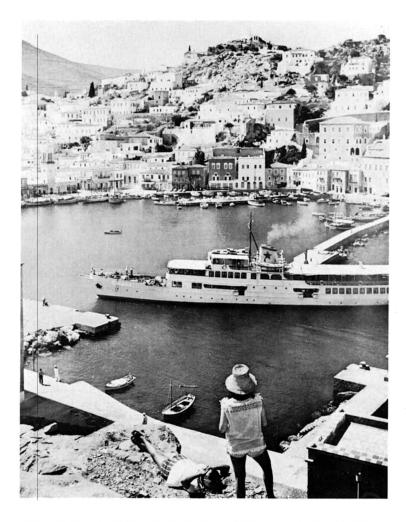


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Cover photo by Julius Shulman: San Diego parking structure ramp (see page 32).

Our apologies to photographer Alexandre Georges for omitting to credit his photographs of architect William Morgan's house which appeared in the May issue.

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music

PETER YATES

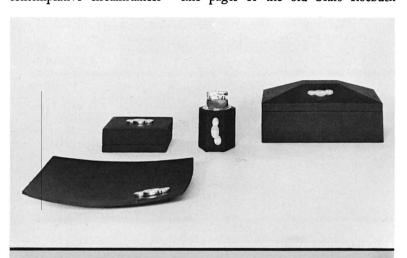
TRAVELS BY FORD

II — The Musical Computers at Urbana

Nevertheless we must turn to the universities, the secular monasteries of higher learning, aware that among us, as during the Dark Ages, the longer reach of a sophisticated culture is being preserved there against the fragmentation, the disorder and popularization of the cities.

Already the native culture of our smaller communities has been laid waste. The bands, community picnics, 4th of July festivities, camp meetings, and the communal culture of New England, which Charles Ives perpetuated as music in music, are as remote from present-day East Coast American experience as the communal society of Germany in the time of the Bachs. Across our continent the farmer, the countryman, the nostalgic indigene who cherishes the memory of his smalltown boyhood, sons and daughters - and now grandsons and granddaughters - of families who formerly walked to school and church on their own feet, have crowded into the city and its suburbs. The man of wealth no longer lives on his estate but visits it; his home is in the stylized, efficient clutter of his city apartment. The counter-revolution led by such men as Thoreau, Emerson, William Morris, Frank Lloyd Wright, to spread human living across the country and keep it country, is a defeated cause. The Netherlands hold to it as public policy, by refusing to permit expansion of the cities. It survives here as a cause among the underground of poets.

A few years ago, the evening when I first met Lawrence Lipton, he said, in his usual tone, that poetry might as well be printed on toilet paper, to ensure distribution. I took him up on the suggestion, agreeing that by such means a great amount of poetry might be printed, no more wastefully than at present, and between printing and the final disposition of the paper, a quantity of poems might be read, in contemplative circumstances—like pages of the old Sears Roebuck



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catalog in the outhouse.

Would the poet be paid? It's an interesting question. Should a poet expect payment for his poetry? If a man is a professional writer, he should do the best he can to sell his poetry, too. In that case he should aim to find a place among the anthology poets, whose technique seldom fails, and who can be expected to give some twist to their matter to draw in the reader — "I have so often thought just what he writes!" — somewhere along the descending line from Frost to Guest. Poetry is, as it seems to me, a surplus, like one's personal correspondence, to be done as well as the writer wishes or is able to do. It may be a notebook in which others are permitted to look. Poetry is often the poet's correspondence with himself —

"I sit at my desk and scribe the endless message from myself to my own hand . . . (Allen Ginsberg: S. S. Azemour)

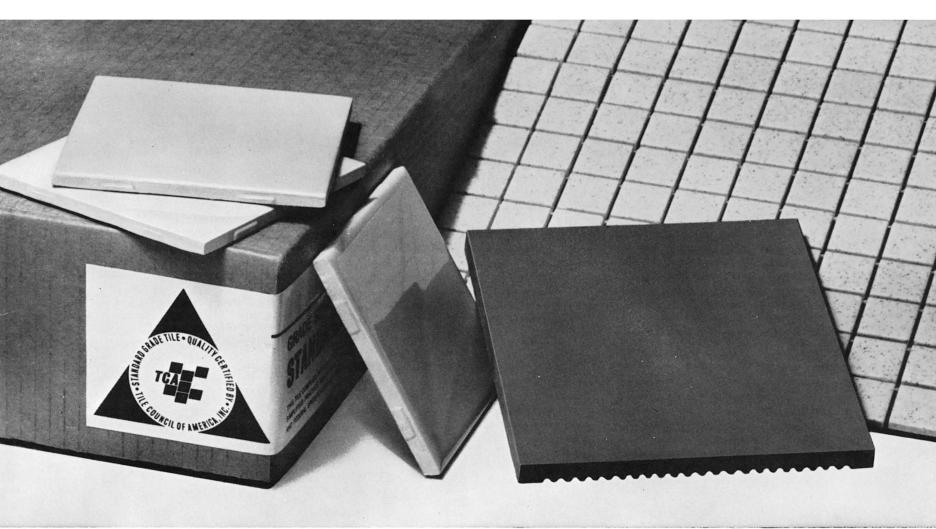
or like Dylan Thomas's verse a long progression from the originally perceived to the anthology. If a professional poet wishes to dedicate himself to poverty and fortitude, no one can object — outside his dependents — but a professional poet, if successful, too often ends merely professional, a laureate, his art likely to be supplanted by the natural outpouring of an unknown amateur as yet unread.

Which is the more important, the art object or the making of art? The preservation of art objects, of standards and styles, conceives nothing—only making them. Among the most precious which have been preserved are studio reproductions of Greek and Chinese originals, quotations from or copies of ancient classics which require a specialist to interpret them, cult objects of which we no more than guess the purpose, heads, torsos, masks, and a multitude of anonymous bits, pieces, architectural survivals, and ceramic dishes - often not works of art at all, yet proofs that a creative culture existed. Ronald Knox in a chapter of his book, Enthusiasm, shows how dubious or ambiguous to our understanding are many of the communications in such seemingly forthright letters as the Epistles of St. Paul. We treasure medieval religious objects no one now makes use of, but we do not equally treasure our own capacity to make objects equally valid for ourselves. We should keep this thought in mind when we are discussing what is happening today in American music. The European composer is still attempting to write masterpieces (dictionary definition: "consummate piece of workmanship" - but we mean in act, that is religiously, something enduringly able to communicate profound emotion, though the emotion we derive from it may not be at all what the master meant); the American composer in the European tradition still has the composition of masterpieces hopefully in mind. The American experimental composer is making music in a tradition initiated by Charles Ives, Carl Ruggles, Henry Cowell, Edgard Varese, composers who challenge the habitual authority of the masterpiece. For that reason, although there is a constant communication among American experimental and European composers, in which American composers in the European tradition participate, there is not really any understanding between the two attitudes. Insofar as an American composer is trying to write "great music," for the connoisseur or for the audience, he retrogresses; when he writes music to his own purpose, regardless of connoisseur or audience approval, he progresses; in either case he

During the first lecture stop of our journey, at Washington University, St. Louis, Bob Wykes, composer-in-residence, showed us their new electronic laboratory. There we met Bob Baker, who collaborated with my friend of longer acquaintance, Jerry Hiller, Director of the Experimental Music Studio at the University of Illinois School of Music, in composing a Computer Cantata. So our next stop was at Urbana, to confer with Jerry Hiller, and his colleagues of the Experimental Music Studio, Ben Johnston, Jim Beauchamp, Herbert Brün.

The workmanlike composer of electronic music knows that he is composing experimental sound-compositions which, with a few fortunate exceptions, may be soon thrown away. The technics he works with are advancing more rapidly than his creative skill. He is training himself to compose not with the single scale of the piano keyboard, the *clavier*, principal source of all music during the last three hundred years, but with the entire field of sound. Every sound-combination he can discover is for him useful, if not of equal value. He is a creator, an inventor, in the same sense Arnold Schoenberg meant when he said to me of John Cage: "He is not a composer, but an inventor—of genius." I had brought with me Gerald Strang's lecture at San Fernando Valley State College on computer composing. During the summer of 1963

(Continued on page 34)



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art

DORE ASHTON

Each of the five artists represented in New York University's "Concrete Expressionism" exhibition is robust, inquisitive, audacious, red-blooded, positive, challenging. Each works large. Each is concerned with realizing a full-scale evolution in terms of his own work.

The exhibition, then, is a splendid presentation of five individuals who have refused to be deterred from reaching out into large spaces with unparalleled energy.

For a vital exhibition like this, we must be grateful. Irving Sandler, who organized it and wrote the catalogue, has brought together artists who have not always been seen to their best advantage, and who deserve the serious consideration he has given them.

But do they deserve to be pressed together in the vise of concrete expressionism, a term Mr. Sandler devised to hold his thoughts together and to make a good case for these particular artists he admires? The very qualities that distinguish these artists—their willingness to give fantasy and instinct wide range—resist such labored efforts to catalogue them.

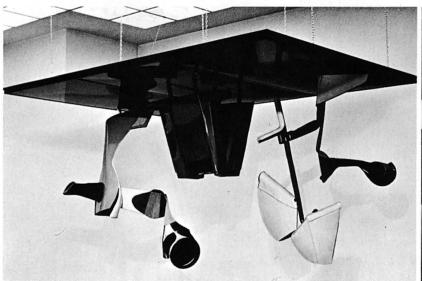
I can sympathize with Sandler's irritation in the face of so many collective efforts to capture the attention of a frankly jaded audience. I can well understand his annoyance with the general situation in which critics, dealers and museums conspire to launch new movements every other day, honoring the powerhouse principle of Madison Avenue. In numbers there is power, presumably. Yet, I believe that in

Frank Stella. It is not sweat which gauges quality.

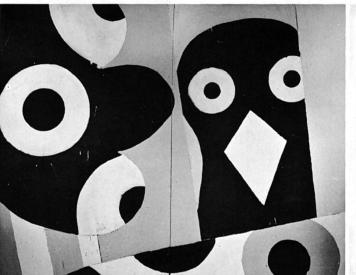
Yet Sandler is correct and courageous when he insists on the carrying power of the abstract expressionist philosophy, and particularly as extended in the work of these artists. Where he falters in his new formation is in its definition. He calls this Concrete Expressionism, he says, because the artists appear to look back to Leger, Davis and the Cubist oriented, geometric abstraction of the 1930s called art concret. In what manner they do this is not clear. Nor is Sandler making much of a case for the fusion of expressionism with what he called the classicizing instinct of these artists. The term adds little lucidity to painting discourse.

The salient tendency all five artists share, Sandler says, is the use of a principle of disassociation. Each shape exists in its own isolated, self-contained space. When examined more directly, this principle does not always operate sufficiently to be the basis of a definition. Above all, I question Sandler's assertion that "painted images that are disjoined take on the aspect of things." The thing-like quality he finds in both Held's and Martin's work is not apparent to me.

Rather, in the work of Held for instance, I see a highly pictorial venture. His thirty-foot painting, "Genesis," is generously conceived to induce the viewer to make a peregrination through several original spaces; a journey with defined entrances and exits and carefully guided steps. It clearly begins in the small keyhole-like loop at the right, continues into vaster spaces, defined in the large loop adjacent, and then is terminated in a field of massive orange—the logical terminus of the right-to-left movement. By the repetition of the general curve, and its carefully measured relationship to the tableland of orange, Held indicates that disassociation is only another minor de-







Knox Martin Photo: Eric Pollitzer "Shape Shifter" 1965, liquitex on canvas, 112 x 138.

his eagerness to signal the achievements of these artists, Sandler has resorted to the same tactics as those he accuses. He has artificially engendered a new "ism". He has attempted to make an assault on public consciousness by raising a banner and polemicizing.

He is not wrong to see common traits and register similar attitudes. What is wrong is to assume that these five can only be thrust into prominence at the expense of others; that they can only be heard in the general din if someone else is shouted down. Thus, in order to justify his care, Sandler is led not only to add yet another ism to an already ludicrously "istic" art society, but to denigrate the other isms—an unnecessary expenditure of wit and moral energy, in my opinion, since by their very postures of manly independence, these artists will not be submerged.

The abstract expressionist premise that art must be a matter of groping for form, of worrying and sweating until the right judgment is made, must be carefully considered. Anxiety in the face of a blank canvas is not the exclusive property of the abstract expressionist temperament. When Sandler suggests that painters Al Held and Knox Martin are different from other recently celebrated painters because they are "suspicious of things that come easy" he risks sharp reprimand. It is obvious to me that a serious artist undergoes anxiety whether while he works, as is the case of the abstract expressionist, or while he is contemplating his scheme of work, as is the case with a painter such as

vice, not so different from the older notions of occult symmetry or asymmetry.

Held's other breathtaking painting again speaks more of a pictorial intelligence and emphatically relational concept that can symbolize space, than of an object-making drive. It is a large white square, painted thickly, energetically—a very lively white. At top and bottom, he paints two miniscule triangles of orange and green, each clinging to the very edge of the stretcher. By making these roughly opposite from one another (they are placed asymmetrically, but appear so closely aligned that the eye automatically assumes the line joining them) Held establishes an invisible third plane which works for the total harmony of the canvas. The tension between the two small forms on the vast white plain is the classical tension of the small-large dialectic, and far from making the canvas thinglike, makes it pure abstract illusion. Knox Martin in mural-scale paintings, is even more illusionistic. He depends a great deal on unexpected relationships among highly keyed blues, reds, yellows and pinks which he applies with swashbuckling assurance. His compositions, as Sandler points out, retain a sense of poetic fantasy. He is not averse to figurative suggestion, and one of his paintings is dominated by mask motifs.

On the whole, Martin conjugates his planes in a rhythmic way. His circular repetitions serve to unify the composition and to suggest a precise set of movements and countermovements. He even uses the

underpainting of circles, which are then seen only in faint relief, to bolster the sense of continuous relationships.

In his largest painting, Martin makes use of many painting devices to give the taut energy that makes his forms seem ready to burst from the confines of the canvas. He overlaps square shapes. He intrudes a sudden concave or convex area into a predominantly planar context. He stops his forms with a sharp edge, beneath which peers another color, giving the clear third dimension. He manipulates tawny orange, pinks, greens to give a fuller billowing, impression, and he makes certain shapes read as though they continued beyond the canvas. For all of this willful, exuberant parading of forms and techniques, Martin never truly paints a form in its own, self-limiting space. Like Held, he is still an easel painter, concerned ultimately with the definition of an abstract image of some degree of complexity and cohesion on a flat surface.

Context is everything. Neither Martin nor Held relinquishes the role of context-maker. Forms isolated from each other are not necessarily unrelated. On the contrary, it is in the establishment of unexpected relationships that these painters distinguish themselves. There can be no absolute disassociation, finally.

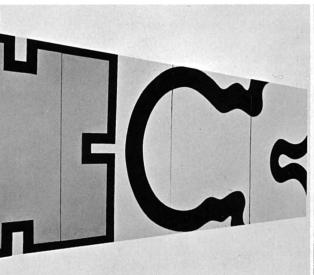
Among the sculptors, both David Weinrib and George Sugarman fit Sandler's categories with more ease, particularly Weinrib. In his work, disassociation is carried out to a full and often uneasy degree. His wild fantasies, enacted for the most part in garish plastics, are notable for the kinds of disjunctures stimulated by the Surrealists' experiments with automatism.

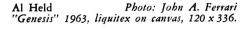
Weinrib does not appear to use any other than a chance principle when he selects either colors or shapes. Since pure chance is utterly

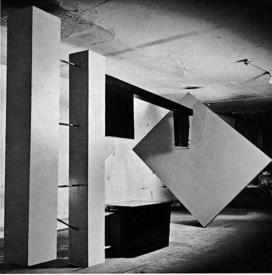
George Sugarman's formal predilections—his little stylistic quirks—are more apparent and more easily discussed. Sugarman's assemblages of painted wood configurations are fairly often based on a simple reversal of the laws of gravity. Sugarman delights in building a clutter of slender shapes surmounted by blocky superstructures they could never, in reality, support. Or, he builds a mass of differentiated small shapes which will then cascade downward into a void. Or he cantilevers a form composed of small elements splayed out like playing cards so that it hangs incongruously in midair, a fantasy pure and simple.

The fantasy aspect, and the humor implicit in reversals of perceptions (heavy made light, small supporting large, lacy curves juxtaposed with clumsy blocks) are heightened by Sugarman's insouciance about color. Of all the artists in the exhibition, he is most faithful to the abstract expressionist spirit. His compositions sprawl extravagantly; the colors are generously distributed; the containing whole is minimized as much as possible. As he is a sculptor, the whole would have to be the invisible quadrature which usually contains a three-dimensional piece. In Sugarman's work, however, there is no such container, even invisible. Each composition could go on and on, one feels, and why not?

Quite the reverse in the case of Ronald Bladen: His pieces seem to be structured as intricately and carefully as any geometric painting. Two of his large sculptures work toward the climax of a huge diagonal plane cantilevered daringly into the rectangular space he allots himself. One is a rather long, architectonic structure of plywood and pipe painted black and yellow with slightly asymmetrical planes but generally rigorous in its vertical-horizontal balance. Suspended from a straight







Ronald Bladen Photo: Charles Uht Untitled, 1963-65, plywood, steel pipe, 108 x 216 x 120.



George Sugarman Photo: John A. Ferrari

unproductive in terms of art, this can only mean that Weinrib's selection is based on the deliberate choice *not* to use any of the repeating devices classically entailed in making artistic entities. The results are the twisting, tortuously entangled, queer looking pieces mounted on bases, or the crazy agglomeration of forms and colors suspended from a shiny ceiling.

It is quite impossible to describe with any coherence the "Three Aerial Forms" Weinrib suspends from the mirror-like ceiling. The shiny or transparent plastic elements are sufficiently disparate to be seen as isolated, somewhat baffling incidents. As a hanging sculpture I find this piece startling and thoroughly challenging to any conventional notions of sculpture. Weinrib's total disdain for an organizing principle becomes a remarkable stimulus to his imagination.

Weinrib's work is in line with an increasingly apparent trend of inclusiveness among younger artists. As there are no accepted reasons why any color, material or shape should be excluded from a painting or sculpture, they feel free to improvise, taking in a wide range of experiences and leaving them relatively unedited. This—the additive approach—is symmetrically opposed to the subtractive, or the purist approach. Whatever new experiences Weinrib will create in his ebullient, free-wheeling way, will only be clearly defined after a sufficient body of work points to his idiosyncracies, his personal predilections in terms of form.

girder-like plane is the large, deeply angled diagonal square, redframed to suggest its black massiveness.

Another sculpture is a white enameled, vertical structure on a Z-like motif. Here the diagonal square overhangs, high above eye level—an impressive qualification of a complicated space. Bladen's feeling for tectonic balance is too pronounced to fit him easily into the expressionist side of Sandler's category. In the large outdoor piece, for instance, looking a bit like a PT boat with immense masts on either side, it is apparent that Bladen's instinct is to assert the possibilities for sculpture that can cohabit with modern architecture.

To me these artists have in common little more than an avidity for broad experience and a marked ability to withstand the blasts of temporary vogues. They seem to me to go to all kinds of traditions — not only constructivist and expressionist, but surrealist, cubist, and even, to a small degree, dadaist—to enrich their visions. I fully subscribe to Sandler's idea that the positive confrontation with the immediate past is more fruitful than total negation. But how much more helpful his polemic would have been had he stressed the singular rather than the common qualities of these artists; had he insisted on their right to stand aside from any particular group and be quite simply themselves; had he resisted the temptation to do battle with critics who use the united front tactics of politics; had he presented these artists precisely because they do not fit any popular categories.



BYRON PUMPHREY

"Remark the seeming identity of body and mind in infants, and thence the loveliness of the former; the commencing separation in boyhood, and the struggle of equilibrium in youth: thence onward the body is first simply indifferent; then demanding the translucency of the mind not to be worse than indifferent; and finally all that presents the body as body becoming almost of an excremental nature."

-COLERIDGE

The ultimate in obscenity could well be the walls of a public toilet, walls on which are scribbled phrases with the well-known four letter words, with here and there an ugly, vulgar drawing. Were one to be asked why, he could reply with irrefutable logic that it is the ultimate in obscenity because of the sheer pointlessness of the words and drawings. These indicate nothing beyond the disturbed mentality of those who wrote and drew upon the walls. Taken separately, or as a whole, they constitute a depressing, repellant display of stupidity, ugliness, and viciousness.

In his play, the toilet, which opened at the Warner Playhouse on March 24, LeRoi Jones takes as his setting the lavatory of a high school. Urinal and two commodes are in full view. In short, a completely naturalistic setting for the slice of life that Jones has elected to present. Boys come in and, with their backs safely to the audience, go through the motions of urinating; they sit on the commodes; they wrestle and box with each other; and their talk is saturated with all the obscene words and phrases common to the barracks and the locker room. All this notwithstanding, the toilet is not an obscene play. It is not obscene because Jones has used the materials of obscenity to give all the pointlessness of the obscenity encountered in lavatories a point. It is not, actually, the play, the words used, the action of the actors that are shocking, but the society that culturally conditions adolescent males to carry on as one sees them doing in the toilet. Not to see and understand this enables one to condemn the play, the setting, the four letter words used, etc., but what Jones asks of us is to look past what is represented to the society that has brought about the behavior and language of these boys.

As everyone who has looked into semantics knows, this cultural conditioning begins very early. Some nursery school teachers, according to one authority on the subject, have found by actual count that there are no less than 40 different "polite" expressions which children have been taught to use in connection with going to the toilet. In this way children are schooled to be ashamed of their natural bodily processes. Some semantic disguise is sought for a natural function, but no matter how many disguises of this sort are invented the acts still remain what they are. The semantic reactions caused by four letter words are not due to their meanings, to the acts to which the words refer, but to the context of the situations in which these words are used. The situations which develop these reactions have their origin in the attitudes of Western society toward natural bodily and sexual functions. The shame felt in connection with these functions is transferred to the words. Thus the words in the course of time become "dirty." Conveniently forgotten is the fact that all were quite acceptable words in the history of our language at one time and that our Anglo-Saxon forebears assuredly employed them as matter-of-factly as we now use substitute terms.

In Jones' play, these words are innocently and meaninglessly tossed about by the boys and in counterpoint to the naturalistic setting; Burgess Meredith, who directed, has choreographed the movement of his actors in such a way as to surmount what could have played as vulgar and coarse. His treatment is one that shows an animal grace clinging to youths when they stand to the urinal or sit on the commode. Their attitude is only partially corrupt, but the corruption is in process. Their adolescence is the crucial period—the period in which they will succumb wholly to the cultural conditioning symbolized by the setting or somehow overcome it.

The boys in the toilet do not overcome it. The Negro students have gathered there to wait for a fight that they have arranged to take place between a white homosexual youth and another Negro student to whom the white boy has made advances. The white boy is dragged in by two other toughs, all beaten up, his face a bloody mess. Soon afterwards a sensitive, good-looking young Negro student appears, the one the white boy has offended. Seeing the shape the white boy is in, he upbraids the group and is about to leave when the white boy lurches

to his feet and insists on fighting. The white boy downs the Negro student and is strangling him when the others pull him off and proceed to beat him up again. One may reasonably speculate here as to why Jones chose a white student as the victim of Negro students. Is it that the attitude of white society toward the homosexual is more prejudiced than toward the Negro and that the Negro students had social sanction for their cruelty? Is he showing, besides, how white society has corrupted the Negro with its attitudes? Surely such an affront as the Negro student met with by the white student would not have been the occasion for such inhumanity in the Negro's native Africa. One can, in any case, say that Jones' target is the inhumanity of society taken as a whole and the ultimate absorption of that inhumanity by the individual. The point is clearly made when, after the boys leave, the Negro student returns to bathe the recumbent white boy's bloody face.

the toilet would not be a significant play were it not for the attitudes of Western society and the shame individuals within it experience when they have to perform, or refer, to an excrementory function. Theater ushers and filling station attendants are asked where the "lounge" or the "rest room" is, and both the questioner and the answerer know full well that the intention is not to lounge or to rest there. Along with this attitude goes the one that D. H. Lawrence refers to as the "grey disease" of sex hatred, the attitude that persists in identifying the sexual functions with excrementory functions. It is only owing to these attitudes that Jones' play is significant, for Jones has taken that necessary convenience, "the toilet," and converted it into a searing, condemnatory image of the hypocrisy, shame, and psychic disease of society. When these attitudes change, and there is substantial evidence among the young people of today that these attitudes are fast changing, the play will cease to have any importance except, possibly, as an interesting social document of our times. Certainly it will not be memorable for its dialogue, of which I remember not one line. Its effect is almost entirely visual.

the toilet has been much reviewed in the trade and daily press and the difficulties encountered by the producers in getting the play staged amply documented. The trade press has faithfully reported these difficulties while the metropolitan dailies have maintained, shall we say, a "cold, dignified silence." Although the toilet is paired with Jones' Obie awardwinning play, Dutchman, also regarded as a "shocker," it is the toilet that has most offended and disturbed authorities, newspapers, and a segment of the general public.

The trouble of the producers, Gene Persson and Rita Fredricks, began when William Swanson, owner of the Las Palmas Theatre in Hollywood, barred the plays from his theatre after sitting through a rehearsal. Swanson, according to reports, was immensely shocked by the language used in the toilet. Although he had been provided a script, apparently he had not bothered to read it. Swanson's withdrawal of his theatre occurred only a week before the plays were scheduled to open. The producers then obtained the use of the Warner Playhouse on La Cienega and succeeded in bringing in the plays on the slated opening date, March 24. On March 26, they were closed as commercial productions because the theatre owner had failed to obtain a police permit for theatrical operation. They were allowed to continue on a free-admission basis until an application for a Los Angeles City Police Commission permit could be passed on the following Wednesday, March 31. A boxoffice advance sale of \$4,350 for the weekend was thereby lost, though contributions could be received from the audience toward the payment of the actors' salaries.

By a vote of 4 to 1 on March 31, the Police Commission issued a 60-day temporary permit to the theatre. Then, on Monday, April 5, the producers called a press conference at the theatre. Reporters upon the theatrical scene and reviewers were informed that the Los Angeles Times and the Hollywood Citizen-News were refusing to accept any ads for the plays. The Hollywood Citizen-News had from the first refused to accept any advertising or to report upon the plays.

Proceedings at *The Times* flowered into a veritable journalistic comedy. *The Times* had accepted ads for the two plays on condition that the word, "toilet," not be spelled out. First "t..." was permitted; next "t..."; and finally "—". On the day that the full dash of the "t..." appeared, Cecil Smith, drama reviewer for *The Times*, gave the plays a sensationally glowing review. "Revolting in their language, ugly, dirty, obscene," he remarked, adding, "But they are absolutely brilliant in their execution." In the review, which appeared on page 11, part V of *The Times*, the taboo word is fully spelled out; on page 14, where the ad appears, the dash has been substituted. This was on March 26.

On April Fools' Day a column by Smith appeared in *The Times* concerning police censorship of plays in Los Angeles, beginning with a recital of events connected with the production of the Jones' plays. He referred to these events as "the bluenose brouhaha" and stated that, "No theatrical attraction of any consequence has been closed here since a very lurid production of *White Cargo* in 1941, produced, incidentally, by the same William Swanson who booted 'Dutchman' and 'The Toilet' out of his Las Palmas Theatre." Although Smith was spelling out the word in his column, the ad continued to run with a dash. On Friday, April 2, *The Times* informed the producers that it would accept no further advertising of the plays and after Sunday, April 4, no further ads appeared. In that Sunday edition, Nick Williams, editor of *The Times* commented on the play as follows in a by-line piece in the editorial section of the paper:

"It seems enormously debatable to me that being true to life or technically excellent justifies any public display of filth or viciousness ... A case in point is the one-act play, 'The Toilet,' (completely spelled) which indeed has been performed in other major cities of the world before it reached Los Angeles. I have not seen it but I have read it — that is minus the brilliant work of the actors and director —but this play serves no purpose except the titillation of the horribly morbid ... Which brings me to a professional issue. I do not think it enough for critics to explain, however explicitly, that such a play is sordid, and then, in praising the excellence of the acting or the impact of its viciousness, to leave the public with the notion that technical excellence somehow justifies its performance."

Williams ended his column with this comment: "The ultimate in criticism is silence. And the ultimate weapon of the public should be not censorship or police judgment—it should be the individual refusal to yield to prurient curiosity, and to stay away."

To this, James Powers, reviewer for the *Hollywood Reporter*, responded with a letter to the editor which was published in *The Times* on April 10: "Mr. Williams is wrong when he says the ultimate in criticism is silence. *The ultimate in cowardice is silence*. It is the duty of *The Times* to report on 'The Toilet' and it is the duty of *The Times* to have its respected critics report on 'The Toilet.' These critics may damn it or they may praise it, but they may not ignore it. They may not be silent and neither may *The Times*."

There has been no reference to the Jones' plays in *The Times* since Williams' column appeared, but the plays continue to be listed in "The Calendar" section of *The Times* with the taboo word fully spelled. The use of the word in editorial copy and its censorship in advertising copy is founded on a distinction that I am totally unable to grasp. I can really think of no plausible reason why advertising copy must be "clean," but editorial copy need not be.

An ad for a movie with the title, *How to Murder Your Wife* is, accordingly, acceptable, since the reference here is merely to a crime that can be reported in gory detail on the front pages. (Which reminds me of another movie title, namely, *It's a Mad, Mad, Mad World.*)

At the Herald-Examiner, the policy with respect to editorial and advertising copy was reversed. Although, according to the producers, a member of that paper's staff of reviewers attended the plays, no review was published. The producers thereupon withdrew their advertising. They re-scheduled it following the action of The Times and the ads appeared in the Herald-Examiner with the full names of both plays spelled out. Only the Citizen-News carried out a consistent policy with respect to both editorial and advertising copy after first publishing one blurb about the plays.

The treatment accorded the plays by the metropolitan dailies was the occasion for a feature article beginning on the front page of the Los Angeles Free Press a weekly paper modelled on the Greenwich Village Voice which started publication here last summer. Deena Metzger, the paper's drama and art editor, asserted that the dailies were using the screen of obscenity to silence a voice with which they disagreed. I do not believe this interpretation is warranted. I think—though this also is merely an assumption—that the editor of The Times was really shocked by the four letter words he found in the playscript of the toilet and that he had the same reaction to the name of the play. Miss Metzger also charged that the metropolitan press was reacting to a campaign of harassment and hate letters, which were ascribed by the producers to individuals belonging to radical right wing groups. There may be more substance in this interpretation, but to say that this was "undoubtedly" the case is to speak with more assurance than I think possible. How does one know?

Amid all this journalistic furor, the trade press, meanwhile, kept its head with cool professionalism. James Powers already had noted in

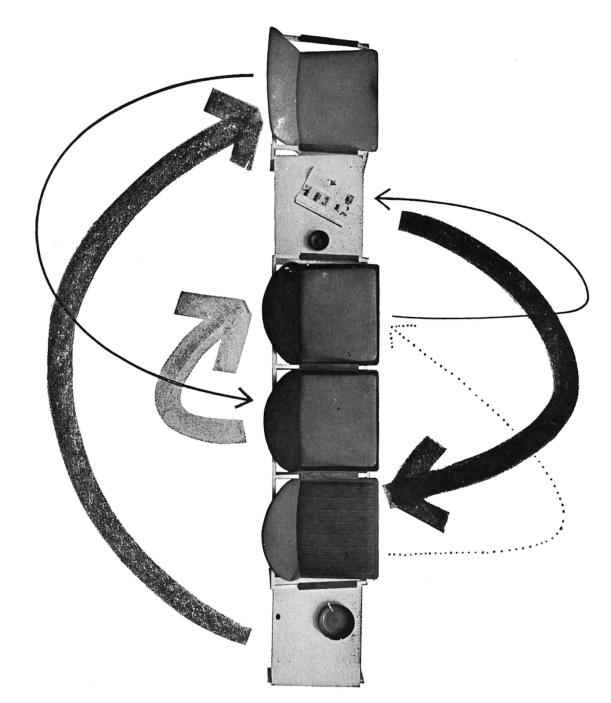
his review of the plays that, "This obscenity serves a purpose, but it also acts as a screen. It tends to blind the spectator to the fact that what the characters in *Dutchman* and *the toilet* are doing is infinitely more shocking than what they are saying."

This observation raises a valid esthetic question, namely, has Jones' use of obscenity obscured, or even nullified, for most viewers, the very things he was attempting to communicate? The answer, I am afraid, must be both "Yes" and "No." In justification of such contradictory answers, I must return again to the reviews of the plays by Smith of The Times and Miss Metzger of the Free Press. Smith, as we have seen, found the plays "revolting in their language" but "absolutely brilliant in their execution." When he gets further into his analysis of the toilet, however, he remarks: "Yet Meredith has never let these words be flaunted at the audience, never brought out and emphasized in the manner in which actors once played Tobacco Road.' They are slurred naturally into soft Negro and white speech, worn by the young actors as unobtrusively as their tight blue jeans. They seem to fit that place and those characters that they were (to me) less revolting on the stage than in the pages of the script." (emphasis added) Maybe Editor Williams ought, after all, to have taken a look at the plays.

In her review in the Free Press, published the week preceding her feature article on the ad censorship of the plays, Miss Metzger said that while she did not object to Jones' language or his ideas, she did object to the style of the plays. 'Absolute photographic realism is not art," she commented. "Why go to the Warner when the Dorsey High bathroom is available—and the ticket price can be saved. In the toilet only the smells are lacking—and perhaps, if Jones had thought of it, he would have added them." Presumably, Miss Metzger's indignation was based wholly on esthetic considerations, but the "style," to use her word, of *Dutchman* is quite different from the "style" of the toilet. The subway setting of Dutchman holds a suggestion of fantasy and the actions of the characters are more expressive of the nightmare of a young Negro male than anything that could happen in reality. The provocative blonde eating an apple is surely a corrupt modern Eve. In alternately inviting the advances of the young Negro, and then repulsing them when made, she is the prototype of the white woman who would tempt a Negro man beyond endurance and then scream, "Rape!" When the double game she plays finally jolts the young Negro into a towering rage and he vents all his repressed anger at the white man's world, she knifes him. Dutchman is a dream play, a nightmare, warning of what the Negro can expect should he dare reach for forbidden fruit, or rebel against the way he is alternately wooed and rejected by white society. "In Dutch" is slang for getting into trouble and talking Dutch has the slang meaning of talking gibberish, and a Dutch uncle is unsympathetic and severe. In that long, angry speech in which the young Negro inveighs against the white world, his greatest scorn and contempt is for its inability to understand what the Negro is saying, both in words and in music. Dutchman is a far better play than the toilet, a play that, in Artaud's dictum on what the modern theatre should do, furnishes "the spectator with the truthful precipitates of dreams, in which his taste for crime, his erotic obsessions, his savagery, his chimeras . . . pour out, on a level not counterfeit and illusory, but interior." The performances of Al Freeman, Jr. as the young Negro, and Shirley Knight as Lulu are superb.

To return briefly to Miss Metzger, she explained in the feature article which appeared following her review of the plays that though she still maintained her quarrel with them on esthetic grounds, this criterion is secondary "when theatre is being suppressed, censored, silenced, directly or indirectly." Existence is primary. One need hardly point out that Miss Metzger's review would have inclined one reading it to stay away from the plays while Smith's *Times'* review would have disposed one to go. Jones' comment on those who would disparage his plays on esthetic grounds adds a further ironic touch to this comparison of opinions: "The liberal white man's objection to the theatre of revolution (if he is 'hip' enough) will be on esthetic grounds."

Jones' is neither the first, nor, most probably, the last writer to assault, in artistic form, man's false, ashamed, guilt ridden attitudes toward the functioning of his body. Scatological imagery abounds in the classic works of Aristophanes, Rabelais, and Swift. All this to a purpose, the purpose being to make man less of a Yahoo. As Norman O. Brown expressed it in his comments on Swift in Brown's book, Life Against Death: "What makes man, in Swift's language a Yahoo . . . is, ironically, his disposition to negate the body and rise above it." the toilet constitutes an overwhelming indictment of this attitude as the stir and controversy it has caused and the attempts made to suppress it show all too well. To mix metaphors, Jones has hit his target.





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A LETTER TO AN AMERICAN STUDENT

Dear R

I do not wish to go on raging at the latest phase of architecture in the United States. It seems that by now the conflict in judgment between European and American critics upon this subject needs understanding rather than exacerbation; and certainly as I sat and listened to the contributors to the Columbia symposium on "the Thirties" I began to understand for the first time that there is a fundamental difference between the American and the European interpretation of the role of architecture in society. For the Modern Architecture of which these contributors spoke was almost unrecognisable to me. It was supposedly defined by some point of purely stylistic maturity called "The International Style," deeply indebted to Neo-Classicism and quite detached from the problems of its society. No Athens Charter, no Ilot Insalubre, no echo of the cry "Architecture or Revolution," nothing of the search for new standards, of the fervour of groups such as CIAM and MARS to bring architecture to the attention of the people: art for art's sake, amen.

Now in Europe the notion of a new architecture was always a polemical one in which, for better or worse, a whole body of ideas was at stake,—social, technical and formal. In this body of ideas, all elements from door-handle to city plan were so bound together that the form of a chair could even project implications for the form of the city. Stakes of this order demand a kind of Hippocratic oath and this is to be exercised in a realm hard to define which borders simultaneously upon aesthetics, morality and politics and can best be described by the word "probity."

From this point the misunderstandings multiply. For whereas the members of the symposium finally agreed to exclude Corbu as typical of "The Thirties" because of his stylistic versatility, I found that I was bound to speak of him as fundamentally typical precisely because of the force with which he converted this probity into an axis of intention which guided and unified two generations of younger architects. His forms were intellectual forms and projected above all else the image of a new way of living.

This raises a fundamental question in semantics. Since the forms were born from a set of intellectual objectives, is the reverse also true? Namely, that the forms so clearly carry information about their origin that they may be said to represent a culture, to enable a society uniquely to recognize itself in them? (Let us agree straightaway that this has nothing to do with sentimental notions of imagery such as "the style for the job.") Certain kinds of originality will be excluded: there will be an insistence upon certain norms. To disagree with the resultant architecture will not be because, as some of my American friends would say, one "saw through all that talk" to a weakness in the form, but because one felt the intellectual basis to

be incorrectly formulated and that the renewal of concepts must be continued.

Surely it was not on stylistic grounds that the Nazis closed the Bauhaus, and not for nothing did Corbu refer to "ce futurisme bien dangereux." For Corbu, as for the Nazis, forms contained dangerous implications-of a way of life. Probity demands such recognition.

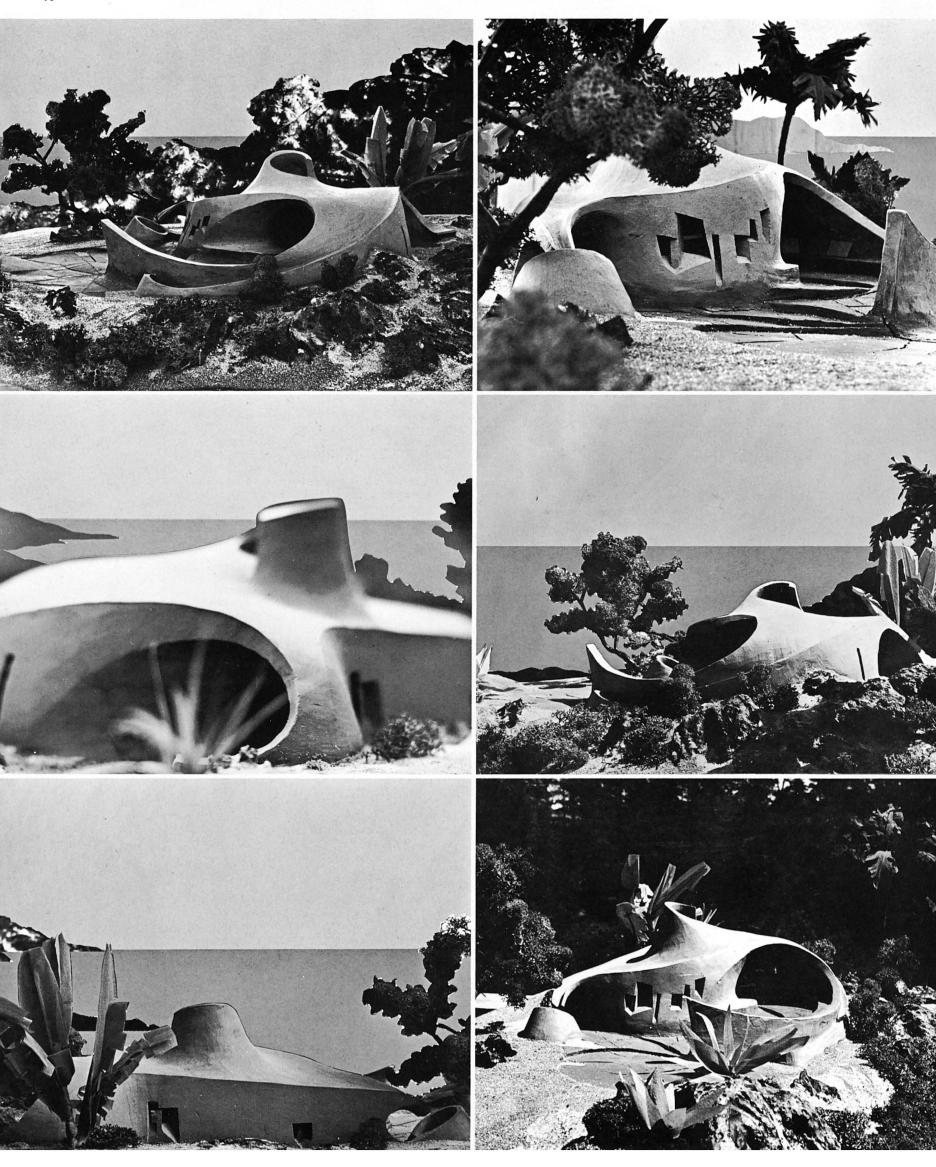
Now I will very soon get out of my depth if I try to account for the anti-intellectualism of the American critics: I simply point to it as the major difference between us. In America today there is no public forum for the exchange of ideas, no group gathered around a common idea (and therefore no rebel groups), no discussion that is more than one man deep, no magazine that attempts to focus upon the state of current polemic. This is the starvation of thought. It has been suggested to me that this absence of intellectual debate is common to all fields of American life, that it stems from the notion that the revolution has already happened, long ago, that ideas are not to be dangerous anymore...Of this I cannot judge. The fact, however, that you and so many of the young architects whom I have met deplore the absence of such debate encourages me to believe that the distinction I have made is correct. Only you can decide what action to take to achieve your object: but as to the nature of the object itself let me add this. James Joyce once defined the aim of his art in terms of the word "epiphany." By this he meant the understanding by which the most ordinary acts of men could be "shown forth," a sudden focus into depth, into naked revelation, of what had seemed to be trivial incident. Similarly Van Gogh once wrote that he hoped by his art to give back to ordinary men "that something of the eternal that the halo used to represent." It would seem to me that the uniquely American contribution to architecture should be in some such direct confrontation with life, bringing new energy to that architectural moment of realization in which a frame for the actions of men suddenly focuses into a Place where those actions are not merely made possible but are made manifest, are made, perhaps for the first time, vivid and recognizable to themselves and their meaning preserved against erosion by conflicting actions and occasions. This has nothing whatsoever to do with the search for the extraordinary, nor with the abysmal desire to please: it has much to do with the enlargement and the celebration of the powers of life and their embodiment.

Good luck. Yours truly etc.

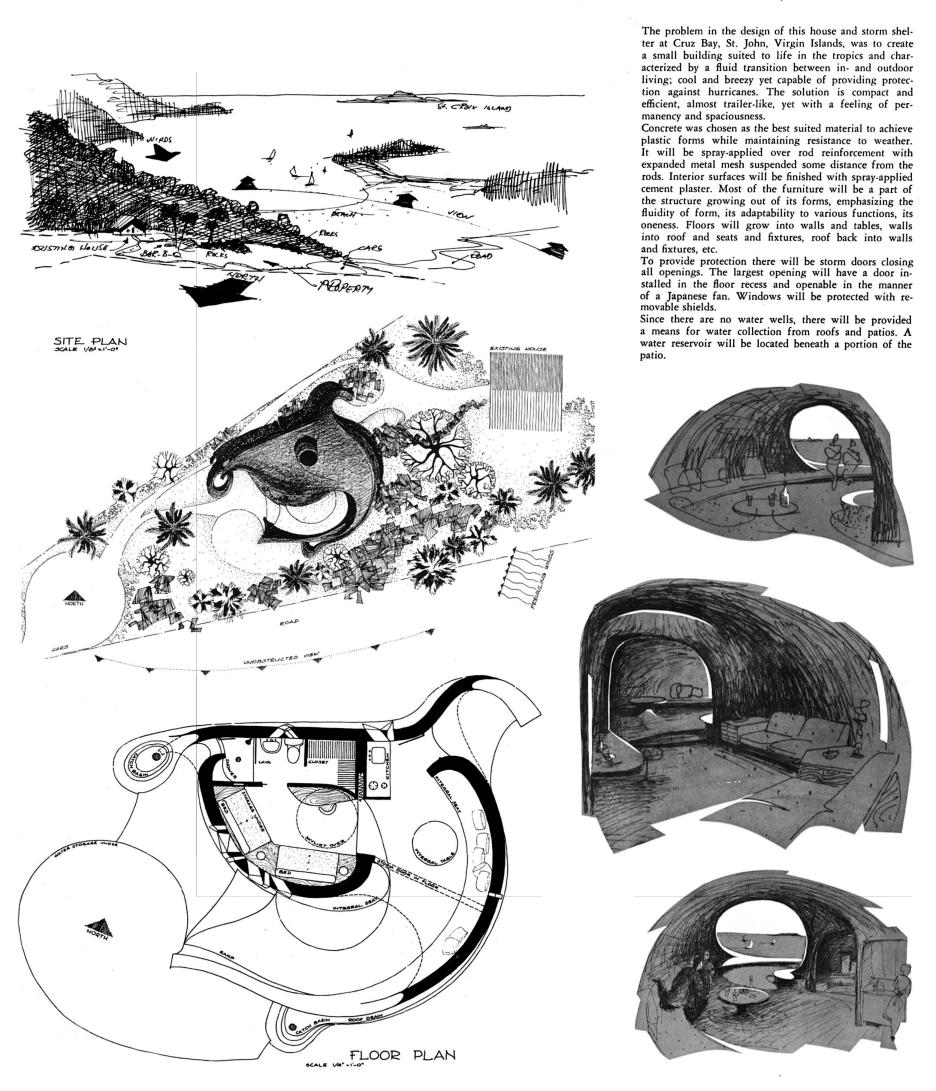
COLIN ST. JOHN WILSON

Mr. Wilson, an English architect, recently spent several months in the U.S. where he was visiting critic at Yale and traveled extensively. His letter is reprinted from the Program of the Columbia University School of Architecture.

in passing



MARCEL SEDLETZKY, ARCHITECT





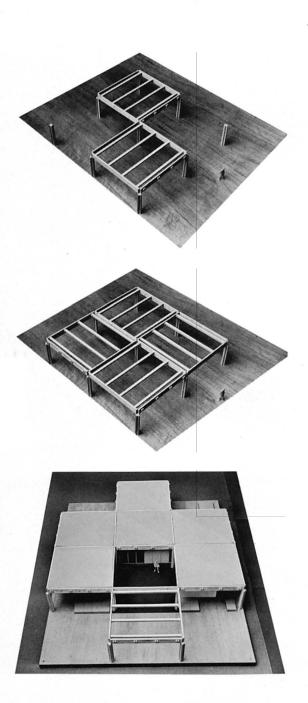
ANGELO MANGIAROTTI, ARCHITECT

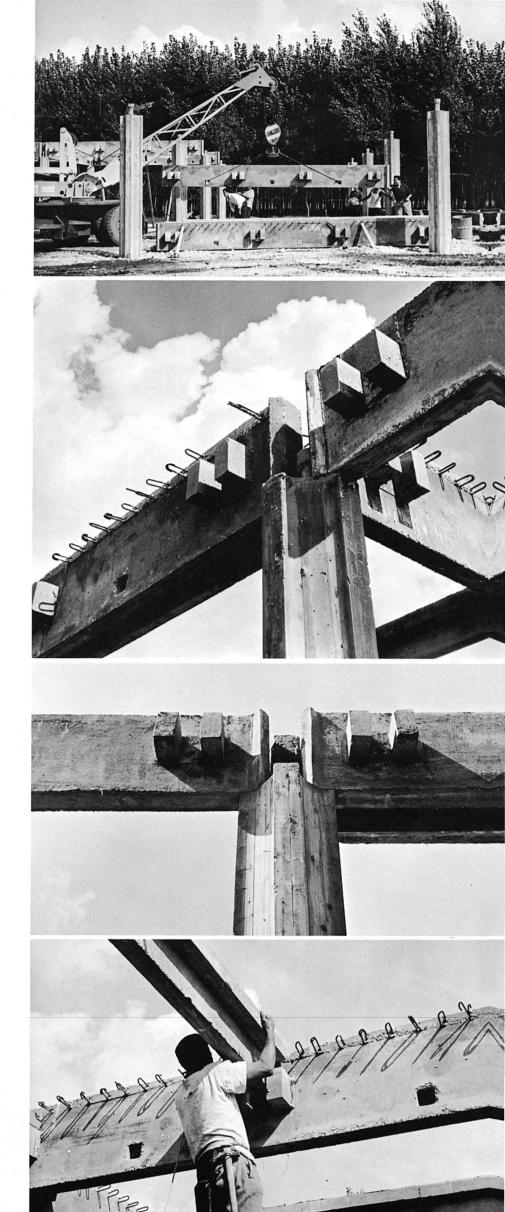
The importance of these prefabricated houses in Marcianise, Italy, lies in the basic novelty of the scheme, both from an industrial and an architectural point of view, and the designer's achievement of a remarkable unity of method, architec-

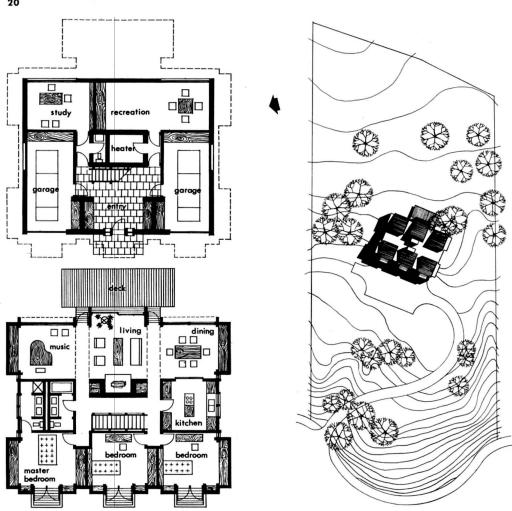
ture, purpose, work and site.

Marcianise is situated in the plains of Campania, a predominantly agricultural area noted for its production of hemp, and the houses are for workers in a factory producing wall panels from hemp by-products. The basic unit of the architecture is the panel and the form of the buildings is derived from the size and proportion of the panels.

The concrete frame houses are examples of total prefabrication, and their extreme practical flexibility and simplicity permits variation and growth to suit changes in the industrial complex which the group of houses will serve.







Site of this house on Long Island for a family with two children is an acre of wooded hillside which rises sharply from the road then gently slopes upwards towards a golf course to the rear of the property. There are neighboring houses on either side.

The design of the house is in the nature of a wood sculpture cantilevered above a masonry base. A system of repetitive forms was created to achieve spatial variation, qualities of light and shade, and openings and privacy. All external forms are directly evolved from interior function. The pitched roofs express the major spaces and also provide cross ventilation and lighting. Storage areas which serve as insulators and sound barriers are articulated in the facades. Considerations of privacy determined the position of service spaces and the smaller openings on the sides of the house. Sitting porches were conceived of as extensions of the bedrooms, and the broad deck ties the building to the land.

The upper floor is wood frame resting on used red brick walls, which also retain the earth on three sides. The pitched roofs, supported by trusses at the ends, are 4x6 tongue and groove fir planking exposed on the interior and covered with red cedar shingles on the exterior. Upper level walls are vertical cedar siding. Interior walls are wood, brick and plaster; flooring on the upper story is oak and, on the lower floor, slate and finished concrete.







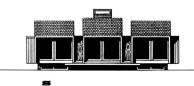


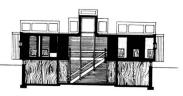


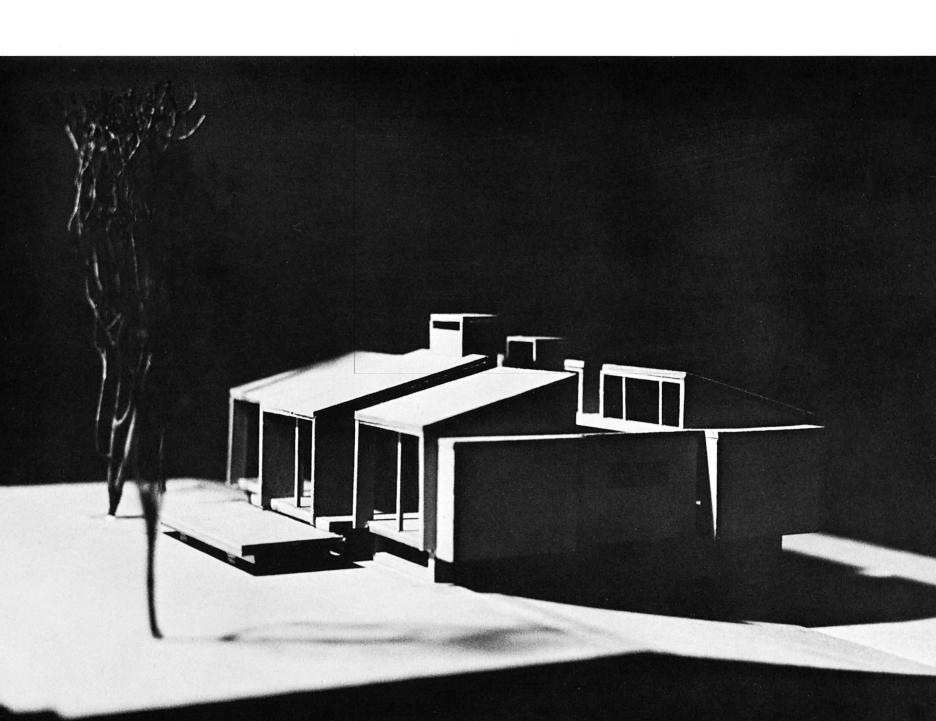
MYRON HENRY GOLDFINGER, ARCHITECT



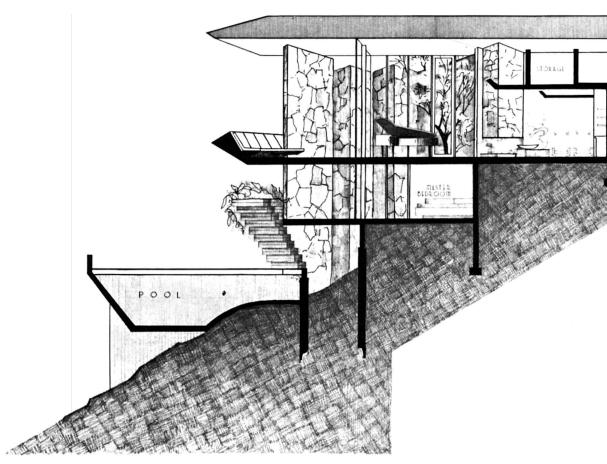












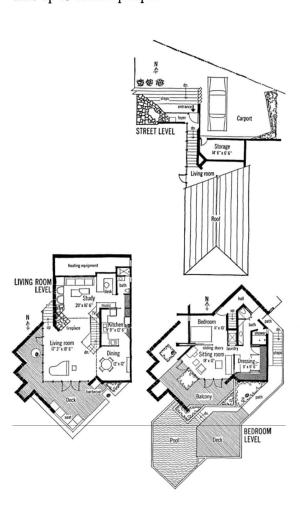
JOHN LAUTNER, ARCHITECT

Photos by Ezra Stoller



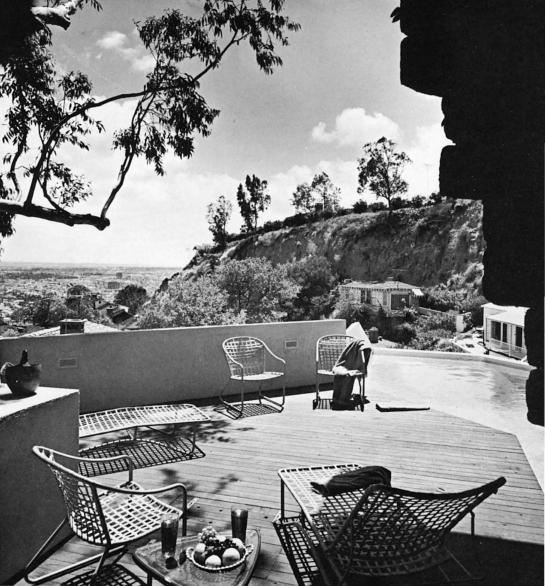
The site of this stone and concrete house for a bachelor is a narrow, precipitous lot in the Hollywood Hills overlooking the Los Angeles basin to the south. The 50-degree slope of the lot suggested a stepped scheme and the house is on four levels with entry at the top through a low, glassenclosed vestibule and a narrow stairway to the living and dining level. Below is the owner's bedroom-sitting room suite with terrace sheltered by the cantilevered living room balcony above. An outside stairway leads down to the pool and deck at the lowest level cradled between buttressing concrete piers which anchor the house.

The roof slab is sheathed in copper, extending from carport to living room balcony. Beneath, each of the three lower levels is recessed deeply into the hillside and shielded on either side by walls of Bouquet Canyon stone. The living room is two-stories high with a low-ceilinged library alcove; the dining room also has a dropped ceiling. The bedroom level contains, in addition to the sitting room, a dressing room, bath, and small laundry. The bedroom can be closed off from the sitting area by sliding panels with a narrow louver window next to the bed providing ventilation. The third level balcony has a retaining wall at its outer limit of corbeled railroad ties which extend up to form a parapet.









THEOREM SECTION AND ADDRESS OF THE PARTY OF

Detail photo at right shows joining method for vertical elements by means of small steel dowel. Above is bracket and screw for horizontal joint.

FURNITURE

Principal considerations in the design of this highly flexible modular wall system for Scandiline Furniture, Inc. were (1) that, though manufactured in Scandinavia, it should be easily modified to U.S. customer specifications, (2) capable of being shipped flat for assembly in the U.S., (3) with a "module" of 16 inches and U.S. standards for height and depth used for ease of installation in American projects and (4) that it should have construction features which would afford protection from copying under mechanical patents (see "Design Piracy," A & A, May '65). The latter consideration became the key and the solution was developed by Norwegian interior architect Ib. Juul Kristensen. Shelves are attached to cabinet sides by means of a simple bracket and projecting woodscrew. The bracket is recessed more deeply at one end and as it is pushed over the screw it automatically tightens the hold of the shelf.

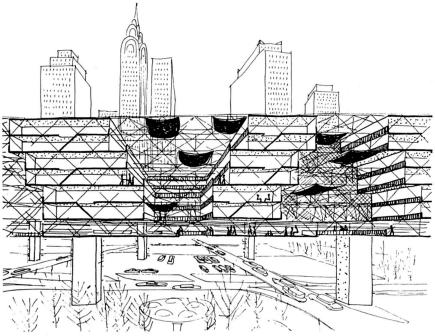
The system permits easy interchange of parts before assembly, allowing basic cabinet units to be designed in various widths (16", 32" and 64"), depths (18" for chests and large storage units, 13" for less extensive storage and for upper level cabinets and shelving, and 9" for small speaker cabinets and book storage) and heights (13", 18" and 25"). Also there are numbers of different types of doors—hinged, sliding wood or glass, speaker fronts; chests and drop fronts are available in certain sizes. In all some 140 various standard sizes and models can be assembled and further variations to customer specifications are possible at Scandiline's assembly factory.

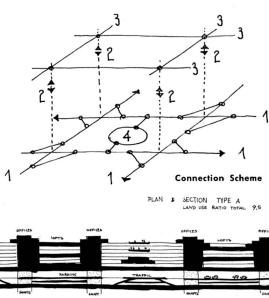
Members of the design team, in addition to Kristensen, are Manne Idestrom, director, and Sven A. Eliason, president of Scandiline.

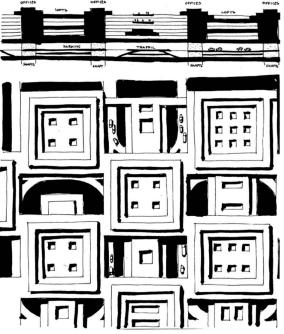












A proposal concerning New York. New York is actually the most important city of the Western world. It has a population of 7,800,000 and it covers an area of 500 km². 1 million passengers land every year at its 25-million-ton-a-year harbor. New York is therefore the most typical example of the modern metropolis. The urban services of the city are concentrated in the island of Manhattan, (1.7 million inhabitants 35 km²) and on the two banks of the East and the Hudson Rivers. New York is a city with a very important center, and by studying its map, it becomes clear that the difficulties which it has to face have developed from the discontinuity of its components:

- Discontinuity of the circulation between the port — at Manhattan — with the New Jersey side and the Brooklyn side;
- 2) Discontinuity between the business center, the port and the industrial area;
- Discontinuity between the residential areas and the amusements and the public life.

In addition, these problems exist in a city with an already exceptionally diluted and dispersed population (about 75 inhabitants per acre) even Manhattan does not reach a high population density (100 inhabitants per acre). The areas which are the most intensively utilized, the Central Business District, utilizes in fact, a very small surface, in spite of the blustering appearances of its skyscrapers. This entire zone, with the most famous skyscrapers in the World, is employed in a capacity of 6.6 stories; if spread out horizontally, it would cover the ground continuously and completely. For instance, this means that 10 stories of building covering only 60% of the ground, would be

largely equivalent, from a practical point of view

to the building of the famous zone of Downtown

and Midtown Manhattan. Despite this low density, the circulation which must improve all the forms of discontinuity mentioned above, is difficult.

Based on the concept of the "spatial city" concepts will be explained later) it could bring substantial technical and economical improvements. For example, a space surface of 11 levels could give us the possibility of reaching a more profitable exploitation of the utilizable built area, the coef. of utilization growing from 8.6 to 9.5 by fitting in loft spaces, offices, parkings and levels for commercial purpose. Such an approach would free, for circulation and parking, as much as 10 times more area than in the present situation; it could mean a circulation without jams for 20 times more cars. Other advantages regarding the circulation could come from the easing of the congested vertical circulation, by splitting up the elevators (groups of 4 elevators every 60 m.) and from a multiple network (several horizontal networks) on several levels, for the pedestrians and for the cars.

An advantage not to be overlooked would be the growth of the rate of the "daylight space" from 35% to 70%. Now I will attempt to explain in a simplified way, the procedure to follow to develop such arrangement.

Location of the spatial buildings. These spatial buildings could be located above the docks of the Hudson River and those of the East River. These are now poorly used areas, centrally located and under the New York Port Authority jurisdiction. These structures which would use only the space above the docks, without disturbing their functions, could expand as bridge-cities stretching over the two rivers and assuring in this way, a continuous tie between the business center of Man-

hattan and the two sides of the port.

Principles of the building. The spatial city is constituted by a space frame grid with orthogonal empty spaces inside the framing members. This frame grid takes several stories or levels; in New York, there would be 8 or 9 stories raised up over the ground level and sustained by columns which contain the elevators, the staircases and the main services. The ground area, which remains free, permits the construction on several levels of the structure required for traffic.

The usual business, (offices, shop, industrial locals, residences, etc.) enter in the three dimensional grid, on multiple levels, according to a code determined by the local context. I call them: "undetermined uses."

Interior organization of the spatial construction: The construction would be conceived for an "undetermined" use (offices, light industries, commerce or residences) in a "modern" way of the old type of the loft spaces. We will propose three main types.

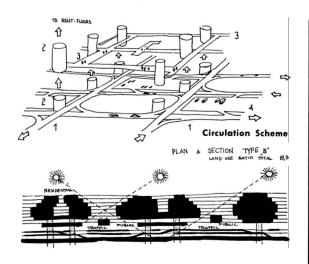
Type A is, first of all, designed for commercial purposes; it has three levels of parking and traffic (above the construction) one or two levels (lower levels) kept for public use, (pedestrians), and for commercial use (stores) and eight levels (utilized at 60%) kept for offices, etc.

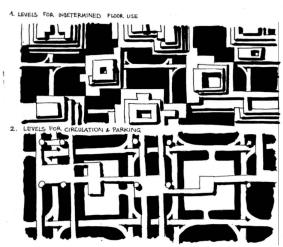
Type B is similar to type A; on the eight upper levels, however, the arrangement of the interior can shelter apartments (sun exposure carefully studied).

The A type can be transformed into B type and vice-versa, without touching the supporting structures.

Type C is a construction suspended over the Hudson River, with 11 levels whose interiors can be

INFRASTRUCTURES FOR NEW YORK AND LOS ANGELES BY YONA FRIEDMAN





organized according to type A or B.

Complete utilization of the spatial construction is as follows:

A
B

us	10110 113	•	Α	В
2	levels:	car circulation, coef.	0.35	0.35
3	,,	parking	1.50	1.50
2	"	public use and shops	1.80	1.50
8	"	undeterminate use (lease	5.80	4.80
12			9.45	7.65

Principles of traffic in the spatial construction: A network without intersections, on two levels, with connections which are spaced approximately from 60 to 100 meters. There are three one way lanes. Every knot is served by four car and six pedestrian accesses two of which are served by elevators. The parking lots, arranged on three levels in the mesh of the network, are served by four accesses to each lot; and each lot contains about 500 cars. The circulation network reserved for the pedestrians includes two levels: one is part of the public level (shopping way) and the elevator towers (spaced 60 to 100 meters); the other is part of the upper level of construction. Thus, one of the networks is covered (shopping way) and the other one is open (pedestrian walk).

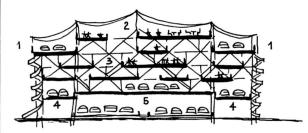
Financing. The construction of such structure can conform, from the legal point of view, to any local method. In the case of a private initiative the various units of the structure can be freely exploited, as in a surface development. In the case of public initiative, the financing and the exploitation can follow the precedents of the publicadministration, for instance those of the New York Port Authority.

The cost of such a construction could correspond (considering the various preliminary calculations) to about the cost of 10- to 12-story buildings.

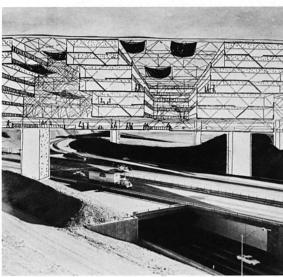
Proposal concerning Los Angeles. This city is actually an unorganized ensemble of suburbs supplied by a freeway network. The residential parts are situated between the meshes of this freeway network and the resident of a certain area takes the risk of loosing his way when he adventures in an unknown quarter.

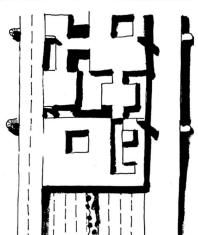
This succession of suburbs which compose the city, has no center. Such city pattern comes from the excessive daily use of the car. The freeways that people must use to travel between large distances become the real center of the city. This situation leads to the development of "drive-in" or "drive-thru" centers over these freeways. These spatial centers could contain supermarkets, cafes, restaurants, offices and the necessary parking. On the upper platform of these centers, there could be added several miles of "tourist drives." The "Centers" established over a certain number

The "Centers" established over a certain number of miles, depending on their situation, would provide: commercial space (20,000 m²), office space (30,000 m²), parking space (20,000 m²).

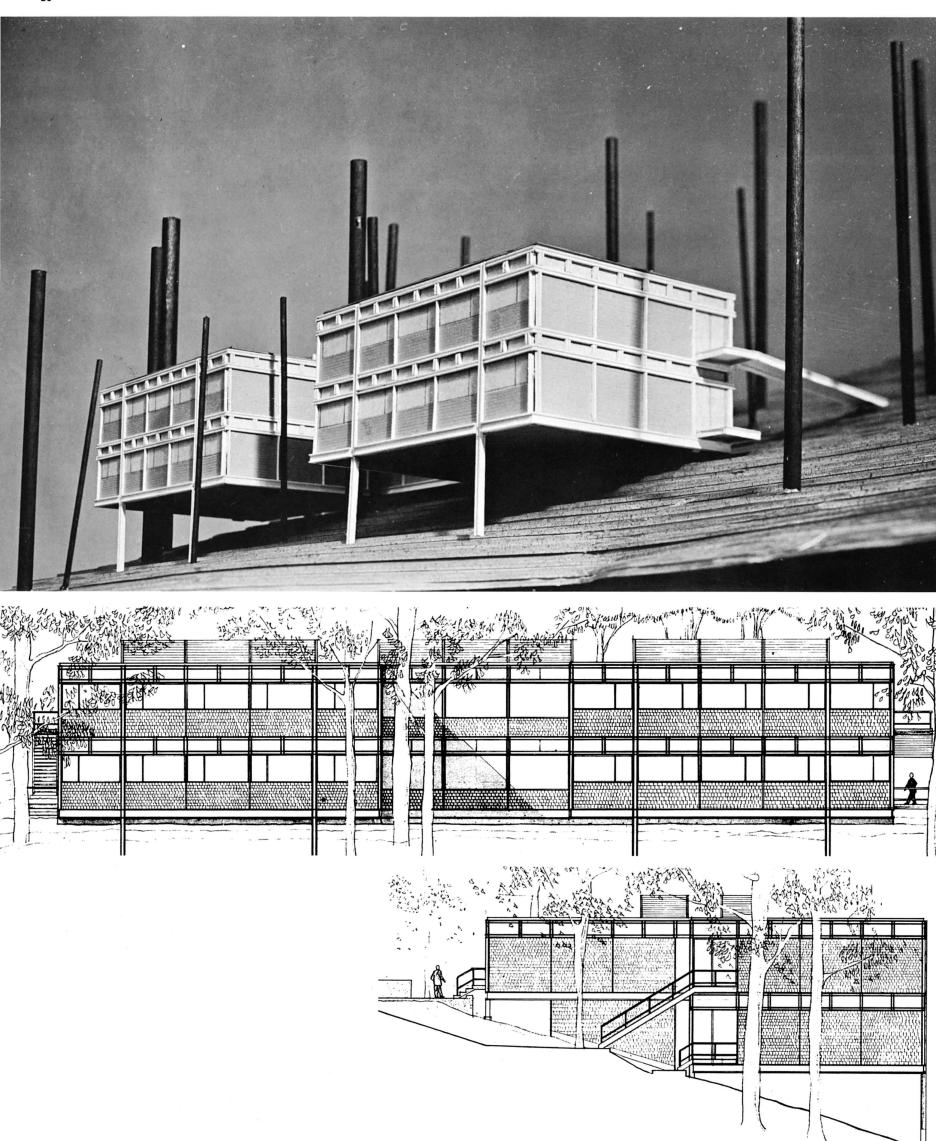


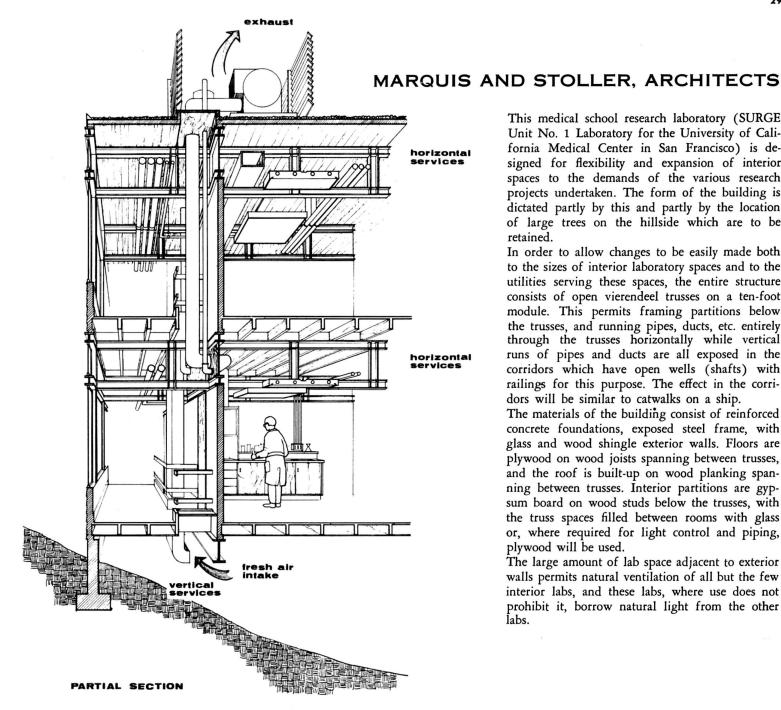
- 1. Scenic Drive
- 2. Skyview Platform
 - Rental Area (commercial)
- 4. Access Ramps
 5. Freeway (existing)









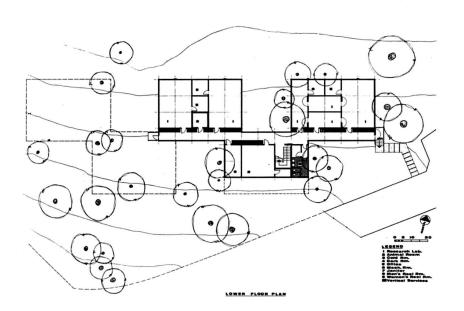


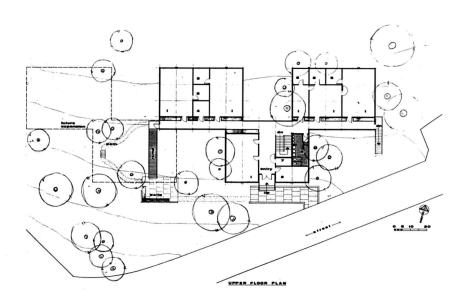
This medical school research laboratory (SURGE Unit No. 1 Laboratory for the University of California Medical Center in San Francisco) is designed for flexibility and expansion of interior spaces to the demands of the various research projects undertaken. The form of the building is dictated partly by this and partly by the location of large trees on the hillside which are to be retained.

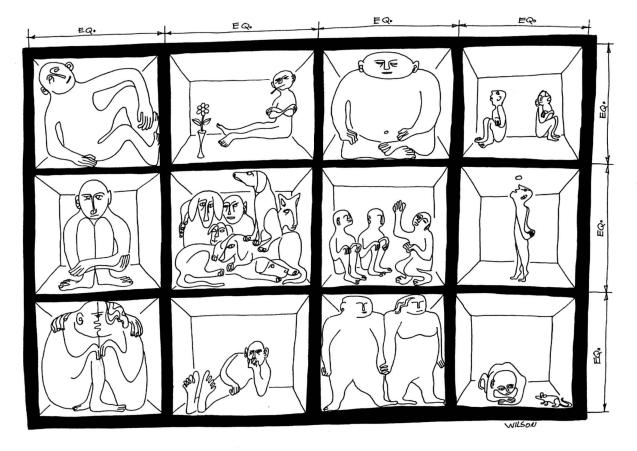
In order to allow changes to be easily made both to the sizes of interior laboratory spaces and to the utilities serving these spaces, the entire structure consists of open vierendeel trusses on a ten-foot module. This permits framing partitions below the trusses, and running pipes, ducts, etc. entirely through the trusses horizontally while vertical runs of pipes and ducts are all exposed in the corridors which have open wells (shafts) with railings for this purpose. The effect in the corridors will be similar to catwalks on a ship.

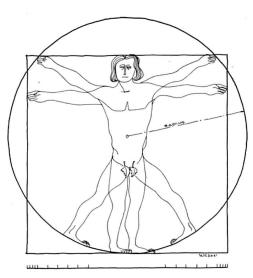
The materials of the building consist of reinforced concrete foundations, exposed steel frame, with glass and wood shingle exterior walls. Floors are plywood on wood joists spanning between trusses, and the roof is built-up on wood planking spanning between trusses. Interior partitions are gypsum board on wood studs below the trusses, with the truss spaces filled between rooms with glass or, where required for light control and piping, plywood will be used.

The large amount of lab space adjacent to exterior walls permits natural ventilation of all but the few interior labs, and these labs, where use does not prohibit it, borrow natural light from the other labs.

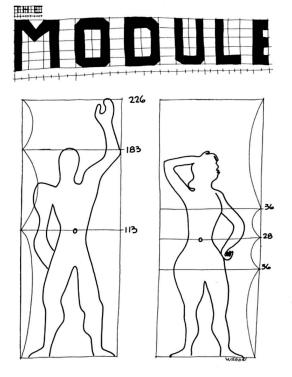


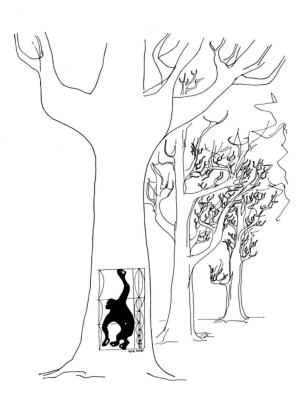






Leonardo da Vincis
IDEAL MAU





The module represents, more than any other single architectural concept, man's age-old revulsion in the face of the immeasurable chaos that surrounds him. In supplying rational dimensions, it satisfies his atavistic urge for order. The history of the module may be divided into four distinct periods: the archaic, the classic, the fluorescent and the surfeit. In human terms the ages of Pythagoras, Leonardo, Corbusier and the Punch press.

Probably the first attempt to fabricate a measured system was the sun dried brick. That pre-history modular was manufactured to the practical formula of the size of an Assyrian bricklayer's hand, times the temper of his foreman, divided by the effectiveness of his delegate. This module of convenience produced few buildings worthy of publication, and it remained for the designer to metamorphose the principle of harmonious proportion into the modular system.

While it is comparatively simple to produce an unlimited quantity of bricks from the same mold the manufacture of man involves a decidedly different set of principles. The problem of creating a harmonious structure, dimensionally controlled, to shelter people dimensionally unstable is the essence of the designers' problem and the basic contradiction inherent in the module.

During the archaic modular period, the Greeks, led by Pythagoras, evolved the golden section to solve half the dilemma. The golden section is a harmonious system of related measurements, but they left it at that, abandoning man to adjust himself to the harmonies of their structures as best he might. It was not until the Renaissance when man was adjudged the measure of all things that Leonardo decided to measure man.

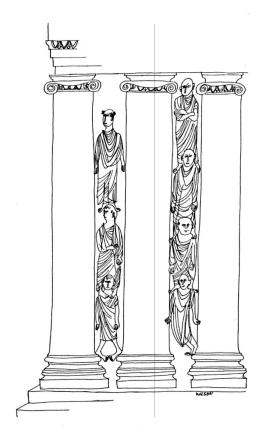
Leonardo daVinci ushered in the classic modular period by placing his ideal man in an ideal square and using the ideal man's ideal navel as a center scribed a run-of-the-mill circle. The truly well proportioned man standing in the square, when extending his arms, brushed his ideal finger tips against the circumference.

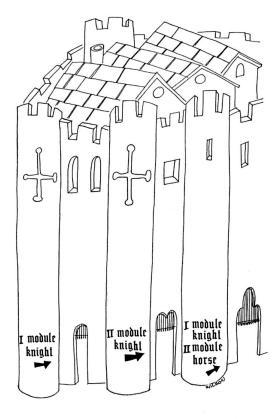
While this represented a logical and intelligent measuring system, it obviously depended upon the ideal navel being dimensionally stable. It was undoubtedly a lop-sided navel, creating an elipse, which spelled the doom of the Renaissance and brought on the Baroque.

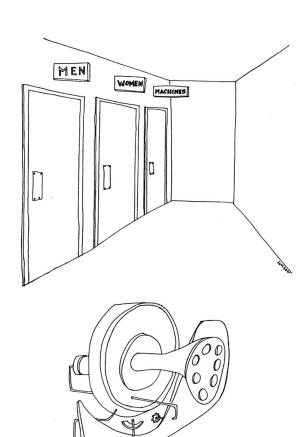
It is our time that ushered in the fluorescense of the module. Corbusier sought and invented a modular system of measurement which would instill harmonious proportion in the manufactured component. For the basis of this system Corbusier placed a man within two juxtaposed congruent squares, the common side formed by a horizontal through the man's navel. He then predicted a series of golden sections upon the height of a six-foot Englishman. (His early calculations involving a 175-cm Frenchman having produced irrational numbers.) During the fluorescent period, now past, we again observe the navel becoming the center of pertinent calculation.

While the position of man's navel resulted in the golden period of the module, furnishing the concept of a basis of building sizes related to the harmonious proportions of man and fixing comfortable heights for knees, pelvis, head and elbows, the navel itself does not seem to possess architectural pertinence. Its existence seems an omphaloskepsistic nodule on the module.

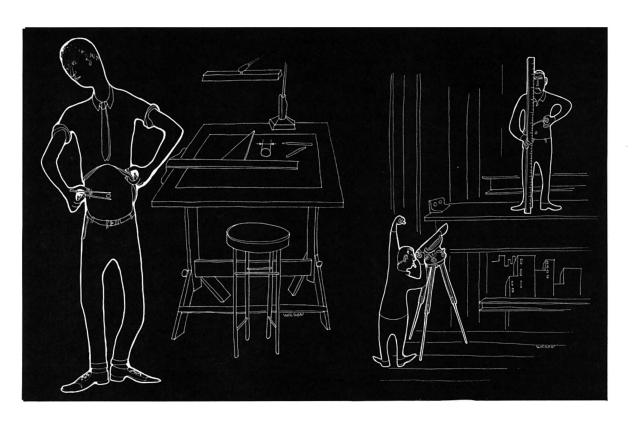
From the foregoing it may be concluded that man has found success in developing harmonious proportions when he concerned his calculations on the scar left by the termination of the umbilical cord. These uncontestably satisfactory results and the irrefutable logic of such a process binds us







NODULE ON THE MODULE BY FORREST WILSON



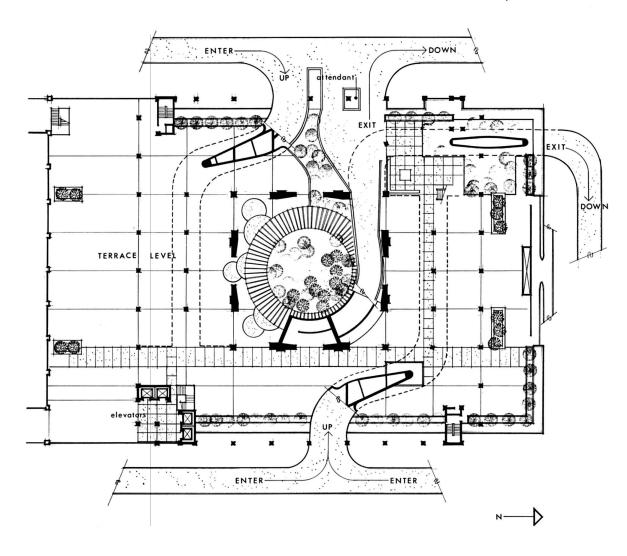
to examine the present period: the surfeit age of the modular, in the light of this scientific discovery.

Such an examination will disclose that we have again slipped back into chaos through the very means we used to escape it. Our urban landscape is dominated by the machine modular in the greatest profusion of confusion. We have lost the harmonious modular of man to the haphazard module of the machine, indicating that either man's navel has moved or other navels are being calibrated.

Casual observation of a Turkish dancer in repose will reassure the observer that belly buttons are as charmingly placed as ever. If we are going to remain firm in our rejection of the human dimension, perhaps we should, in this mechanized world, search for and locate the navel of the machine. We could then proceed to predicate a system of golden sections upon this new reference point and once again begin to transform chaos into ordered harmonious environment . . . if not for man, at least for the machine.



TUCKER, SADLER AND BENNETT, ARCHITECTS

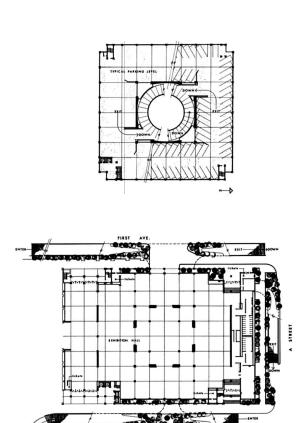


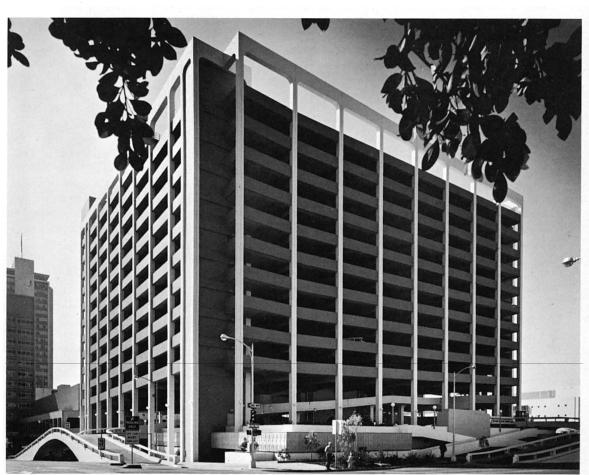
This prestressed concrete building contains a 56,000-square-foot exhibition hall surmounted by a 10-story parking tower and is part of the new San Diego, Calif., Center City Concourse. The one-story exhibition hall, partially below grade, is separated from the tower by a terrace level which is a city block in size.

The parking facility and terrace will serve as the main circulation elements, serving and connecting all buildings in the concourse—convention hall, administration offices and theater. The 200'x 200' tower has a circular core of two separate but intermeshed express exit ramps serving alternate floors, creating two garages with a capacity of 500 cars each. Access from the street to the continuous, sloping parking levels is by sculptured ramps.

The terrace acts as a transition area for cars and for visitors alighting from or waiting for their autos. It is intended as a place where people will gather and is to be used for art exhibitions, garden shows and the like.

Cost of the structure was approximately \$3.5 million. Prestress consultant was James Libby; contractor was F. E. Young Construction Company.





Photos by Julius Shulman

ARTS & ARCHITECTURE

MUSIC

(Continued from page 8)

Gerald spent two months as guest of the Bell Laboratories in New Jersey, learning how to communicate with the IBM 7090 computer, how to use one of its languages (Fortran) — Hiller and his IBM 7090 speak in SCAT — its technics and symbolic systems. After six weeks he had learned well enough that the computer answered him, by recording on tape the sound-composition he had instructed it to produce. His lecture describes thoroughly and in relatively simple terms how a computer of this type operates to compose music - not of its own volition, being itself a mechanism as innocent of musical skill as an unplayed piano, but according to the instructions the composer gives it.

Any failure, any musical accomplishment belongs to the composer; the computer, though capable of scarcely imaginable speed and exactness in computing distinctions the human mind can conceive as necessary to potential music, is as incapable of improving the instructions the composer gives it as an organ to correct the organist's performance. The composer writes his score on worksheets in figures and symbols which are then punched on cards and fed to the computer; the equipment reduces these to a single band of instructions in sequence and translates the instructions into sound tape.

To tell the truth, and this may console some of the many who fearfully believe that the computer may before long dispense with its human agents and do the job itself, the computer never finds out that it is composing music. The information which it feeds into the soundgathering system, or returns to the composer for his use, has nothing to do with the art of music.

Gerald Strang has calculated that it takes no longer for a skilled composer to write his instructions on the worksheets than to write out a similar duration of music score. With practice he can probably do better. For a high frequency of not more than 5000 the computer needs only ten minutes to process one minute of music; for a frequency of 10,000 the processing time will be doubled; and so on. Thus a composer can write his musical instructions on worksheets and transfer these to punch cards, leaving the cards to be fed into the computer during any short intervals when it is not being used for its regular computational duties. Since a computer works twenty-four hours a day, the processing of a score keeps it busy in what would be otherwise waste time. A composer need only make friends with the owners of a properly equipped computer, and he's in business. Strang is devoting part of a sabbatical year (1964-65) to assisting in the installation of such a computer for the geophysical laboratory at the University of California, Los Angeles.

Jerry Hiller almost snatched Strang's tapes from me, he was so eager to dub the lecture for his library. He played me taped recordings of three new compositions: his own Machine Music for piano, percussion, and two-channel tape recorder, a virtuoso competition between live players and fixed, prefabricated means; Ben Johnston's Knocking Piece to be rapped on that most resonant of hollow logs, the piano; and Charles Hamm's Canto (a setting of Ezra Pound's Canto LXIV) for soprano, speaker, percussion, piano, clarinet, bass clarinet, flute, and tape. Let me here set down firmly one rule for the reporting of these travels: I shall not review what I hear played. To do so would require too much space. Who in any case cares for my opinions? I point to the music; it is there to be used. When I speak of a composition, unless I say otherwise the reader may consider that I recommend it. The converse is not true: if I do not speak of a composition which I have heard, my failing or forgetting to do so, for any one of a number of reasons, does not necessarily indicate disapproval or dislike. So that I may not seem to be evading the immediate question: each of the three works I have mentioned would deserve and enliven its place on any program. At Bennett College, Millbrook, New York, I played a tape of these three pieces, which Hiller made for me, as a demonstration of some things that are happening in contemporary music. Nobody really cares whether or not I "like" the Computer Cantata or

the Illiac Suite for string quartet. L. A. (Jerry) Hiller and L. M. Isaacson composed the Illiac Suite in 1957. It is the first musical work of any size composed by means of a computer. The four movements consist of four sets of instructions given to the Illiac computer; the resolution of each set of instructions produced the data of one movement. Neither the Illiac nor the IBM 7090 used to produce the

Computer Cantata records the music as sound; it appears as a sequence of informational data, which are then notated as a score to be performed by conventional means. Any one movement of the Illiac Suite holds attention; the four movements together eventuate in increasingly vague responses. That this is so is not the composer's "fault"; the movements are a type of problem-solving, in which the composer, having given the machine its preliminary instructions, did not interfere to "make it sound better." The Suite has had many performances.

As a result of their work with the computer, Hiller and Isaacson wrote the book Experimental Music, published in 1959, a landmark for those who can read it, like the first upthrusting volcanic cone of a seismic evolutionary process which will soon transform the conceptual landscape of the art of music.

For each of his major experimental compositions Hiller has gone to great pains to document all procedures. The Computer Cantata is documented by a book of 22 double-spaced typewritten pages, plus an equally long appendage of bibliography and examples. I read such documents with incomprehension and awe, as I listen to the musical product with patience. Some composers these days try to transfer the incomprehension and awe to the product as esthetic value. Hiller knows better than to do this.

Reading from the book, the Cantata "presents the results of a series of studies in computer music composition carried out in the spring of 1963...to test the efficiency and ease of MUSICOMP (MUsic SImulator-Interpreter for COMpositional Procedures), a completely generalized programming scheme for musical composition intended for use with an IBM 7090 computer... Since (the) primary purpose was to demonstrate the flexibility and generality of MUSICOMP, the Computer Cantata presents a rather wide variety of compositional procedures, some of which proved of greater esthetic value than others, and many of which could be improved by more sophisticated logic . . . It also includes two studies of computer synthesis carried out with a second computer, the CSX-1...that permits compositional results to be converted directly into computer generated sound.

"We included," Hiller continues, "representative examples of the various significant categories of electronic sound": a theremin (an electronic musical instrument); a "harmonic tone generator" built in the Experimental Music Studio by Jim Beauchamp; the three basic periodic signals, sine tone (fundamental tone without overtones), square wave (fundamental tone plus odd upper partials - resembling a wind instrument), and sawtooth wave (fundamental tone plus all upper partials - resembling an open string); plus two types of noise, white noise (the undifferential sound spectrum - resembling white light) and "ordinary noise" ("represented by eight characteristic recorded concrete sounds designated in the score by the mnemonic signs, CLICK, CLACK, SISS, CRACKLE, SNAP, POP, BANG, and

"The texts . . . are five successive stochastic approximations to spoken English derived from a synthesis by a computer of stochastic phoneme sequences...prepared with the ILLIAC, the original University of Illinois electronic digital computer . . . based on the statistical analysis of a corpus of English text drawn at random from the publication, PLAYS, The Drama Magazine for Young People...Zeroth through fourth-order transition frequencies for the phonemic structure of this material were computed" by several professors.

This is the sort of rich informational gumbo that you get into - and I'd better not try to explain it.

Example for Strophe I (Zeroth-order Approximation)
shhlkachg ## mlthalnoe # eudaoaoshisni # iozhvmpathy etc., etc., (for which a pronunciation key is given to help the vocalist).

The Computer Cantata requires in performance a vocalist, instrumentalists, and electronic tapes. The first strophe is exciting; then, as with the Illiac Suite, attention begins laboring. The abundance of data which enter into composing the Cantata, for instance a section modeled on Charles Ives's Three Places in New England, does not triumphantly proclaim itself. Is it a work of art? It is a work of superlative craftsmanship and skill.

Jerry Hiller sent me a tape recording made at a performance of the Cantata. For one playing of the tape I inadvertently set the speed of an unfamiliar machine at 33/4 instead of 71/2, lowering all pitches by an octave and slowing up the dynamics. This did not vitiate the

listening experience, as one might have expected, but concentrated it, because one heard more completely every event. When discovering my error I returned the speed of the tape player to $7\frac{1}{2}$, my own interest and that of the group of listeners soon flagged.

The St. Louis conference I wrote of in the previous article was held at a Washington University conference center in the Ozarks. My friend Max Kaplan, a fine amateur violinist, had brought his fiddle and wished to read Beethoven sonatas. Leigh Gerdine of Washington University, an equally fine pianist, agreed to play with him. The piano was more than a half-step below concert pitch and completely out of tune. Yet the small audience listened to the performance almost as if hypnotized. I have seldom heard a reading of the Beethoven sonatas which gave me more musical satisfaction. All of our normal expectations had been displaced. The low pitch had returned the intonation of the violin near to its original level, at which the instrument was built to sound better than with the exaggeratedly high shrilling of present-day concert pitch; the unexpected slight tonal deviations of the out-of-tune piano continually colored the harmonies, so that nothing occurred quite as we are accustomed to hear it . . . As a result our listening was intensified, and we gave of ourselves to the musical experience the concentrated excitement which became our pleasure.

So that if we define the work of art as "something enduringly able to communicate profound emotion," such an experience raises the question, what causes the emotion?

Something like this is what happens when we are listening to wellmade electronic or noise music. If the composition is not wallowingly dull — as such compositions often are, and only their makers can take pride in them—the flair of the unexpected sharpens our attention to the microtonal detail; we listen with an unresting acuteness which is for some nervous agony, for others a protracted boredom. Few persons enjoy the experience at a first hearing. But it's my observation that the agony and the boredom dissipate with repeated hearing, and that at some point in experience one begins to be able to tell oneself with fair confidence: it's good; it's bad; it's not so bad; this is extraordinary he's done it! One becomes able, in other words, to deal with arbitrary sound-patterns as one has learned to deal with notated tonal compositions. One grows aware of the relationships which are beauty and of the relationships which fail of beauty. Be careful at such time not to confuse yourself by discovering as beauty those passages which in some way resemble or suggest traditional music. You are listening within a new medium, seeking new and unlike precious events.

And all of this has to occur without score-reading, without analysis, without any of the academic professional aids to correct music appreciation. All of the educative-informational procedures which we think essential to a proper appreciation of music must be put aside. The listener is on his own with his own ears — as he should always be when he is listening to music.

Yet many composers cannot do without at least the appearance of this extra-musical informational procedure. They compose verbal instructions, explanations, rationalizations, technical descriptions, evasive sophistries, and outright lies, which have no more to do with what we actually lend our ears to than any of John Cage's elaborate formulas to produce indeterminacy.

Cage is honest; he does not claim that the means of indeterminancy validate or in some curious manner ennoble and glorify the composition. Many other composers, some of international reputation, are dishonest or self-deceived; they sell the means instead of the musical experience, as if the compositional apparatus justified what the composer hears. Mauricio Kagel, from the Argentine, faces the matter in reverse direction. After a lecture consisting of three long verbal introductions each followed by a shorter sound-composition, he explained in answer to a question that "the spoken introduction is a part of the whole composition." This is again honest. Many of Kagel's compositions do not follow this procedure; they need no spoken introduction. But now somebody may ask how one goes about accustoming oneself to "enjoying" non-notated sound or noise music. Exactly in the same way that you accustomed yourself to enjoying the musical classics. You listen until your mind is able to differentiate enough of the variety of strands which make up a musical experience. And then you should be able to enjoy yourself, exactly as when listening to traditional music, or know why not.

books

LIFE FOR DEAD SPACES by Charles Goodman and Wolf Van Eckhardt (Harcourt, Brace and World, Inc., \$12.50).

35

Successful efforts have been made to bring a neighborhood ambiance back into urban renewal areas. The area around the University of Chicago, formerly an ugly slum, to a large extent has been razed and rebuilt in the last ten years. Marginal neighborhood business, such as shoe repair shops and picture framing establishments were displaced, and, recognizing their value to the community, an effort has been made to provide a place for them in new structures. But Hyde Park-Kenwood is regarded as one of the most successful urban renewal areas in the country. The area is under the watchful eyes of two community dwellers' associations, both of which have a large proportion of university faculty members. The facilities for small business were achieved only with the aid of a non-profit corporation, stock sales, a loan from the Small Business Administration, and a tight and willing community organization. It was an enormous effort, and a similar effort would be required to duplicate it elsewhere.

While informed opinion has recognized that slum demolition and replacement with clean, modern housing does not, by itself, bring about better living conditions, the authors propose an instant solution for existing housing projects. A good many books have been written in the past few years on this subject. Some are oriented sociologically, some architecturally, but they commonly deplore the destruction of the small businesses and community feeling that go with the slum and are not replaced in the towering, impersonal new housing. The echo of this complaint is not only local—it can be heard from the New Towns of England as well, in fact from anyplace where people are displaced from the old, comfortable patterns in which they have lived and are forced into new surroundings, new neighborhoods and

new ways of life.

It is easier to deplore this dislocation in peoples' lives than it is to offer constructive solutions to the problem, and the authors must be given credit for having attempted to meet and solve the situation. Whether they have made even a partial solution is open to question. They show, first, the miserable slums which gave impetus to the early slum clearance and housing acts. It seemed reasonable to suppose that if these breeding grounds for rats, disease and crime were torn down, the evils that they spawned would go with them. Models and perspectives showed high-rise buildings with expanses of green between, bringing light and air and cleanliness to the apartments. But, in actuality, these open lawns do not turn out well. The very numbers of people surrounding them would trample them into mud, if access to the grass were allowed. The city atmosphere is not conducive to vigorous vegetary growth without extensive care, and this care is lacking as soon as its expense becomes obvious. The only thing to do is to put fences around the grass, and when this is done the space becomes dead. To a child, a fence is an invitation to climb, and the grass becomes a source of friction between tenants and management. Children are driven from the out-of-doors to play in corridors and furnace rooms. For mothers with babies, for older people, for everyone, the open space has lost its promise.

The solution the authors propose to this state of affairs is called the Lavenburg Commons. Working with the aid of a grant from the Lavenburg Foundation, Mr. Goodman was commissioned to design a mass-producible, reasonably-priced, commercially feasible building unit, to house small shops, restaurants, neighborhood-type enterprises and community facilities for clubs, handicraft groups and the like. His solution took the shape of a hexagon, eleven and a half feet on a side, with a gay, peaked roof. This unit could be either open or enclosed, and joined together in an infinity of arrangements. By placement of these together with trees, fountains, pools, landscaping, and lots of paving, in existing housing developments, the dead spaces would be reclaimed. There are many examples of the different ways in which the prototypes could be used, together with some attractive

sketches of the resulting park-commercial areas.

It is unfortunate that no financial underwriting is available to bring some of these Commons into existence, as there was to develop them. They are a good idea to bring human scale and interest and often much-needed commercial enterprises into what can be brutally inhuman housing patterns. Yet the economics of the matter are ignored. Small neighborhood shops are located in slum areas because low rentals are all they can afford. Developers, who have paid a good price for that open area, are not going to donate it; they expect a

fair return for their investment. The local "dry cleaner who really tried to clean, and mother's favorite little bakery, where they always saved her an almond ring for Saturday," would have trouble paying a fair rental on the land and structure to house only themselves, much less the fountains, steps, paving, trees, benches, and community recreation halls that surround them. Let's remember why grass was put in in the first place. The authors say themselves, "Besides, grass is the least expensive way to cover large ground areas." I don't think we can expect Lavenburg Commons to be sprouting up all around us without recognizing the effort it would take to produce them, and the authors do not even mention this aspect of the problems.

MEXICAN HOMES OF TODAY by Verna Cook Shipway and Warren Shipway (Architectural Book Publishing Company, \$12.95)

A tour through the rooms and gardens of a variety of Mexican homes, some recently built, others remodeled, all elaborate. Interspersed are fabrics, rugs, wallhangings, bedspreads; everything to grace the home is included. In both the new and the old homes there is a wedding of indoors and outdoors so accomplished, that it is often difficult to tell if one is looking at a terrace completely furnished with chairs, mantels, mirrors, and pictures, or an enclosed room especially well filled with plants. This effect is often attempted, but seldom achieved so well. The furniture, the carved wooden ceilings, the thickness of the walls, all tend toward heaviness, but this is not so much a defect as a complement to the sheer white stucco finish and the height of the ceilings. While some homes are shown completely, more often similar items from many places are grouped together. There are many examples of carved wooden doors and openwork screens. Folk art, both antique and modern, is mixed with the output of contemporary Mexican artists. This book is sure to delight anyone who knows and loves Mexican detail.

THE KIMONO MIND by Bernard Rudofsky (Doubleday & Co., \$5.95)

"It is all very well to tell a prospective visitor to Japan not to be overly concerned with the native etiquette, to assure him that the Japanese do not expect him to behave according to their code; left to his own devices, he will find that his flashy smile, athletic handshake and stentorian voice, qualities believed irresistible at home, are of no avail in Japan." So states Bernard Rudofsky in an entertaining book which carries us through the maze of Japanese culture. Writing with sympathy, even with a touch of adulation, he takes us on an excursion to the utmost corners of a country whose manners and customs—wherever not tainted by Westernization—preserve the Asian quality of not "expecting the expectable."

The author, who is well known for his exhibition Architecture Without Architects and book of the same name and the exhibits of the American Pavilion at the Brussels World's Fair, wrote *The Kimono Mind* after a long residence in Japan. While many of his statements border on gross generalizations, the American reader is given a lucid introduction into a completely different world outlook. We learn about a Japanese distaste of bodily contact with strangers, hence bowing instead of handshaking

Yet few nations have adopted American culture so thoroughly or with more enthusiasm than Japan. Mr. Rudofsky's main point is that the necessities of our culture have been borrowed and remolded in a unique Japanese way. As an example of this he cites a young Japanese woman he saw swimming at a beach. She wore a fashionable bathing suit. But when she left the water she peeled off her wet suit, and walked home in the traditional way, without a stitch. Food, travel, clothing, bathing, and living are all discussed in a similarly lively manner.

WEEK IN YANHUITLAN by Ross Parmenter (The University of New Mexico Press, \$5.00)

However architecturally impressive cathedrals in the Americas may be, they do not have the fame of European ones. This neglect has prompted Mr. Parmenter to describe what he considers one particularly fine Mexican cathedral, the monastery church of Yanhuitlan. A brief glimpse of this cathedral on a Mexican vacation inspired him to return and reproduce the church in drawings as well as in words. He has accomplished not only this, but has also made a charming record of his daily life with the townspeople. Yanhuitlan is hardly a tourist center; its facilities for visitors are nil, and a stranger stopping in town longer than the time between two buses almost unheard of. A town with a population of about 2000, it formerly held close to 16,000, and had a rich cultural center in the monastery. Epidemics, soil erosion, revolutions, economic calamities such as placement of the railroad many hours

from the town, and the general movement of rural people to bigger cities, have resulted in depopulation. Yanhuitlan is now a perfect mecca for those who prefer undiscovered retreats unspoiled by hordes of tourists. Mr. Parmenter gives a simple and sympathetic description of the villagers and their life and intersperses it with drawings and descriptions of the cathedral. Because he has a great interest in the cathedral carvings and the pre-Conquest Indian remains which lie undisturbed in the neighborhood, he has taken the trouble to investigate their derivation and meaning. The naiveté and freshness of the account and the magnificence of the subject matter are sure to charm. It is possible to wish that occasionally the account had some shadings, for it is as innocent of them as the line drawings of the church. Surely the dirt, ignorance, poverty, neglect, and apathy of the people would arouse some feelings. But, for the most part, the author offers only unqualified praise. Whatever the difficulties of getting to and living in Yanhuitlan may be, Mr. Parmenter's description will surely bring more visitors to the town and to the cathedral. -ALAN RAPHAEL

STARS AND PLANETS by James Muirden (Thomas Y. Crowell, \$4.95). Moon photography, a new art and science, becomes more meaningful and clear after a reading of James Muirden's current account of the heavens and the bodies which move through it. Stars and Planets is a layman's handbook on the subject, devoid of highly technical references and the obscurantism of science; an up-to-the-minute compendium of astronomic fact which is absorbing and exciting reading.

WHERE'S THE REST OF ME by Ronald Reagan and Richard G. Hubler (Duell, Sloan and Pearce, \$5.95).

A somewhat facile and glib account of yet another actor's career. As careers go Ronald Reagan's is no different than many another. What makes this book interesting is his account of Hollywood strikes during the turbulent postwar years when Hollywood unions were up for grabs between honest trade unionists, Chicago racketeers and complicated by Communist ideologist efforts to control labor in the entertainment industry. Reagan's slow transformation from a forthright liberal to a conservative because of disillusionment with the liberal cause sounds a little hollow. Readable only for its account of the halcyon years of Hollywood.

The New Mathematics Dictionary & Handbook by Robert W. Marks (Grosset & Dunlap, \$2.95).

Everything for the mathematics buff from dud to whizz—and from "abacus" to a mathematical definition of "zone," with an appendix of all kinds of tables, charts and reference data. To the non-mathematical mind like this reviewer's, it's fun browsing through the modern world of pluses and minuses. Solid geometry and trigonometry suddenly starting to come back; I read the thing from cover to cover and can now describe Gunter's Scale and Irrationals.

MICHAEL JOE: A novel of Irish Life by William Cotter Murray (Appleton-Century, \$5.95).

Seldom does a novel capture as much of the flavor of a country and its traditions as does this study in personality. Michael Joe McCarthy dreamed great dreams, excited the villagers of Corrigbeg to believe in him and his fine future, and then slovened his way through life to become a paunchy, swilling nonentity. What was most important to Michael Joe was the family name, and now that his son had decided to enter the Church, that meant that the engraved name over the McCarthy shop would eventually be changed. He tries to change Francis, his boy, fighting the church and Ann, his wife, for their son. His ruses do not work and Francis is finally ordained. In the intervening years, the author depicts an Irish society which is colorful and lively, and does it in a forceful and interesting way.

THAT PELLET WOMAN by Betty Pellet (Stein & Day, \$5.95).

A rollicking, hell-bound-for-leather account of a two-fisted political gut-fighter, as they say in the game. Betty Pellet who lobbied her way through life in politics, business and life in general, was a Colorado plunger who lived and fought high wide and handsome for Rico, her home town; Dolores, her home county and Colorado, her home state. Written in collaboration with Alexander Klein, this is more a saga than an autobiography. The last of the frontier individualists, Betty Pellet has left her impression on several generations of Americans who compare her—and not unfavorably—with Paul Bunyan, Buffalo Bill and the giants that sleep on the slopes of the Rockies. This is good robust reading about a fantastic woman, high-spirited and as big as the Colorado outdoors.

RUSSIAN AMERICA: The Great Alaskan Adventure by Hector Chevigny (Viking Press, \$5.95).

A neglected period of North American history has been treated by Hector Chevigny in the first extensive modern account of the Russian hegemony in Alaska and the waters between California and Hawaii. Russian colonization suffered the same internecine conflicts between the Crown and the merchants, between the merchants and in the case of Russia, the Navy, as did Spain, England and France. Yet despite the conflicts, enterprising colonials managed to keep New Archangel and the Russian colony going—and at a respectable profit to the investors in far off St. Petersburg. Naval Captain Matvei Muraviev, an enlightened young Turk, foresaw the time when the expanding United States would take over Russian claims in the New World; he recommended selling or trading Alaska fourteen years before Seward acquired it for \$7,200,000, ending Russian interests in that part of the world. The account of the maneuvering preceding our acquisition of Seward's Folly reads like a whodunit. Our friendship with Russia during the Crimean War, and the unexpected presence of Russian fleets in New York and San Francisco harbors at the beginning of the Civil War, were a deterrent to European powers with inclinations to help the Confederacy or found new colonial aims in the west, although the Russian fleets were there for quite other reasons.

THE MECHANICAL PIANOS by Henri-Francois Rey (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, \$5.95).

A novel of contemporary manners and the world of the Costa Brava, people trying to find meaning through meaningless words and acts. A painter and his discovery of himself; a pseudo-esperantist who tries to hide truth through gibberish; two young lovers too young to love—a whole colony of extroverts and idlers, dreamers and iconoclasts. The fabric of the story is the interaction of these disparate characters one upon another. Excellent characterization and a rich slice of life.

LOTUS: ARCHITECTURAL ANNUAL 1964-5 Edited by Giula Veronesi and Bruno Alfieri (Wittenborn & Co., \$15.00)

A total compendium of outstanding buildings in the United States and Europe with an explanation of the building principles employed, an account of the materials used, and pertinent background information which makes this annual indispensable for those who wish to keep abreast of architectural styles and trends.

LAMBS OF FIRE by Pierre Gascar (George Braziller, \$5.00).

A spy thriller combined with an incisive study of the mind of treason. A group of Frenchmen, all honorable, conspire to destroy the regime which gave away Algeria. Lambs in a shopwindow, stuffed with explosives, are symbolic of the essential sameness of all conspirators. Here in interesting counterpoint the conspirators of the right and left meet and discover the same motives, the same goals, the same treason. A suspenseful and powerful novel.

EDITH WHARTON AND HENRY JAMES: The Story of Their Friendship by Millicent Bell (Geo. Braziller, \$6.00).

Henry James always seemed to be making American Society at the turn of the century much better than it was; Edith Wharton approached the same milieu a little more honestly, with less fear of offending the sensibilities of the people she was trying to mirror. It was inevitable that their approach to the same background should be compared in a book about their friendship. Millicent Bell has written a carefully researched and documented account which explains more about Edith Wharton than we have known before. Relying on unpublished material and a perceptive analysis of this friendship, Mrs. Bell describes the literary exchange between the two. Edith Wharton opened to the public the gilded and somewhat empty age which her splendid novels personify. James probably considered this a kind of polite treachery to her class. Henry James was never able to get his point across, and American literature is probably the richer for it. —ROBERT JOSEPH

BOOKS TO WATCH FOR

A ROYAL AFFINITY by Constance Wright (Charles Scribner's Sons, \$6.50). A fascinating dual biography of Frederick the Great of Prussia and his sister Wilhelmina the Margravine of Bayreuth. The close affection of brother and sister, which stirred even Voltaire to comment on its depth and beauty, had influences far beyond the closeness of two kindred souls. Through all the grim events of his life, his tyrannical father's brutal attempts to make a man out of his son and the painful waiting for enemy allies lined up against him, Frederick thought first of Wilhelmina, writing her long love letters, pouring out his inner-

most soul, seeking her solace and guidance when it was needed. Wilhelmina, unhappy in her marriage to the Margrave of Bayreuth depended equally on her brother for his consolation and support. The parallelism of their lives were more than coincidence, and this is the point of A Royal Affinity. Writing his History of the Seven Years War—in the third person—Frederick could say of his sister after her death: "She was a Princess of rare worth . . . To mention only her gifts . . . is to give her too little praise. Nobility of soul, sweetness of character were added to her superior mind. The most faithful friendship, the most united the King and this noble sister."

Modern psychology will find this affinity arresting if not interesting. "Let all Europe weep with me," he wrote Voltaire. As the author points out, Frederick the Great raised but one monument to a fellow

human being, and that one to his sister.

MASTERS OF WORLD LITERATURE SERIES from The MacMilland Company (\$3.95 each) offers a series of critical judgments of writers of the past by outstanding critics of today, a worthwhile collection for the reader of good literature as well as the student. *Jonathan Swift* by Nigel Dennis; *George Eliot* by Walter Allen; *Honore de Balzac* by E. J. Oliver; *John Milton* by Douglas Bush. The critics dwell less on biography than on portraying a relationship between the writer and his times.

THESE ARE MY HEROES by Robert Leckie. (Random House, \$3.95) Robert Leckie "reduces" the Saints to human terms in a warm account of their good works on earth, their humanity—from the highly intellectual ascetics to the men and women filled with compassion and love for humanity. This is a modern study—and the author emphasizes the point—with as much of the mysticism and theological obscurantism as possible removed.

I CAN TELL IT Now: Stories Behind News Events by Members of the Overseas Press Club (E. P. Dutton Co., \$5.95) is a wonderful collection of great news stories by many of our leading journalists. This 25th Anniversary Edition contains news stories — some of great magnitude, some with the power of the great human interest yarn — by Quentin Reynolds, Bob Considine, Margaret Bourke-White, Drew Middleton, Richard Tregaskis — thirty-eight stories in all.

ARCHITECTURAL & PERSPECTIVE DESIGNS by G. G. Bibiena (Dover, \$2.25). Bibiena was a theatrical designer and engineer in the Hapsburg Court of Charles VI in Vienna, where he designed a series of backgrounds and backdrops for the Court's ambitious pageants and tableaux. This book offers a collection of these scenes published in 1740. Bibiena was given free reign, and his offerings constitute the elaborate baroque of the period at its most magnificent.

—R. J.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Sir:

It will be interesting to see the refrigerators designed for General Motors by "the famous French artist Jean Cocteau," mentioned in the article "Design Piracy" of the current May issue, especially in view of the fact that M. Cocteau died in 1963.

I do not intend criticism of an otherwise provocative article, but do suggest that you urge the National Committee for Effective Design Legislation to revise material prepared for publication at an earlier date. Joan Hugo, Librarian

Otis Art Institute

Los Angeles

Dear Sir:

May I express my appreciation for your outright and courageous criticism of the new County Museum of Art.

It is the only write up so far that did not "swoon" about the "truly magnificent" Museum of Art.

J. R. Davidson

Los Angeles

Dear Sir

Congratulations! Your May issue was read with gratitude. The strength of your review of the new museum is the kind of approach long over due.

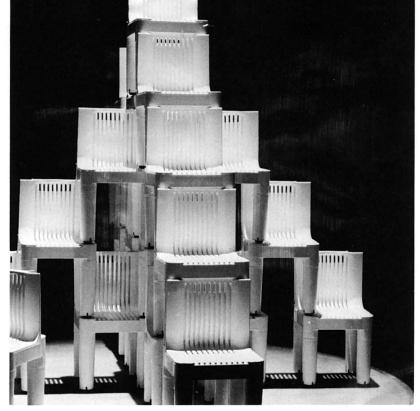
I wish to renew my subscription after some ten years, in the interest of encouraging further such editorials. I still do not agree with your single track architecture, but that is no cause for me to be narrow minded.

Emmet L. Wemple, A.S.L.A.

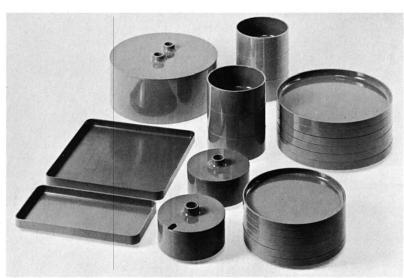
Landscape Architect

Los Angeles

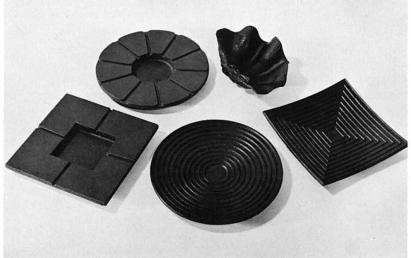
NEW DESIGNS



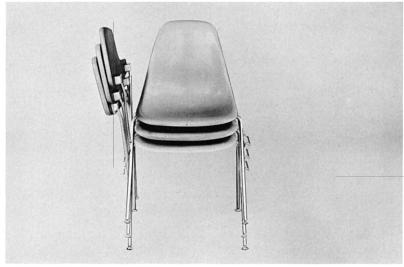
Modular plastic chairs for kindergartens that can be assembled singly or in combinations. Awarded a Gold Medal at the 13th Milan Triennale for "ennobling of material through design, refinement of old details and caricature quality that demonstrates plainly it was designed for use by children." Designed by architects Marco Zanuso and Richard Sapper for Kartell Ltd., Milan.



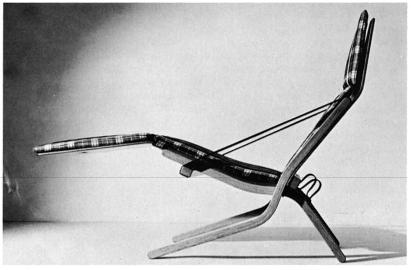
Plastic table service—dishes, bowls, casserole, etc.—retaining the technological characteristics of the material. Designed by Massimo Vignelli for Articoli Plastici Elettrici of Cologno Monzese, Italy.



Cast iron ashtrays in black matte finish by Les Hunter Designs of Manhattan Beach, Calif. Matching accessories available include book ends, cigaret boxes and lighters. Circle No. 116 on the Reader Service Card.



A new side chair with fold-up tablet arm that stacks without removing the tablet is now available from Herman Miller. Comes in six shell colors with special colors and fabrics available on request. Tablet arm is 15-ply white laminate measuring 22 $3/16'' \times 10\frac{1}{2}''$ and supports 300 pounds. Sixteen chairs stack to less than six feet. Circle No. 321 on the Reader Service Card.



Steamer chair of formed laminated and resin bonded hardwood with woven nylon belting and brass attachment plates and screws; chair is stackable and contains no hinges or moving metal parts. Height is approx. 3', length 4'4", width 22"; weight 28 pounds. Designed by Ernest Race and manufactured by Race Furniture Co., London.

This is what they're saying about

CITIES

by Lawrence Halprin

"I think this is one of the finest books on the subject. Every page is an experience. The point made in the book is greatly needed at this moment and could scarcely have been better made."—Edmund N. Bacon, Executive Director, Philadelphia City Planning Commission

"A unique inspiration for community architects. It richly presents the elements that can make spacious, flexible backgrounds for good living here and now."

—Clarence S. Stein, Consultant; City and Community Planning Development

"A sensitive presentation of the activities, form and textures that make cities livable."—Burnham Kelly, Dean, College of Architecture, Cornell University

"Halprin views the cityscape as an evolving process ... and the elements of the urban landscape in broad historical perspective. His rich array of pictures give fresh meaning to immediate problems by relating them to old forms and world-wide experience. The reader will find his daily round more interesting and his personal judgment sharper, after perusing this book."—Catherine B. Wurster, Prof. City of Planning, University of California, (Berkeley)



In this refreshing, new book Lawrence Halprin observes cities through different spectacles—as an urban planner, as an architect, as a landscaper, as an artist, as a political man, as a social scientist, and as a humanist. Mr. Halprin believes that cities always have provided, and will continue to provide, a creative environment for men. He defines this environment in his own perceptive words and pictures. Over 400 superb photographs. A beautiful as well as a practical source book for the architect.

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Design and Form: The Basic Course at the Bauhaus, by Johannes Itten



Here, for the first time, is a complete description of the content and purpose of the famous Basic Course at the Bauhaus in Weimar, Germany—written by the man who organized it at the invitation of Walter Gropius. Of particular interest to the architect because it presents some very exciting documents on the evolution of modern art education. Each of the 160

illustrations have a detailed description which help the reader understand the purpose of art education. Nature studies as well as studies of form and abstractions, together with a few plastic works and works in the applied arts are included. 73/4 x 103/4. 200 pages. 160 illustrations. \$12.00

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