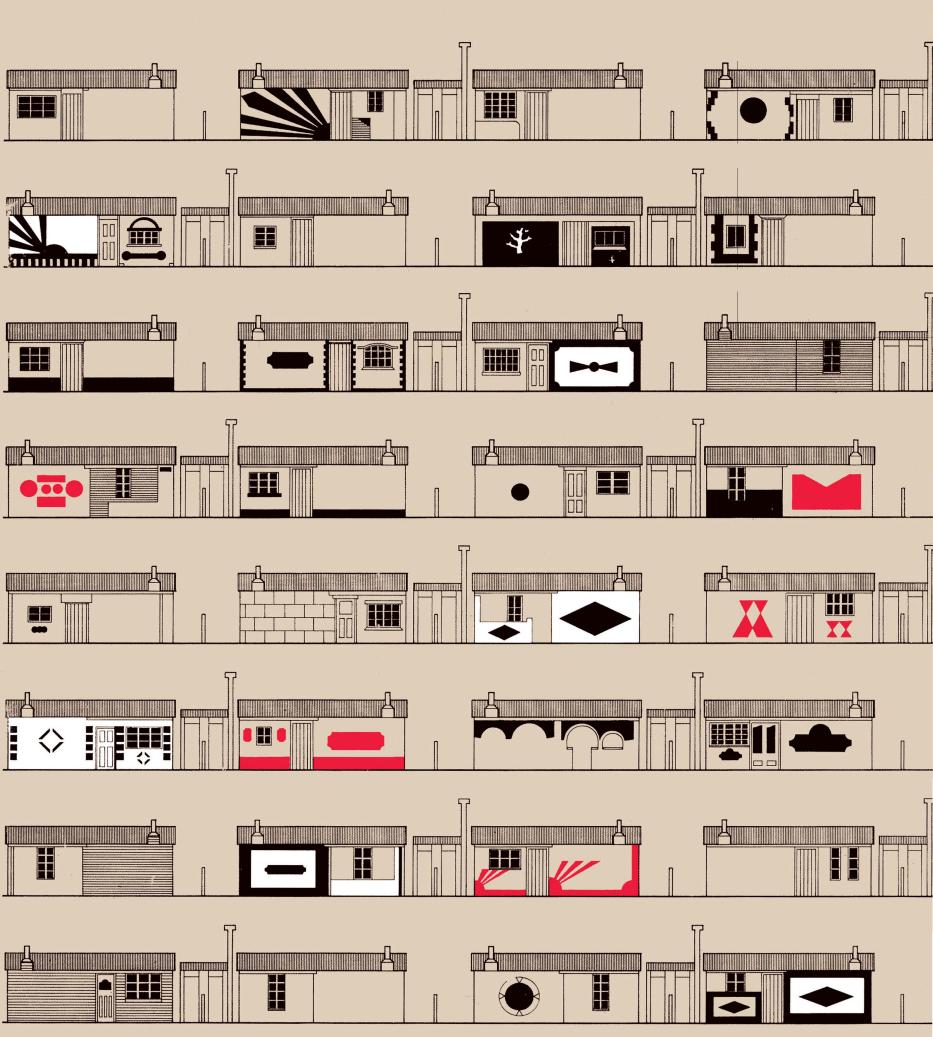
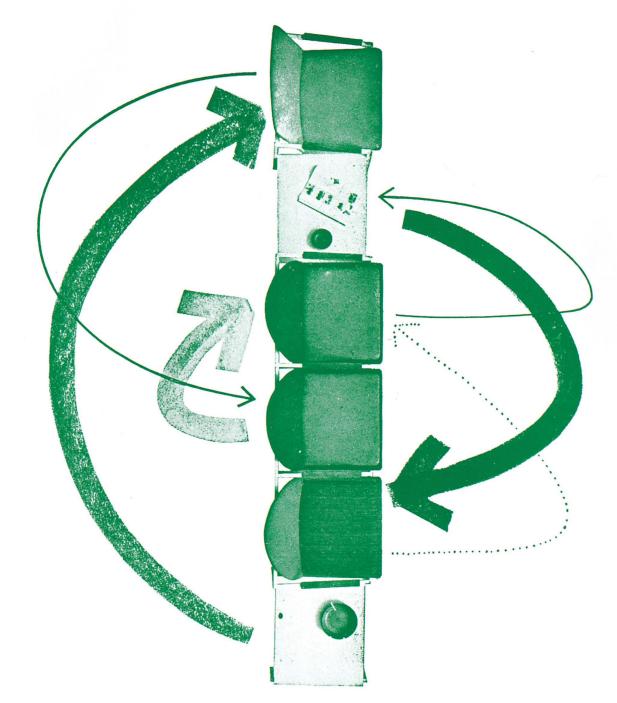
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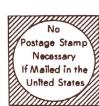


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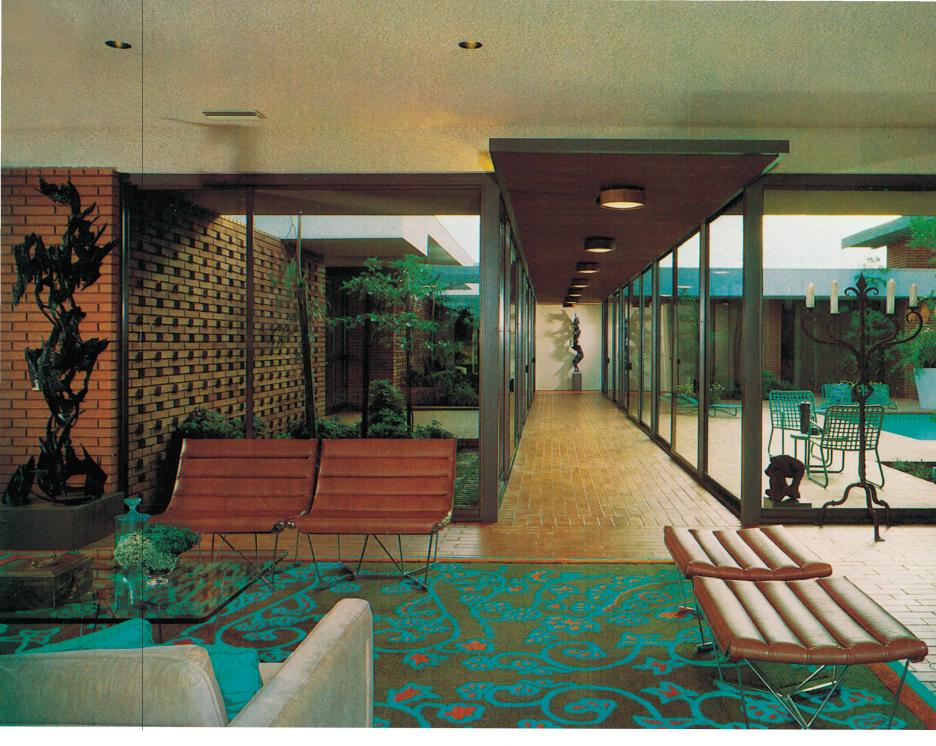
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PETER YATES

THE NEW ART

Gregory Battcock has edited a gathering of articles under the title, The New Art (Dutton Paperback), including the opinions of 22 artists and critics discussing the current visual phenomena, principally in New York: painting, its border raids into music as Happening, into drama as sculpture. Although the authors do not all live in the one city, their faces turn to it. They do not by any means agree; they are all acquainted and fight without malice; in revolt against the same environment they draw notice to the environment by the same shared hostilities. Not confined to the environment, they do not know how to leave it.

Society assumes that improving the urban environment will mitigate urban hostilities or remove them; to effect this is not the purpose of the hostilities. The Harlem and Watts riots were not purposed, they exploded. Artists live in the urban environment of New York to be near what provokes them; some tire of the tension and move away from it, many feel they cannot. These artists do not admire the city, like a former generation who cherished the emergent skyscraper and Brooklyn Bridge. They are there because they do not wish to be elsewhere; they are there together because they do not wish to be separate. The city is their marketplace, the scene of mutual excitement, the jungle of their emotions, through which they move while the city consumes them.

Positively or negatively they are in agreement, follow the same trails. "The picture itself is now a thing," E. C. Goossens explains, "and as such refers less to extraneous 'subject matter' and illusions of the same . . . It is no longer a window to the world, immanent and autonomous. It has size, and thus dignity, a dignity no longer intruded upon by fictitious agents in human attire." He believes that "something big has happened in art in our time," but since this statement refers to the size of the canvas it could apply as well to the tedious overreach of big paintings along the walls of the great gallery of the Louvre—where a big Pollock, Newman, Still, or Francis might give the effect of looking directly at bare ocean and sky from a room crowded with furniture. The last time I visited the Metropolitan Museum in New York, a hot July day nearly ten years ago, the meaningless irrationality of painted naked bodies strung along walls sickened me so that I have not dared go there again. Is it any wonder that painters today have reacted against bodies!

Dali's religious art poses window dummies. Other artists offer several types of textural or plaster waxworks. "When a waxwork is properly executed," Schopenhauer noted, "it produces a perfect illusion . . . But as the figure, nevertheless, shows no sign of life, it gives an impression which is very disagreeable, that of a corpse. This is a case where the interest is of the most complete kind, and yet there is no work of art at all."

Distorted or incomplete in representation it may be a solemn caricature.

Leo Steinberg points out that the critical reaction in art during the last hundred years between "modern art"—the "refused" of any period—and "salon art"—a term derived from the styles of art officially admitted to the Paris salons—has been led not by the public but by painters. Not always academic painters: Matisse, as juror in 1908 for the Salon d'Automne, rejected landscapes by Braque. Steinberg then recalls his own successive reactions against and his progressive efforts to appreciate, by various explanations, the work of Jasper Johns. "The pictures of de Kooning and Kline, it seemed to me, were suddenly tossed into one pot with Rembrandt and Giotto. All alike suddenly became painters of illusion." "In the end, these pictures by Jasper Johns come to impress me as a dead city might—but a dead city of terrible familiarity. Only objects are left—man-made signs which, in the absence of men, have become objects." "It is a kind of

self-analysis that a new image can throw you into and for which I am grateful. I am left in a state of anxious uncertainty by the painting, about painting, about myself. And I suspect that this is all right." The same thing happened earlier in the century when artists discovered primitive masks.

But he has substituted the word, "image," for the word, "object," and that is wrong. A ritual mask is not an image of something but becomes the terrifying thing itself. The priest, the artist, is inside it, making the unreal real. At initiation, the ritual dream and the mask enter the initiate, altering his image of himself.

What is it like, in this painterly society, the ritual dream? Samuel Adams Green quotes Marcel Duchamp: "If a man takes fifty Campbell Soup cans and puts them on a canvas, it is not the retinal image which concerns us. What interests us is the concept that wants to put fifty Campbell Soup cans on a canvas." Green quotes Andy Warhol: "The one reason I'm painting this way is because I want to be a machine. Whatever I do, and do machinelike, is because it is what I want to do. I think it would be terrific if everybody was alike." This is dishonest nonsense, because in appearance, personal and productive habits, and publicity Warhol works hard to make sure he will not be alike.

Green points out that Warhol extends "the idea of making useless replicas of packages into the realm of art." So does every department store wrapping service. Oddity is his commodity, mass-produced under his name for purchase. I'm not so much concerned with the justification, which is frivolous, but with the dead-end effect.

If art is, as many artists presently advocate, to promote awareness of the real environment; in Green's words, to make us "aware again of objects which have lost their visual recognition through constant exposure"; to free the stage of its package nature by mingling action and audience, including before and after and whatever contingently happens; the package-making justification runs counter to such purpose. During a performance of John Cage's 4' 33" (four minutes and thirty-three seconds during which the musician or musicians sit silent on the stage) the audience is given the opportunity to listen to itself and to sounds from outside. The scheme is bucolic, the effect quite different. The audience may laugh, become hysterical or stay respectfully silent-in performing it I have had all three responses—but the audience does not listen, it watches. The audience is as much apart from the intention as if it were observing a Plains Indian Sun Dance. The most disinterested tourist watching the Sun Dance may be caught up in psychological responses he did not anticipate; these are not the responses which sustain the Sun Dance. He suffers the hysteria of the unexpected: shock is not the word and not the purpose of the art or dance. This hysteria interpenetrates the formal ordering of our society; it is only nearer the surface among street gangs. Cage's 4' 33" is an important work of art, a revealing even for many esthetic, critical, spiritual, and psychological reasons, but not for the reason by which he justifies it. It needs no justification; the event is real—more real than the hyped-up action and dialogue of Albee's stage-framed play, Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf? and includes whatever happens in its presence.

Ann Halprin, an independent disciple of Cage, has gone beyond dance into exploring total theater: in her words, "the rhythmic phenomena of the human being reacting to his environment." She shows more awareness than Cage of the psychological hazards and has several times drawn back from continuing an aspect of performance which, she has discovered, may arouse an audience beyond her capability to control it. Invited to lecture at a weeklong symposium where there had been already, in her opinion, too many words, she went before the lecture hour and began pushing chairs, singly, in groups, in rows, as if trying to arrange the seating; but what she did was aimless. As the audience assembled, different ones tried to help her by setting the chairs in order, but she pushed her own chairs through the rows. The aimless action became a participative event, more and more people pushing chairs to no purpose. She commenced piling the

(Continued on page 35)

notes

in passing

Mies van der Rohe recently was awarded the Gold Medal of the Chicago Chapter of the American Institute of Architects. The presentation, accompanied by the following remarks, was made by John D. Entenza, director of the Graham Foundation for Advanced Studies in the Fine Arts and former editor and publisher of Arts & Architecture:

Almost six years ago I stood here and with several others wished Mies van der Rohe a happy birthday. And now I am privileged to participate in this presentation in which he will, we hope, honor us by being pleased to accept the highest accolade within the gift of the Chicago Chapter of the American Institute of Architects.

Under any other circumstance and with any other man, one would approach this kind of thing with the recitation of a long list of accomplishments. But, after all, we are, hopefully, professionals, and I assume knowledgeable concerning the backgrounds of our great men. And besides, a recitation of victories, not only professional, but moral, might only shame those of us who have done so little.

It is all very well to honor a great man for the things he has accomplished, but it is also very important to be aware of the victories that were not entirely won; to know of the moments of despair when he must have been borne down by the small incomprehensible stupidities of those who possess power without mind, vanity without substance, and greediness without honest appetite.

It is unlikely that any man can arrive at a moment such as this without some deep scar tissue, and we must honor him for his ability to withstand life, as well as for his major victories over it. And it might just be, that in the perverse nature of things as they are, a great creative man needs to function in this kind of boiling biological broth in order to refine and distill his attitudes about the real issues as he sees them. It is just possible that in some cases a solution is not really arrived at, as much as it is provoked. And no one can ever really know until the deed

is largely done anyway.

There is no common denominator that can be used as a constant to check the superb balances necessary to this kind of creative tension.

Mies van der Rohe has accomplished so much so quietly that one wonders why other men have had to be so noisy. In my experience I have never known silence to become so overwhelmingly monumental and charged with meaning.

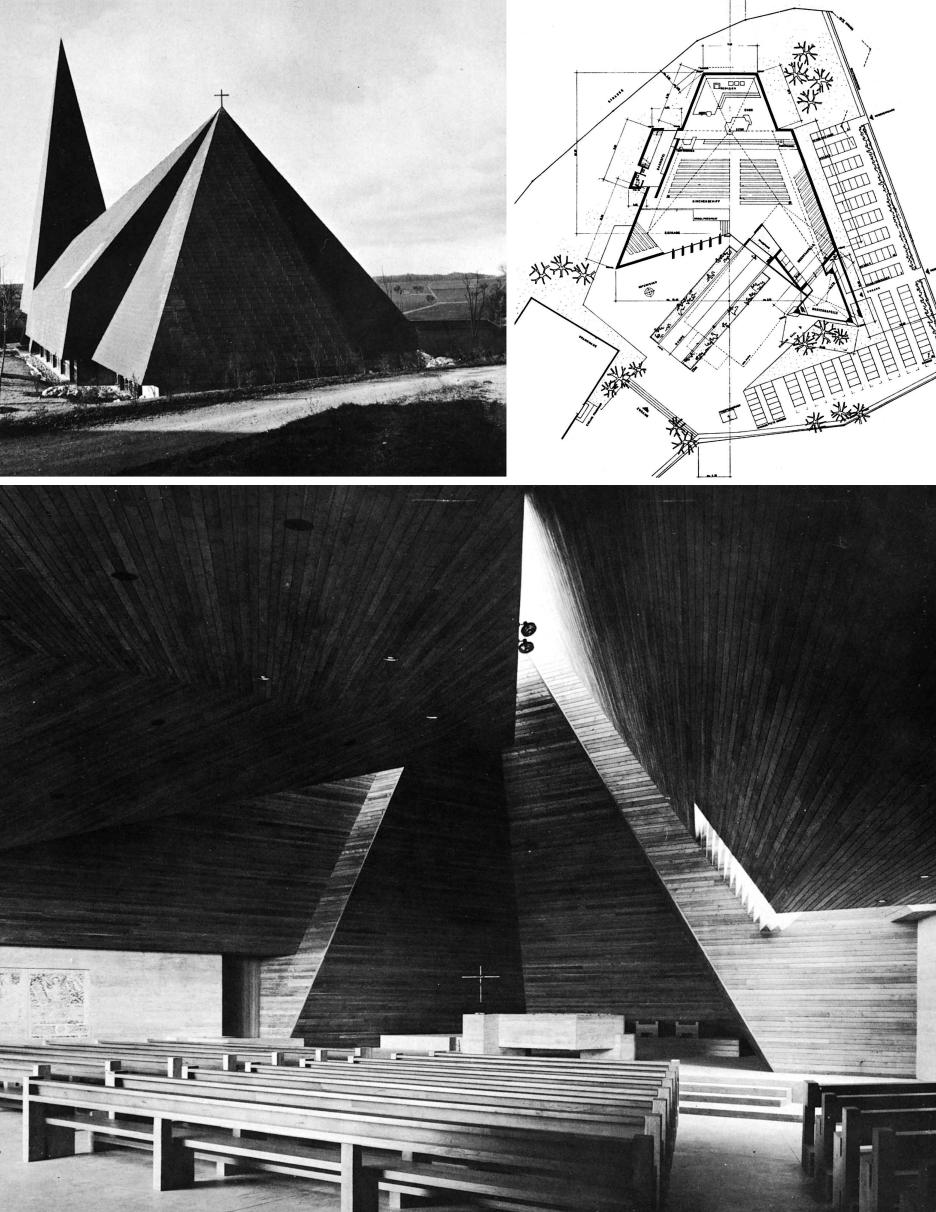
In a day tending toward conformity, he remains a most singularly literate man, with an uncompromising rationale, who is too often embarrassingly too close to the truth. He has never asked to be forgiven for anything. And he has shown an olympian indifference to anyone who would presume to make excuses for him.

He has refused to speak, when in his judgment there was nothing to say, and has permitted very little to be put down by way of characterizing material. I am sure, however, that there have been wonderful evenings of great unrecorded conversations, awash in a river of double gibsons, and lost forever.

More than any major figure that I have known or heard of, he demands to be judged by his work alone. There are no ill-conceived judgments or personal furies, no public tantrums; little evidence of tension and doubt with which to mark out the geography of this great man.

Certainly there have been several of his contemporaries who have made great thunders as shakers and movers, in order to get the best out of their moment in time and place, but none of them have done all that he has done with his very special kind of surprisingly illuminating light; with a logic at the highest level of meaningful truth, with an intellect making its points so precisely that it develops a most exciting progression from fact to the inevitabilities of reason, and on to the exquisite balance of poetry.

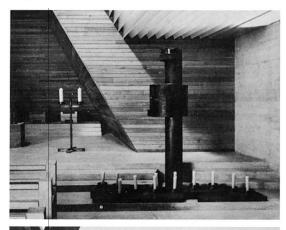
And so, if I were a native of Chicago, I would want him to know how very grateful my city is for his having lived here, and for being not only a man fulfilling its greatest tradition, but also for being its architectural conscience.



CHURCH BY JUSTUS DAHINDEN

The Catholic church St. Franziskus in Huttwilen, Switz., is a rural church with 300 seats. It is situated on a dominating hill, surrounded by beautiful old farm-houses with wide roofs. The tent-like form of the church leads over to the roofs of the houses in the neighborhood. The tower consists of two interlocking parts. According to the recommendations of the Council the nave communicates with the choir and forms a unity with it. The tent-like ceilings rise to the high side-light above the choir, which allows an indirect lighting of the altar without glare on the worshippers. A rising ramp leads to the church entrance. Beneath the church is a hall, a meeting room, a schoolroom, lavatories, etc.

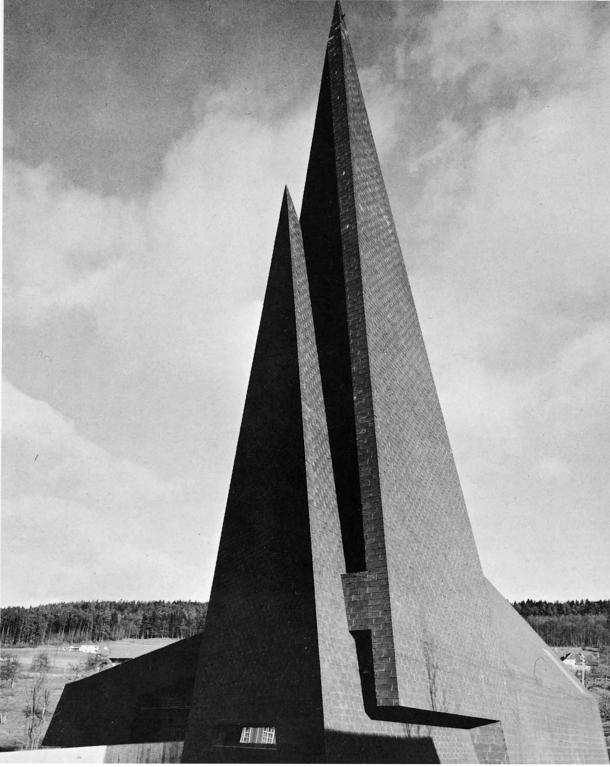
The roofs are finished in black eternit slate; walls, floors, altar and font are in concrete; tabernacle, ambo, candlesticks and cross in forged iron.

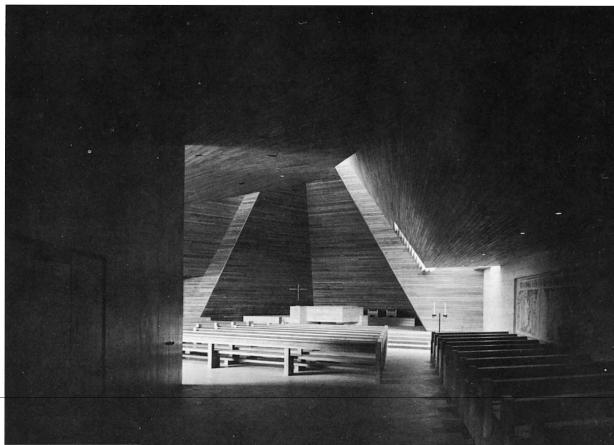


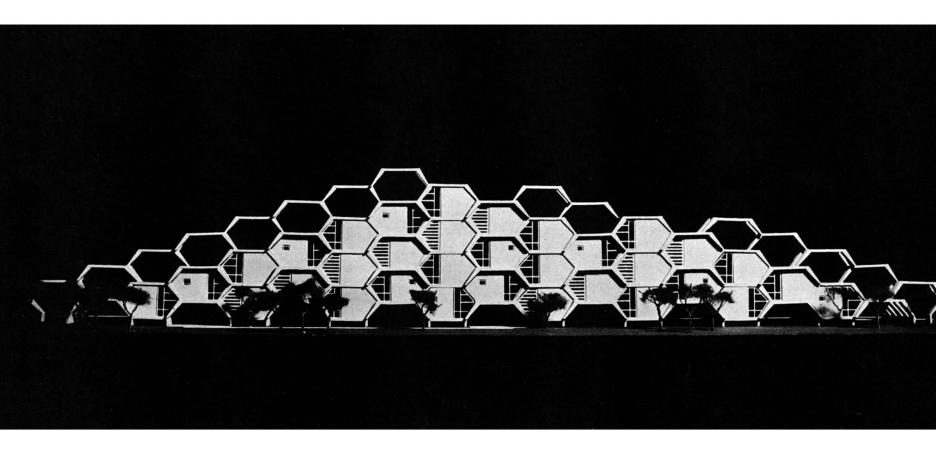




Photos by Michael Wolgensinger







The architect of today is on his own. His search for re-definition of his role between function and expression must focus on technology and the human equation. It is he and no one else who must justify serviceable structure through the architectural idea. Natural forces are countered by technological forces, from earth moving equipment to air-conditioning, but the first cause of domestic architecture is still the same. To provide "the home as an ideal standard" is still the architect's first cause, no matter how great and rewarding are his other contributions to monumental and technological building.

Buildings are transmitters of life. They transmit the life of the past into the lives of the future when they are more than mere shelters and more than borrowed form.

Sibyl Moholy-Nagy

It was Gropius who said in his preface to the book "Katsura" that the traditional Japanese house is the best example of a prefabricated house. Having worked in Japan for a long time, I should like to correct Dr. Gropius. The Japanese house is not prefabricated, it is a post-fabricated system: Modular components, manufactured and brought to the building site -only to be adjusted later to the exact measurements, to the correct building size. Once all the components are adjusted and assembled, the building is ready for the post-fabrication process; it can be easily moved or transplanted to another site, fully or partially. The result, the appearance, is of pre-made elements or components, which some of our contemporary architects have adopted, leaving us in confusion, unable to differentiate between an industrially made building and a building that merely looks prefabricated.

What then is prefabrication?

First, the product. Almost every product of everyday living is prefabricated: Bricks, blocks, spoons, forks, shirts, plates, ready-mixed concrete. Is a big block more prefabricated than a small one? Is a big shirt more industrialized than a regular one? (We are putting aside all the hand-made products, "good-design," folk-craft, and craft-buildings designed and executed by "artistic architects" here and there.)

Second, the repetition. Repetition is just part of our life: Brick walls, block walls, houses, cars, day-night. And industry is facing the problem of developing a non-standard product out of standard elements (cars, i.e.). But the enormous demand for products by our society requires repetition in almost everything; not one-car parking, which in itself is a standard element, but multi-car parking, which forms a non-standard environment; not one detached house, but multi-houses scattered. But does repetition automatically put a product on the industrial-prefabricated list?

Third, the size. Size depends on era-facilities. Thus, brick or stone products are the result of labor by means of human hands; timber, two pair of hands; big elements, the introduction of machines, cranes. Does the installation of a whole wall or a complex-building part, make a building more prefabricated than previous methods?

I believe that only by using our total contemporary knowledge and facilities, can we catch up with time and progress and make architecture a meaningful profession; otherwise, it will eventually degenerate to a decorative one, which many of our leading public figures only help do with their "achievements." Achievements a la Pei, whose make-believe prefabricated exposed-concrete facades are as dangerous as "ginger-bread" houses.

What are our contemporary capabilities?

- 1. To produce in a factory (prefabricate) any part or form necessary for the final product.
- 2. To transport the elements to any place.
- 3. To lift and assemble parts or elements of any size and weight, and join them.
- 4. To choose from a variety of materials.
- 5. To change the way of living or the "many ways of living" in our contemporary society, by means of flexibility of design.

The use of space structure
To cast the material into any shape
As a factory product
That can be juxtaposed in many variations
So that a basic standard unit
Enables production of non-standard products

Like a brick, or a block,
A more contemporary expression
For the combination of beam-post-wall
Which will follow the natural flow of forces.

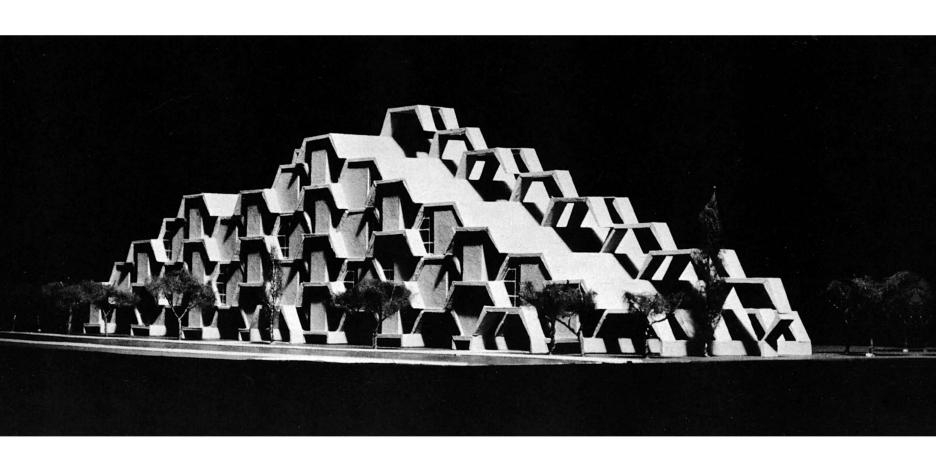
A flexible structure to meet with "The many ways of living and requirements

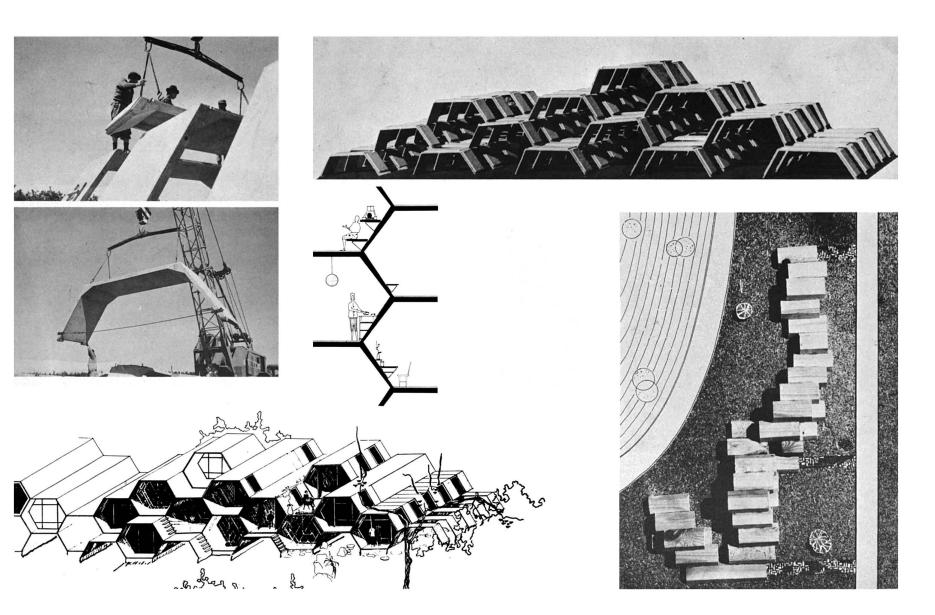
of our society."

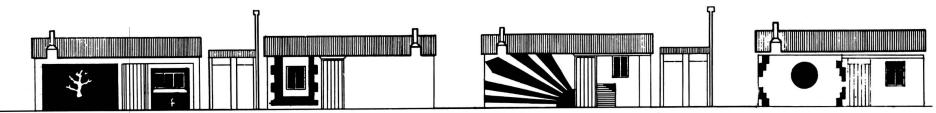
Merging with nature

With a soft skyline echoing a changing topography
And yet,

being an industrial product not a work of a craftsman but an opera of our society.







THE ABILITY OF THE UNPROFESSIONAL: AN AFRICAN RESOURCE

BY JULIAN BEINART

From a Paper Given at the 1966 Aspen International Design Conference.

In one respect, at least, Africanists claim a major contribution to 20th-Century plastic art: namely that the discovery of tribal African sculpture by artists in the early part of this century had a profound effect on European painting and sculpture. It is a most moot point whether it was the discovery of African or merely tribal art from many parts of the world that had this undoubted impact; it seems much more likely that it was the latter. But whether tribal art has in any way been a direct source of 20th-Century design—as I see design—I very much doubt: 20th-Century design has in the main been concerned with the machine and its protagonists have generally looked on anything that resembles handwork, craft or individual eccentricity with distaste.

My contribution is not about the first part of the title of this conference: not with sources but with resources of 20th-Century design; not with the history of how we got here, but with what goes on now in a very large part of the world and perhaps even more, with how we can use the potential of now to make things happen better there in the future. Although my examples will be from some parts of one continent only, I suggest that they are capable of generalization to include other parts of the socalled under-developed, developing, low-income or emerging world; and—this is a point I will make at the end of this paper—they may very well say something about all the untapped, everyday, dammed-up unprofessional human resources that exist in your own societies and probably lurk unquietly in all men.

There is one other thing I want to explain. I work and teach as an architect and planner, and it is from this base that what I will show tonight has been developed. I have not approached this work as an esthetician, as an artist, nor as a social psychologist or anthropologist, none of which I am. My concerns are those of someone trying to understand the environment in which he lives and works, to uncover what resources exist here on which he could develop his own ideas. I have done these things in order to evaluate a personal situation and, in the ambiguous and corrosive society in which I live, work of this kind is often the only way in which to measure one's own compromise.

A few comments are needed on the African past. Tribalism was destroyed in your parts of the world a long time ago. It was replaced by a larger sense of association, a wider sense of community. In my own country this is not so.

Isolationism born from self-concern and fear prevents it—only temporarily I hope—from larger concerns.

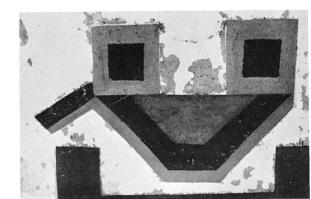
In Africa as a whole, tribalism is either dead or dying: and with its death tribal art has also died. No longer can the tribal artist make things for their own sake, as an act towards his gods; no longer can he be concerned only with the act of creation and not with the object itself. Now his society has to build museums to preserve and restore; no longer is the society its own museum. Post-tribal society can no longer produce tribal art. It cannot and does not want to, no matter how much sentimental bystanders or visually deprived nationalists may want otherwise.

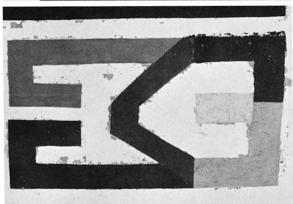
But the human resources have not died. They never do; they can only be stifled. And this may well be the major theme of my paper: that human resources survive and adapt in spite and because of cultural change and that only outworn ideas of what things should look like prevent understanding and capitalizing on these resources. One of the largest human design resources in Africa today is the ability of ordinary people, untrained and unprofessional, to make things for themselves and for their communities. The illustrations shown here are examples of some of the outlets these resources have found. The first outlet that these unprofessional human resources have found results from the powerful and basic urge of people to create symbols.

Four of the examples I have chosen come from the urban complex around the city of Johannesburg, the only real metropolis south of the Sahara, a city that has grown from zero to over a million in 80 years, the center of a 70-mile spine diamond which contains the concentrated resources of the sub-continent and where, almost certainly, its future will be decided.

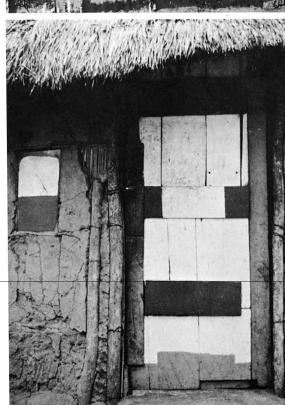
During the 40s and 50s when urbanization was at its peak, there developed in a group of township ghettos five miles from the center of the city, some of the outlets I have mentioned. In the manic conditions of Sophiatown, Western Native Township, Newclare and Coronationville, people began to write about the city and their new life in it. Journalism and writing, with all that "sexuality, lust, energy and tenderness," appeared from nowhere. There is no literary tradition. There is, however, a musical tradition in Southern Africa and the city has transformed it into a new, alive, popular music and jazz. There is no jazz like the music that comes from our cities, that has been coming for fifteen years now, and in spite of everything -no teaching, no money, no audience, restrictive laws—untrained African people just keep on playing.

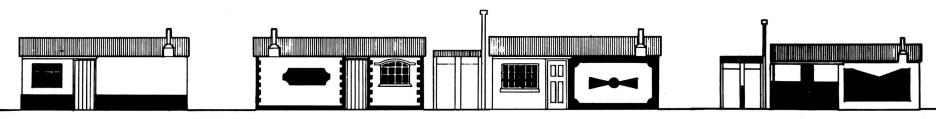
The examples of the visual resources of the unprofessional here are from three places. The first are of people who live on the edge of Johannesburg, on the edge both geographically

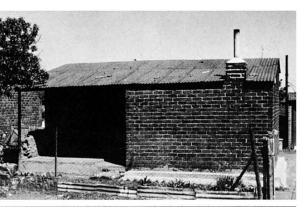






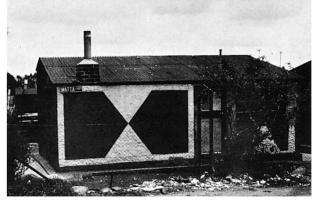


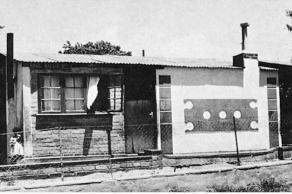




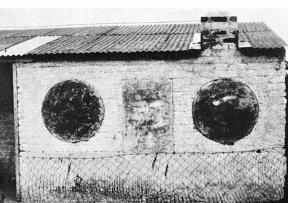


















and spiritually. They make their own houses and then paint them. They buy their paint in the city, and their iconography is strongly influenced by the city. But they are essentially still a tribal people, although very far along the process of detribalization.

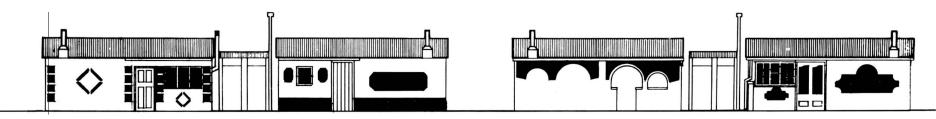
The second group are from urban people who squat on the outskirts of the city of Lourenco Marques, the capital of Mosambique. In 1956 when the President of Portugal visited his province, his route from the airport took him through this area. People were given paint and told to make their houses look better. This was the first stage of their decoration. Later they did it all on their own, but this time they painted only their doors.

The third example is from the heart of the Johannesburg complex I mentioned earlier, Western Native Township. Here I have been working on and off for five years trying to record and understand why and how these people invented a system of decorations to come to terms with their environment. In Western Native Township, people rebuilt the fronts of their houses and then made a communal language to put on the faces of their houses. There is no time to go into the details of this study, but I would make three points:

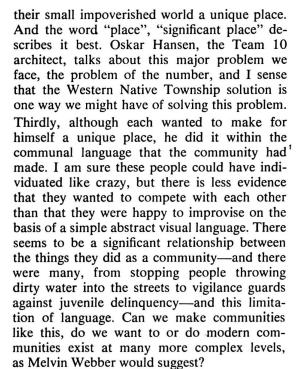
In the first place, these people changed their environment because the unfinished, unserviced houses rented to them were so incomplete that they were forced to do something about them. I cannot help feeling that in all people there is this desire to change, to involve themselves with their own things—but it seems to be crushed in so many. And I wonder about concepts of design which do not measure the need nor allow the community to partake in the life of the product: particularly architecture which resists change but which is nevertheless overtaken by growth: the closed esthetic, the complete artifact, the ideal form.

I think I was misunderstood at last year's ICSID Congress when some people suggested that I was advocating open-ended refrigerators -whatever they may be-or perhaps the openended umbrellas that Reyner Banham speaks of. I am not sure how and where the user can and should take part in the process of making things-it obviously varies with product and place—but I am inspired by the fact that these people in Western Native Township made the place work much better than the architects who built it could ever have dreamed of. Tomas Maldonado says I live in a visual culture: maybe, but we cannot write off the rest of the world as easily as all that. Certainly architects who make living environments can hardly afford such arrogance.

In the second place, these people changed their environment because they wanted to resist the sterile, mass-produced, faceless world given to them. They wanted to mark their own territory, show friends how to get to their home, make of



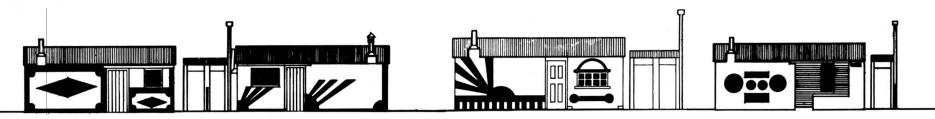




The second set of examples is where the resources of the unprofessional have found an outlet not because of movement into physical environment, but because people were faced with a new technology, new materials, and new immediate needs, but all the time within a traditional environment. In West Africa, the city is centuries old, and the Yoruba of Western Nigeria have lived in them as long as anyone can remember. Once upon a time, they were taken across the Atlantic to Northern Brazil as slaves, and when they came back at the end of the last century, they came back with ideas about the Portuguese colonial architecture they had seen there. Now they built houses in Nigeria of cement, not any more of mud. And it was a new kind of house, large, spacious, well-adapted to the climate, using cement in a rich plastic way so unlike the timid, self-conscious architecture of the new imported architects with their handbooks on climate and their thinness and international restraint.

The Yoruba cannot make tribal sculpture anymore; now they make cement sculpture. Faced with the new need to advertise, they make advertising signs. The same sign writers paint paintings on glass for a new middle class to hang in their living rooms.

And here we can make another point about those human resources that maintain themselves because of and in spite of cultural change. Whereas tribal sculpture was serious, full of complex meanings and messages, hidden, the new work is humorous, relaxed, unconcerned with posterity and the hereafter. In this lies an important quality of the unprofessional: his ability to relax, to be unconcerned about what art is, and just to let it happen and let art come after. This is the same quality that



comes across in his music: the ability to improvise whether it be in West African ju-ju music where the improvisation has both a word and sound message, or in jazz.

This ability to improvise and to let things happen is probably the major characteristic of the third set of examples. Here the human resources have been released in an artificial way—through teaching. I wanted to see whether education could produce similar results to the work which I had seen around me, similar of course in a very special sense. As I had very little idea of what to expect before we started, the program grew out of my own ideas of basic design teaching as well as the limitations of material, money, language and place that we had to face.

It strikes me now that there is great virtue in this sense of uncertainty: in being willing to allow the teaching situation to develop out of joint improvisation and mutually-felt needs. It reduces the teacher from the status of a feared god and does not tamper with the dignity of those being taught. So often I have felt that you make the mistake in your foreign aid programs of being afraid to fail: you plan too much and you undermine the relationship you are trying to build up by appearing too perfect. You should instruct your Peace Corps to relax and reveal weaknesses: maybe they should only learn a smattering of a new language before coming to Africa and in learning it there, show that they are not perfect representatives of a superhuman bunch of people. The teaching experiment took the form of seven short-term schools-each about two weekswhere anyone who wanted could come and take part. In Nigeria, for instance, we had janitors, motorcar salesmen, school teachers, and housewives: in Kenya some nuns as well: in Zambia boys who walked miles to our premises in a showground shed: in South Africa, jazz musicans, clerks, factory workers: in Mozambique, building laborers, students, anybody. Virtually no one at these schools had any previous visual training: most had never seen what we call art, many were illiterate.

The experience of running these schools is a limited one and I am afraid to generalize too much from it. Only when we have permanent institutions in Africa which can experiment with educational methods will we be able to see the real dimensions of these human resources, and the best ways of guiding them. Unfortunately, there are either none—South Africa, I am ashamed to say, has not yet trained a non-white architect—or they are trying as hard as possible to be as good as the worst of your schools. There is nothing in education that seems to be as exportable and acceptable as wrong and outworn ideas.

These schools have, however, given us an insight into the kind of teaching that is needed in Africa and similar areas of the world. In the

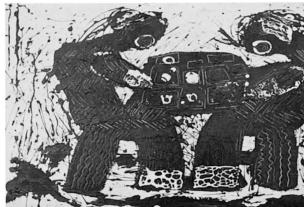
first place, the scale and nature of the educational problem require a much bolder attitude toward teaching than most are willing to adopt. For this, the city must be used as a teaching instrument, a tool which, as I have indicated, is already working in many parts of Africa and which needs to be made to work better. The idea is similar to Marshall McLuhan's when he speaks of "an age where the environment itself is arranged as a teaching machine." It is an interesting commentary on apartheid in South Africa that the authorities legislate against the city, against allowing people to come there, and once there, against allowing them to learn. They believe in the country: to them it equals tradition and peace. But all over Africa people believe in the city: they want it: for them it means new growth even if it involves conflict. And this is a choice many low-income areas of the world have to face up to: limiting urbanization or putting every resource into the city and letting it work and hoping that the chaos is temporary. I am not even sure that there is a choice. In Africa we have about 30 million living in cities right now; by the year 2000 we expect to have 230 million.

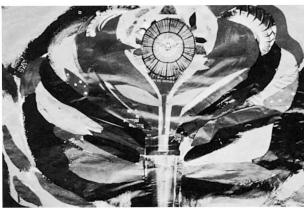
Besides the city, the buildings we make in these areas must be educational instruments as well and be able to cope with the way people use them to learn. I think Western Native Township was a case of a physical environment which served as a kind of place where people could learn and change, and in turn change it. In a developing situation, the rate of change must be fast often if only as a means of survival. And this may well mean that buildings should not be thought of as permanent, but should be made so that they can be changed by people, even destroyed, through which process people can learn. This, in another way, implies a failure which we all are too keen to avoid. It might sound paradoxical, but in using buildings to teach people, the most successful architecture may well be that kind that allows people to make it fail.

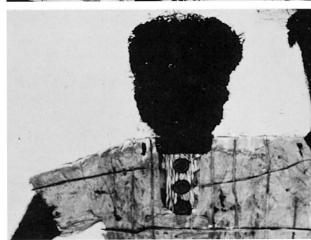
The resources I have spoken of are important to Africa, and their education is vital. But these are resources that may well be within all of us, only waiting for a more democratic view of art for them to be respectable. Maybe it is everywhere, lurking, looking for some place to put a window box in the window, some way of making our own *palais ideale* even if we cannot pick up stones everyday and build such castles; a way of building mosaic towers out of scrap, perhaps, or collecting string. I would like to end by quoting such an idea from the New York Herald Tribune:

"Farmers usually harvest crops, but Francis A. Johnson of Darwin, Minnesota, has this eightfoot ball of twine to show for 12 years' saving. It weighs about two tons and if unraveled would stretch more than 240 miles. Mr. Johnson gets much of his twine from friends . . ."



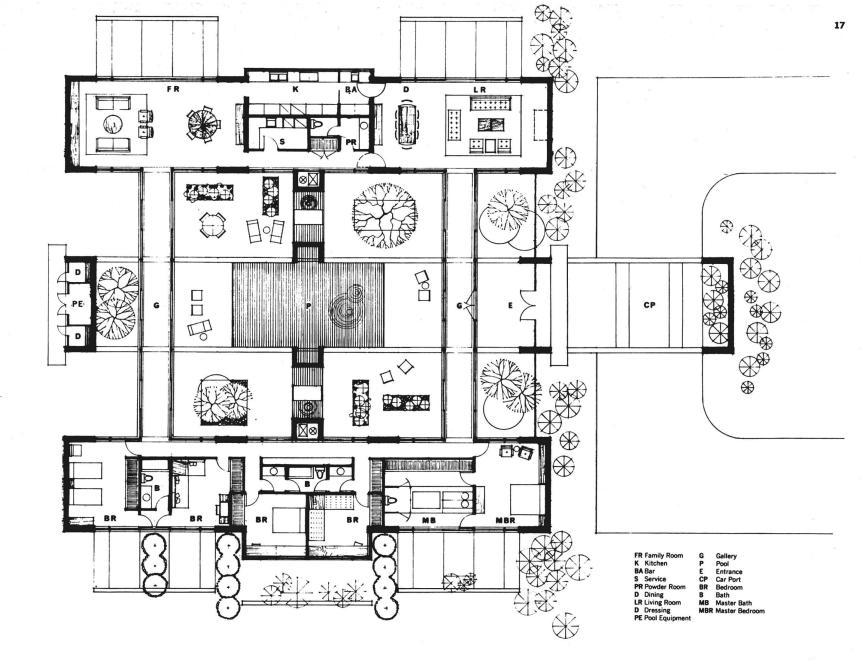












CASE STUDY HOUSE NO. 28 BY BUFF, HENSMAN & ASSOCIATES, ARCHITECTS

Co-Sponsored by Pacific Clay Products and Janss Corporation
Interiors by Robert P. D'Amico of Ecological Design Associates with Marge Peterek
Landscape Architect, Jack W. Buktenica

Photographed by Julius Shulman

This Case Study project grew out of a concern with the problems and advantages of facebrick as the basic structural material in contemporary single-family residential construction. Despite its wide use in large-scale building, facebrick is used on the West Coast for its decorative rather than its structural properties, largely because of cost factors, which in turn are the result of stringent reinforcing requirements in building codes and resistance by labor to improved, more efficient construction methods.

The architects were asked to design a house that incorporated facebrick as the primary structural material to demonstrate its particular advantages. The solution introduces reinforced grouted walls and piers, laid in a standard one-third bond, and designed to take both horizontal and vertical loads and spanned by concealed steel beams. Joining the brick with glass results in a combination of materials requiring no finish and little maintenance during the life of the building.

The site is a knoll overlooking the Conejo Valley development of Janss Corporation 40 miles north of Los Angeles near Thousand Oaks. The house utilizes the site in its entirety, the overall periphery approximating a square and following the boundaries of the usable portion of the lot. In plan the house is composed of two symmetrical wings connected by glass enclosed galleries. Living, dining, kitchen and study are in one, the five bedrooms in the other of the two parallel 95' by 19' wings. The major spaces and the galleries open onto a 54' by 54' central court, paved in brick and containing a swimming pool and planted areas, that forms a visual and physical center for the house.

The low profile of the house, leaving views from surrounding sites unobstructed, is emphasized by wide overhangs which shade the extensive glass area (4500 square feet). In addition to their visual and sun control functions, the overhangs house continuous duct plenums for carrying conditioned air; the two central

brick piers abutting on the interior court each houses the forced-air units for its wing. Thus the necessary heating and cooling elements have been made contributing visual factors in a concept that combines form, function and mechanical environmental controls.

The covered area of the house is about 5000 square feet, including the two connecting galleries. All interior floors are brick paver, relating to the brick of the central court and the terraces and patios; the family of earth colors in the various brick surfaces also integrates the house with the site and the larger environment. The combination of the past with today's technology in the juxtaposition of the warm, natural brick with the meticulously detailed stainless steel framing for windows and sliding glass doors has also been reflected in the interior design.

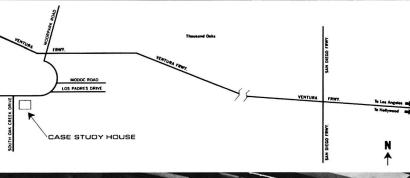
The house will remain open to the public through December; daily except Monday from 11 a.m. to 7 p.m. See map on next page.



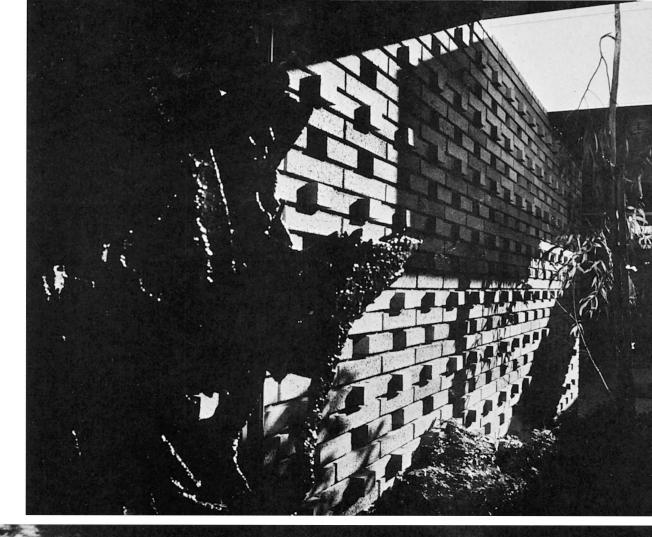


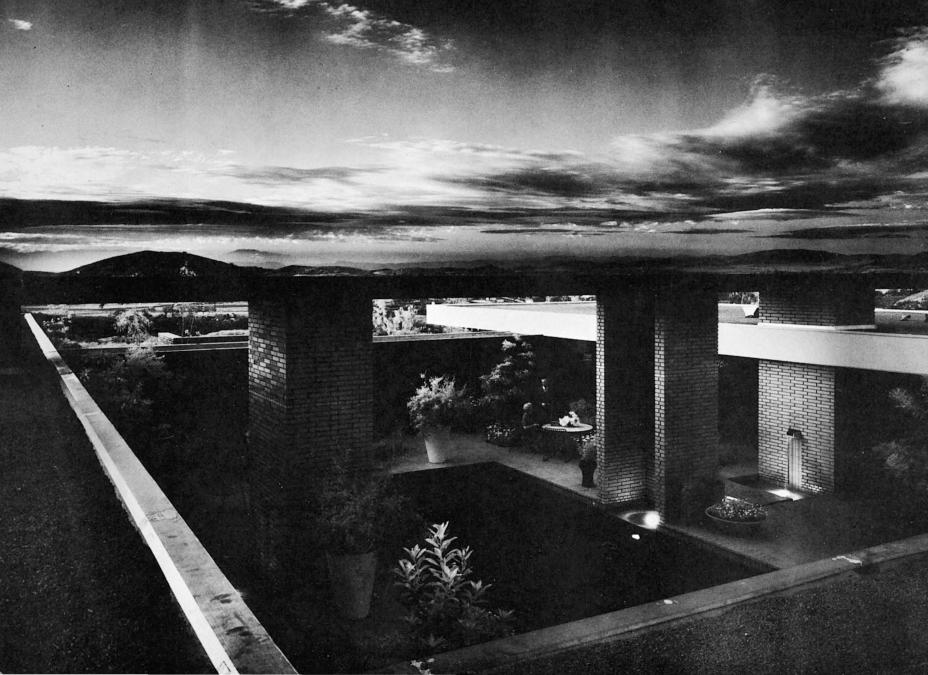


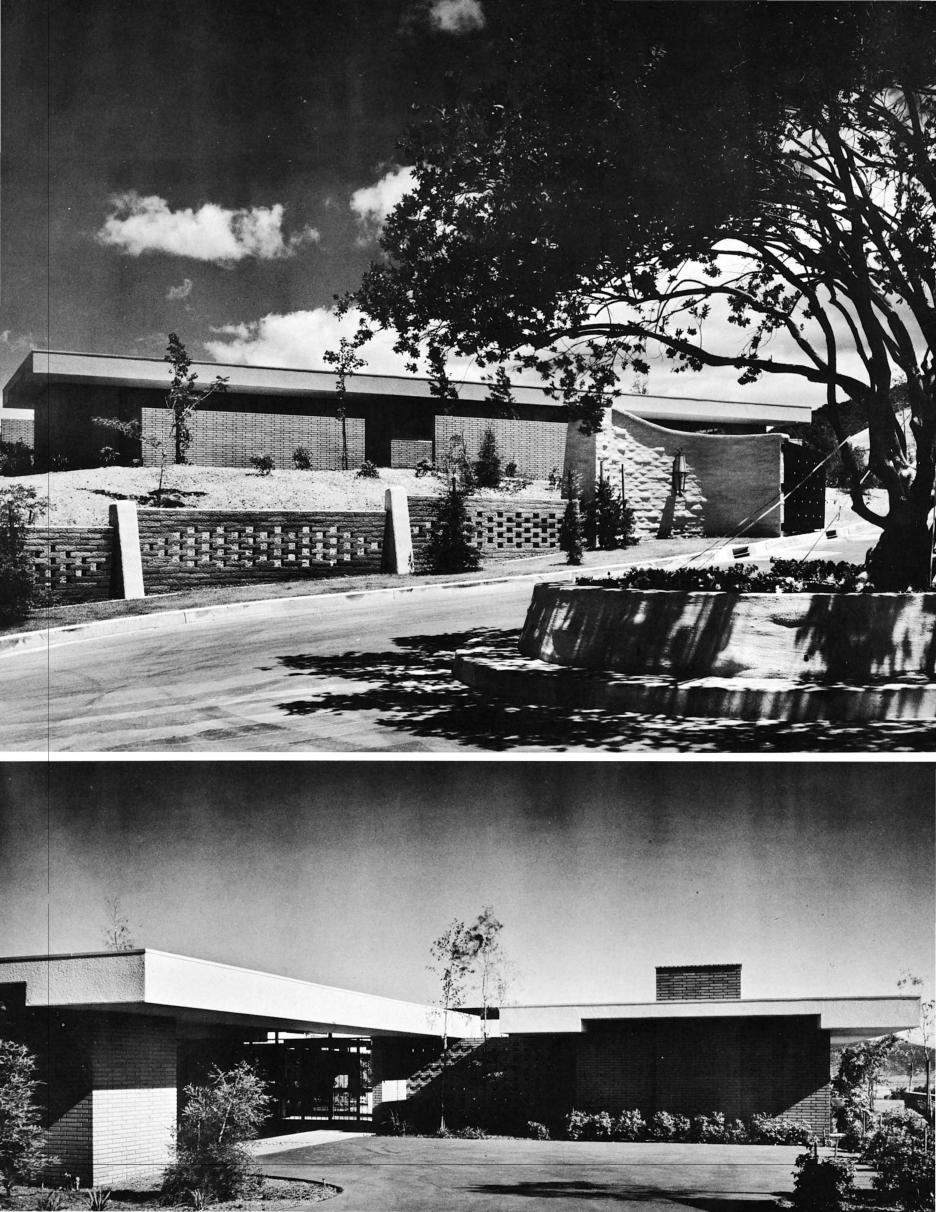












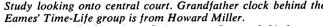








From top From top
Living room with dining area in foreground.
Living room looking through south gallery to bedroom wing.
Boy's bedroom. Arm chair is Eames' Time-Life design; wall
system and desk by George Nelson. Table clock is Nelson design
for Howard Miller. Carpet is by Robert D'Amico for Monarch
Carpeting.

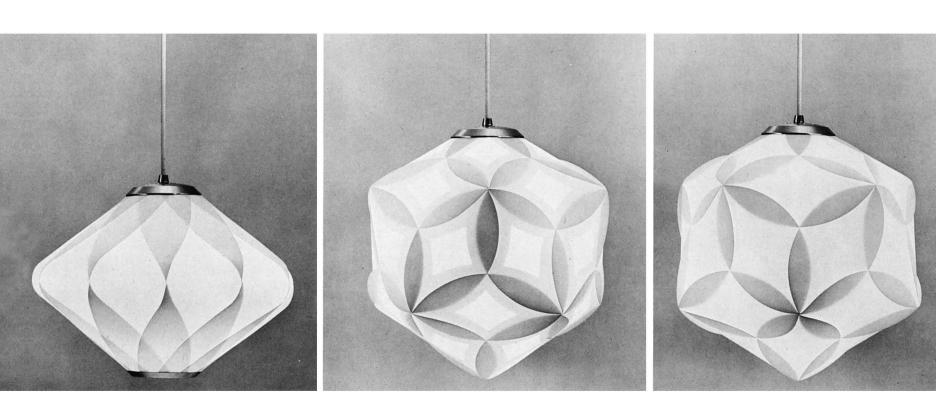


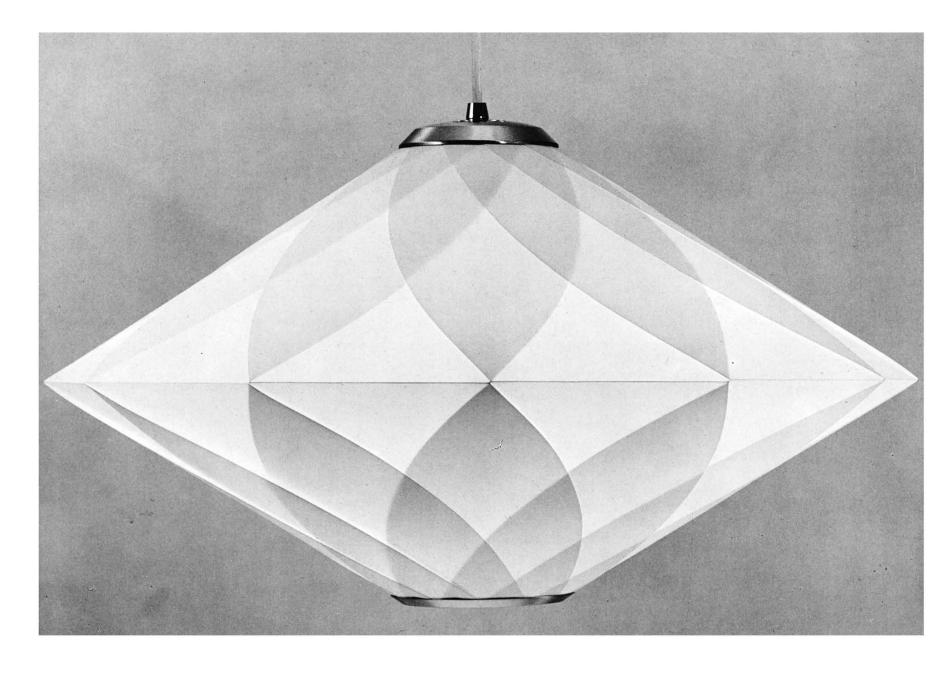
Study looking onto central court. Grandfather clock behind the Eames' Time-Life group is from Howard Miller.
Living room looking into dining area. Bar and kitchen are through doorway at right.
Child's bedroom opposite the study. Studio beds are John Caldwell design for Brown-Saltman; table and stools by Eames; carpet by Bob D'Amico for Monarch.



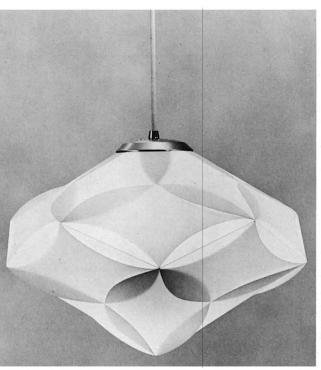


FACET LIGHTS





BY BEN GURULE







These lighting fixtures resulted from the designer's research in structural support systems and consist of panels of synthetic material which is pre-strengthened by various folding and scoring operations and then interwoven to create self-supporting, frameless forms.

Polyvinyl chloride (PVC) was the plastic material selected because of its durability, ease of maintenance and light transmission properties which give a soft, diffused quality to the light. The exposed metal parts are aluminum or brass. Size of the fixtures ranges from a height of 23'' and diameter of $8\frac{1}{2}''$ to 14'' by $17\frac{1}{2}''$.

Designed for Modeline Company of California, the lighting fixtures recently received an award for design excellence from the Pasadena Art Museum.





Man possesses the remarkable capability for modifying his environmental conditions to satisfy at least the minimum requirements for comfort and survival. This adaptive capability has been demonstrated throughout history in terms of food and clothing and particularly in the development of architectural and community forms. The people generally remain the same but environmental disturbances are filtered through a system of appropriate counter measures. When these disturbances are extreme, as in the tropics, architectural form and its relationship to the environment becomes the governing filter. Generally there is a refined synthesis of all natural and social forces combined as the basis for the development of physical forms. A unique situation of modification is described below; however this uniqueness has many parallels throughout history and is significant primarily for its behavioral and adaptive quality. It is an examination of a culture where, with primitive means, men have created an environment of quality even though they are living in relative poverty. In searching to discover those essential qualities that transcend the functional base, an investigation of previous civilizations to discover a knowledge of the nature of man and matter becomes increasingly important.

In Peru there is as uncommon and diverse a variety of regional contrasts as exists today from low-lying jungle to coastal deserts to agriculturally terraced slopes—and the country has at one time displayed an extraordinary ability to coalesce these inherent barriers into an empire. Particular focus is brought upon Lake Titicaca, in the Andean highlands of Peru and Bolivia, which is acknowledged as the world's highest navigable lake at 12,500 feet. This lake is equally significant for its Uru folk who live scattered on artificial floating islands composed of buoyant reeds called totoras, which float approximately six feet below the surface of the water. The Urus represent an archaic culture surviving today at Lake Titicaca, remaining relatively isolated though respectfully conserving their heritage and cultural beliefs. Pre-Spanish cultures had no form of writing, making it difficult to seize upon an absolute time in history, but, it is believed that they descended from the Tiahuanaco Empire of 1000-1300 AD.

Originally the islands were a refuge from slavery and persecution from other tribes in the altiplano (plateau in the Andean highlands) particularly the Aymaras. The Urus were held in slight esteem by the conquering Incas and were not taught sun worship, though they were commanded to pay tribute in the way of fish and woven baskets.

Today the Uru number about 400 tribesman who are proud and independent and claim to have occupied the earth even before the sun hid for a long time. Their small trade consists of exchanging fish and woven reeds for spices which they prefer to money. The Uru folk are not materially oriented and unlike our own culture there is no separation between work and play in their life pattern. This notable difference is characteristic of civilizational development throughout the ages. Their notion of work is an end in itself, contrasted to our belief of work as a means to secure leisure.

The Urus huts are also made of totora weave which are found in scattered groupings throughout the Titicaca basin and grow eight feet tall and ½" in diameter. This reed constitutes, then, structural material for their dwellings, floating islands, and their means of transport. A characteristic property of reed is its ability to expand and contract as the moisture content varies, providing relatively impermeable shelter during the rains while facilitating ventilation when the reed contracts. Water, however, rots the submerged floating totora requiring periodic replacement. As the reeds decay from beneath, they are replaced from above in large quantities by stamping with bare feet on the surface of the islands. The islands are anchored to the bottom of the lake with reed rope tied to heavy rocks. The rope too has a tendency to rot causing the islands to drift and require that they be towed back and resecured with a new rope.

Each of the scattered islands contains small groupings of reed huts generally clustered around a central clearing where the Urus take their meals, consisting of fish and the root of the totora. Wheat is toasted, ground and mixed into a paste with sugar and water, which they eat cold. The grinding takes place outside the huts on a flat rock. The huts are essentially used for sleeping.

The Uru huts are similar to the chullpas or tombs of the altiplano, differing only in that the roofs are not mud but totora weave. The most commonly practiced construction technique in the altiplano is sun-dried mudbrick in bearing wall construction.

Their constricted life on islands of matted reed has caused the Uru to have underdeveloped leg muscles which prevents them from walking any great distances on solid ground.

Their concept of settlement is apparent as a direct result of the external forces which influenced the pattern of their culture. It can be observed that people living under similar geographical conditions, such as the Egyptians about 2500 BC where wood was not readily available, devised similar floating craft of reed stem which can be found today on the White Nile. Other parallels exist throughout history where within similar constraints man has responded similarly, in different geographical areas.

Usually primitive people have overcome the limitations of meager resources with which to cope with the problem of the environment. And primitive architecture reveals a high level of achievement when juxtaposed with ours. It reflects a knowledge of the climatological conditions and the performance characteristics of the available building materials integrated with an innate craftsmanship to solve the problems of shelter. Preliterate societies rarely underestimated the environmental impingements nor the need for control devices necessary to intercept those forces. An unresolved environmental problem in a primitive society does more than dissatisfy the client, making him vulnerable to extreme natural forces.

We can learn much by examining societies and their physical environments and the resultant unselfconscious functionalism which has occurred, prior—it might be added—to the institution of architecture as a profession and functionalism as a goal.

Henry Sanoff

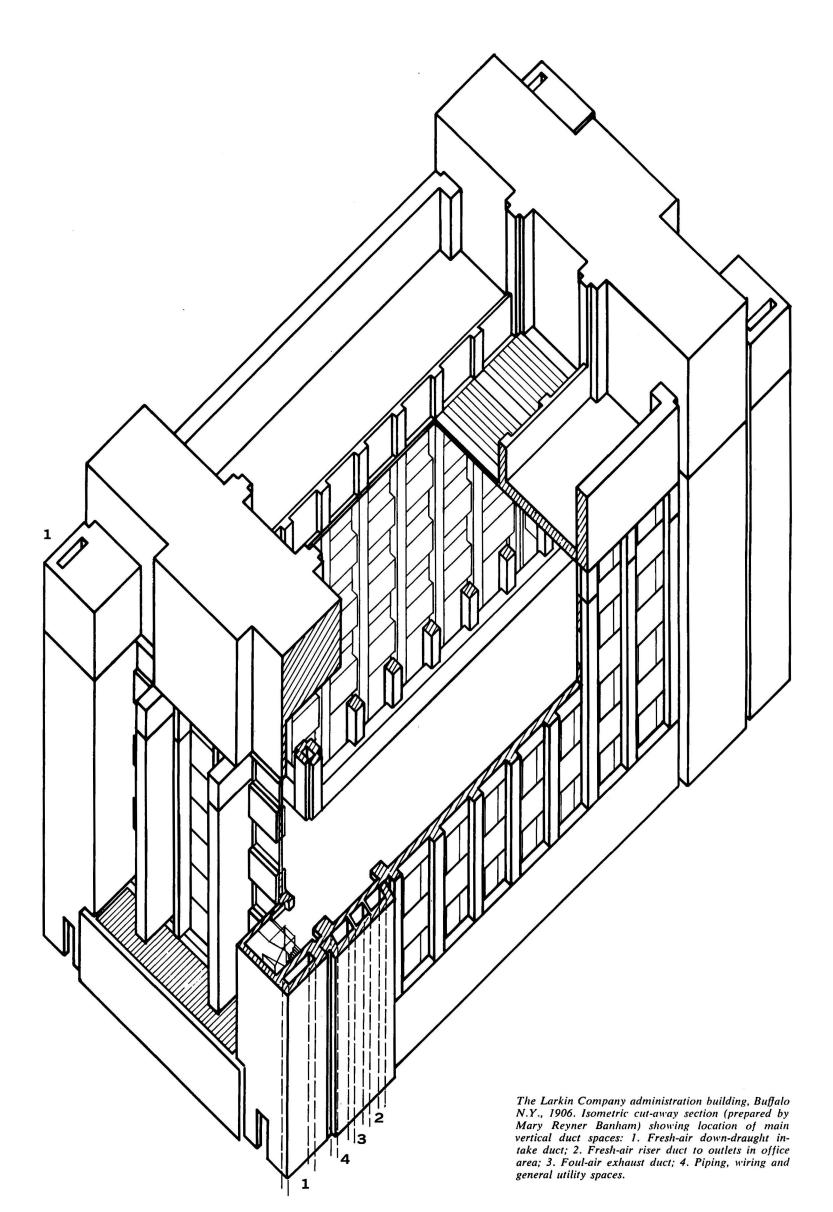




THE FLOATING ISLAND OF URUS







FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT AS ENVIRONMENTALIST BY REYNER BANHAM

You may hear, or even read, that Frank Lloyd Wright built the world's first air-conditioned office-block, or even the world's first air-conditioned building of any sort. Mr. Wright himself knew better, and when he wrote of the building in question, the Larkin Administration Building in Buffalo, he had the grace to put quotation marks around the words "air conditioned" —at least in his Autobiography. And well he might, for neither air-conditioning nor the words to describe it existed in 1904. The basic patents of Willis Carrier do indeed date from 1902, but the crucial ones on humidity-control date from 1904 to 1906, while the first public use of the words "air-conditioning," is in a patent filed by Stuart Cramer in April, 1906, and reiterated by him the next month in a lecture in which he also formulated a short definition of air-conditioning which would still be hard to better: "I have used the term 'air-conditioning' to include humidifying and air-cleaning and heating and ventilation." Carrier, too, insisted that the control of the moisture content of the air was crucial, but there is no evidence that such control was applied to the air which ventilated the Larkin building.

But that air lacked few other controls: the site of the building adjoined railway yards which generated smoke and smuts. The main office-space was therefore sealed against the external environment and had no opening windows. Fresh air drawn from the level of the roof was filtered, heated or cooled according to the season and circulated throughout the interior. This in itself was a far-sighted and sophisticated provision for the date, though the Kroeschell carbon-dioxide refrigerator which gives the Larkin building its place among the technical pioneers of modern air-control was not installed until 1909. But even more farsighted and sophisticated in many ways was the architectural provision made for environmental control. We know, from the Autobiography and some small reproductions of drawings published by Grant Manson, that the design of the building had proceeded as far as an elaborate plaster model without the final master-concept emerging. The central well and the corridors were already there, but the corner towers were not, the staircases being accommodated in the central well, and the end elevations were relatively flat and un-modelled. Then inspiration struck and Wright set to work-successfullyto persuade the Larkin Company to accept a design which was conspicuously more expensive, but which produced the first building to make a masterpiece of its mechanical services. The inspiration was to remove the stairs from the central well and to house them in four blind brick boxes, symmetrically disposed, two at either end, on the short elevations. The design at once acquired a masterly architectural articulation, of which Wright was justifiably proud forever after. But, equally impressive, is the way in which at the same time room enough and more was created for the vertical passage of fresh, tempered and foul air and for piping and wiring.

The downdraft duct for fresh-air intake found

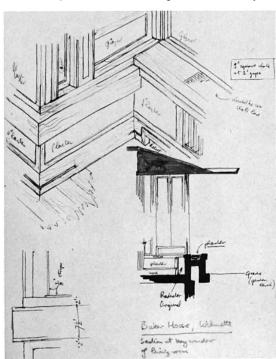
a natural place in the flank wall of the stairtowers; the distributive ducts for tempered air, and the exhaust ducts for foul air each occupied a third of the hollow brick panel immediately adjoining each stair-tower on the long facades, while the remaining volume in each slab accommodated utilities and et ceteras such as broom closets. The solution is architecturally convincing because the problem of providing for these services has been neither buried nor flaunted, but has been resolved in the total resolution of a design which is one of the best integrated to come from anybody's drawing board in the present century—even the filing cabinets have been designed into the whole, and every item of office furniture is by Wright as well.

The Larkin Building was demolished in 1950, but the surviving records are more than sufficient to establish the magnitude of Wright's achievement there, to justify his pride—and to make the more inexcusable the misunderstandings of historians. Against those who overestimate its technical originality, there are too many who fail to notice it. Lewis Mumford, for instance, discusses its windows as if they were openable; Vincent Scully in his monograph on Wright does not discuss its environmental machinery at all, and this only a paragraph later than his discussion of the heating panels of the Martin House; and Peter Collins, having cited the Larkin Building to demonstrate concepts of space-manipulation, still insists that the first building to fully integrate machanical services into its structure was Auguste Perret's Musee des Travaux Publiques, of 1938. I make no claim to originality in knowing better than these distinguished men, for fellow-historians of my own generation in the U.S. are well-acquainted with the facts, and know, for instance, that the building with the best claim to be the first air-conditioned office block is the Milam Building in San Antonio, Texas, designed by George Willis with M. L. Diver as his engineer. Its date was January 1929, and although it delivered the conditioned air to the rooms through ducts concealed above false ceilings in the corridors, the return ducts for exhaust were the corridors themselves, which I take to be structural integration of a sort. My reason for rehearsing the details of the Larkin building is to show what confusions can exist even when an environmental innovation depends upon conspicuous mechanical novelties (or gross physical provision that is easily readable on plan) and thus to indicate how easy it might be to miss other innovations which do not produce effects that show up immediately in the printed record.

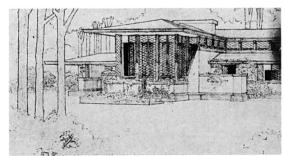
What I have in mind particularly are the environmental innovations which Wright appears to have introduced in his domestic architecture of the Prairie House period (1900-1910), which seem never to have been discussed in the literature and are only likely to be discovered by direct observation, preferably residential, of the houses themselves. If, therefore, my next few sentences are largely autobiographical, it is not out of vainglory, but be-

cause it is the easiest way to introduce the subject.

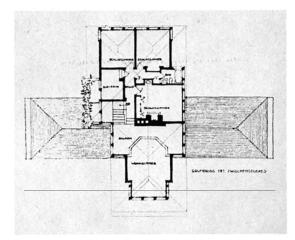
My own stumbling on the topic began with a typically odd social evening in Chicago—a large party which assembled to sing, unrehearsed, the Bach B-minor Mass. The venue for this distinguished and unlikely gathering was the large living room of the Baker house in Wilmette, one of Wright's less well-known and less well-built Prairie houses; the room a huge one-and-a-half story space with a diminutive gallery over the fireplace. As a non-singer I was parked among the basses at the back of the room, next to the fireplace. Suddenly it



Baker House. Sketches (by Reyner Banham) of window and radiator in living room.



Baker House. Drawing by Frank Lloyd Wright of exterior of living room.



Baker House. Mezzanine floor plan.

struck me that the conductor, who was standing on the window seat in the bay window some thirty feet from the fire, was perspiring far more freely than the *Kyrie* would seem to justify. But, looking down at the fireplace, I saw that the fire was not even lit.

It has been put to me that only a visitor from an underdeveloped country like Britain could be so naive as to suppose that rooms are heated by fireplaces. But my naive surprise started me on a systematic investigation of the way this, and other, Prairie houses were heated. I discovered that the main heat-source for the Baker house living room was a large hot water radiator, beautifully detailed into the window seat on which our conductor had been standing. It was not an afterthought, the carpentry of the window-seat, and of the grilles for the hot air, is conspicuously of the same material, style and time as the rest of the window structure, and as integral with the design as the large plant-box outside.

The complete assembly, indoors and out, can be regarded as a single environmental device, controlling heat, light, view, ventilation and (with the help of the overhang of the roof) shade as well. Not only are the parts unified as a structure, they work together as well, and this it appeared to me could be an epitome of the way the parts of the whole house worked. For instance—and it is a very crucial instance —the hot water for this radiator reaches it through pipes in the wainscot (there being no cellar) so that the living room was to some extent heated all round its three exposed sides. In the bitter Chicago winter—there were 20 inches of fresh snow in the garden on the night of the sing-party—such perimeter heating seems an eminently reasonable proposition.

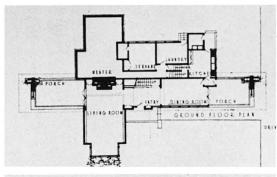
But hardly an economical proposition in a room with so much exposed exterior wall made of lightweight materials, a continuous clerestory at cornice level, and a roof too skimpy to provide much thermal insulation. Now, I know that heat losses of an order intolerable in Europe might not be of much account in the U.S., which is traditionally a cheap fuel economy, where hard heating of lightweight structures is customary, and where Mr. Wright's clients are supposed to have accepted that they were buying exquisite works of art, not efficient machines for living in. But, against this, I must point out that the legend of Wright as a giant temperament careless of the comfort of the human race is a late accretion to his melodramatic biography. There is little sign of it in the Prairie house period before 1910, when his clients were mostly members of cultured, but practical-minded business clans, who would be unlikely to accept excessive fuel bills if there were no countervailing advantages to set against them.

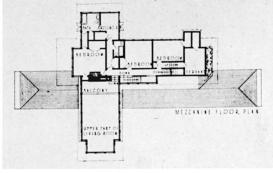
My examination of the Baker house, and a knowledge of the Chicago climate, suggested a convincing-looking hypothesis about what the countervailing benefits might be: that a room with a triple exposure, and clerestory ventilation high under the roof might be more or less self-ventilating and self-cooling in the heat of high summer, to an extent that a more easily-heated room buried in the mass of the house could never be without air-conditioning—which was not to exist in domestic sized installations

until the Baker house was practically 30 years old. This hypothesis had the advantage of being doubly test-able: by revisiting it in the height of the summer and by examining the literature to see if anything like this was among Wright's announced intentions.

On the first point, I was gratified to discover that the house is habitable throughout the year without recourse to air-conditioning, and I would like to add that it was not only comfortably habitable, but pleasurably so. Some south facing parts did begin to warm up towards the end of the afternoon on Midsummer Day, but the sun goes off them soon after, and the lightweight structure then rapidly sheds any excess heat. I also noted that, without any prompting or even enquiry from myself, the opening lights in the clerestory were, in fact, opened early in the day, so that cross-draft could prevent any accumulation of heated air under the shallow roof.

I also noted that the only access to these lights to open them was from the gallery over the fireplace: far from being simply a spatial jeu d'esprit, or the stage-set for that classic tableau of American sentimentality where pyjama clad infants peer shyly down on their parents resplendent in full formal party rig, the gallery is an integral part of the working of the house as an environmental machine. The same appears to be true of the gallery in the nearly-contemporary miniature house that Wright designed for his erstwhile secretary, Isabel Roberts, in River Forest. Neither gallery gives access to rooms, neither appears strong enough to support even a small social gathering, but both do provide access to the only openable windows in their respective clerestories.



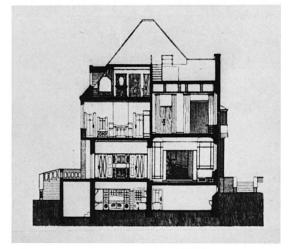


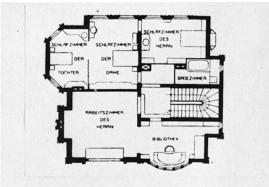
Isabel Roberts House, River Forest, Ill., 1907.

Thus, I think one can safely take the Baker house bay window as an epitome of the way the whole house works—and not only the Baker House, but the Isabel Roberts house and, in varying degrees, most of the other Prairie houses. What happens is that plan form, section, heating plant, windows, roof-form, all work together in varying combinations as the seasons vary to maintain a pleasant and equable climate within the house throughout the year.

And let me emphasise that no spectacular mechanical novelty was involved in this—piped heating in domestic interiors had been in use for over a century since Matthew Murray built Steam Hall in Leeds. The real mastery of environmental design exhibited by Wright in these houses lies in achieving conspicuously improved performance by taking thought about the rearrangement of known and familiar architectural elements.

One measure of that mastery is that the Baker House is still working well with the original radiators still in their original locations almost 60 years later; another measure would be to compare Wright's work with some of his distinguished European contemporaries. The spartan regime of English domestic life leaves little point in comparing him with say Voysey, but the more humane standards prevailing on the Continent suggest a confrontation with his exact contemporary, Peter Behrens, most of whose domestic design in Germany dates from the Prairie house decade. The house he built for himself in Darmstadt in 1902 is comparable in scale (though vastly more pretentious) with Wright's Rose House at Delavan Lake, Wisconsin of the same year, so I think that comparisons are in order.





Behrens House, Darmstadt, Germany, 1902. Section and upper floor plan.

Furthermore, the published record of the Darmstadt house in its original condition gives us a good view of its heating provision, which proves to be quite as elaborate as Wright's ever were, and located in very similar positions under window-seats and so forth. But nothing has happened to the plan and section of the Behrens house as a consequence—for better or worse it remains a tight little cubic box, in the immemorial European manner, in spite of some odd picturesque assymmetries; whereas Wright has created a notably free and more original layout within the strict discipline of

axial symmetry and a regular planning module. Well ahead of any European, Futurist or otherwise, Wright had answered Marinetti's as-yet-unvoiced demand for "villas open to the view and breeze."

But the fact that houses like the Ross cottage were designed for cross-ventilation, does not mean that they were designed solely in terms of that, or any other, environmental device. Simple-minded architectural exhibitionism of that sort was the speciality of the 20s, when new technologies were supposed to have determined the new forms of architecture, and architects were determined to make it look like that. Although structural determinism has been discredited by an increasing awareness of the amount of faking and plastering that was required to make the White Architecture of the 20s look like concrete, some historians still seem to nurse an obscure need to believe that something or other determines the forms of architecture, and environmental machinery seems to be a strong candidate for the role of architectural demi-urge at present. But, for Wright at least, environmental machinery was an aid not a determinant in the creation of form—as he himself makes clear in the only written statement that bears directly and in detail on his intentions in the Prairie Houses. This was the introduction he wrote for the German publication of his work in 1910; officially titled Frank Lloyd Wright: Ausgefuhrte Bauten und Entwurfe, but more commonly known in my corner of historiography as "the first Wasmuth" after its publisher. This introduction to Wasmuth I is an infuriating affair, beginning as it does with a load of terrible corny old provincial jokes about the Renaissance, but in the last dozen paragraphs Wright, realising that the buildings illustrated would be almost incomprehensible to European readers, sets out to explain the Prairie houses. He does so in a marvellously holistic manner, never letting one technical or architectural element over-ride the others. For instance, in the passage that confirms my suspicions about the relationship of heating method to plan form, he manages to keep practically every other consequence and cause in view at the same time:

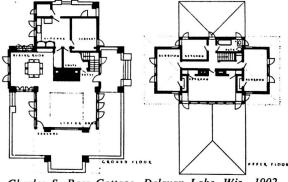
"Another modern opportunity is afforded by our effective system of hot water heating. By this means the forms of buildings may be more completely articulated, with light and air on several sides. By keeping the ceilings low, the walls may be opened with series of windows to the outer air, the flowers and trees, the prospects, and one may live as comfortably as before, less shut in . . . it is also possible to spread the buildings, which once—in our climate of extremes—were a compact box cut into compartments, into a more organic expression, making a house in the garden or in the country the delightful thing in relation to either or both that imagination would have it."

This suggests, as the houses themselves also suggest, that environmental machinery had its place, but no more than its place, in Wright's mind. The perspective of 60 years suggests that it was a more crucial place than Wright himself may have realised, but the way he speaks of it suggests that acknowledging its importance does not displace or falsify earlier estimates of Wright from which it was omitted. That the

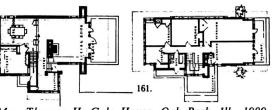
Prairie houses were masterpieces of environmentalism does not make them any the less masterpieces of spatial organisation, or picturesque composition, any less striking monuments to what may one day be recognised as one of the most cultured commercial communities since Florence.

But why, even so, does the environmentalism go unnoticed in the standard literature, or-if noticed—uncommented? One reason is that the available source material is inadequate or misleading. It suffers from editorial mistakes: the drawing of the Baker house has been published only in Arthur Drexler's presumably authoritative Drawings of Frank Lloyd Wright, but is described as a project for the Guthrie House at Sewanee, Tenn. The sources also suffer from Mr. Wright himself: the plan of the Baker house was specially prepared for publication by Wright's office, but is wrong about the shape of the fireplace and its immediate surroundings. Ironically, there is now at the Baker house a copy of Hitchcock's In the Nature of Materials, with this inaccurate plan cheerfully autographed by the architect, and prints of some office working drawings which show a version of the fireplace area much nearer to what was actually built. And this is interesting: they also show crossings out and revisions of the locations of the heating radiators.

Worst of all, however, the published record just does not contain the information needed for an environmental study. A drawing like the plan of the Ross House, with every opening window clearly shown, is almost unique between hard covers. Or take the case of the justifiably admired house for Mr. Gale in Oak Park. It has been highly praised for its mastery of abstract form and its anticipation of later European design in the way the projecting elements of the front are carried between the two flanking "buttresses." Examination of the plans will show that these buttresses are, in fact, hollow. But the plans don't show you that these hollow buttresses contain hot water radiators, concealed behind wooden grilles. Now these radiators are, of neccessity in such spaces, endwise-on to the room, and I find it difficult to think of a more insensate manner of installing them, short of bricking them up entirely.

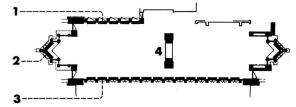


Charles S. Ross Cottage, Delavan Lake, Wis., 1902. Ground & Upper floor plans.



Mrs. Thomas H Gale House, Oak Park, Ill., 1909. Ground & Upper floor plans.

I find it equally difficult to believe that Wright ever intended to put radiators there; what seems more likely is that the buttress-boxes are a kind of symbolic residue of an earlier version of the design in which they were (remembering the Larkin Building) riser ducts for a hot-air system, such as may be found against internal walls in the parish room of the Unity church. It is quite possible that some clues to problems of this sort could be found among the 7,000odd unpublished Wright drawings still surviving among the Taliesin papers, but we shan't know until someone can go through them in search of environmental information. But, for the moment, the absence of an environmental approach, and the absence of environmental information, are self-supporting and mutually perpetuating. When, for instance, the Robie House was finally recognised as a building of such quality as to have some claim on the national conscience of the United States, the Historic American Buildings Survey duly recorded it in a set of measured drawings. For which we thank them, but this was a perfect example of the revolutionary nature of a building being obscured by the pre-revolutionary means employed to record it. As is customary in the traditional practice of measured drawing, the Robie house has been measured only from visible surface to visible surface—but half the quality of the house lies behind the surfaces, above the ceiling and under the floor; for this, the last of the Prairie houses, was the one where Wright essayed his most radical experiments in perimeter heating, and effectively took control for the first time of electric lighting.



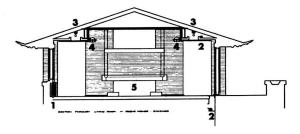
Frederick C. Robie House, Woodlawn & 58th St., Chicago, Ill., 1909. Heating plan and opening windows, etc. in living room: 1. Boxed radiators under rear windows 2. Hot pipes concealed behind cupboards 3. Heaters under brass grilles in floor 4. Central fireplace.

Conditions were set fair for a masterpiece; when Frederick C. Robie approached Wright in 1908, he was in good practice and peak form; he had done enough houses to know exactly what he was about, but there was no sign of sated interest or flagging invention. Robie was the perfect client, doing well in business, intelligent, shrewdly aware of his own needs and the depth of his pocket, enthusiastic and possessed of the services of a good contractor for the construction work. For this paragon of a patron, Wright set out to design a paragon of Chicago houses, and if I do not list and praise every one of its virtues here, it is because most of them have been extolled elsewhere and because I have quite a lot to say about its environmental performance.

The house consists, substantially, of a long two-story block parallel with 58th Street (eastwest, that is) with a three-story block tucked into its north side and looking over it into the street. The roof of the two-story block overhangs impressively to east and west—at the east it provides a covered entry to the kitchen

wing; at the west it provides shelter against the afternoon sun.

To the south (and north too, for the sake of symmetry) the overhang is less impressive, but exactly deep enough, as I shall show later. At first floor-slab level on the south side, however, the balcony of the living room comes far enough forward to keep the ground floor fairly constantly in the shade. This is important because the ground floor and the small, almost sun-less entrance court on the north side together act as a cold-air tank to keep the whole house cool in summer. On a sweltering June afternoon, it will be appreciably chilly in the entrance hall, pleasantly temperate in the first floor living room, and warm, but not intolerably so, in the master bedroom up under the roof—and this with every window shut.



Robie House. Section through living room (prepared by Mary Reyner Banham): 1. Boxed radiators under windows, 2. Hot water pipes, 3. Concealed lights in roof-space, 4. Glass lighting globes, 5. Central fireplace.

With windows opened, however, the main living room may be vented later in a number of ways: doors, windows may be opened at either end; the entire south front consists of glass doors giving on to the balcony, and the rear windows at the western end, overlooking the entrance court may also be opened, to exploit north-south breezes. All opening lights are protected by internal fly-screens, which are part of the original design. Effectively, the living room has exposure on, not three, but three-and-a-half sides, and for exactly that much of its perimeter it is heated. Under the opening windows of the north side there are dwarf radiators boxed into neat, grated enclosures; in the V-shaped ends of the room heat is supplied by hot pipes buried at the back of the built-in cupboards, slots being provided in the deep sills for the heated air to emerge; and all along the south side there are heating elements buried under the floor beneath a brass grille in front of each glass door. Are buried? Or were buried? The cavity under each grille seems deep enough to accommodate radiators of the size used under the windows on the rear wall, which would have been both symmetrical and reasonable, but there do not appear to be any radiators there now, not under the grilles I was able to raise. All I could find was a large diameter pipe at the bottom of the well. Whether there ever were actual radiators there at any time, or whether they were later removed, is not clear. What is obvious is that later occupiers found the heating inadequate and installed free-standing radiators that all too patently are not part of Wright's design. But the lighting arrangements patently are part of the original design. The glass globes in square japonnaiserie frames along the edge of the ceiling are familiar enough from photographs in the standard literature, but what such pictures rarely make plain enough is that the wooden slatted grilles let into the lower part of the ceiling, one to each bay like the brass grilles in the floor, have always had electric light bulbs mounted above them in the roof space. Thus, the direct luminescence in the central space of the room was supplemented by an outer band of more diffused light, dappled by the simple device of making abstract patterns with cubes of oak inserted between the slats of the grille. Electric lighting was just over 20 years old in Chicago when Fred Robie commissioned the house; Wright was one of that uniquely fortunate generation of architects who were young enough to have worked their professional careers entirely in the electrical age, but were old enough to recall the environmental miseries of the gas age that preceded it. Not all that generation profitted by this good fortune as crisply as Wright did. In the year of the Robie House, Behrens can be found still designing dangling fittings with naked bulbs and elaborately ineffective fabric draped shades. Wright was one of the first architects to appreciate the creative consequences of the fact that electric lighting involves no exposed flame, generates very little heat, needs no draft of air or oxygen to keep it going and produces no noxious fumes that have to be cleared away—and for all these reasons can be enclosed or concealed in spaces and places where no lighting could safely or usefully have gone before.

But even electric lights do produce some heat and thus generate convective currents of warmed air, which raises an intriguing possibility: that the wooden grilles and electric lights may be part of a system for exploiting the roof-space (to put it no higher) as a ventilating device. If the warmed air from the lamps, or from the pipe next to the grilles, wanted to convect away anywhere, there would be room for it to escape between the flange of the structural I-beam and the underside of the roof-covering, whose slope it could follow into the central roof-space. Where would it go then? The introduction to *Wasmuth I* makes a helpful suggestion again, on this topic too:

"The gently sloping roofs grateful to the prairie do not leave large air-spaces above the rooms, and so the chimney has grown in dimensions and importance and in hot weather ventilates the circulating air-spaces beneath the roofs, fresh air entering beneath the eaves through openings easily closed in winter."

The Robie house certainly exemplifies these propositions: a square grille is let into the soffit of the long overhang at each end of the main roof, and the chimney has an added limb on its western side, clearly exhibiting the pattern of missing bricks which signals a ventilator in Wright's work of this period—it shows up in both the Larkin building and the Isabel Roberts house. Warm air spillage over the recessed lights could well have contributed to this ventilating process, even when the grilles under the eaves were closed in winter.

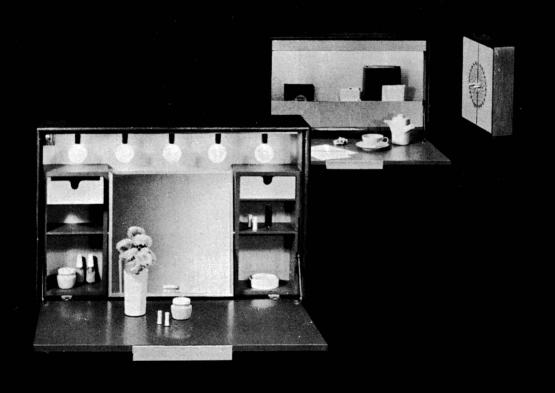
But the most intriguing question of this sort raised by the Robie house concerns, not the newest source of environmental power, but the oldest—sunlight. I have already mentioned the seemingly inadequate overhang of the southern eaves of the house, but it only seems inadequate because we forget how far south Chicago is: the same latitude as Istanbul or Rome. The sun stands high in summer; so high that at noon on Midsummer's Day the shadow of the eaves just kisses the woodwork at the bottom of the glass doors, leaving the glass in shadow and thus un-heated. Give or take a quarter of an inch, for warping or shrinking of wood, it hits that woodwork line so exactly, so neatly, that it takes your breath away. It is difficult to believe that it is not deliberate, but equally difficult to believe that if Mr. Wright had done it on purpose he would not have drawn attention to the fact somewhere in print.

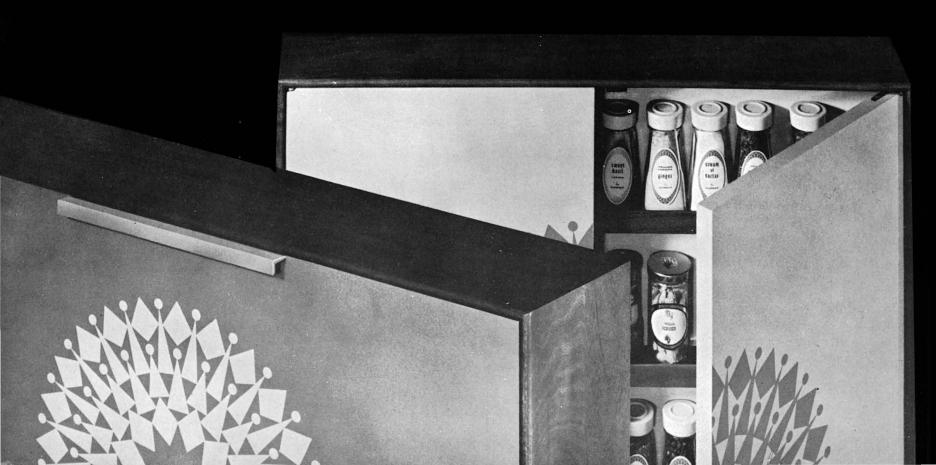
This moment of mastery, accidental or otherwise, seems a good place to leave the Great Environmentalist and the historical questions he left behind. The last question to be raised is this: the historical significance of Wright's environmental innovations. The place of the Larkin building in the development of modern architecture seems clear enough; it performed one of those necessary delicate operations by which some major innovation of technical civilization was rendered architecturally and culturally acceptable by bringing it within the established canon of architectural forms. It did for environmental equipment what Behrens did for factories in his Turbinenfabrik, or Perret did for exposed concrete framing in the facade of the Garage Ponthieu—in each case the solution was to resolve the innovation into an abstract form of classicism.

The use of a basically similar vocabulary of forms in the Prairie houses, including axial symmetry in the parts and sometimes the whole, and a way of organising even the simplest wall into plinth, shaft and some sort of course—in spite of all this the proposition is fundamentally different, and we are confronted with a radically new concept of shelter design. Unlike most previous (and too many subsequent) employments of environmental aids, they have not here been clipped on to a conventionally conceived structure to ameliorate its inadequate performance—as was the case even with the Larkin building. In the Prairie house the structure, its solids, voids and overhangs, and the mechanics, whether they consume coal, gas, kerosene or electricity, work together in a manner that deserves the favourite Wrightian epithet of "organic"-and were conceived as working together in this way from the start. Nothing is merely an amelioration or corrective of something else; hardly any single element performs a single function; hardly any single function is performed by any one element alone, most are the working result of elements functioning together with the practised ingenuity and concealed craft normally found in vernaculars that have been a thousand years in the growing. But nothing had been a thousand years growing in Chicago; the city had only been incorporated in 1837, and had been putting up what might decently be termed permanent buildings only for a half-century or so when Wright began his independent practice as an architect, and he invented his vernacular in the next ten years. Only it is not a vernacular cumulatively devised by generations barely aware of what they are creating; it is an invention, consciously made by a man acutely aware of himself and his innovations.

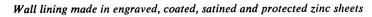
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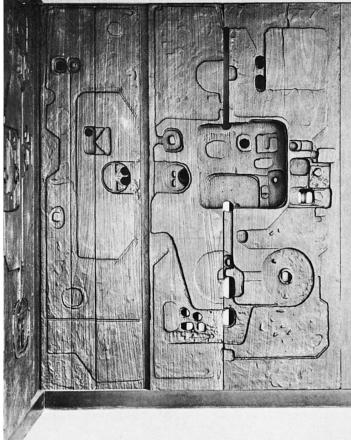
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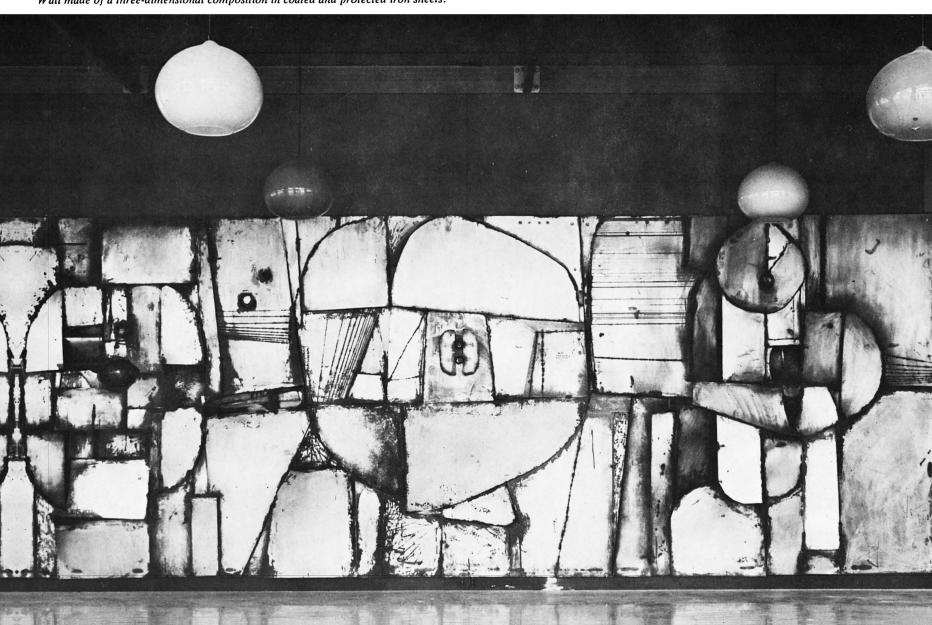






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THE STONES OF ITALY

Marble is found almost all over Italy, from the Alpine and pre-Alpine mountains, following the line of the Apennines down to Sicily. There are also interesting beds of marble in Sardinia and in the islands of the Tuscan Archipelago. Particular mention must be made of the basin of the Apuan Alps, called the most important in the world and comprising the territory sloping down from the Apuan Alps to the seabetween Marina di Massa and Marina di Pietrasanta—as well as the territory to the northeast up to the top of the Serchio valley. There are several separate zones in this basin, in each of which the marble quarried has different features and marble-working is carried on with different systems (with a predominance of industrial, artistic, or artisan processing). These zones are Carrara, Massa and Versilia, and Garfagnana. The Carrara area is the zone in which the most valuable marble quarries are situated.

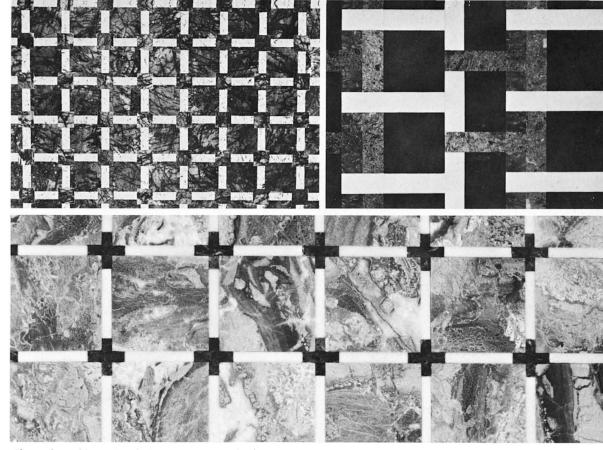
Among the many types of stone which, though not actually marble, are often classified under this heading in view of the wide use made of them in building, are travertine, granite and porphyry. Quarries of travertine, which is very much in demand in the building industry for its ornamental and wearing qualities, are to be found mainly at Tivoli (Rome), Viterbo and other localities in Latium as well as in Tuscany, particularly at Rapolano (Sienna).

The entire exhibition area of the E.U.R. complex near Rome is in travertine. The Palais de l'Unesco in Paris, the Chase Manhattan Bank in New York and the Scottish Rite Temple in Los Angeles have interior floors and walls faced in travertine. The entire Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts in New York, encompassing five theatres, including the new Metropolitan Opera House, is sheathed in travertine, selected for its durability, beauty and, not least important, its competitive price.

The most important granite quarries are situated in Piedmont ("Montorfano White," "Baveno Red" and "Varallo Grey") and in the province of Sondrio, on the islands of Elba and Giglio (Tuscan Archipelago) and in various parts of Sardinia. A number of porphyry quarries are to be found along the Adige Valley from Merano to Trento and in the Agordo area (Belluno); cut up into cubes this stone is excellent for road paving.

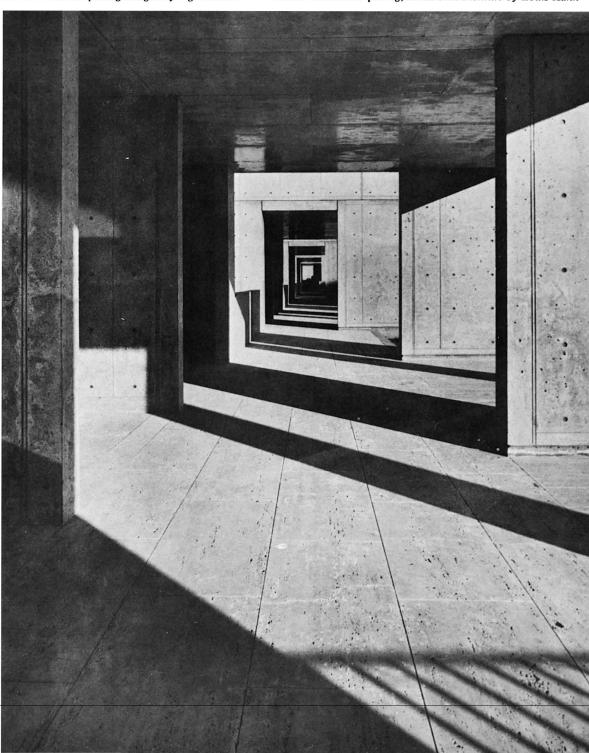
An exhibit of Italian building materials is currently in progress at the Los Angeles International Design Center, 8899 Beverly Boulevard. This is the first United States showing of the "Marble Map of Italy," a selected presentation of Italy's stone resources, including 165 of the better known varieties of marble (shown in 12" x 28" slabs) along with illustrations and charts describing their use in architecture and decoration, and the geographical location of their production centers.

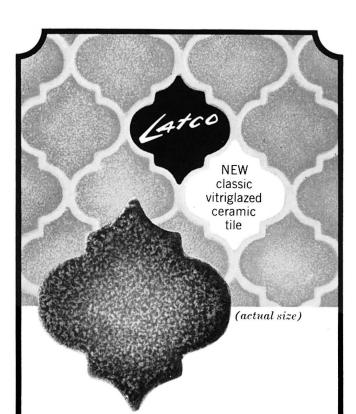
The exhibit continues through November 15. Admittance is free.



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BYRON PUMPHREY

The American Association of Producing Artists, the repertory group founded by Ellis Rabb in 1960 and currently doing a season of plays at the Huntington Hartford, is well on its way to achieving the recognition and status in this country that accrued to London's Old Vic, now known as the National Theater and still under Laurence Olivier's direction.

Not since the demise of the Group Theater, that immensely valiant effort of the 30s has there been such an accomplished American company of actors.

The Group Theater was both a casualty of the depression and an attitude toward theater that insisted that it be self-supporting. While it is evident that the APA was launched during a much more propitious time—a time in which cities and universities are competing for cultural recognition—it is worth noting that it, like the Group Theater, is an organization created and directed by the artists themselves rather than by some board or institution.

The APA is nowhere mentioned in the Rockefeller Report on the Performing Arts and it applied in vain to the foundations to underwrite a Broadway season of repertory, this despite a record that sufficiently demonstrated both its stamina and its merit. APA made its first New York appearance under its own management at the Folkbiene Playhouse in the spring of 1962, but prior to that it had presented two seasons at the McCarter Theater in Princeton, New Jersey under the patronage of Princeton University; a season at the Fred Miller Theater in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, and for the last four years it has presented a fall season under the sponsorship of the Professional Theater Program of the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor. Nor was this all. It had played various engagements during those long, hard years wherever it could find a marketplace for its expanding repertory of plays. During the winter and spring of 1964 and again in 1965, APA appeared in New York under the banner of APA at the Phoenix. This season they joined forces again to present at the Lyceum Theater in New York the Kaufman-Hart farce, You Can't Take It With You.

This charming period piece, a Pulitzer prize winner of 1936, may be regarded as outrageously corny by some, but it holds up delightfully as a play and no less as a reminder of what Americans were like more than a quarter of a century ago. Not, by any means, that one sees a typical American family. The Vanderhof household is anything but that. In the slang of today, it was a "swinging" place, where "happenings" were spontaneously in progress rather than being artificially staged. Let's say they constituted a group of odd-balls, eccentrics who had ceased to care about the rat-race and were joyfully occupied in doing what pleased them best. Refracted here, particularly in the person of Grandpa Vanderhof, was an easy going acceptance of individuality as artless as were these eccentrics in their eccentricities. It seems to me a spirit we have lost. One thinks of the self-consciousness of the beatniks, and of the obviously commercial effort to be way-out as instanced in the Beatles, the Rolling Stones, and singer Bob Dylan. What passes for individuality today is a public relations created image which, if successful, is widely copied by those who fall under its spell. A walk along the Sunset Strip any week-end night will show how potent the image and the spell its casts can be.

The gap that now exists between the generations were non-existent in those by-gone days and the romance between Alice and her boy friend, an executive in his father's firm, was conducted in a manner that contemporary youth might be hard put to believe. The truth is that the play is a reminder of a loss of innocence and warmth. You Can't Take It With You is an undeniably sentimental farce, completely devoid of mention of the social problems of the 30s, but it holds the homely flavor of the period intact and Ellis Rabb deserves all praise for discerning in it an American classic fully worthy of revival.

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It seems wonderfully fitting that the boxoffice success of this zest-ful American play should have rescued the APA from its shaky financial condition, enhanced its prestige, and, finally, won a grant from the National Endowment of the Arts in the sum of \$125,000. I especially like APA's eclectic approach to theater and its scorn of the Temple of Art kind of policy that has been a disaster at Lincoln Center. Its growing repertory now includes 33 plays covering a wide range of drama. Plans for the future include the introduction of original works, particularly those of American authors.

Henceforth the Huntington Hartford will be APA's summer home, with Ann Arbor, Michigan, and New York, its fall and winter quarters. At Ann Arbor the company continues to be sponsored by the professional theater program of the University of Michigan and in New York by the Phoenix Theater. APA has set a standard of excellence in performance and programming that cannot but have an enriching and broadening effect on all theater in Los Angeles. Cheers for James Doolittle, General Director of the Hollywood Theater Wing of the Greek Theater Association, in obtaining for Los Angeles this fine company.

In Candide, the combined talents of Lillian Hellman (book), Richard Wilbur (lyrics), and Leonard Bernstein (music)—with additional lyrics by Dorothy Parker, John Latouche, Miss Hellman, and Mr. Bernstein-effectively smothered the savage, but withal merry attack that Voltaire made in his novel about this best of all possible worlds. In their adaptation of this famous novel to the format of a comic operetta, its sparkling irreverence is reduced to a sentimental, naughty kind of cuteness. Their whole approach is essentially romantic, wholly at odds with the piercingly sharp satire with which Voltaire gayly mocked the world. A little of Voltaire's wit comes through in the narration, is seldom present in the lyrics, and hardly evident at all in Bernstein's music. Musically, Bernstein has written a score that is a melange of styles, with what might be described as modern 18th century dominating. It is lushly romantic and sentimental, often reflects laughter, but never of the wry kind. Although this is pretty much in keeping with the book and lyrics, Bernstein easily outdoes them both in sentimentality and romantic gloss.

Gordon Davidson's ingenious staging of Candide for the Theater Group kept the action flowing smoothly through its numerous scenes. David Watson in the title role and Mary Grover as Cunegonde both have good voices but are not especially good actors. Although Nina Dova's Old Lady was somewhat too schmaltzy, she lit up the stage gloriously in her "I Am Easily Assimilated" number. With the best lines in the operetta, Carroll O'Connor as Pangloss, threw them away in an all too precious interpretation of the character. Despite its enthusiastic reception at Royce Hall on the UCLA campus, this candied Candide is not a first-rate work.

Thus far the so-called cultural explosion in the performing arts has been a predominately middle class affair. The formula is a resident Equity company performing a non-Broadway repertory, the financial support from foundations and wealthy patrons making up the loss between box-office income and the money needed to operate the theater. The middle-class audience is being extensively widened, but in the depressed areas of our cities, with the notable exception of Joseph Papp's free Shakespeare Festival in Central Park, which finally won the support of New York's municipal authorities, no program or plans have been offered which would make it possible for the poor to experience legitimate theater.

That situation is going to be remedied in Los Angeles by Dr. J. Alfred Cannon, associate director of UCLA's Division of Social and Community Psychiatry and president of the newly formed Inner City Cultural Center.

This organization, which has a close liaison with UCLA and various cultural groups of Los Angeles, will occupy the Old Boulevard Theater at Washington Boulevard and Vermont Avenue, a location Dr. Cannon describes as the cross-roads of the minority communities. The Center's theater arts productions is expected to

get under way in November and the overall plan is a professional school of the arts, including dance, music, and writing.

In addition to meeting the needs of the culturally and economically deprived, Dr. Cannon's plan is one that may well have a revitalizing effect on contemporary drama. A diverse, multi-racial audience is not only likely to change the bases of production and play selection but also to generate the writing of plays that will give society emotionally and dramatically moving statements about citizens that middle-class Americans have yet to understand.

ART

(Continued from page 6)

chairs, and at once around her pillars and pylons of chairs mounted, until the consequences seemed to her too dangerous. She slipped away, but the effect of her wordless lecture continued through the afternoon and evening in processions among the school buildings. Mob action, celebration, psychological explosion, a silent lecture become a spontaneous flowing of emotional releases, she had evoked "total theater" and saw how it could become dangerous and destructive. She said she would not do it again.

John Cage, writing about Jasper Johns in *The New Art*, presents esthetic and commercial justifications. "The situation must be Yes-and-No not either-or. *Avoid a polar situation*. A target is not a paradox. [Several of Johns's paintings represent circular targets.] Ergo: when he painted it he did not use a circular canvas... This undivided seemingly left-over area miraculously produces a duplex asymmetrical structure."

If the represented circular target does not fill the entire canvas, which is rectangular, there is nothing "miraculous" in the resulting "duplex asymmetrical structure." What the painter does with that structure may be "miraculous." In much of this art commentary there is a tendency to describe whatever unusual thing happens as sufficient for its purpose. It is *originality*, a variation of the expected, an effect quickly noticed and accessible. An artist of true individuality alters the expected by means scarcely to be noticed and not easily accessible, yet so interpenetrating that the resulting workmanship is first appreciated, if at all, only for its failure.

"The demand for his work exceeds the supply. The information that he has stretched a canvas, if, that is, it was not already commissioned, produces a purchase."

It's true that with Picasso and Matisse and several of their contemporaries the time-lag between the painting and its reception vanished. This has happened again. The artist becomes a professional satisfying a demand, a salon artist regardless of individual quality. At the present time; paintings are described as a better investment than growth stocks or diamonds. What happens to the quality? Does the purchaser see it? Does the fashionably informed viewer look for anything but the fashionable mode? Can the painter look beyond his acceptance? In former times a patron put up money and a painter painted; painting was the job, the commercial justification secondary. But in the lifetime of Rembrandt and Hals the commercial justification counted, as it has counted since that time. The rapid rise and fall of styles and reputations during the past twenty years indicates that we have not returned to the earlier dispensation. Virgil Thomson believes that Picasso, at 33, with cubism behind him, went on by "sheer professionalism—by inventing tricks and using them up, . . by watching the market, . . and by keeping himself advised about trends . . " Thomson says that Gertrude Stein, whose work had no market value until she was old enough to write an autobiography, continued growing all her life. "Sheer professionalism" after an artist has reached full growth may be a sustained maturity,

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as I see the long careers of Picasso and Stravinsky, or it may be, as Thomson suggests, a long, delayed withering.

Where is the painter potentially of first rank, who, in the full bloom of his individuality, is still today being rejected? the uncompromising creator with whom fashion cannot compromise? the prober of depths whose work of a life-time has been shunted aside and shrugged off? I have asked the question and received no answer. Is there today no other vision except the old-fashioned academic and the fashionable? I shudder at the thought that there may be no choice between art of the fashion, however commendable its qualities, and no vision. If so, we are ready to welcome an art-generating automatism—an art for philatelists. Have nature and the still unrealized reality of the present been so caught up in art that we are unaware of other possibilities than those of art, that these have vanished, that we do not see them! "... No longer a window to the world, but the world ..." Somewhere, surely, there must be an unwanted, unfashionable artist of first quality living in a reality we and our artists have not visualized.

What Glenn Gould calls the "van Meegeren syndrome," anger following the confusion of a pseudo-Vermeer painting with the real thing, is no more than a play of attributions as these relate to current prices. If the attribution is what counts, then the fake is as good as the real thing. This is the fault of academic or imitative art at any period; it tries to synthesize by attribution of values the reality which, insofar as values are created, creates them. Architect Konrad Wachsmann, who knew van Meegeren, told me that the painter was so caught up in his experiments with glazes, nowadays a nearly forgotten technique, that his painting was not a fake but the real thing. If someone, impressed by these "painterly values," bought van Meegeren believing it to be a Vermeer, that was his taste, his error, his fault if it was a fault, not the painter's. The argument does not excuse the painter from his share in the deception.

Susan Sontag, writing "against interpretation" and against "content" which can be interpreted, believes that good art criticism "is a matter of getting certain standards of writing not simply accepted but taken for granted." But if she and I disagree about the meaning of "content" and the necessity of some degree of "interpretation"—if only in the sense of elucidation—and also about the usefulness of the word, "standards," as a criterion in art or criticism, then, no matter how well either of us writes, we shall be at cross-purposes about each of these critical issues. Facile literacy will not help us; we must think. When she writes, "As everyone knows, the American art world today is, on the one hand, insular and esoteric, and on the other hand, commerce-ridden and terribly fashionable," I agree with her, both hands, because I believe that both are true today of the same persons. Andy Warhol, who would carry to its collective ultimate the worldwide tribalism foreseen by Marshall McLuhan, is as esoteric in practice as a fanatic shaman and as vulgar as Dali's whiskers.

Susan Sontag endorses the critical writing of painter Ad Reinhardt. Lucy R. Lippard says of him: "His 'Twelve Rules for a New Academy,' published in 1957, were indeed prophetic of the new academicism of 1965. ('No texture, no accidents or automatism, no brushwork or calligraphy, no sketching or drawing, no forms, no design, no color.')"—a totality of negatives. The New Art includes Reinhardt's "Twelve Technical Rules (or How to Achieve the Twelve Things to Avoid)" with other samples of his critical writings. I like this: "What curator has not thrilled to the strains and old refrains of 'Art is a style of living, so to speak' (de Kooning, 1951), 'Painting is voyaging into the night, one knows not where . . .' (Motherwell, 1959), 'There is no such thing as a painting about nothing' (Rothko, Gottlieb, 1947), and 'Let no man undervalue the implications of this work, or its power for life, or for death, if it is misused' (Still, 1959)?" The question mark at the end stands for more than the end of the question.

So Reinhardt pronounces: "Every revolution in art turns over Art from art-as-also-something-else into Art-as-only-itself.

"The one eternal, permanent revolution in Art is always a Negation of the use of Art for some purpose other than its own." He is prolific of such statements; his Art-as-Art Dogma lists 3½ pages of them in succession, from "Words in art are words. Letters in art are letters." to "Art in art is art. The end of art is art as art. The end of art is not the end." I doubt that this gets him any farther than the several delphic strains by de Kooning, Motherwell, et al. I am more interested to learn what his art is. His art includes the assemblage of these critical pronouncements. Reinhardt believes that the art museum belongs to fine art, and only fine art should be in it. Raising the question of Robert Rauschenberg's stuffed goat with an automobile tire around it, for which a Swedish museum has paid \$30,000. By critical opinion this object was put together to defy or mock "fine art." If so, the correct gesture would have been to set the high price on it and then destroy it. The goat had become fine art and esthetically commercial.

I don't believe that a work of art communicates. I don't believe that an artist "communicates," unless he has a "message." I am not convinced that Rauschenberg's goat communicated a message against fine art. I am no more sure what message Reinhardt's writing does communicate. I don't believe in Marshall McLuhan's "the medium is the message"—that is not true of Reinhardt's message—or its inversion, the message is the medium. I don't believe that art needs a message, though it can have one.

Art is neither medium nor message but in each case what it is, a trail of objects, actions, statements, artifacts, which we make out as we can, perhaps for our benefit or maybe not. We should try to discern, to differentiate, to recognize, to appreciate—not evaluate—what the artist made or does. When we discover that Picasso paints from the wrist, Matisse with the full arm, some other artist with his feet, we can look for the consequences in his work but not justify or evaluate his work for that reason. The fact is part of content.

Real artists know the difference between the consistency of work-manship, exploration, preparation, long meditated experience they require of themselves and an indifferently earned, commercial smartness. I recall the self-consistent, disciplined freedom of a rehearsal by Merce Cunningham's dance group, the pageant of Ann Halprin's Parades and Changes, a flag by Jasper Johns. A friend, looking at the flag, called it "sad." The emotional interpretation responds to but does not evaluate the content. Beauty and art are the product of an esthetic consistency in the work which is its content, growing from the wider field of the maker's unique individuality which we call the "unconscious mind," cultivated and harvested by the deliberative intelligence. The work of art, the event, regardless of its quality, is the product. The content of a work of art is the all or little it consists of. It is not what the work is about. The consistency includes more than its medium.

History as art can consummate myth or legend as fact. I may disregard some parts of an historian's record, yet cherish what he has done. Art first of all preserved Herodotus' history; only now are his facts, formerly dismissed as myth or legend, being proved true.

Artists today, having won a better reception than public tolerance, have been rapidly laying down new rules, theories, limitations, and exclusions, as if they were preparing a new academicism. The theorists are again victims of their theories and do not see beyond them. The New Art is the critical gossip of a new parochialism, not the parochialism of the village where everyone walks a path close to nature but the parochialism of the subway, the television tube. There one sees, hears, has a glimpse of anything without reason: noise, activity, advertisements, unnatural colors, the announcement of shows, headline news. Everything is on time, dated, hourly, by the minute. How much concerns us?

You see, the city gets a hold on them, the agreed, the common talk, and they think they have found honesty: what they have agreed on.





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