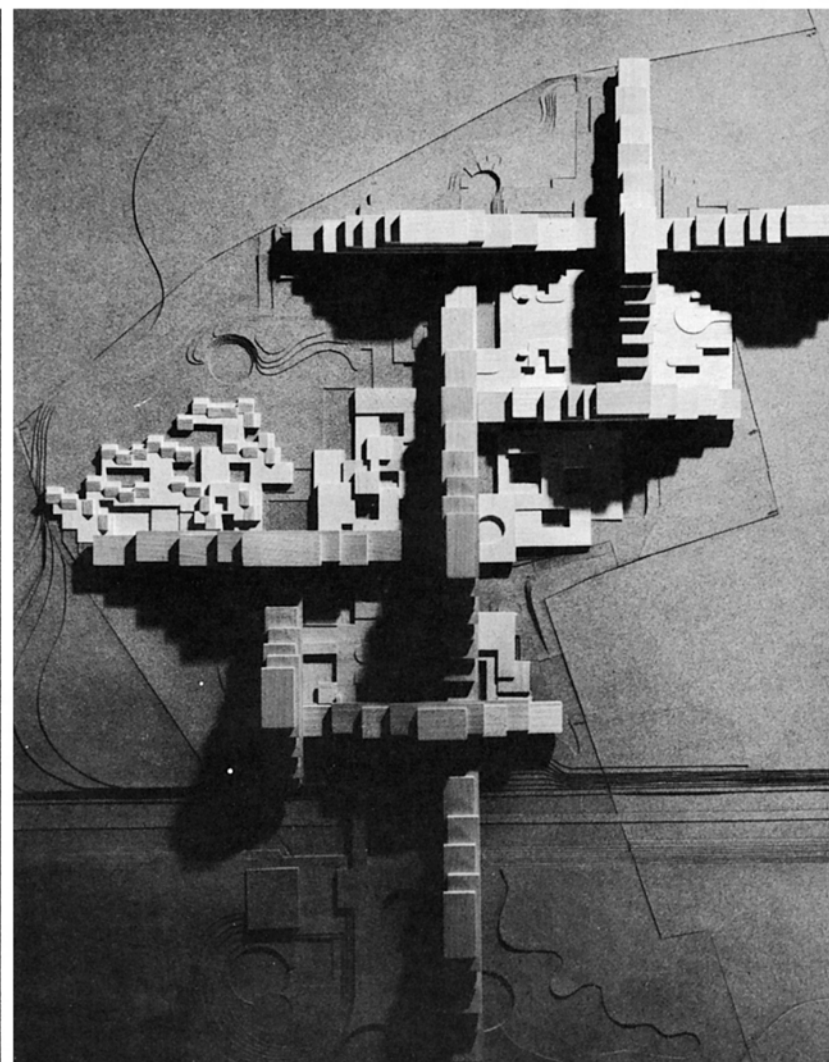
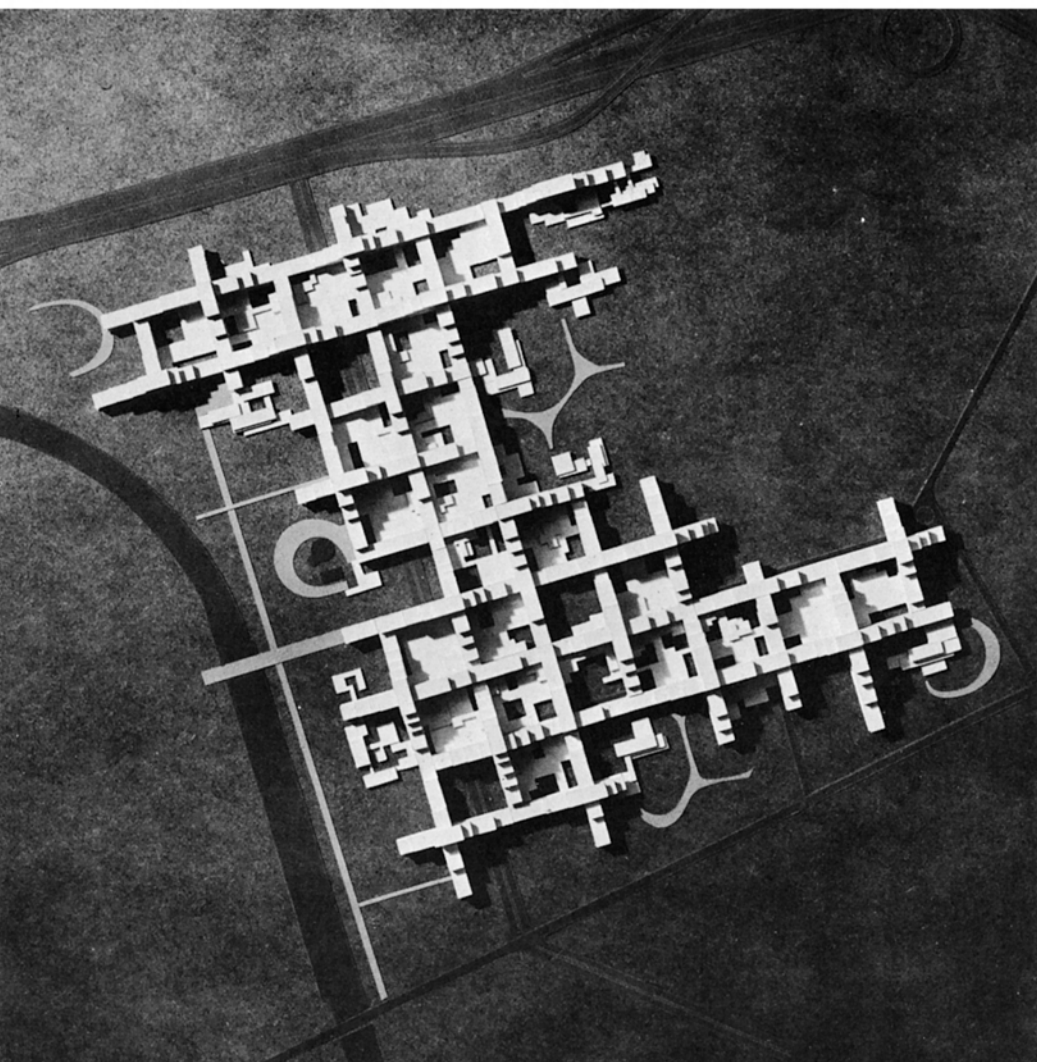
third story apartments

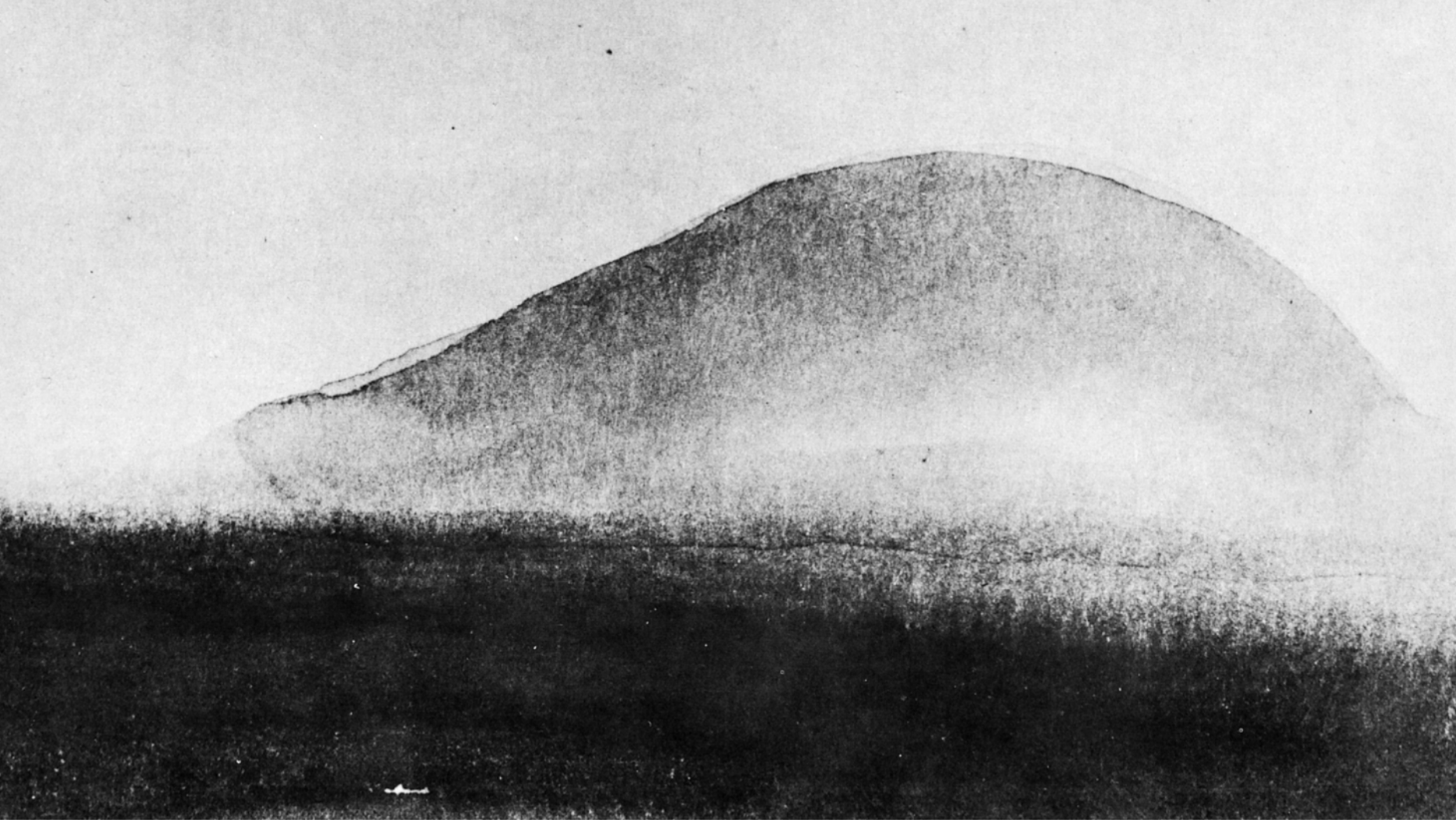


pedestrian and service level (at grade)



■ pedestrian circulation
■ commercial areas, studios, workshops, etc.

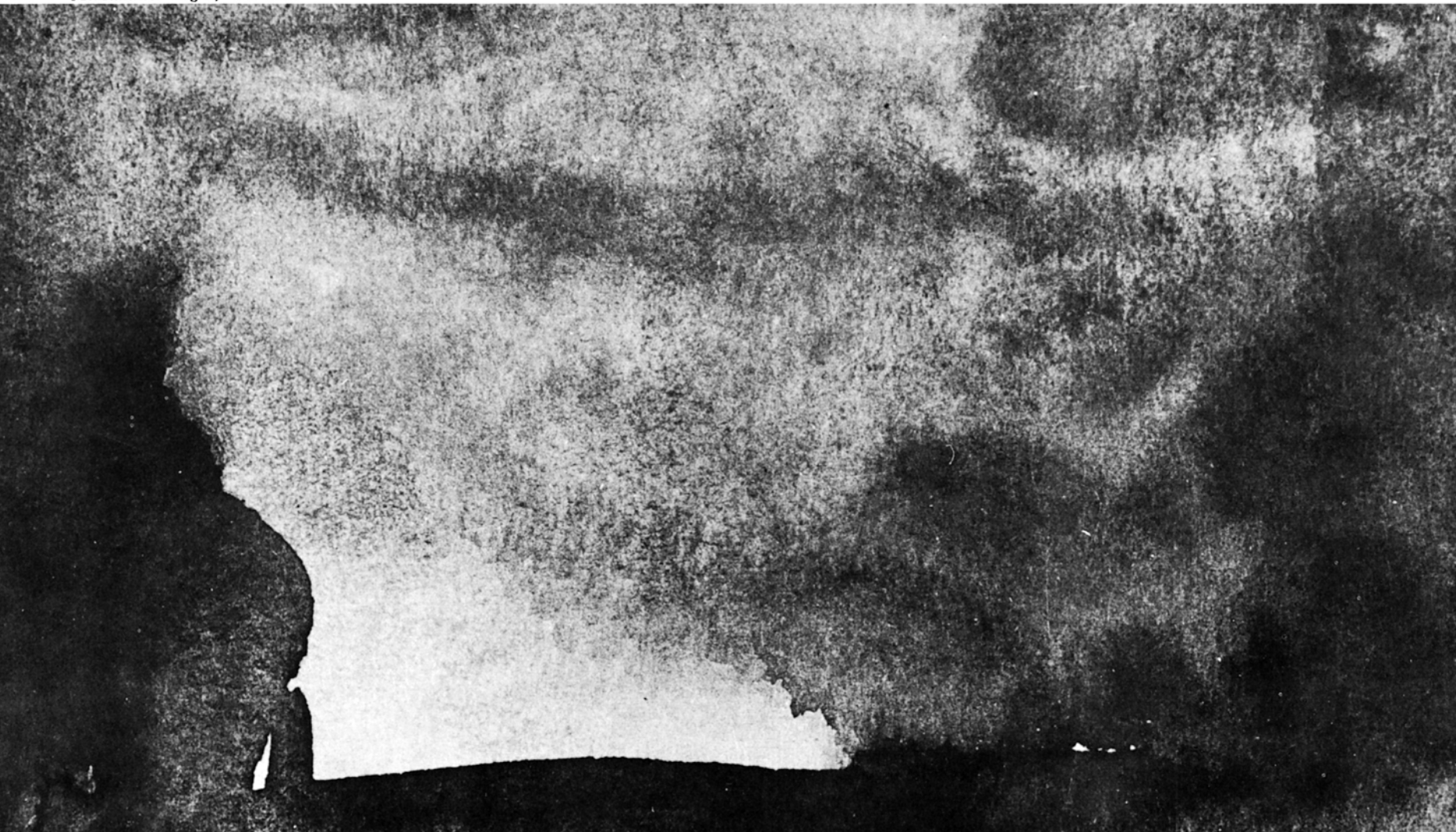




"An American Mound," proposed J. F. Kennedy memorial, 1963

WILLIAM GRAY PURCELL, ARCHITECT AND PAINTER
by Gosta Edberg

"Midsummer Night," undated



William Gray Purcell studied architecture at Cornell University. He met Frank Lloyd Wright early in life and worked for a short time in Louis Sullivan's office. In 1907 he established an office of his own in Minneapolis. George Elmslie, who had worked for 21 years in Sullivan's office, joined Purcell in 1909. The office of Purcell and Elmslie produced many fine buildings which played an influential part in the shaping of an American architecture.

Around 1928 William Gray Purcell fell ill after which he continued to do architectural work only on a restricted scale. Until his death in 1965 in Pasadena, California, Purcell concentrated on architectural writing, rigorously controlling his life in order that he might produce the huge amount of important work he felt he had left undone.

Purcell was always interested in drawing and painting, which his architectural renderings show. From around 1922 on he devoted an increasing amount of his time to water-color and oil paintings. Probably in 1928 during his illness he started to paint not as an architect but as a painter. In the years following he produced a large number of water-colors, most of them of miniature size. These paintings are quite remarkable not only because of their sensitivity and beauty but because they foreshadowed various movements in today's painting. Usually the motifs of Purcell's paintings were taken from scenes of nature but seem to be purely non-objective and imaginary, as if by someone with a sensitive understanding of action-painting.

In his water-colors Purcell allowed the materials—the paper, the water and the color—actively to participate in the creative act; not a foreign procedure for an architect. Almost all of the paintings were done wet on wet. The grain of the paper and the color-pigments were allowed to merge in a way which was subject both to chance and to disciplined control by the artist. In order to achieve the desired result, he would do the same painting over and over again, thus producing series of studies of the same motif. Often he made fifteen or more studies and sketches before he was satisfied. For each new study he changed his technique and the mixture of materials until he finally achieved a painting that expressed his inner self, his vision. Then all or most of the preparatory studies were thrown away. They did not represent anything of value to the artist but steps on the way to the goal. Architects, when sketching, often work in the same manner.

The painting technique which Purcell used was very advanced and for the date before 1930, indeed revolutionary. But still more interesting than the technique and the exterior form of these water-colors are their emotional qualities, their meaning and purpose. During that time philosophy of art was usually atomistic and analytic. Well-defined parts were put together into buildings or other constellations of form in which the parts never lost their identity. But in Purcell's work the philosophical approach to architecture and also to painting is organic. The exterior and the emotional form of the water-colors as of his buildings grew out of a desire to fuse basic elements or parts into new organically built identities. In such identities units vary as individuals do but they also merge into densities of form in which there are immense depths in combination with movement both of elements of matter and mind.

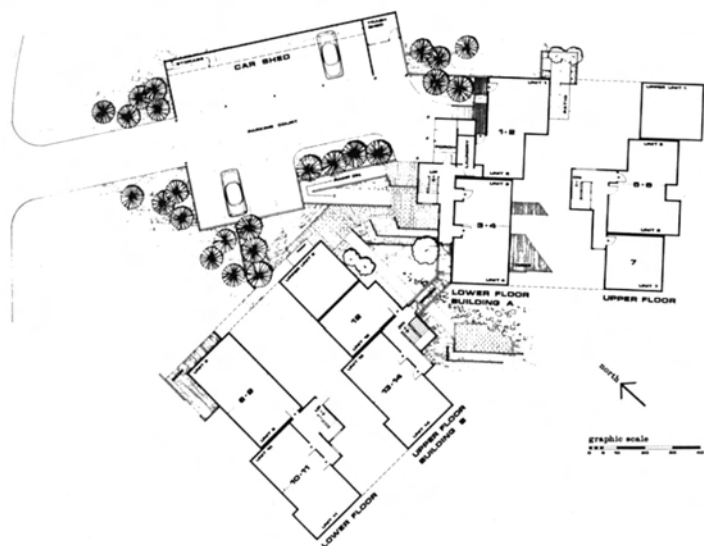


"Eau Claire Lake—1896," painted in 1929

"Tribute to Goethe," 1949

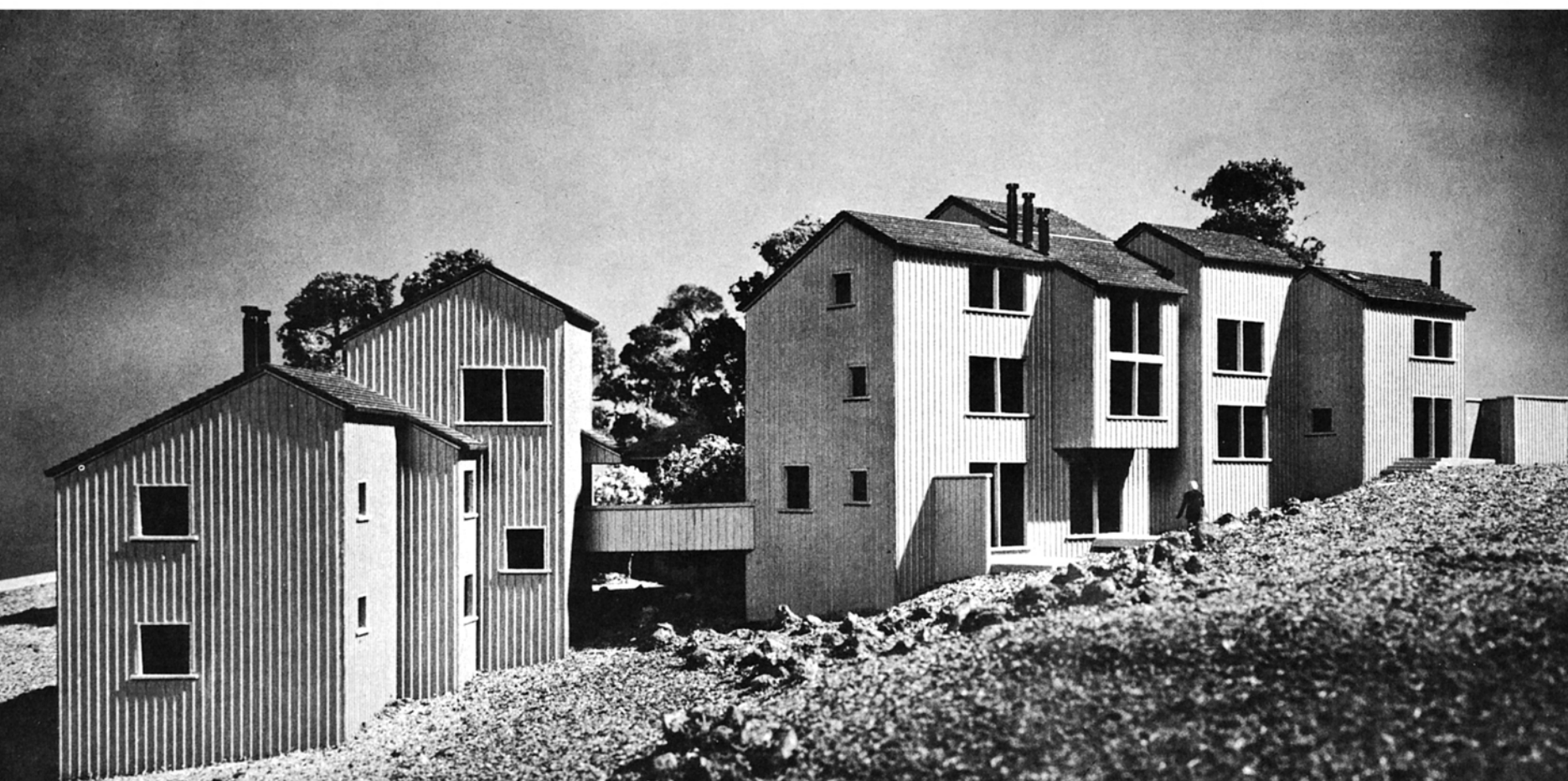
Photos by Rolf Dahlstrom

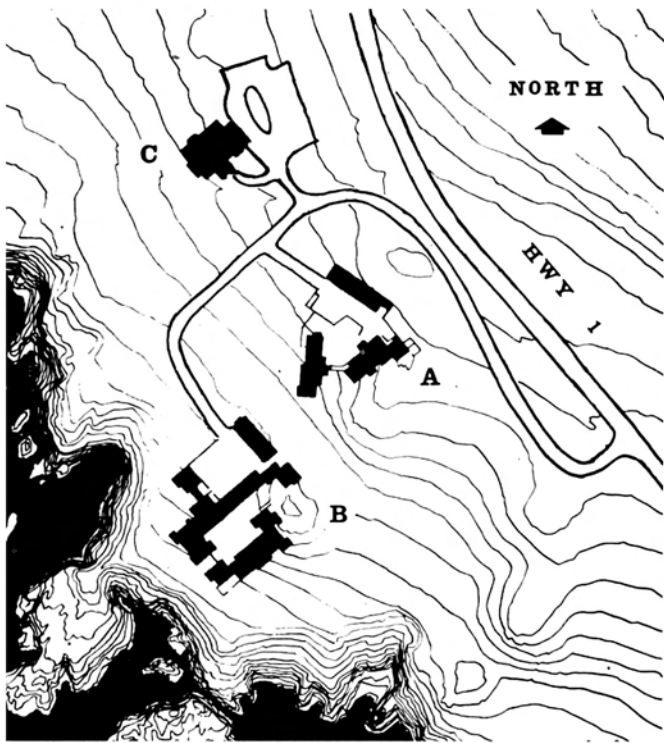




SEA RANCH GUEST HOUSE MARQUIS & STOLLER, ARCHITECTS

*Landscape Architect: Lawrence Halprin & Associates
Engineer: Eric Elsesser & Associates*





A. guest house/condominium by Marquis & Stoller
B. condominium by Charles Moore
C. restaurant by Joseph Esherick

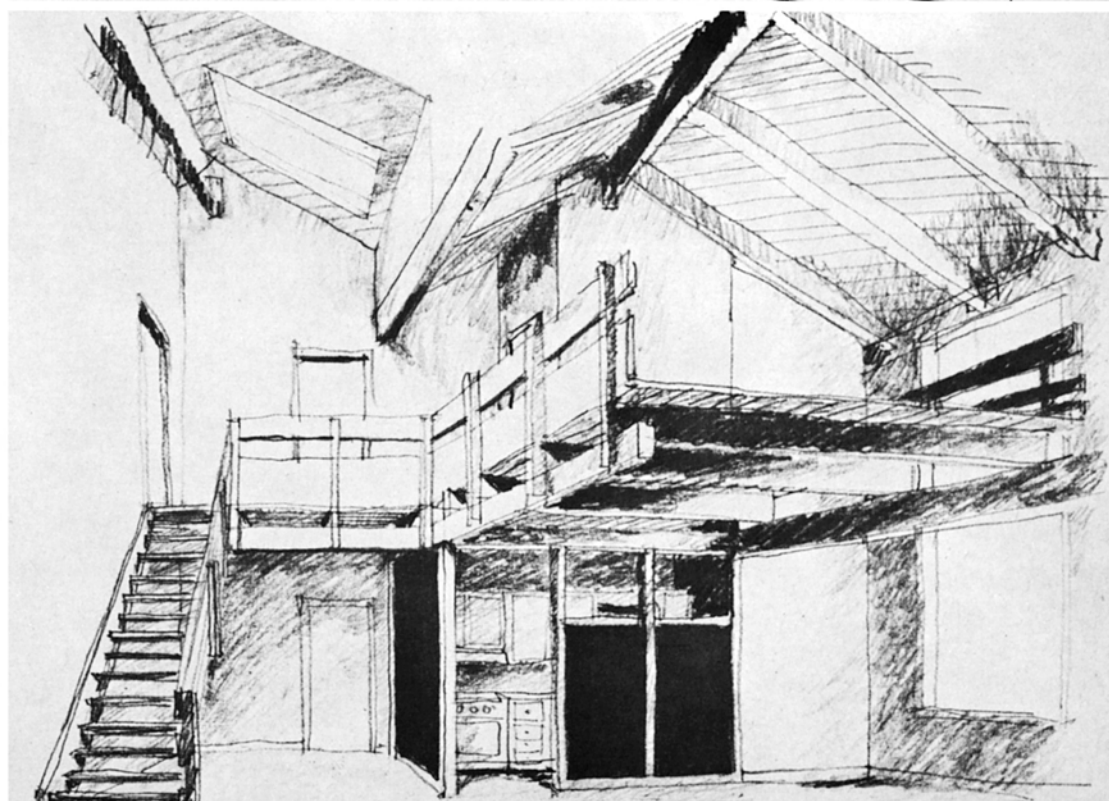
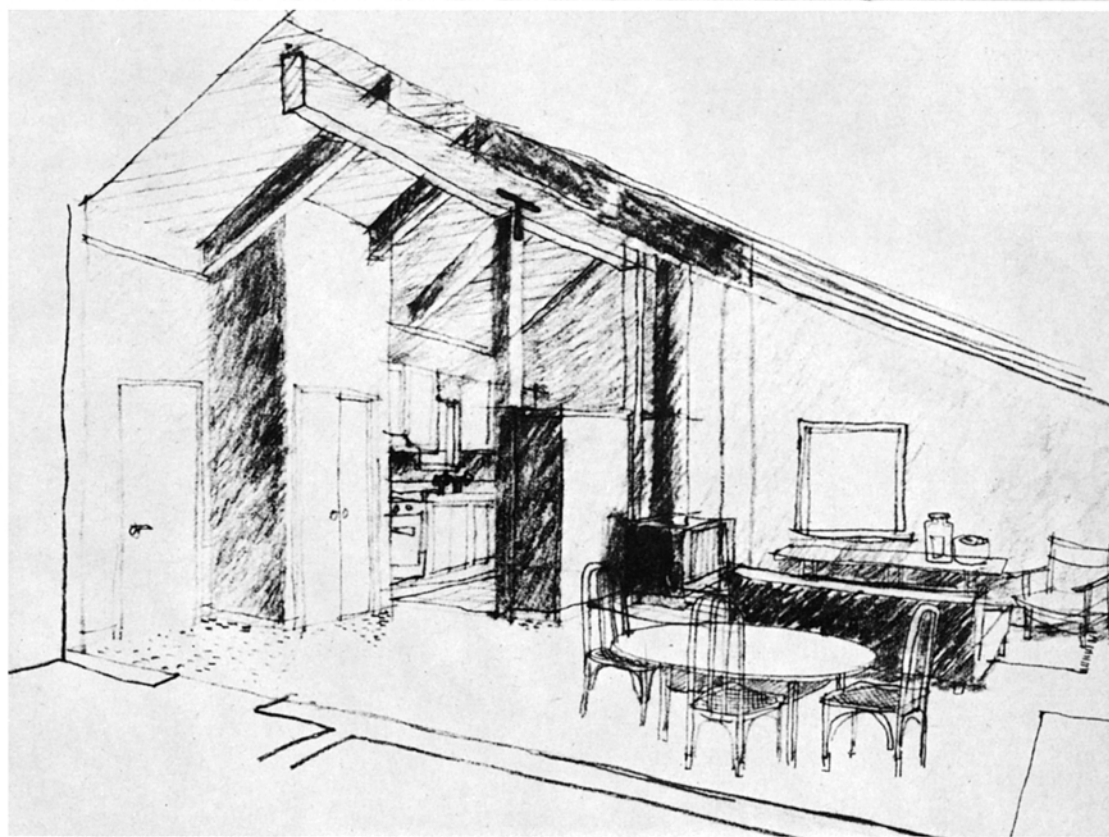
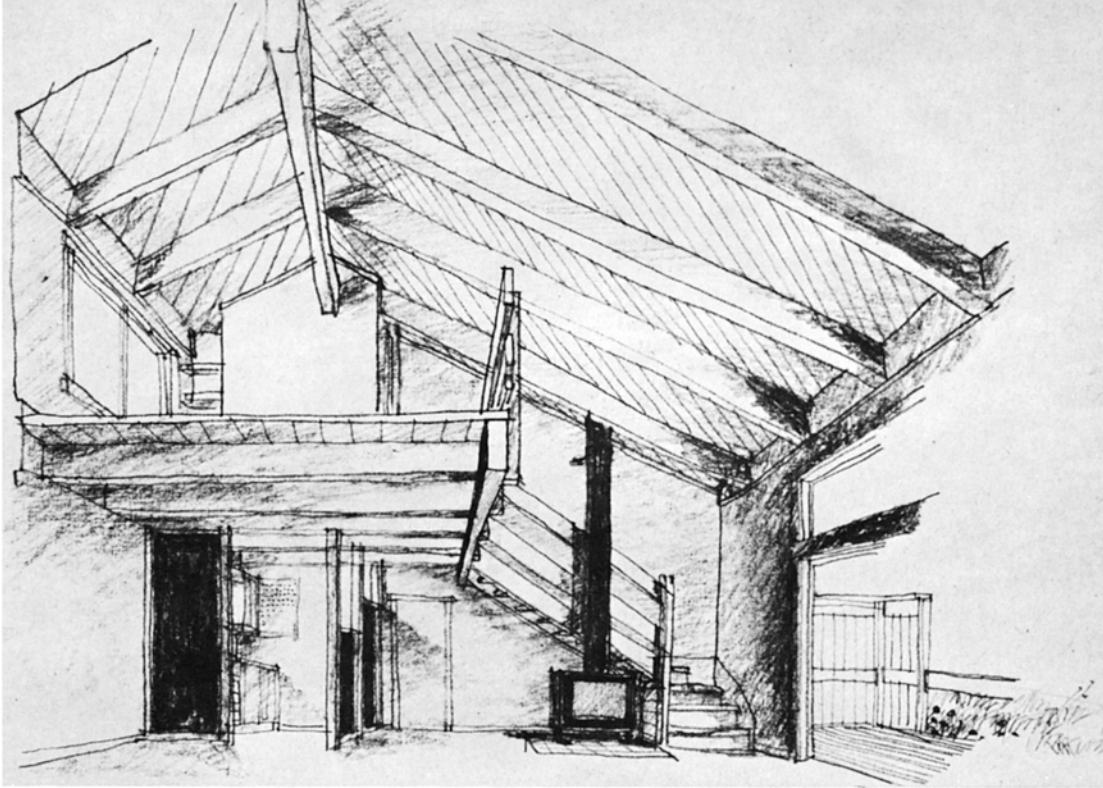
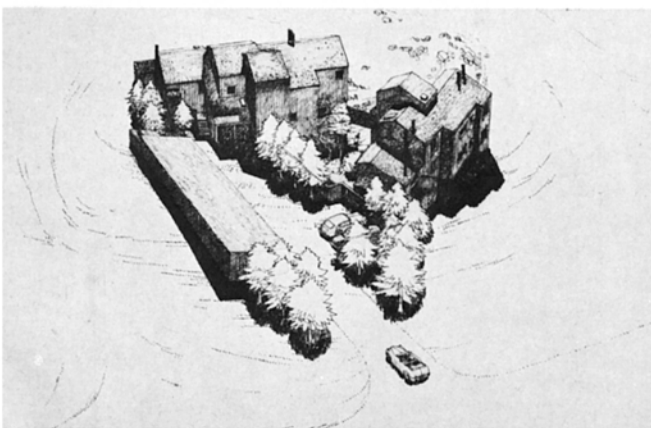
The Guest House Condominium is to be part of the Sea Ranch, a development of weekend, vacation and retirement owner-built homes with a variety of general and recreational facilities created by the developer.

The country—14 miles off California coast, 150 miles north of San Francisco—is very wild and beautiful, the coast rocky, gaunt and rugged, and inland there is a plateau of moorland which rises to redwood forests. The developers in their own work are taking the greatest care to build only in a manner which does no violence to the site.

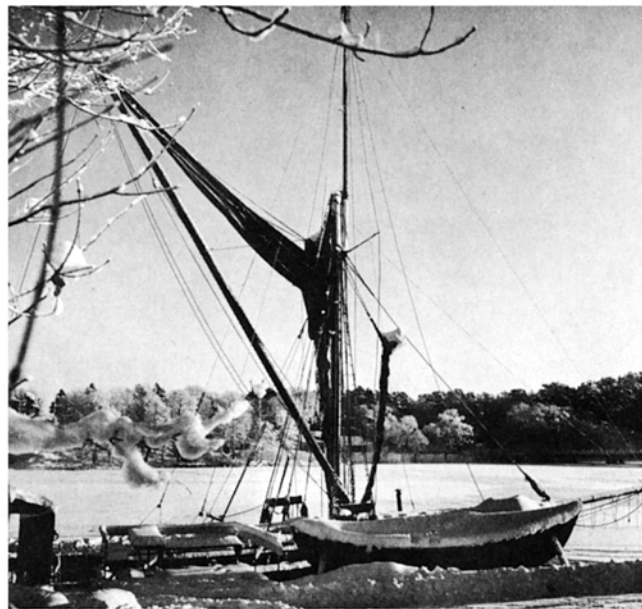
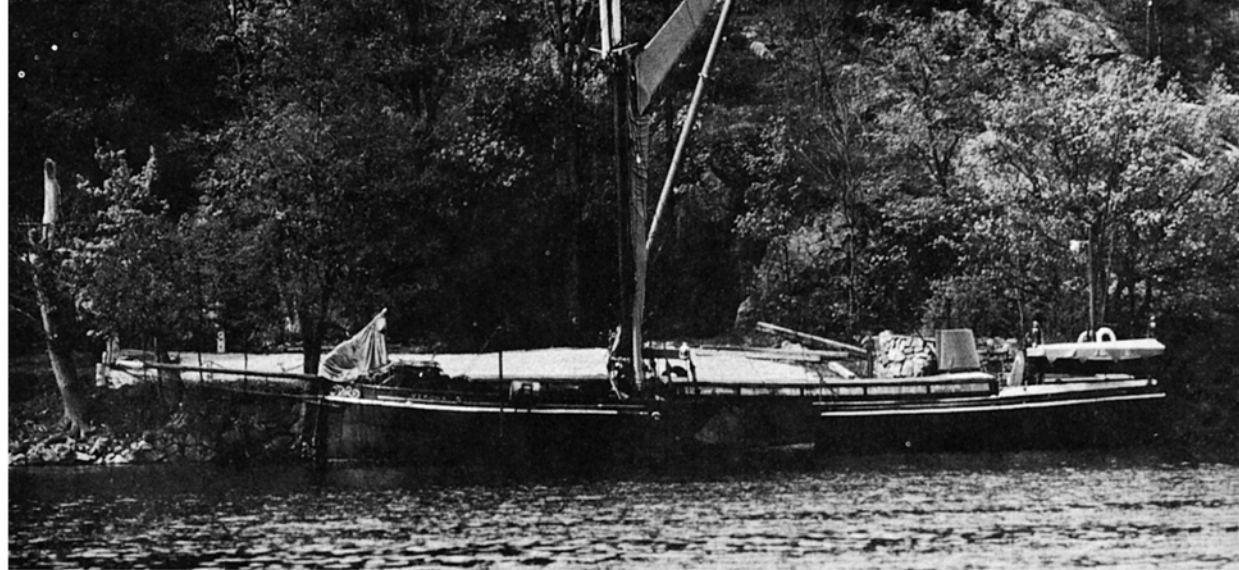
The Guest House/Condominium is to be sited close to another building of condominium apartments and a store and restaurant designed by Charles Moore and Joseph Esherick respectively, both of whom answered the problem by adopting a sophisticated and romantic interpretation of red wood and vernacular styles.

The present design plan was arrived at after recognizing that a single-story solution would be too spread out and incohesive on the bare hillside and relate badly to the more compact adjacent buildings. It was felt that a multi-story solution would achieve a sheltered and protected feeling, and once this solution was accepted the scheme was divided into two blocks, facing (respectively) diagonally up and down the coast, but not the existing condominium below.

The blocks were stepped on a plan and elevation on the sloping site in a way which produced a romantic arrangement of partially continuous roof slopes. The car shed forms the third side of the triangular grouping in a manner that achieves an organic unity, with a progression of entries through parking court, two stair towers, eventually arriving at the lower block by means of a bridge.







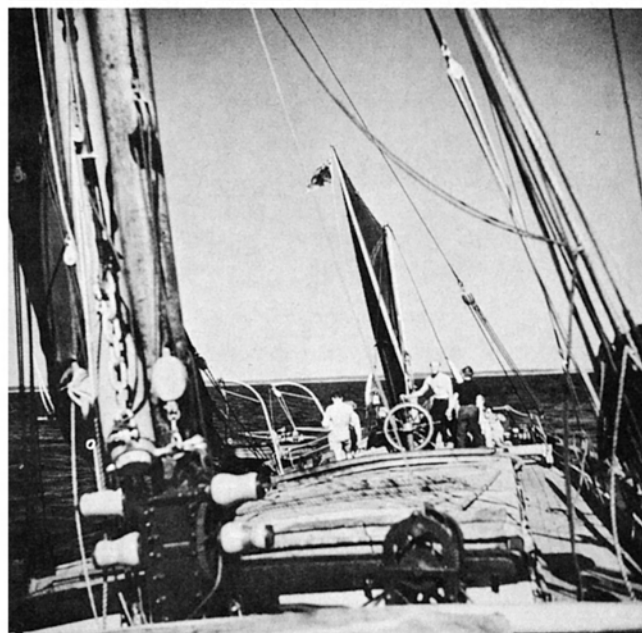
ARCHITECT'S OFFICE BY RALPH ERSKINE

The owner of this sailboat is an English architect who has lived and worked in Stockholm for a number of years. Encountering difficulty in locating suitable office space at a reasonable price, Erskine decided to buy the 84.5' boat when he found he could remodel and furnish it for less than the going price for an unfurnished office.

The boat, *Verona*, was built at Shrubbsail's Wharf, Greenwich, London in 1905 and sailed the North Sea coast of England as a cargo boat. Its flat bottom and shallow (2'6") draft suited it for work along tidal coasts independent of docks. It was also raced, winning in competition on the Thames and Medway in 1905-6.

The remodeling converted the below decks, originally the hold and crews quarters, into a continuous space which includes—from stern to stem—Erskine's office, conference area, ladder, drafting and office space for eight draftsmen and two secretaries, lavatory, workshop, and galley.

During the summer drafting tables and desks are removed and the boat cruises Sweden's skerries for two-month's vacation and sketch work. . . .



Perhaps the audience will feel deceived about the subject of my lecture. Probably most of you would like to have an eye witness impression of the terrible flood which hit Florence; you would like to know of the loss of masterpieces, of paintings and sculptures, of the damage to the doors of the Baptistery, of the thousands and thousands of precious manuscripts completely gone, or to be restored with great difficulty and with improbable success, of the many masterpieces of architecture encrusted with mud, silt, and oil, and of hundreds of shops completely destroyed.

It is a fact that the flood was terrible. It is a fact that only those who were present during those days can imagine what really took place. No one who was not present could measure the totality of the destruction. No photograph, no movie could represent sufficiently the situation of a town suddenly hit so violently in a moment of economic expansion in our civilization of producer and consumer; a town suddenly reduced to a more depressed condition than after the War.

It is true. It is difficult to imagine a river 9, 10, 12 feet deep, moving at the speed of 40 to 50 miles per hour, through the squares, the streets, and the buildings of a city which was getting ready for the Christmas holidays.

It is hard to imagine cars hanging from trees, looking like strange fruits of a mechanical civilization, to imagine most beautiful objects of art, pieces of furniture, jewelry in their ornate cases, and fashionable dresses floating through the streets and the square. It is difficult to visualize the night in a totally dark town where you can only hear the shouting of isolated people calling for help.

But these facts, although very impressive and almost unbelievable, are not the facts which interest me as an architect, as a town-designer.

As an architect, as a town-planner, I am much impressed to note that in the year 1966 a town, an old town as important as Florence, and not only the city of Florence but the Arno valley, with other important towns such as Arezzo and Pisa, in other words a vast territory inhabited by more than a million people, can be put in a worse condition than it was by a similar accident during the 13th Century.

This means that all the urban structures of a territory as civilized as Tuscany, that towns as

marvelous as Florence are no longer fit for the life of modern man. This means that historical centers do not satisfy any longer all the needs of a modern man, and that the new urban organisms which we have built are certainly very far from those that we could and should build.

It means that we, modern man, are not able to maintain the high testimonies of what mankind has given to us as an heritage nor to create our towns according to modern urbanism.

If my lecture succeeds in making a contribution in this direction I shall have reached my goal.

The urgent problems which we have to solve in Florence and in the entire territory of the Arno Valley are of three kinds:

1. To restore as fast as possible and wherever possible the inestimable values of culture (paintings, sculptures, manuscripts, etc.) and to restore as fast as possible an entire economy which has been destroyed; that is, to help artisans who no longer have workshops, merchants without their stores, industries without machinery, and so on. But this problem is not of my specific competence. As a matter of fact, to the solution of the first part of this problem the entire world, and particularly the United States, has been giving great attention and is doing its very best. To the solution of the second part of the problem, I trust that political, social, and economic powers will also do their best.

2. The second problem consists of how to face the situation of an old city, as important as Florence, which belongs not only to the Florentines but to the entire world, and how to face a new urbanistic problem directly connected with historical cities and a territory which was shaped by centuries of human activities. It is clear that if we do not arrive at the definition of what are the values still alive for us and what is the total organism of the old cities and of their particular masterpieces of architecture, it is absolutely impossible to decide what to do in and for an old town. To maintain this town as a museum? To transform it little by little into a modern city? To keep the exterior esthetic aspects of its monuments? To transform, however, the interior when certain functions have become obsolete? Critically speaking, to conceive of the beauty of a town only for the esthetic value of its architecture? Or to conceive of its beauty in the context of the dimension and scale of the whole organism? Or to conceive of the town and its beauty in the largest aspect of its total culture and of its population? And I consider the meaning of the word culture to cover the social, historical, traditional, and anthropological significance.

There could be many answers, many choices. But in my opinion they will be arbitrary, gratuitous, and subjective, if we do not analyze

the real significance of what a town is as a whole and in all its details.

In the case of Florence, what is the meaning to us of its cathedrals, its domes, its wonderful churches, if by chance a large part of Florence's population were no longer to be Catholic?

What is the meaning to us of the Palazzo Vecchio, Palazzo Pitti, and of all the other palaces, of princes, bankers, and merchants, when the Medicis do not exist any longer and the civil power is represented in a different form?

What is the meaning of the Piazzas, of the streets which once provided the possibility of communication among people, places in which to work, to rest, to play, to talk but which have been transformed into parking lots for automobiles?

What is the meaning to us of the city walls and of the old gates when we no longer must defend ourselves from neighboring enemies?

In synthesis what is the meaning to us of the morphology of this town, and of the typology of its organisms when almost all the functions for which they were once built have become obsolete?

And if we are being honest, and if we recognize that almost all real functions are obsolete, and only the rhetorical ones remain, still valid for a particular kind of tourist, can we find real existential qualities for which we have to conserve this town?

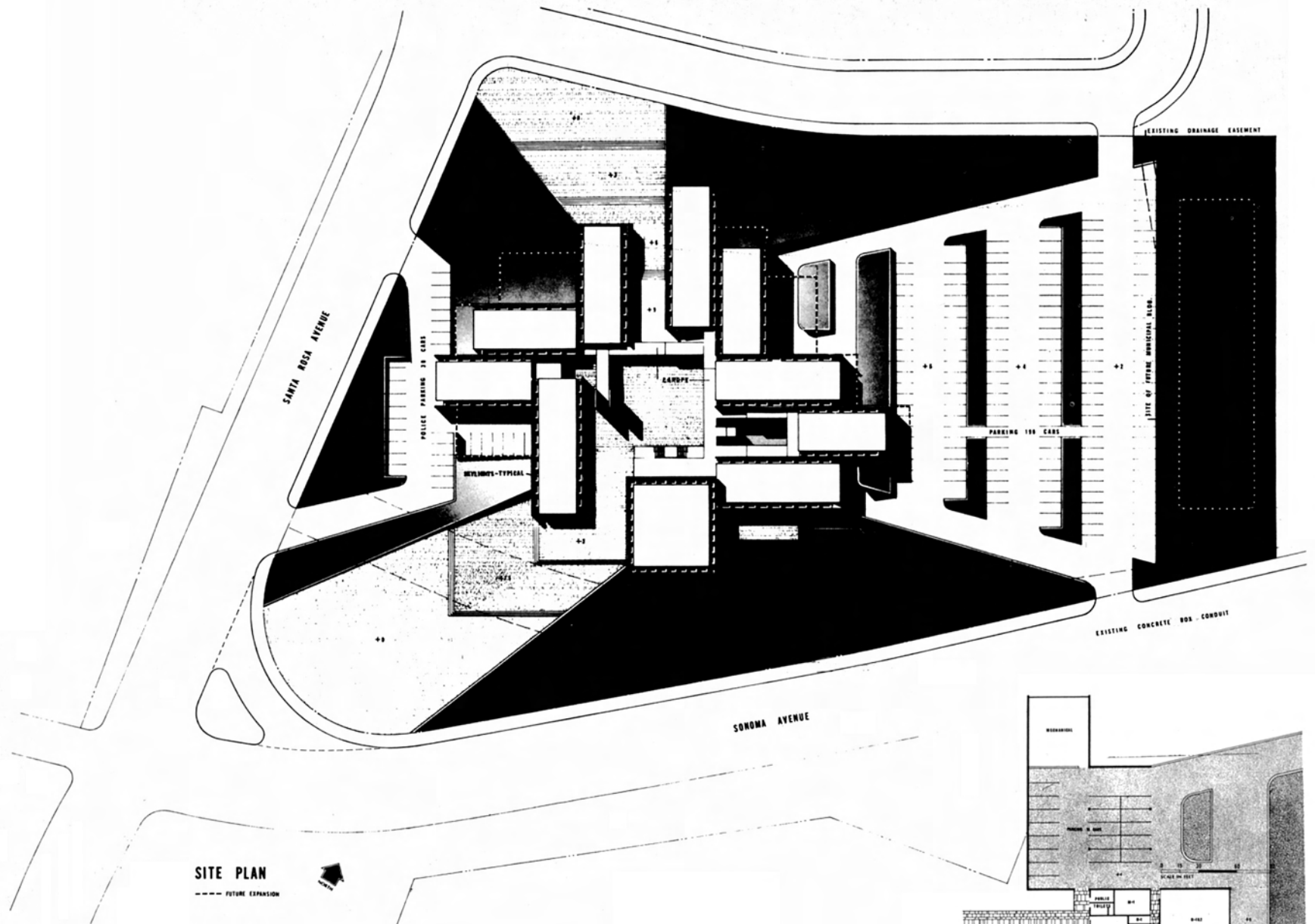
Because if we do not recognize real and fundamental values, we should not care to conserve anything at all, but should courageously transform the organism in the same way that our ancestors did, before our incapacities, our lack of phantasy and vitality, forced us to forego the power to transform and to shape the world as we want it, but on the contrary compelled us to conserve ineffectively the treasures of a lost world.

If we find new existential qualities we must clarify what they are and must behave accordingly.

I have had for a long time definite opinions in this matter; opinions which were expressed in my book *Twentieth Century Anonymous* and in my articles and lectures. They are also expressed in my new book now being published. But if I had had no opinion I think that the answer was given to me just now, during the flood and after the flood, by all people of high education and of low education, by people all over the world whose opinion coincides completely with mine.

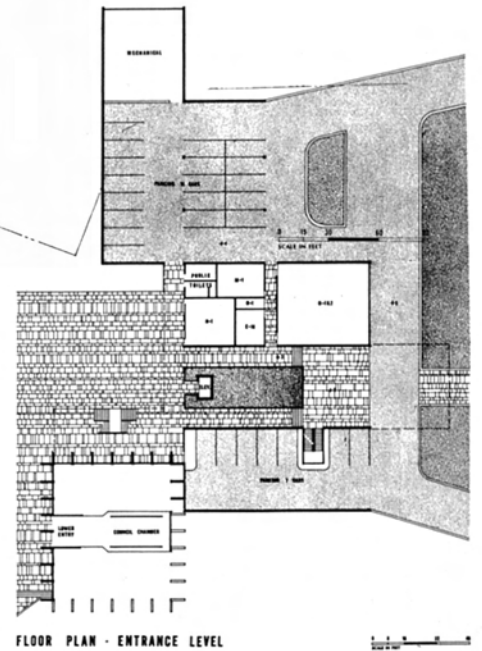
Many floods indeed and natural tragedies have happened everywhere in the world. But never have we heard such a cry as for Florence. As if, instead of a city it were a person, a loved one

(Continued on page 32)

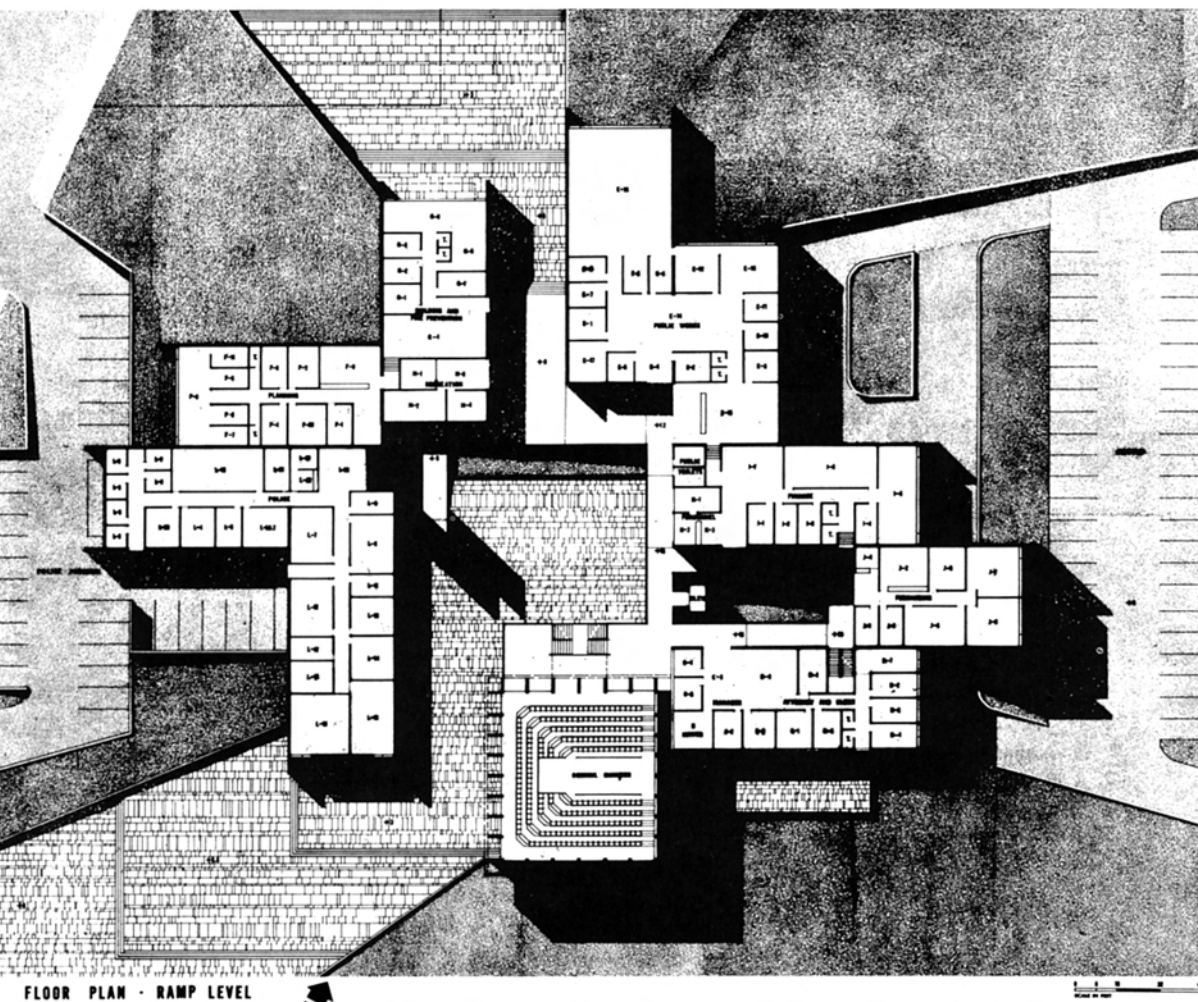


CITY HALL

BY DE BRER, BELL, HEGLUND & ASSOCIATES



FLOOR PLAN - ENTRANCE LEVEL



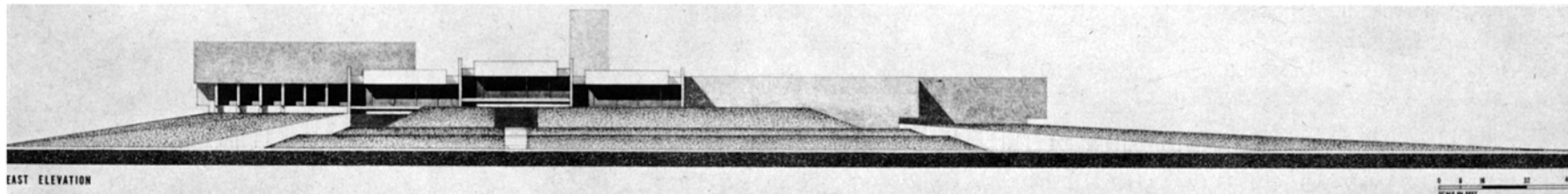
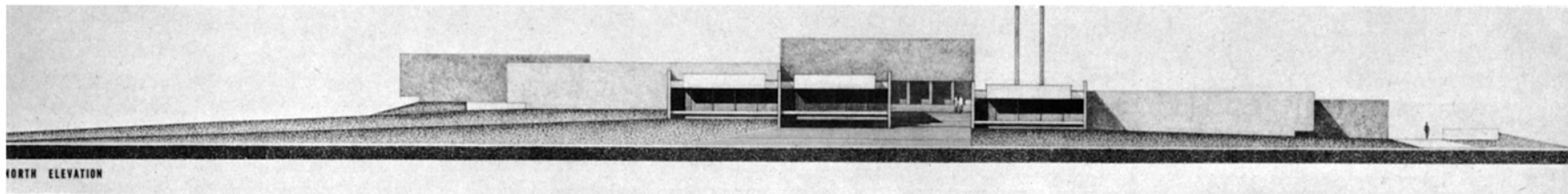
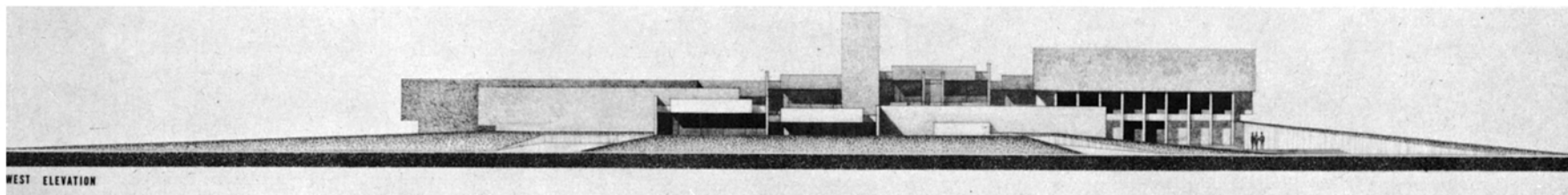
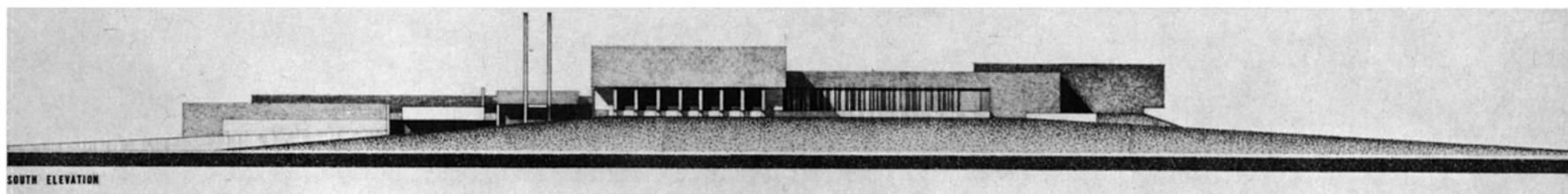
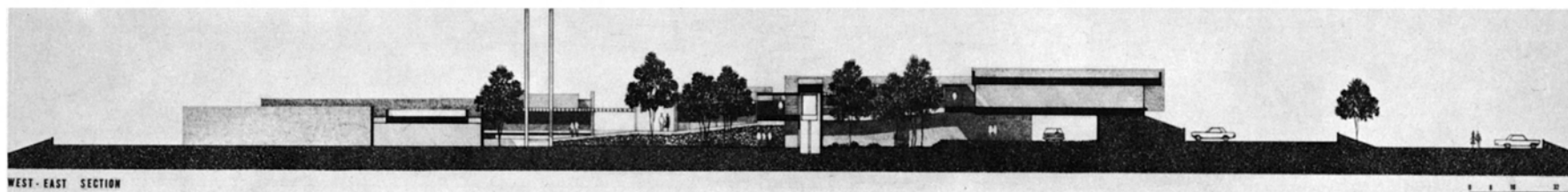
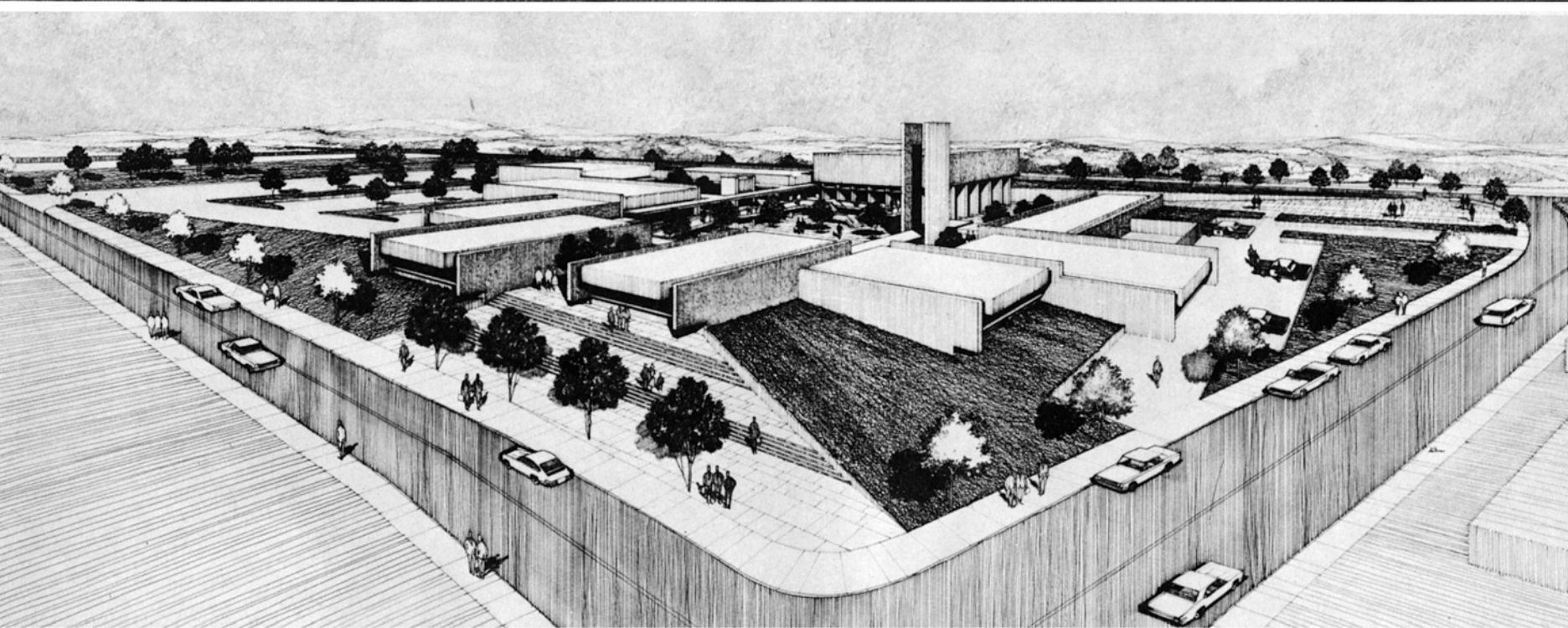
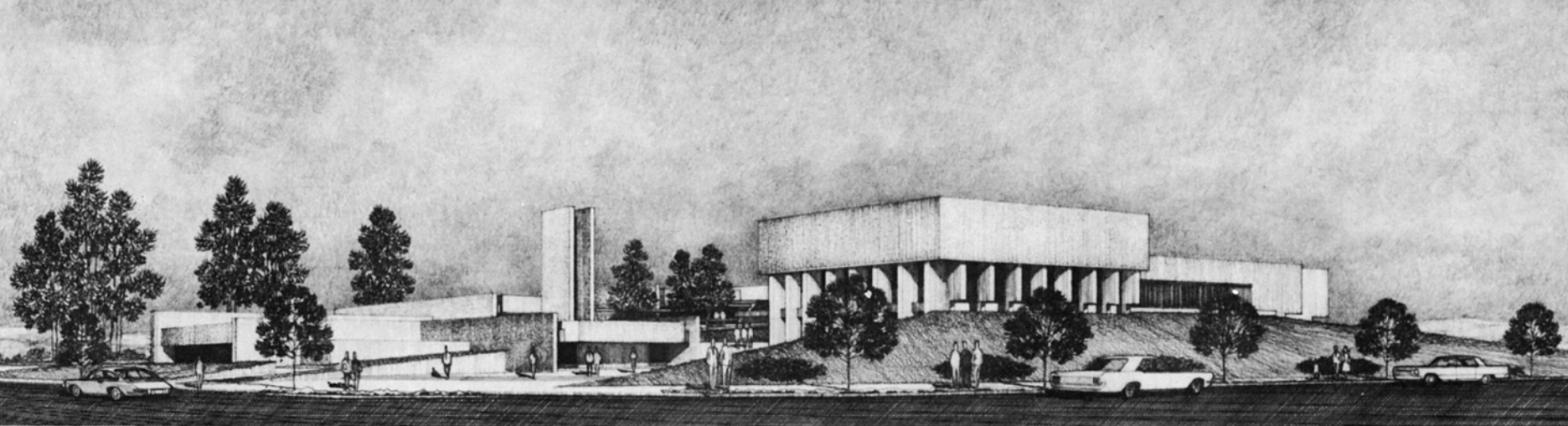
FLOOR PLAN - RAMP LEVEL

This entry in the Santa Rosa (Calif.) City Hall competition won first prize over a field of 75. The program called for a city hall to serve a growing community with a present population of 42,000. First phase requirements were for a total area of 48,000 square feet with eventual expansion to 72,000 square feet. Provision had to be made for a future municipal building and for surface parking for 200 cars.

The seven-acre site, part of an urban renewal project of 60 acres, is located at the intersection of two major streets; the city hall will be visible from all directions. The future municipal building and parking area are placed and the land modeled so that the city hall will remain the dominant element in the complex. Each department of the city hall is independently expandable.

Primary material is concrete; the exterior walls are poured in place with sandblasted finish and the roof system composed of precast T-beams left exposed to the interior. Continuous skylights will provide natural lighting.

The jury consisted of William Allen, Ernest Kump and Claude Stoller.



music

PETER YATES

STRAVINSKY'S CRAFT

It's human to snap and gibe at the man whose creative wisdom, content, esthetic consistency are woven inextricably and inescapably into the cultural awareness of contemporary Western man. (Contemporary man worldwide, one is tempted to expand the thought, until remembering the vast deserts of indigent humanity scarcely penetrated by the jukebox one recognizes again that this cultural awareness of contemporary Western man is a tenuous urban phenomenon, capable of vanishing to ruins in a generation, its sophisticates deprived of the few skills by which the vast indigent humanity subsists.) One snaps and gibes at Stravinsky, as at Picasso, in envy of these two world-possessing polymaths. Myself, I was able for a short while to "see through" Stravinsky. I still pitch my chewing gum at the Phantom Picasso, but in any museum suffer the arresting jolt, "a Picasso!" of whatever period.

If at first maturity one has risen like a rocket's payload to circle the moon and fall into the orbit of the sun, one's subsequent cosmic ventures will seem to nonparticipating onlookers only the same or less venturesome. The onlookers of democracy, expecting entertainment as a Roman imperial audience expected blood, are convinced that the artist's show has been put on for them and that their opinion of it is convicting. Unfortunate that so many competing artists should fall, as if by moral inertia, into the same false estimate. As for the critics, their duty might train them to avoid false estimate.

So, I should not continue to be perplexed that composer, encyclopedist, philologist, critic, and occasional common reader from time to time has consulted my opinion whether the artist of *Agon*, so far gone down after fifty years, wise-acres insist, from the composer of *Petrushka*, can be really capable of having spoken or written (let us say, composed) the sentences and paragraphs of his successive literary excursions: *Conversations with Igor Stravinsky*; *Memories and Commentaries*; *Expositions and Developments*; *Dialogues and a Diary*; and his portions of this encompassing latest and wisest, *Themes and Episodes*. One and all these askers tell me or beg me to tell them that speaker-writer Stravinsky is not the craftsman whose latest musical productions, the *Requiem Canticles* and exquisite *The Owl and the Pussycat*, indicate no falling off from his surviving technical skill, but are instead the concealed, ghostly emanation of his musical-literary amanuensis, Robert Craft.

Answering, I point to the divergence of style, rhythm, content, melody, mannerism, and critical accuracy, as well as humor, between Stravinsky's craft and Craft. In this latest book of the series, a third writer, Vera Stravinsky, the composer's wife, is represented by two letters. To sum: as a committee of Greek bards composed the Homeric account of a forgotten siege and Lord Bacon and the Earl of Oxford wrote with a "Dyer's Hand" the plays incorrectly known as Shakespeare's, by like proofs I am able to persuade myself that the true author of the Diaries ostensibly by Craft is in fact Igor Stravinsky, that Vera Stravinsky has been the hidden source of Stravinsky's conversations and correspondence, and that Craft, the longtime critical editor of these deceptions, has at last exposed himself as the author of Vera's letters. So much for critical science. For I have it as the true story from a mouse who sits under their table and feeds on their crumbs that this entire literary production is the joint work of all three authors, tape-recorded while they sat hilariously at meals. If so, we are permitted to share by proxy a conversation no lover of wit, wisdom, travel, and verbal portraiture should miss.

From the testimony of these writings let me add that, whether it be Stravinsky's craft or Craft, the author of Stravinsky's contributions has become, between the first book and this latest, a rare master of the English paragraph and sentence.

To go beyond these opinions I should need to quote, and I shall not. If you wish to share this feast, have it for your own. It is a book to put beside Dr. Burney's travels on a near shelf where you can reach it. And I say to the composers, encyclopedists, critics, and occasional common readers who may still doubt authorship: compare what IS is said not to have written with the bevy of quotations in Craft's narratives.

There are, besides, other evidences. Both principal authors mention their joint method of literary work. Craft is continually observant and self-conscious, pretending lack of information while pouring it out in spate (Elliott Carter, who once briefly traveled with them, told me that Craft seemed to know everything about every place they visited). His careful portraits of famous contemporaries met in travel will ornament future biographies. Vera glows in his writing more kindly than IS, towards whom he mingles a colleague's critical dispassion with the intimate misunderstanding of a son. Vera's two letters to a Moscow relative are as funny as unsparing; only an artist of exceptional wisdom and maturity would testify to his discernment by admitting them to a book about himself. One reads them in the present radiance of Stravinsky's smile. "What is individual and unexpected is a new gentleness." And that radiance is ever present in his own commentary, though the smile must appear to his victims, the critics who are forever unmindfully putting him down and the rapidly risen young composers who all too rapidly award him his place and benevolent pat in history before themselves, like the smile of a tiger. But his fierceness rides like a cherub on a cloud of laughter, no consolation to the critics, and he is more often magnanimous.

Beneath the solar flaring of humor one reads, too, the elegiac sense of time and age, but never without an interrupting flash. The saddest loss in this volume is not recorded by Stravinsky; it is Craft's memorial of Aldous Huxley. But the most eloquent apologia is Stravinsky's, his testimonial to Arnold Schoenberg in his review of Schoenberg's *Letters*, the most moving tribute ever written by a great composer to his chief competitor of their common period.

AN EXCHANGE OF LETTERS CONCERNING THE REPORT ON "PROCESS" (A & A NOV. '66)

Allan Kaprow in New York has become for many persons the central figure in the contemporary field of esthetic experience called "Happening." After my experience of the Happening called "PROCESS," which I reported first in the *Los Angeles Free Press* and then in the November issue of Arts and Architecture, I sent him a copy of the *Free Press*. He replied:

Dear Mr. Yates: Thanks for the *Free Press* article on the Happening in L.A. I've thought about it for some time and make the following observations tentatively in view of my only reading about the piece through your judgments. I might have other ideas if I'd been with you.

Nobody likes to be put upon either in the name of art or of anything else. But I question whether your feeling so treated (and also assuming that others were so treated) is correct in this case: We're accustomed to being outside works of art. Emotional in intellectual empathy is expected but not physical inclusion—certainly not *purposive* physical inclusion, *without which the work does not exist*. When we find ourselves in this unusual way we cannot cope with the situation and become anxious. We often blame the artist for this and attribute to him designs on our privacy (John Cage called me "a policeman," for instance, when all I gave him and others was an instruction card to change seats three times in a performance that was otherwise crystalline, abstract and completely unphysical back in '59). We're all of us unbelievably conventional on most levels of our lives, even when we profess to be vanguardists.

For my part, in order to overcome the reluctance of people to become involved integrally in my work (in view of the necessity for such involvement) I have tried to avoid references to art of any kind and, instead, allude to games, sports, rituals and daily activities. To play is the goal. And I have insisted for some time now that the playing be voluntary and above-board. You can

gather this from the title of "Self-Service."

Perhaps the trouble with "Process," if there was any at all, was in not asking you whether or not you wanted to play. If it had been seen as a ritual-game instead of a literal assault upon your person and thoughts, you wouldn't have gotten sore. You might have responded with interest and made different observations. "Process" seems to me to have been exactly the opposite of the strong-arm methods of the KKK because of its subject-matter (it alludes far more to all the damned forms and charts we always have to fill out for insurance, medical treatment, social security etc.). In *content* it was disturbing, I would guess, but its *context*, its announcement as a kind of art activity, precluded any misinterpretation of intention. (Intentions, Cage's objections to them notwithstanding, are paramount—even when they are intentions not to have intentions). Thus the ritual of a psychiatric or sociological examination given by some anonymous institution is *parallel* to the ritual of "Process," not *interchangeable* with it morally. The blur between the two is what reveals their critical implications, their purposes.

I see much of the best works today, in their deliberate erasure of conventional lines between the categories of human endeavor, as revealing the crisis of values we're faced with, that is, our ethical dilemma. Some of it is poignant, some cruel, some sentimental. "Process," from your description, was quite editorial, perhaps only a bit sentimental. Even if it was aggressive, the modern arts have traditionally been aggressive; attacks on the mind, senses, tastes, politics, morals, sexual mores etc. have been commonplace. "Process" was no different except that you couldn't stand off to read it. Think about it the next time you fill out a questionnaire. Best regards, Allan Kaprow

I answered him: Dear Allan: I am grateful for your considerate reply. And I'm with you in theory, while dissenting in some practice... I dissent strongly from "purposeful purposelessness" as from "The medium is the message" because these are slogans and slogans substitute for thought. Statements meant to be shorthand for thought slip out of context into sloganeering, pick up contrary interpretations and can be thrown like bricks. I share Cage's idea about "policemen" not only in regard to Happenings: also bad concerts, dull art shows, and more coercive situations which embroiled me while I was in civil service. You can tell me nothing about filling forms and the other situations PROCESS tried to imitate: I lived with this and fought inside it for 24 years.

There are two objections to PROCESS. 1. No safety valve. A Happening may be a public nuisance, but it must not be a public menace. If you set up a machine gun in a park or walk into a bank gun in hand, you may not be asked your intentions before someone guns you down. Suppose that one of your bound and wrapped participants who was being carried through Grand Central Station had started screaming. Would you have released her at once before someone interfered by force? When it's evident that a participant doesn't wish to play, one should have a quick outlet... If I was not watching but "inside," sharing the "physical inclusion, *without which the work does not exist*," don't I therefore have the right to exert my own physical presence? Suppose I had started pushing empty chairs about the floor; suppose I had gone to a side door and invited in a group of the people who were standing in line; would it have been correct to break up my impromptu Happening because it did not contribute to theirs? Or am I expected to be one of a participating audience—in effect, outside? You see, Happenings don't have to be announced, formalized, policed; they can also just happen. The more "inside" I might be, in your terms and mine, the more authority I would have to react as an indigestible element. Being "inside" doesn't simply mean doing what you're told.

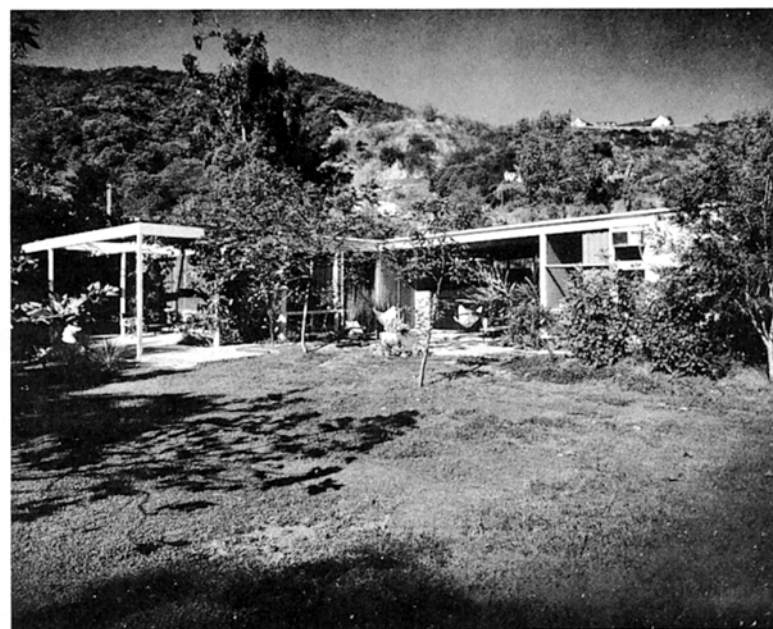
2. Only 6 persons objected to anything strongly enough to walk out, and nobody who stayed in did anything but follow the programmed pattern. They were seeing the show, riding the Tunnel of Love, having themselves a sideshow. For them PROCESS was just another "hip" event, "cool," "camp," etc.; it had no real significance. If you need help, as my former public needed jobs or unemployment insurance, you suffer the preliminaries, just as you

stand in line a half-hour for a short ride at Disneyland... For me PROCESS meant exactly what it was intended to mean by the makers' description, so I went along for a while, wondering whether anyone would react positively instead of by indifference. It was that mass indifference which several of us, reacting separately at separate times, felt to be the most dangerous significance of what was occurring. Everybody was submitting to discipline. And the makers of this "revelation" were sitting together in their back room making loud fun of their victims because they did submit. If the makers' fun was genuine, the victims should have torn up the place. The makers were not concerned, just as they had no safeguards. They *expected* the victims to submit. They were critical of me because I didn't submit. And it's true, though hard to believe, that not one of the "victims" wrote to the *Free Press* to defend or justify what happened or what he did. Were they ashamed? I doubt that. Did they believe it a good experience? None said so. What did they think? Or did they?

No, in this case I can't agree with you. I believe that, in one direction at least, the Happening idea can become both dangerous and fascist—or group passivity: everybody agrees because everybody agrees because everybody... so it must be a good thing. Thanks for writing. PY

Dear Peter: ... I don't think we disagree. I was only trying to give "Process" the benefit of a doubt that it wasn't as aggressive as you said. Maybe you are right... It was important to me, however, to point out that our traditional physical detachment from art works (and from most everything else for that matter) tends to make aggressive works like "Process" seem more insufferable than they might really be. So far as my wrapped figures from "Calling" were concerned, they knew what they were doing from the start, as I said, and were enjoying themselves. If any mishaps had occurred, everyone was prepared to ease it up naturally. You may be assured of that. I discourage the sort of thing "Process" did, but I am aware that a part of human nature likes to be put upon, and I can understand (or suspend severe judgment on) what seems to have occurred there in L.A. Your suggestion that "Happenings don't have to be announced, formalized, policed; they can just happen" is not arguable. Sure! I simply prefer that kind which is planned as a conscious game. Sincerely, Allan

P.S. Of course you can print my letter; and why not add this one?



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books

AMERICAN BUILDING 1: THE HISTORICAL FORCES THAT SHAPED IT by James Marston Fitch (Second edition revised and enlarged; Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston, 1966; \$12.50)

First published in 1947 as a single volume, *American Building* is now reissued in two volumes, the first historical, the second theoretical to be issued within a year. Jim Fitch, Professor of Architecture at Columbia University, was a fellow lecturer at the Salzburg Seminar of American Studies in June 1964. His lectures covered the material of this book, and I found them fascinating. He does not divorce the architectural object from the ecological landscape nor prate about function as a justification of form. He makes clear that the successive waves of architectural habit are sometimes ecological (better or worse ways of surviving and providing for immediate needs), sometimes functional (in prime discoveries until imagination begins), but more often borrowed, imitative, pretentious, ill-adapted to need or place, and as badly adjusted to use or human occupancy as spuriously Roman, Greek, "Williamsburg Colonial," or "modern," or "original" in facade. What is sadly true of our building is desperately true of our cities. "The road is a means of moving people and goods from where they are to where they want to get to: but a street is for people who are already where they want to be." Our streets separate and, by the obsolescent practice of zoning, isolate human beings. The workman must waste a part of every day going to and from his work. The housewife must chauffeur the children to and from their activities and travel miles to shop, at the cost of her freedom. Neighborhoods seldom attain the dignity of neighborliness. Urban renewal does not correct blight but replaces it with cave-dwelling in vertical isolation. The skyscraper insulates its human contents from the life of the streets. And the street, although no longer a dump for human sewage, becomes a sewer for traffic. Planless, the civic planner resorts to desperate expedients which seldom succeed. "The elevators themselves constitute a vulnerable link with the outside world (vulnerable in a sense the street could never be)." The electrical system fails trapping passengers; rapists wait in the cab. The open areas surrounding high residential buildings become windswept steppes in winter, prairies in summer, dark areas for assault at night; they are seldom adequately developed for family use, though I have encountered pleasing exceptions.

The history of American architecture is by no means a triumph of rationality, function, practicality, economy, or common sense. Like the American automobile it appeals to a false esthetic and disregards safety and convenience to exaggerate false symbols of prestige. Yet within this history have occurred many of the significant improvements in human living and convenience. By studying these factors apart from the esthetic claptrap which too often contradicts them Professor Fitch directs our thinking to more practicable options. In the present sense, that's about as far as any architect can go—apart from, given the opportunity, building as sensibly as he can. The alternative, widely preferred because it makes a good page when photographed, is to build for notice. We study, we praise, we criticize, we publicize architecture by pictures. Nobody can live or work in the picture of a building, but a building fit to live in does not reveal itself by two-dimensional plates.

At the present time the "balance of forces" which in the past have restricted the choices of all builders, regardless of power or wealth, is being radically altered. "Industrialization is making possible human habitation in any environmental circumstances . . . The natural materials of the whole world and a range of synthetic new ones are available . . ." Prime movers for every task are in existence. "Communication . . . and transport . . . have raised the rate of cultural exchange to unprecedented levels. The result is a clientele open to radical change, insatiable in its appetites but quite illiterate in its judgments."

In the face of cultural illiteracy all but the most heroic culture leaders abdicate responsibility. Not what is necessary but what the public wants becomes the slogan: the mass media debase democracy. A false estheticism will not serve. Modern building is still factory building, in its best and worst aspects. So I invite you to discuss these matters with James Marston Fitch.

ERNST BARLACH by Alfred Werner (McGraw-Hill, New York, 1966; \$9.95)

In the present vogue of the abstract, the deliberately meaningless and the unpredictable, the artist hesitates to say by word or significant gesture what he really thinks. Pin him to a meaning, and he will tell you that is not his meaning. Pin him to a fashion, and he will reject you as well as it. In this climate artists have grown evasive; critical appraisal follows so closely upon critical discovery that an artist may be tagged with a seeming finality of purpose he has already escaped. He cannot thereafter reconcile his present purpose with the critical formulation of his past. He will be abused because his personality does not repeat itself, as television "personalities" remouth the obligatory greetings. Artist and critic may go down together in the obsolescence of their linked reputation.

Three German artists, Kaethe Kollwitz, Emil Nolde, and Ernst Barlach, working in the ancient German tradition of drama recorded by intense human figures, stayed apart from the esthetic fashions of their common lifetime, suffering themselves the agonies and humiliations they recorded, until in their last years they resisted alone the ultimate spiritual desolation of Nazism. Their work was suppressed, mocked and removed from the museums; Barlach's war memorials were taken away and hidden or melted down. The people of Guestrow where he lived no longer took pride in him. When he died the aged Kollwitz came to his funeral and sketched him in pencil on his bier. Her agony shows most movingly in the bent stump of ancient woman that is her lithographed self-portrait; his total defiance in the sculpture *Laughing Woman*, of 1937. But Kollwitz just outlasted the war and Nazi regime, while Barlach died of sorrow in 1938.

Barlach was called a "Godseeker," but he said: "I desire nothing except to be an artist pure and simple. It is my belief that what cannot be said in words can, through plastic form, reach another man's soul." He wished "to make forms emerge out of the mystery of Existence, forms that are credible and that take with them no more of me than I am allowed to give them . . ."

He was first a draftsman, like Daumier, whom he admired, drawing cartoons for the satirical papers. After a visit in the Ukraine, where he filled his sketchbooks with drawings of peasants, he became a sculptor in bronze and even more powerfully in the peculiarly Germanic medium, sculptural woodcarving. Neither an expressionist, a primitive, nor an artist of social protest like Kollwitz, he simplified representation to a vital plastic gesture and concentrated his awareness of living humanity in the face. His sculpture needs no landscape; the withdrawn intensity of gesture directed to the face suffices. His *Totenmal*, a war memorial, is suspended horizontally above a slab to the war dead of 1914-1918, the floating figure a prayer directed inward by the closed, silent mask. Kollwitz's memorial to her son, killed in the same war, consists of two separate, sculptured, kneeling figures; the viewer, seeing their faces, kneels beside them.

Yet Barlach's supreme utterance is not sorrow but ecstasy, in the several figures of his Memorial for the Dead of World War I as if to say, We were. The grotesque recognition of his Christ and Thomas, which the Nazis called "monkey figures," becomes by removal of all that is customarily called "art" not the event in representation but our own humbling experience. We know it not of this representation but of ourselves in its presence. The ecstasy of emotion in the Avenger, the Man Berserk, the Lonely Man, the Man Drawing a Sword, the Walker, the Village Fiddler, the Freezing Girl, the Man Pilloried, is no less than in that simplest of figures, the Ecstatic One, and the grimacing Ecstatic Woman and Old Woman Dancing. It is in the brow and eyes above the hands of God the Father Hovering; it is in Horror and the group of figures

called Death, and the spiritual apartness, inviting us to share this ecstasy, of Man Singing. The esthetic response surpasses the medium. As in the wonderful Frieze of Listeners, each a separate figure carved in wood, one sees not a message for each separate figure but a present spiritual existence. Barlach does not react to or against the world like Epstein but in its spirit. To call him a mystic is to dismiss him; with him one enters the spiritual realm.

Barlach also wrote: poetry, letters, essays, narrative, and plays, now collected in three published volumes. The seven plays "employ a disconcerting explosive language" and are "for the most part like nightmarish dreams." He "unpredictably fuses tragedy with humor, the real with the unreal, employing a language totally different from that heard in the commercial theater." It is the idiom of his woodcuts and woodcarvings.

I believe that we have reached a time when we must turn aside from the egocentric estheticism of art-denying art (so much resembling the earlier esthetic fallacy of *Art Nouveau*) and return to the significant gesture in human form and face (the essential of art from the most primitive) and in thought and word, not entertained by the artist's evasiveness, his action in the object, but seeking in his work our awareness by lipsaying himself a bigger man than he is.

Alfred Werner has written in this book an adequate and devoted biography of Barlach and summary of his work. But it is the pages of reproduction I shall cherish.

THE EMERGENCE OF GREEK DEMOCRACY 800-400 BC by W. G. Forrest (World University Library; McGraw-Hill Book Co., New York; \$2.45)

In this well printed and splendidly illustrated paperback the author takes up, exposes and eliminates a great part of the accumulated scholarly gossip about the emergence of Greek political experience between its tribal origins and its ultimate realization in the self-conscious political *demos*. Keeping only the small quantity of contemporary information he discusses possible modes of progress in political thinking, their origins and eventuating causes, disagrees with himself, argues with other alternative answers and reduces the possibilities to the dimensions of a politics as fallible and humanly comprehensible as our own. We see the Greek leaders not as prophets of a future they could not know but as men wise or unwise in their own time and knowing at each stage of development no more than they could know. I feel more convinced than I have ever been before that the history of Greek civilization at its highest period actually happened and was not invented by the afterthought of historians.

CASTLES OF THE CRUSADERS by Wolfgang Muller-Wiener, photographs by A. F. Kersting (McGraw-Hill Book Company, New York, 1966; \$13.95)

To any dilettante of castles or connoisseur of the Crusades this book should give ceaseless delight. Besides the satisfying color photographs, there are 160 full page, excellent photographs in black and white. Each castle is shown also in a complete scale drawing of plan and site, accompanied by a chronological annotation of its history; structural additions of different periods are indicated. These notes are supplemented by careful descriptive notations for each of the plates. A sample, describing Famagusta: "Main gate of the citadel, surmounted, like the gates of almost all Venetian fortresses, by the Lion of St. Mark. Beneath it is Niccolo Foscarini's inscription, dated 1492. Situated on the south side of the semi-rectangular citadel and guarded by a strong rondel, the gate leads *en chicane* into the inner courtyard of the 14th-century sea-fort, which the Venetians left almost unaltered. The closing scenes of Shakespeare's *Othello* are set in this castle." If that doesn't send you, you are not for the Middle Ages. The text, translated from German, includes a concentrated history of the Crusades, their historic aftermath and the story of the Frankish and Armenian kingdoms and the knightly orders, until the fall of Constantinople and the death of Pope Pius II, in 1464, "just as he was about to embark, alone and unsupported by any Western monarch, on the Crusade which he had preached so indefatigably." Thus ended the four centuries of the Crusades.

CREATIVE PAINTING AND DRAWING by Anthony Toney, Illustrated with Reproductions of the Artist's Work (Dover Publications, New York, 1966; \$2.50)

Anthony Toney writes like a first-rate teacher. He illustrates his text with his own drawings and paintings (in black and white reproduction); these are idiomatically too much his own and esthetically of too limited reach to be of as much use as his text. A good book for the willing many who enjoy becoming artists by instruction.

Peter Yates

FREEWAYS by Lawrence Halprin (Reinhold Pub. Corp., 491 illustrations, \$12.50)

Freeways (or thruways or interstates or turnpikes, depending on what part of the country you come from) have drastically altered the face of the United States, so quickly that there is not yet even a nationally agreed upon name for them. Assumptions about their nature and their design which have given a whole new scale to the countryside have already come close to wiping out some of our cities and yet those assumptions have never really been publicly challenged.

This book is such a challenge: informed with an expert's knowledge of the phenomenon we have at hand, it is yet illuminated by a designer's vision of how all this might be. Mr. Halprin is sensitive to the powerful form of the freeway, and its beauty, yet he does not abandon his critical capacity; he is critical of the destruction wrought by freeways as they have sundered neighborhood and cities, while he has not lost sight of the freeways' still mostly latent capacity to clarify, not destroy the form of the landscape and the city, as well as to wrap up the motorist in a moving experience which may well be one of the most characteristic and meaningful experiences of our civilization.

To do this many-sided job Lawrence Halprin is what he needs to be: a landscape architect whose outlook and whose work have equipped him to understand the texture and the meaning of cities, as well as the texture and meaning of the natural landscape. He considers not trees but the forest (which includes the requirement that he know all about the trees in the first place), not buildings nor parks nor origin-destination studies, but the city. This is an enormously valuable book: it can teach the expert and awake the citizen.

Charles W. Moore

THE ARCHITECT AND THE CITY: Papers from the 1962 AIA, ACSA Teacher Seminar Cranbrook Academy of Art. Edited by Marcus Whiffen (MIT Press, \$5.95)

Discussion of the architect's role in shaping America's urban character with suggestions for updating and liberalizing his professional education. Included are papers by G. Holmes Perkins, J. B. Jackson, Aaron Fleisher, Ian McHarg, Victor Gruen, James J. Hurley, Romaldo Giurgola, Jacqueline Tyrwhitt, Barclay Jones, Jesse Reich and a summation by Thomas W. Mackesey.

LA TOURETTE: Le Courbusier's Monastery by Anton Henze. Photos by Bernhard Moosbrugger (Wittenborn, Inc., \$4.50)

After considering the position of religious buildings in the work of Le Courbusier, the author takes the reader on a tour of La Tourette discussing the architecture, underlying religious imagery, and—with the substantial help of Moosbrugger's photos—the scale and function of the monastery, showing the monks at prayer, study, reflection and refection.

THE REGIONAL CITY edited by Derek Senior (Aldine Pub. Co., Chicago, \$7.50)

The book is a record of an unusual Anglo-American seminar, sponsored by the Ditchley Foundation, on contemporary planning ideas and methods. It covers a wide range of urban planning problems, from the role of the national government to the psychological effects of New Towns on their inhabitants and offers an analysis of English and American planning efforts. U.S. participants included John Dykman, Britton Harris, Frederick Gutheim, William Slayton and Louis Winnick.

ART—DORE ASHTON

greens that used to center American towns. There is only an infinity of meaningless production. Technology, as Paz says, has interposed itself between us and the world and closed all perspectives. Technology, though, is neither an image or a vision of the world. Where the old products of technology—those palaces and temples and even towns—were replicas and symbols of the world, “the constructions of technology—factories, airports etc—are absolutely real, but they are not presences; they do not represent; they are signs of action, not images of the world.”

Furthermore, these works are not *oeuvres* but instruments. Their duration depends on their function, and their form has no signification other than efficiency. A mosque or an arch of triumph is impregnated with meaning, Paz writes. They last because they express durable signification. But the apparatus and mechanisms of technology, once they have ceased to function, become insignificant.

Paz regards technology as responsible for the change in the way we apprehend spaces. Space, he writes, has lost its passivity. It is no longer that which contains things, but that which, in perpetual movement, changes their flow, intervenes actively in their transformations.

“In the past, space was the natural support of verbal rhythm and music; its visual representation was the page or another plane surface. . . . Today, space is mute, and, incorporated in objects, becomes rhythmic.”

The implications for the visual arts are clear: space, actively intervening in the creation of an art object, serves as an agent of disjunction very often. The use of light waves, reflecting materials and electrons themselves has not yet evolved to a point where an image of the world, or, as Paz says, a “presence” is evoked. On the contrary, the speed with which one technological ploy replaces another in the exhibition circuit would indicate a lack of interest in any constructed reality that would have what Argan calls durable value.

Together with the loss of a world image, Paz couples the loss of language reality. At one time in our century, it made sense to destroy sense. He defends the dada poets who acted at a given moment to purge the language in order to start anew. But to continue these destructive activities “in an epoch where the sense of words has vanished” reminds him of the army which shoots cadavers: it makes no sense. Instead, poetry must resume the search for sense, and return to the original question: who is he who says what I say, and to whom does he say it?

Both Paz and Argan have taken stock of the arts and found them foundering on the rocks of technology. Argan accepts the situation and finds justification in the old cry that an artist must be a man of his time. Paz asks: but what time is that?

To return to my earlier theme, it seems to me that art criticism must ask itself better questions. It is not enough to say with Argan that change is the law of modern art, and to become a cartographer of change. The critic must have an integrated point of view from which he can construct the wholesome fantasy that is a world image, and out of which he forms his judgments. He must revive the old radical notion of the Great Refusal, in order to structure a world. Imagination is not the exclusive province of the artist. It is indispensable to the commentator, and should be used in preference to the techniques offered by an epoch that has learned to exist without history—without the support of a meaningful past, and without the vision of a future shaped by the human imagination.

Analytic or descriptive techniques are not adequate. The slipping spaces that allow no presence to form itself can be challenged, and forms—literary or visual—can be structured. In short, we must learn again to philosophize.

R. N. SCHINDLER designed small hillside house, quiet Los Feliz area, 2 bedr. & studio, 1 3/4 baths, terrace, fireplace, deck, recessed lighting, many built-ins, well maintained, trees, privacy. Published in L.A. Museum Architectural Guide. Will take 2nd. Price \$36,500. Owner: John Solner, 663-9674.

RICCI—FLORENCE

who in a way belongs to everybody and without whom it is impossible to live.

From this point of view I was very happy, indeed, that the help sent to Florence was for the conservation and the restoration of the town rather than help for the economic damage.

Indeed, there are in the world people who are much poorer than even the Florentines today and need much more help, but there is only one Florence in the world.

What was, in essence, the significance of this spontaneous response?

It meant that Florence, as with certain other towns in the world, represents the past of mankind, our roots, the signal of an evolution of man on earth, which transformed man from an animal into something which is still almost unknown to us and about which no one knows the future, neither in life nor in death.

This means that Florence belongs to mankind and not only to the Florentines nor only to the Italians. It means that if Florence were to be destroyed, mankind would lose a part of its blood, of its life.

Translated into urbanistic terms, it means that the historical town of Florence represents a “public facility” for all the world. Because (to use a phrase that I really do not like but which I am obliged to use in order to make myself clear) Florence is a “public facility” for the “leisure time” of mankind. I would prefer to use instead the phrase “free experience of the world.”

These public facilities, if considered as a hearth for mankind and not only for the Florentines, would not be so expensive to maintain and would not be an absurd dead museum for tourists but a live experience for all man.

In fact, if we compare the number, the capacity, and the potential of the towns in the world which so intensively represent our background in this way, they certainly are—in comparison with the billions of men, and the billions of acres, and the billions of dollars which the totality of human settlements represent today and will represent in the future—not too many nor too large to save.

The new means of communication on the other hand will allow more and more the full fruition of these existential qualities of the ancient towns. Fruition which could be completed not only in their urbanistic and architectural aspects, but also through the relocation of certain functions at present completely alien to their true functions. We could, for example, hear again the music of Bach in its original context, the cathedral, or of Mozart in the chambers of the palaces where it was supposed to be played and not, for instance, completely out of scale and measure in the Bowl of Los Angeles. Or we could hear the plays of Moliere, Shakespeare or Goldoni, in the theaters which saw the birth of their art.

We could walk in a Renaissance Piazza having the marvelous sensation of being the subject of the objects around us, the focal point of the perspective created for us, or we could have the exalted sensation of an eschatological experience in an old Gothic church.

And at this point I would like to launch the idea to Americans to help, if they really want to help Florence, to do a plan of Florence, arrived at scientifically and by interdisciplinary studies, in which the different needs are related to different cultures and populations.

But about this I will say more at the end of my lecture.

Now I must speak of the third problem: The problem not of the new Florence but of the new organism which could comprehend the valley of the Arno River of which Florence is the historical center, though of only one aspect. Because if we really wish to save the old center, we must see to it that the old center is not made the heart of the new organism. Otherwise we automatically destroy the old town.

Since man already has new needs, new aspirations, new technological possibilities, new customs, and since he is nearing more and more accelerated and dynamic transformations of patterns of life, we must lay the foundations of a new town which could be in itself capable of containing the new needs and have at the same

time the potential to contain the yet undetermined needs of men. But what does it mean to build a new town, city, or megalopolis, in this case in the Arno Valley?

Does it mean, for instance, to design a beautiful form over the whole valley without really knowing the necessity of men in the future life? Or does it mean to create through urbanistic standards, resulting from the statistical analysis of the life of a population and knowledge of some of the faults of the present urbanism, but still without knowledge of the real needs of this population because we would be using as models the social and economic standards of an obsolete society?

Or does it mean to plan only an economic, rationalistic structure which if it were possible, could only resolve some of the mechanical aspects of our life?

Or does it mean to create, to invent a Utopian kind of living which would allow us to escape from the reality of the real evolution of mankind?

Or doesn't it mean something else, which we do not exactly know but about which we can create certain hypotheses, verify them under the complex aspect of human organization, then match them to the experiences which can permit the creation of new alternatives for man?

Doesn't it mean to create models which can represent a confrontation with the obsolete organism in which man lives today?

I think that today man has sufficient knowledge of the enormous deficiencies of our human settlements and sufficient knowledge of the probable new paths to lay the foundation of a new city, which I call the "Earth City."

To return to the problem of Florence. First of all, we have to admit that if a flood were able to endanger the life of this territory and another day of rain might have been able to totally destroy it, this clearly indicates that the whole urbanistic structure is obsolete.

Shall we engage all our efforts in the restoration of something which does not work? Or should we try to create a new structure which could represent an alternative mode of living—a new organization of human acts and activities and, as a consequence, a new town?

Having studied for many years the principal problems of the territory of the Arno River Valley, I have convictions which in certain aspects or certain details have achieved a form. But I prefer to show the method with which we could operate.

In the Arno River Valley, there live almost two million inhabitants. These people are living, more and more, in a chaotic and alienated situation; some in the beautiful, historical towns like Florence, Lucca, and Pisa; some in horrible peripheries which increasingly devour the plain like a cancer; some in little villages in the hills or on the edges of the river. In any case, they live absolutely different lives as if they were persons of different historical periods, different cultures with different possibilities of choice. But none of these people can be at ease in relation to our own times.

This happens in a territory only about 100 miles long and 20 miles wide. All the newborn and arising needs of man create new situations which are increasing the chaos and rapidly destroying one of the most beautiful landscapes of the world, not only its natural qualities but also the beauty created by man through the centuries of work which transformed this valley.

Roads are built at random to serve new settlements casually built. Factories or tract houses are built upon land which perhaps should be allotted to flood water control basins. Beautiful hills are being defaced to construct any kind of building by owners not interested in maintaining trees and forests which could be utilized as watersheds. In synthesis, communication, transportation, habitats, public facilities, and services are mixed together without any principle of logic.

In this way in a few years not only will the territory be destroyed but also the historical centers, because they cannot support the growth of the towns, like the heart of a man could not pump blood to a body 10 or 20 times larger. This is the situation.

Then a flood arrives and brings destruction.

But who is responsible for this flood? God? The devil? We are responsible because we have not yet understood that the organization of a territory can no longer go uncontrolled. Today the complexity of the organization needs programs. I don't say dictatorial and abstract plans which force man to a certain kind of living. I say programs which offer to the inhabitants the maximum possibility of choices and beauty.

It is not enough that the political man provide food, cars, refrigerators in a civilization of producers and consumers. The political man has to understand the importance of the environment in which men live. With food, cars, refrigerators we can satisfy the mechanical exigencies of our life but with food, cars, and refrigerators we can also remain alone, alienated in a life without meaning which is not worth living.

How to proceed? First, the Arno River Valley territory, is one which could be considered homogeneous, though it has different qualities from the mountains to the sea; we could consider the whole territory as only one town of two million inhabitants. Only one town without distinction and separation between country and town, without alienation in different zones (residential zones for high, medium and low income, industrial zones, agricultural zones, commercial zones, and so on) which morphologically speaking mirror exactly the alienation of man of today.

One town in which all the human acts and activities are integrated giving everybody the same chances, offering to everybody the total sensation of a process of what men do, destroying the "anxiety of the unfinished" of which Marcuse speaks and the anxiety of the "foreign bodies" of which I speak, intending by this to say that we live not only in a foreign world among persons but also among the objects which men make.

A total new organism and dynamic structure which can evolve in time as natural organisms grow, which permits an exchange of functions as some become obsolete, which permit a global life to a unique society.

We have to start again. To start as if the Arno Valley territory was a virgin land. What now exists, historical centers included, has to be considered as objects: a hill, a river, a forest, which we have to put in relationship to each other.

To start again means starting to study the vocation of the territory. The real, intrinsic one. To find the places in which man can live better. To find where the ground is better for foundations. To find where a new organized culture can live, where a new three-dimensional system of communication and transportation can exist, where certain points of concentration can be for what we call today infrastructures or public facilities. To find how to regulate the waters. In synthesis to create the objective, scientific realities upon which we can start to work, and from which—with awareness and not by chance—derives the background for a natural process that will bring us to a new natural form of town that we should no longer call a town, because in this new organism there can not exist the dualism of city and country, of workman and farmer. Thus I use the name "Earth Town" which means that there doesn't exist any longer a contradiction between nature and man because man and nature have become a unity in reality: a wonderful town open to all the experiences, to the presence of all men. The product of a new civilization.

What I am trying to say is that I think the problem of saving Florence is not only the problem of saving some masterpieces of painting, sculpture, and manuscripts. This, of course, is important and we have to thank every country for its help, especially the United States, and in my case here tonight, your Committee to Rescue Italian Art. But perhaps most important is to create in the Arno River Valley a new town which represents the real life of men who live in the 20th Century, who have hope for the future and to consider the old center of Florence a public facility for mankind.

To reach this goal, not a Utopian one but one capable of realization, it is certainly not enough to have the concepts of a single man

or a few men. We need the collaboration and participation of the most advanced minds in every discipline to permit us to construct models which really represent alternatives to the actual situation today in Tuscany.

Alternatives which we must study, prepare, design, experiment, test. But to do this the normal operative channels of planning and implementation in Italy are absolutely insufficient. At this point, I think that the duty of men of culture, seriously concerned with the future of Florence, is to study an objective and interdisciplinary plan (if we still can use this word) which, after being tested from all points of view, could become really operative.

A plan to offer to Florence and its citizens, but also to Italy, to the other nations, to the entire world, to mankind. I would like to say—if these last words do not sound rhetorical—a plan which could demonstrate that the best way to repair the disaster of a flood is to prevent the flood. To predispose the territory in such a way that this cannot happen again. To save masterpieces of architecture, paintings and sculpture, we must act not in a sentimental way; rather we must find new existential meaning for all of us. In sum, to conserve and save Florence the only way is to build a new one of which the old Florence represents only one aspect which belongs to everybody and not only to the Florentines.

What could be the real destiny of such a plan? Nobody knows and nobody can know.

At best it could happen very swiftly in a fast social transformation if the political powers could be made to understand the importance of this kind of experiment and make possible in whole or in part the activation of this new organism.

At worse it could happen that such a plan would be considered a Utopian and theoretical prophecy of intellectual men. But one thing is sure. This is our duty as intellectual men. Our duty is not to say from an ivory tower, "You politicians are conservative, and we advanced." Not to make prophecies of a still unknown future. Not to become dictators of the life of others when we are able to acquire a certain power or to be slaves when we don't succeed. Our duty is to put ourselves at the service of the society to which we belong. To offer her the results of our research, studies, capacities. In synthesis, to tell to the centers of power, "Now towns are built by chance in an absolutely chaotic and arbitrary way. Nothing is built according to scientific possibilities. Nothing is built with imagination and hope for the future. Nothing is built to eliminate the loneliness and anxiety of man. We offer a possibility, scientifically tested from all points of view—social, economic, aesthetic—which represents a better environment.

"If you don't permit the birth of these new possibilities it means that you have not yet understood that to offer an environment which man can live in well being is not a private responsibility but a collective and political one. It means that your outlook is old and you will survive for only a short time (and the phenomenon will be stronger than you)."

Returning to the problem of Florence I think that this lecture could become the beginning of this new plan. Before coming to the United States, at the kind invitation to do this lecture, I had intended to create such a plan with my assistants and students of my Institute of Urbanism at the University of Florence. But as professional planners and architects can understand, the result of such a study would remain abstract and could not represent a real alternative to the existing situation because to do such a plan we need experts in every discipline. We have to arrive at a model which can be compared with the existing urbanistic structure also in an economical way.

When Dean Dudley, who had invited me in the program of his school to lecture to architects and students, called me in Montreal and asked me to change the program and give a talk in conjunction with the CRIA program, for a moment I was in a fix. How was I to combine a lecture on the town of the future with a lecture on how to save Florence?

But I believe in happenings. This fact suggested to me that such a plan could be created as an experiment which could be the begin-

ning of a new kind of planning through new methods and different channels from those in which normal plans are done.

If among the beautiful efforts which the American people are making to help Florence, giving millions of dollars for Florence, they also could offer the chance to do such a plan, it would represent a very little sum compared with the total being raised and be very effective in every sense, practically and culturally. I cannot, in concluding this lecture, offer a program. I can only launch the idea. But it would be really marvelous if we could in one or two years prepare a new model of urbanism. This might be done directly in connection with Los Angeles, which could give us also its experiences in a world that is technologically very advanced. Tonight perhaps, while we are joining together in contributing to the rescue of the art of Florence, we could at the same time start something which also represents a spontaneous act of love for Florence, a gift of the intellectual to the culture, and a solid help to Florence. Everybody who will work practically for this effort or will sponsor this effort certainly will have the joy of being at the service of society and of making a very strong contribution in the direction of a better life for man.



Gino Valle: Thermal Colony, Arta, Italy (1963)

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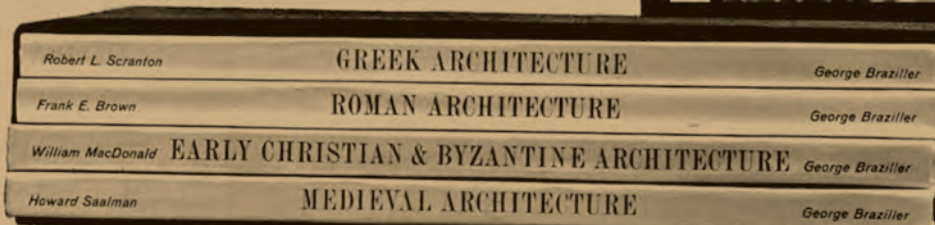
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