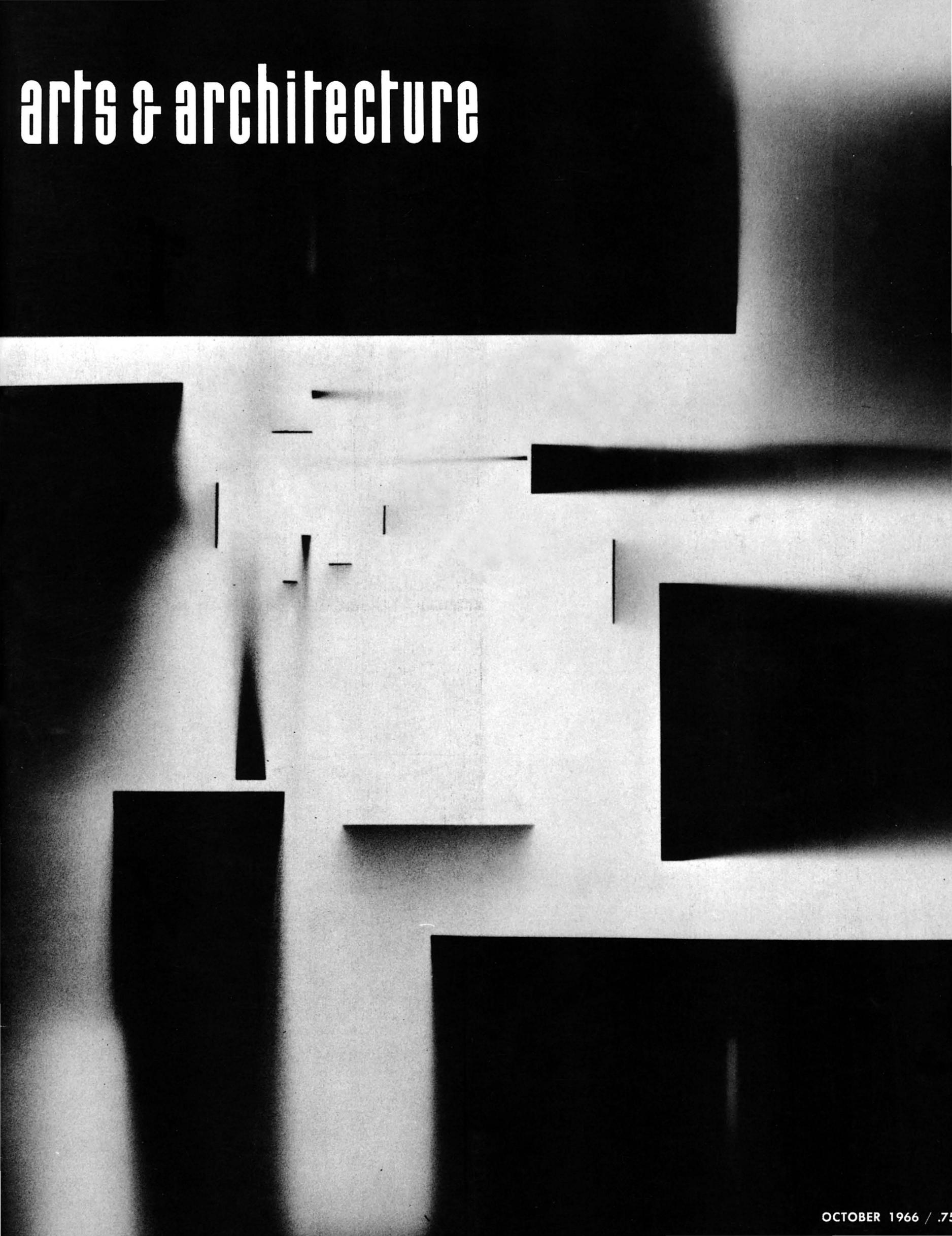


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art

DORE ASHTON

PARIS IMAGINED (OR ANY OTHER BIG WESTERN CITY)

There is something quite satisfactory about letting the world come to you. I recently made my way around the Left Bank picking up chit-chat and forming an image without stirring from New York. The world—the specialized world of the arts—came to me in a stream of catalogues, newspapers and manifestos so familiar in tone and content that I scarcely needed a croissant or a Gauloise to put me in the right interpretive frame of mind. Here, then, is Paris in 1966:

Bitterness reigns among the generation still concerned with lyrical abstract painting. They reproach their former partisans in harsh laments and justifiable anger. So few years have passed, and they are still so relatively young—some in their early forties—how is it possible that no one so much as glances at their work? How is it possible that the same young critic, who just a few years ago vied to penetrate the studio of this or that Tachiste, now looks the other way when he passes them on Blvd. St. Germain?

Take M. Serpan, for instance. He was once the subject of many ecstatic articles. He was supposed to be fashioning a new abstract language based on the insights of modern science (he was, I think, a mathematician). His paintings were seen everywhere on the Left Bank in those days, and he even had an exhibition in New York at the Castelli Gallery. M. Serpan is still in Paris and in fact just had a retrospective. But you can tell from his jeremiad in the catalogue that he doesn't expect much from the show. Youth, he says, is always in the right place and where it is now is called "pop-made-in-U.S.A., op-almost-forty-years old, and all the neo-realist modalities." But what about the non-young, the less-young artists who now arrive at their maturity with a well-developed language? There is not much choice, Serpan says: either recantation or persistence.

Capitulation is the happily accepted lot of many "weathervanes" who were tachistes yesterday from a "profound interior necessity" and real-pop today "from a profound interior necessity." As for the *amateurs*: they are the victims of thousands of discordant opinions: "those of criticism devoured by the ephemeral event," as well as those of artists themselves who "scatter their time between the art of painting—but that isn't even necessary or sufficient—and the art of the circus, of solicitation and flattery at the feet of princes . . ."

For those who cannot or will not recant, the present is somber. Nothing can be expected from the critics who dance along the crests as though there were no tomorrow or yesterday. As M. Serpan remarks, there isn't a single critic in Paris who is really concerned with following an artist's work in its continuity, in its extension over the years. And if there were such a critic, where would he find

a tribune for his work? Since art has become news it must bow to the law of the newspaper.

Of course, M. Serpan can be accused of sour grapes. But the air of Paris is no longer what it used to be. It is as polluted as the air of New York. With some justice, Serpan complains of the frivolous and ephemeral in criticism. Words are whining like flak in the sky, far outdistancing the art they are supposed to be illuminating. A kind of frantic verbalism has overtaken criticism, building teetering edifices of theories, explanations and exclamations. They will all fall down in short order, and new ones will be built. No matter. Space is being filled and Art marches on.

I am grateful to six enterprising critics for a synoptic view of what is marching on in Paris. They took over the Galerie Zunini just off Blvd. Raspail to present their views. Being French, they could not resist borrowing the sponsorship of an illustrious dead poet, Paul Eluard, whose well-known *envoi* they print large in their catalogue: "For the artist, as for the most uncultivated man, there are neither concrete forms nor abstract forms. There is a communication between that which sees and that which is seen . . . to see is to understand, judge, transform, imagine, forget, or forget oneself, be or disappear."

Licensed by Eluard, these critics, mostly of the younger generation, make the most of transforming and imagining. The first, Jean-Jacques Leveque, gravely informs us that contemporary art tends more and more to substitute for easel painting a creation which has not had a name attributed to it yet but which is situated somewhere between movies, poetry, psycho-drama and the creation of environments. As I gather it, Leveque wishes to make super-environments, throwing into them the work of artists who happen to be his friends. His cheerful promiscuity must be put down to naivety rather than to corruption.

Jean-Clarence Lambert, on the other hand, has always maintained his right to talk about whatever rose to the surface and in this case, it is *The Nude*.

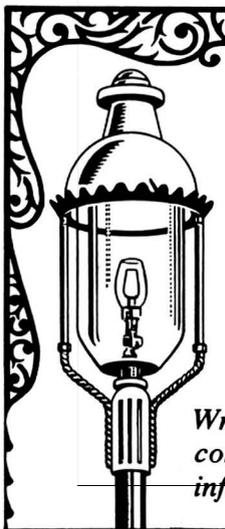
In the beginning, he explains, his idea was simple: to point to the rediscovery of the nude, particularly the female nude. But as he thought about it (and probably as he took stock of what was around) it occurred to him that the nude had never been far from the deeper inspiration of artists, even if they didn't refer directly to the human body. Didn't Poussin advise M. de Chantelou to admire the lovely girls of Nimes in the same way he admired the columns of the *Maison Carree*, "in view of the fact that these are only old copies of those"? No, Lambert says, painting and sculpture have nothing in common with somatology.

Therefore, Lambert's friends among the *informels* can find room in his exhibition since, for them, "the nude is dissolved in a kind of cosmic sentiment, or sensuality which, in spite of its lack of precision (or perhaps because of it) calls up our deepest instincts, those formulated with the most difficulty." One can forgive Lambert his spiritual acrobatics since they are designed to give his old friends an airing. But I wonder if one could forgive him some of the less abstract posterish nudes he had to put in the show?

Faithful to Eluard's diction, Gerald Gassiot-Talabot offers a little essay in "Oneiric Spaces and Structures." What he means, he says, is quite simply those works that seem to allude to dreams. But like Lambert, he can't stick to the subject, nor can he even define it. Such unlikely bedfellows as Byzantios, Cremonini and Segui make for confusion. This notion of an updated surrealism founders in the work of the newer artists who combine poster techniques with montage techniques and hope to come out with oneiric images. They are poor seconds for an old motion.

For A De-mystified Realism is Raoul-Jean Moulin's theme, and he pursues it with appropriate mystification. He states at the beginning that "the man of our time cannot be satisfied any longer with a narrow definition of reality . . . He demands that the artist express reality in its totality, in the sum of its relationships with nature . . ." So far he advances no further than Apollinaire. Like Apollinaire, he goes on to say that we are witnessing a "new realism" (yet again!) which doesn't imply any figurative conventions but is based

(Continued on page 29)



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After years of treating the Pacific Coast as a backwater of the Atlantic, *Time* magazine recently did a *volte-face* with a cover puff about Los Angeles and Mayor Yorty which would gag a public relations man. The article was strangely superficial with its emphasis on sports cars, teenyboppers, mushroomburgers and sundaes. True, Los Angeles has tremendous energy, but so has a maelstrom. And bubbly periods such as "Sealed Destiny," "Breathtaking Elegance," "Thrusting Towers" might be appropriate to a theater marquee or chamber of commerce eulogy but hardly to the grand guignol that Los Angeles and Southern California have become. There are many fine things happening here, efforts by citizens groups such as ABLE (Action for a Better Los Angeles Environment), Los Angeles Beautiful, the Watts Committee, the newly formed Environmental Goals Committee, etc., to prevent further physical degradation of the city and region and to correct blunders already made. None was mentioned. The article's praise of the Trusdale tract—after Mt. Olympus in Hollywood perhaps the most ruthless development ever to cut and slash a Los Angeles hillside—epitomizes the confusion of values that afflicts the public and press.

A similar confusion continues to afflict architecture and the other design professions. Technology is changing the world, transporting it into an electronic age where the speed of thought and light are the remaining constants. And volcanic social forces which can no longer be contained promise to reshape our culture. The architect is aware of and profoundly affected by the change and uncertainty which characterize his world. The overriding question is why has he responded only at the most superficial level, periodically raising and lowering architecture's hemline, hiding the disciplined clarity of the cube behind a succession of edstonework grilles, frills and embellishments. Why, that is, does not only the number but the proportion of dishonest buildings increase as construction increases?

In Europe, according to Colin Wilson, the notion of a new architecture has always been a polemical one in which a whole body of ideas is at stake. "Surely," he says, "it was not on stylistic grounds that the Nazis closed the Bauhaus, and not for nothing did Corbu refer to 'ce futurisme bien dangereux.' For Corbu, as for the Nazis, forms contained dangerous implications of a way of life."

America's is a society unabashedly dominated by economic values; they have been the one common denominator extracted from the variety of foreign cultures transplanted and united here. Propelled by these values, private enterprise with the substantial help of the government has been wringingly efficient in developing the United States physically and economically in this

century and the last. Its momentum has too often taken business across the line dividing "development" from "exploitation," carrying architecture with it.

Another question: why has architecture, a profession which speaks of creating symbols of man's aspirations and achievements, failed to develop a body of ideas and values which would enable it to withstand the pressure of the dollar-directed business-client who has none of the architect's uncertainty about his purpose in life? Is this possibly the reason that the architect continues to sing tenor to the client's bass, giving precedence to the client's needs over the avowed purpose of architecture which is to serve higher public values and needs?

The increasing popular interest in architecture and concern with the problems of our environment have brought the architect to the attention of the clinical psychologist. One of several recent laboratory studies of architects reports the typical "creative young architect to be an independent, intelligent, introverted and solitary creature, self-critical, perceptive and intuitive, free of excessive impulse control, unusual and original in thought and imagination, with high standards of truth and beauty and probably with a secret but firm sense of personal destiny."

A glowing appraisal which raises yet another question: Why, then, do most of this creative young architect's creations deserve burial in unconsecrated ground? Might it be because there is in the psychologist's assessment no mention of an unusually developed social conscience, a firm commitment to a well-defined hierarchy of social values or a love of and personal and professional responsibility to mankind? Without these isn't the architect—and anyone else—easy prey to the anti-intellectualism, the absorption in practicalities and the instant need of things which would be likely to breed the same shallow concern with outward appearances, the cult of the new, that rules the greater part of our public and private affairs? In fact, hasn't it?

The cycle of construction and destruction is accelerating, forcing the architect to abandon even the hope—never great to begin with—that his building would outlast the pyramids. The house next door is about the extent of it. What does this do to a "secret but firm sense of personal destiny" (Messianicism?) which is unsupported by deeper or higher values? It has been predicted that architecture will become even more ephemeral as we progress further into the electronic age. The new architecture will be characterized by impermanence, incompleteness, probability. Such an architecture would demand a high degree—a professional degree?—of selflessness, a firm moral anchor fore and aft. A final question: which way is the exit?



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Facing page:
Left, William James Hall
Right, Roy E. Larsen Hall
Photos by Fran P. Hosken

environment, where they both live and learn, has a decided influence on their future—that is not just the intellectual climate, but also the physical surroundings.

Unfortunately it appears that some members of the architectural profession regard the universities' interest in innovation, including building, as a challenge to fulfill their own private dreams of form. Never mind the use of the building and who cares if the building fits in with its neighbors or not. But it is the institution, in this particular case Harvard, which must assume the burden of the responsibility for the image which it creates; because as the client the institution makes the final decision.

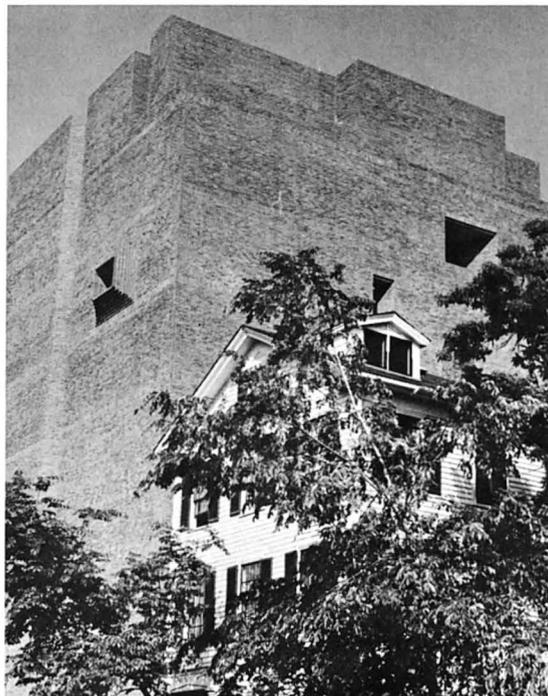
It is the institution which has to live with the buildings which are designed at its bidding. But beyond that, the institution must assume responsibility for much of the image of the community where it is located, in this case Cambridge, and indeed greater Boston.

It is the opinion of this critic that these two latest buildings, which unfortunately are far too visible due to their height and bulk, are a real visual blunder and a mistake to be regretted for a long time to come. No amount of vine planting—as suggested by the late Frank Lloyd Wright—will ever be able to disguise them or make them live gracefully with their neighbors. William James Hall can be seen as a white blotch on the skyline for miles, and the blank, scale-less brick walls of Larsen Hall leave the beholder utterly puzzled as to what goes on inside this formidable fortress.

Architecture is a social art, and the architect has many responsibilities, but above all these two: the down-to-earth one to satisfy the requirements of the program (and client) and the artistic one to create a form of beauty which evokes in the beholder and user an emotional response of satisfaction and joy. But a building does not stand alone in an empty world; it must fit into a context, usually into a cityscape, or into the landscape. It interacts with its environment; it is part of the whole fabric of a city or region and must be appropriately scaled.

It is plain that both buildings, William James Hall and Roy E. Larsen Hall, fail miserably in this respect: they are out of scale with people and out of scale in relationship to their environment.

People are dwarfed by the massive pillars of



William James Hall. They are much heavier than the structure requires and as a result make one feel uneasy. This feeling is amplified by the pompous formality of the building which is inappropriate to one designed to house studies in the behavioral sciences.

Larsen Hall in turn lacks all reference to people in its blank walls, such references as windows, floor divisions, or some means for the eye to orient itself to “read” the building. A building concerned with the subject of research and teaching of education shouldn't shut out the world and turn inside itself. Education should look everywhere, be accessible and inviting.

Both buildings appear totally aloof from their environment and overpower it with total egoism. One could find some excuse for this if at least the visual form which thus draws our attention would offer some compensating enjoyment. But there is nothing there to hold the interest or to invite the curiosity of the beholder.

To proceed with the analysis. The materials used in the building, the form often can “make” a building or relate it. In this, William James Hall is the worse offender. Its glaring whiteness is disconcerting and crude; it attracts attention simply by its tallness and vulgarity. The building can be read at once and is too dull to ask the beholder for a second glance. Too, its boastful plaza and pools are quite out of context in Cambridge.

Larsen Hall, the education building, on the other hand goes to the opposite extreme, smothering you in unrelieved, uninteresting red brick. Plainness is not always a virtue as this demonstrates, nor is plain red brick, even when it is a material appropriate to its environment.

An impression of even greater heaviness has been attempted by the introduction of slanted window walls to create a false perspective.

The final test of a building is in its use: Does it, besides fulfilling the functional and economic requirements of the program, evoke a favorable reaction in the people who use it? Does it provide a pleasant human environment where people like to work, and does it make their work easier and more efficient? Here are some typical comments from people who have recently moved into Larsen Hall: “I wish we had more light.” “It is much easier to name the disadvantages of this building.” While the heavy bearing walls of the building guarantee open flexible interior floors that should respond to the needs of frequent change (according to the description handed out by the public relations firm representing the architects), in reality they do not. Each floor is broken up into innumerable small meeting rooms, offices, and study cubicles, most without windows. Partitions are built in permanently of concrete block, and the interiors have been compared by some to a veritable “rabbit warren.”

However, this comment from the architects Caudill, Rowlett & Scott of Larsen Hall: “From the beginning the future users of the building were among the planners . . . The Faculty Building Committee discussed the proposed building for several months and continued to work closely with the architects.”

Perhaps this then is what the educators wanted to live in—a fortress turned away from the world. In any case, they have it now for keeps. The real pity is that this building with its scale-less bulk violates one of the really attractive, human, and lively sections of Cambridge. And this can't be remedied.

SCALE IN CAMBRIDGE

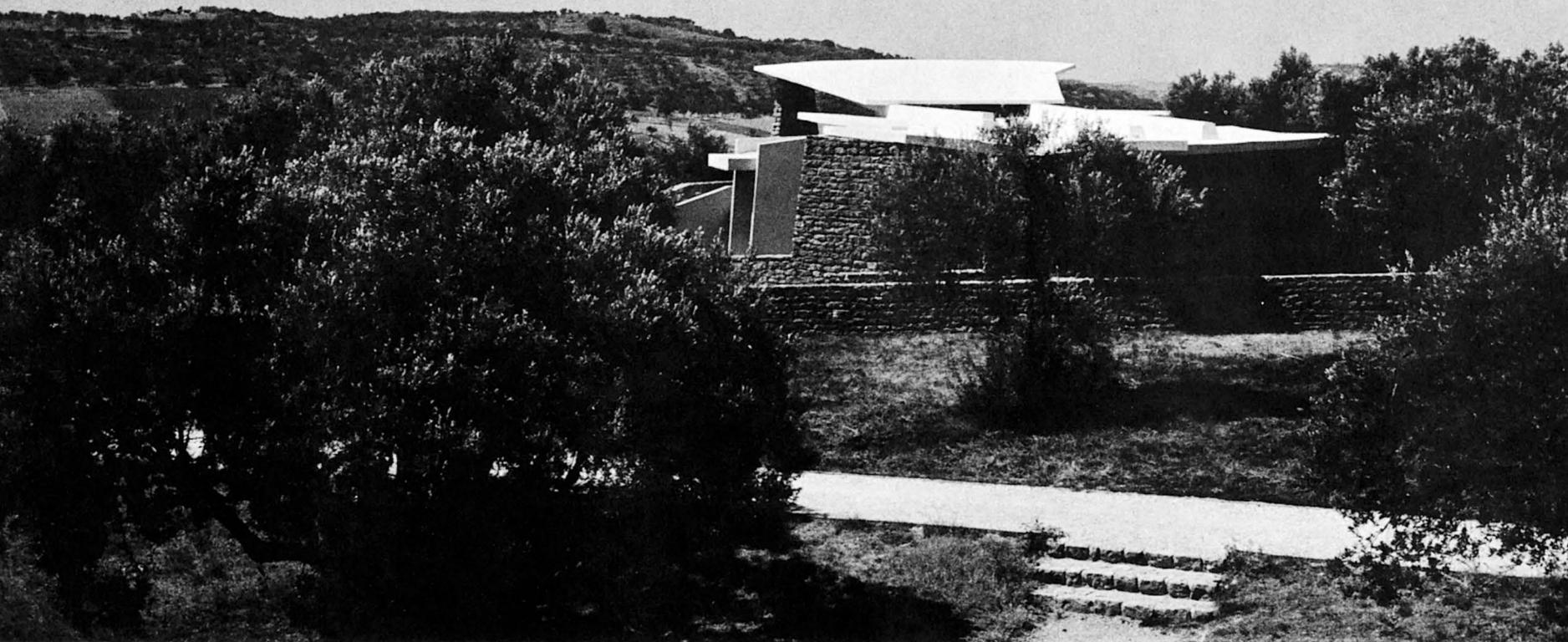
BY FRAN P. HOSKEN

Roy E. Larsen Hall by Caudill, Rowlett & Scott, Architects

William James Hall by Minoru Yamasaki and Associates, Architects

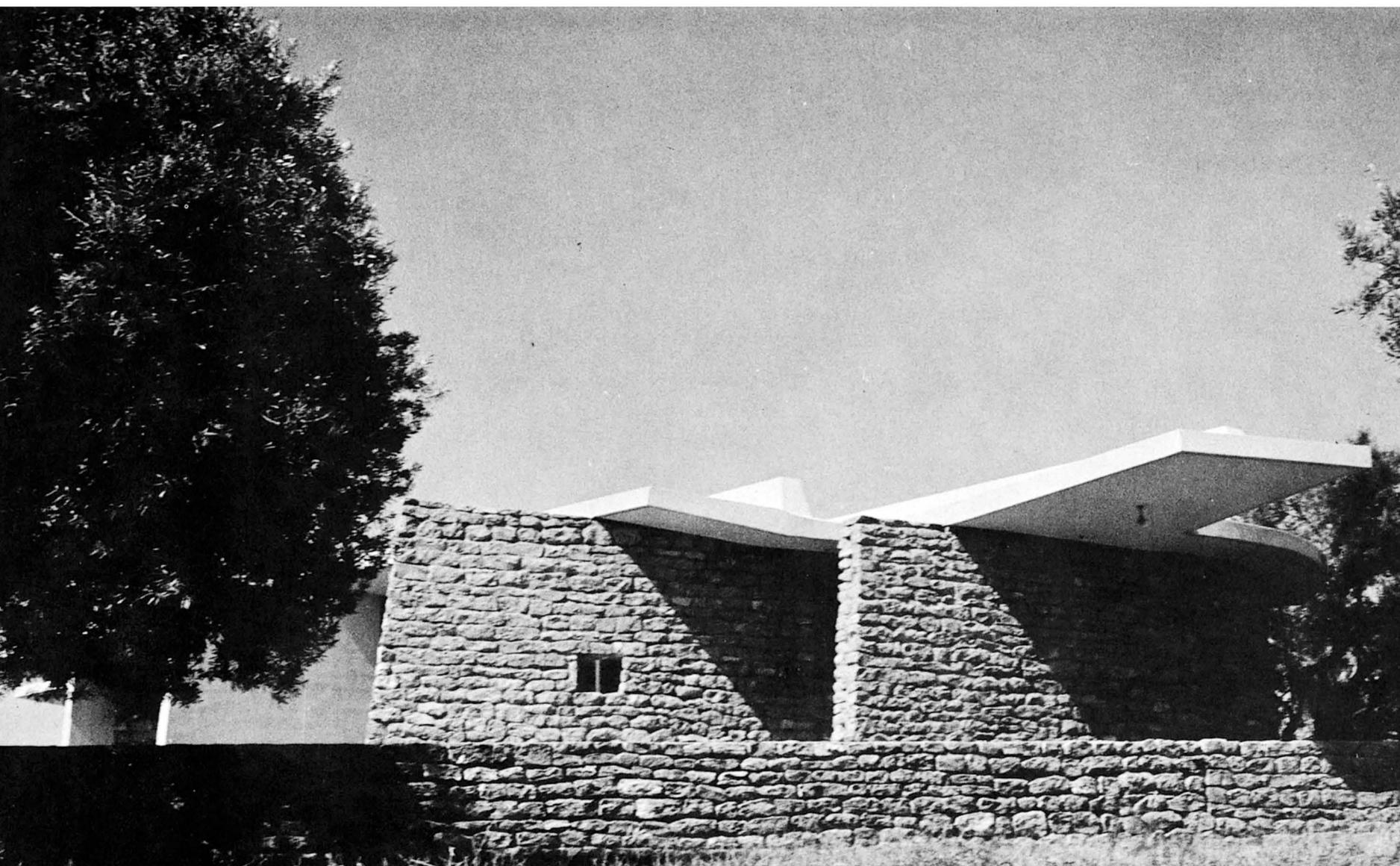
Scale in architecture is concerned with relationships and unity. Unity with the environment to form image. Relationship between buildings and people and buildings and each other.

Cambridge has been moving lately from the scale of walk-up buildings to highrise construction. This past year two new buildings have pierced the skyline of Cambridge: the William James Hall for Behavioral Sciences and the Roy E. Larsen Hall for Education, both at Harvard University. Still it can't be claimed that these two new monuments of architectural expression are graceful additions to the image of Harvard. This institution, like many others, recently has proven to be a prime client of architectural innovations. While Yale University virtually has created an architectural museum of contemporary expression, the Charles River institutions (Harvard, M.I.T., and Boston University) have certainly done their share of imaginative building. This is as it should be because the students'



Kindergarten

BIRTH OF A VILLAGE IN AN UNDERDEVELOPED AREA BY LEONARDO RICCI,



A year ago a friend of mine, Reverend Tullio Vinay, probably the most consistent man I know, came to see me.

I worked with him soon after the war for "Agape," a community in the Piedmont Alps at Praly. This was an important experiment. We demonstrated in that moment of hope following the destruction of the war, that it is possible to live and work together, leaving ideologies behind.

Then, due to various reasons, we went our separate ways, knowing, however, that our work together had not come to an end.

He told me that he had been living in Riesi for a year. He had chosen that place because it was the poorest and the most desolate he knew. He wanted to do something for those people; to understand them, to love them, and organise a life for them.

He had bought a magnificent hill cultivated with olive trees, not far from the main hamlet. A new experience in the land of Sicily. A new hope in a desperate place.

The problem, translated into urban and architectural terms, was this: to create a new village for a community in an underdeveloped area.

The experiment of the Zionist Kibbutz is the only one which has really succeeded in the desert; the sandy dessert has been transformed into something productive. The reason? Those who create a Kibbutz have a real feeling of physical and spiritual identification with it.

In Sicily we want to create something similar, but not for defence, on the contrary, a village open to everyone.

How to arrange this village? What social-economic structure to give it, how to have these people live? I arrived at the following negative conclusions: it would have been absurd to set up an a priori program in a philosophical-political and social sense. We had to live with those people, understand their needs and means as they would become apparent.

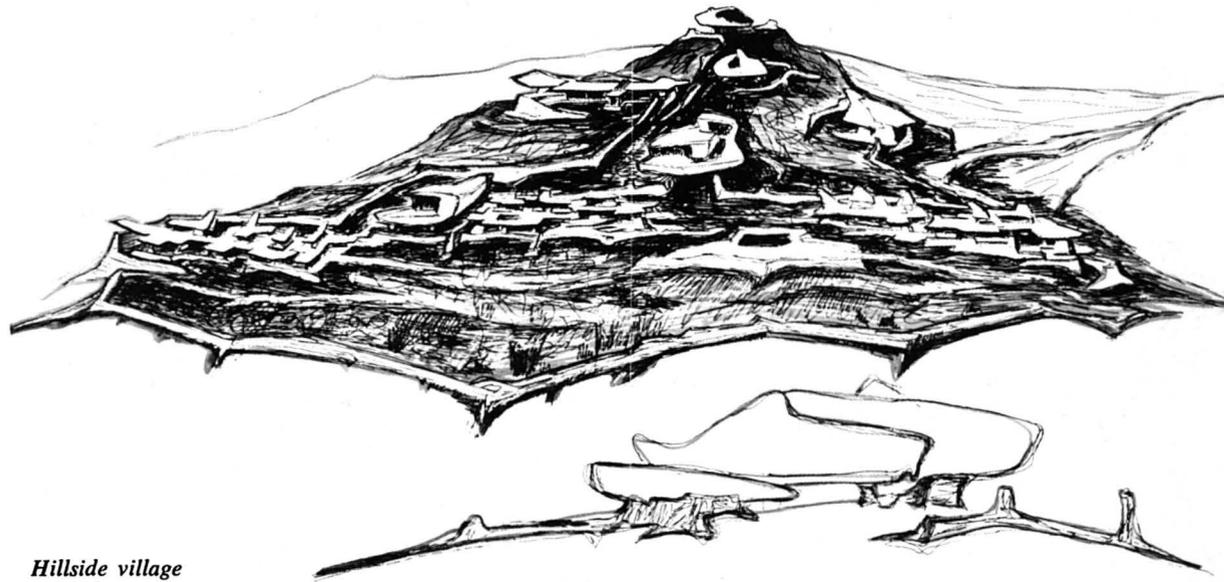
I would have been naive and pretentious to plan a priori from an urban stand point since we could make terrible mistakes and possibly build an uninhabitable city. We were left with only one real possibility, "open planning" to give a name to it.

To build on the hill the nucleus of the community, which could be of use to everybody: to the aged, the grown-ups, and the children. A true and proper "ecclesia" composed of an assembly hall, a kindergarten, a primary school, a school-workshop, a library, a pavilion for medical care and some houses for the "pioneers." This is the nucleus already planned and under construction.

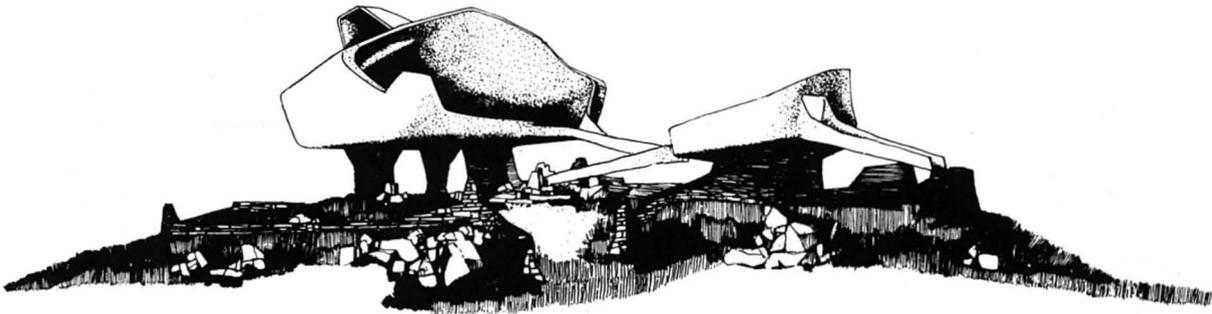
All the rest around the hill is only in the hypothesis stage. We know that in order to make this village alive we must build laboratories, agricultural establishments, new houses for the inhabitants.

And we already have some visions or precise surmises. Quite often, sitting on the highest point of the hill, I paused and looked around me. I already could see what might happen. Those dry lands, well cultivated. Those unemployed and idle people sitting in the coffee bars filled with flies, hard working. Those ragged and vagrant children in the streets, happily playing and getting ready for life. Simple things.

But everything in a way which is not our way of living.



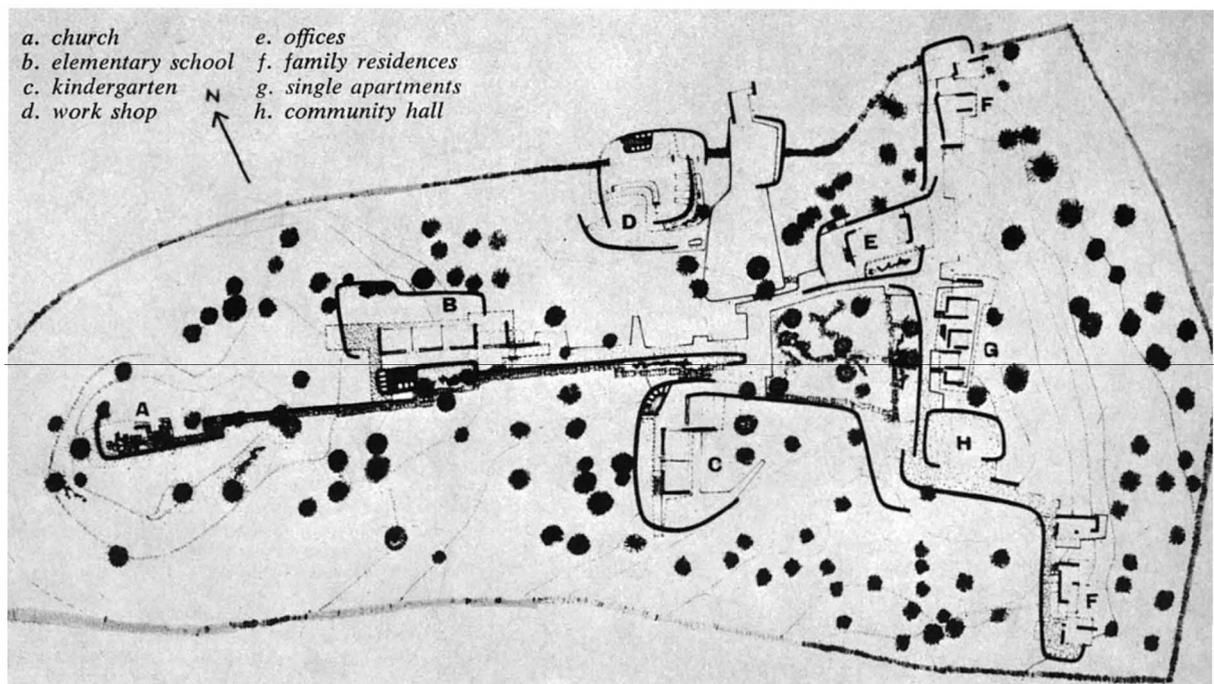
Hillside village

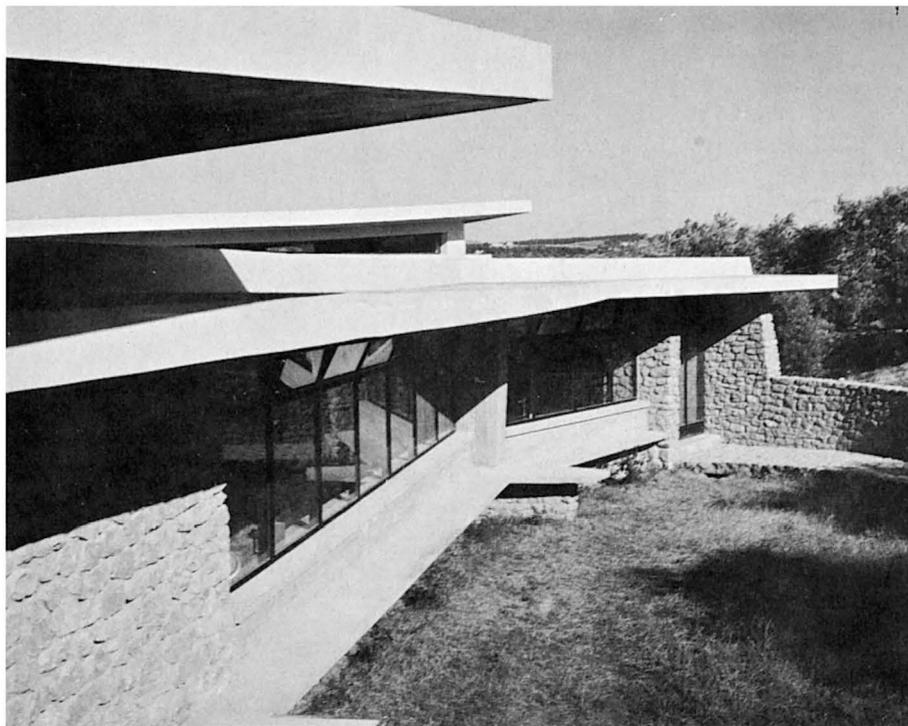


The village community center



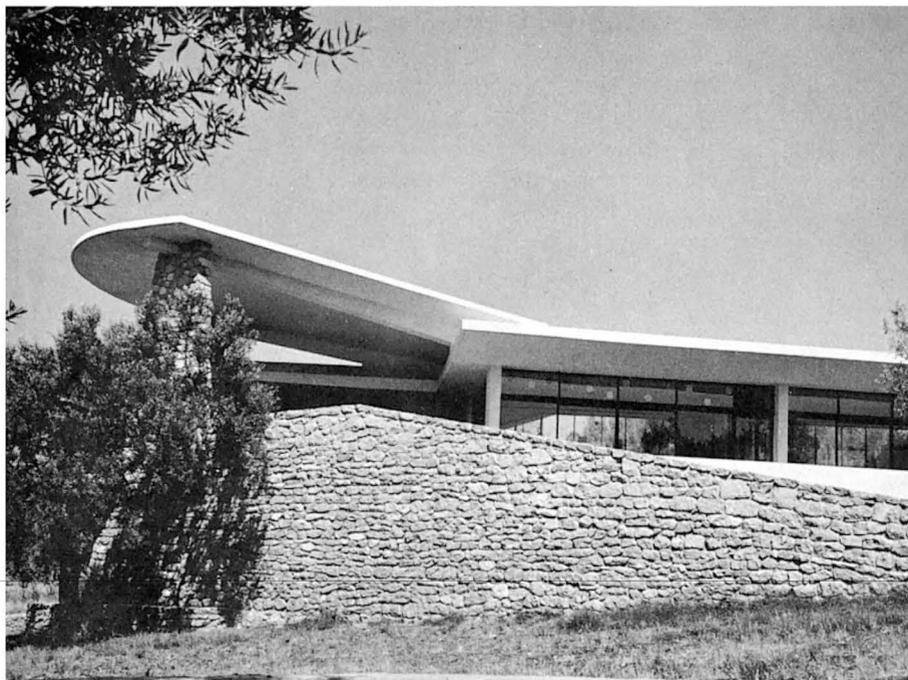
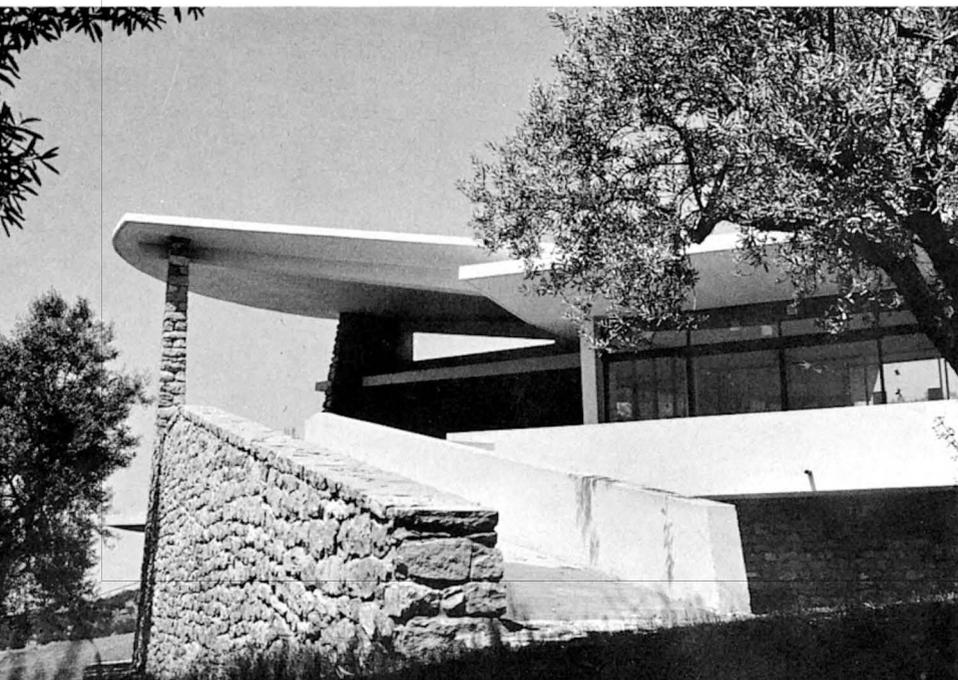
Elevation





This page: Kindergarten

Facing page: Village school—workshop



Sometimes I saw this "pilot" village in my desire and in my dreams expanding all over Sicily. Growing like a tree. I could see Sicily underdeveloped no more, but prosperous as could be. But let us move on to the urban, architectural, technical problem.

Certainly kindergarten, school, assembly hall, etc. The same elements as in all villages. But I have tried to destroy them as separate units. As one can see from the drawings, the organism is unified, there is nothing detached or foreign. As always I have tried to produce an architecture which fits the land, not oversophisticated but basic, even though completely integrated with man's modern adventure.

The reaction of these people to the project and to the first constructions is already comforting. Despite the jump of several centuries of history, these ignorant but not savage men, seem already at home in these architecture . . .

The space I stand for is no longer an abstract concept. It is something living like a plant, a cat, or a child. Something more than organic, it is like a growing crystal.

I feel that the structure which defines this space can no longer be that of a supporting frame, an arbitrary translation into steel or reinforced concrete of the wooden beams of the ancients.

Structure is something unseparated, integrated, and indivisible from the object. What is the meaning of those cages more or less successfully decorated with quasi tasteful panels of nearly all modern architecture? Then out of boredom the same architects transform them with little arches or such things, evocative of a "liberty" flavor.

A structure is born of the earth and assumes its particular form in function to the life we want to live, to the space which permits this life, to the materials that we use . . .

Form in architecture can only be the natural and logical consequence of a thought in terms of space shaped by a structure consistent with the material. It is not an a priori vision, not a voluntary choice, but only a reality turned into act.

Shapes which are born in this way certainly look natural, as if they had not been man-made but produced by themselves.

But such forms are not at all casual or gratuitous. Quite the contrary.

One can modify, correct and vary only a form where there is no truth. The architect is apparently free, but it would be better to say free from preconceptions . . . Form will be beautiful or ugly in varying degrees depending on whether it is closer to truth or non-truth. There remains a last problem. The technical one. Probably the most difficult to resolve in this particular moment. The problem which refers to the industrialization of architecture. A discourse that we should take from the beginning. Because it is true that artisans are dying out, it is true that we must cut costs and that we must mass produce architecture and not single masterpieces.

But the industrial process in architecture is up to today, in my opinion, completely wrong. It is socially wrong because thus posed it would mean creating an architectural monopoly as in the case of cars. It is wrong because one arrives at industrialization of architecture through procedures used for machines, with consequent high cost of specialized labor and of upkeep. In any case we should start with the problems of architecture and then create specific industries.



It is wrong because it does not take into account the environment, the nature, the landscape, the psychology, the habits of the user. It is wrong because it costs more. And many other things besides.

If an architect, for example, were to see my drawings or buildings he might think that this problem neither is nor has been—I did not say resolved—but never even posed.

On the contrary it is the other way round. Preoccupied by the cost I had to make the architecture fit the place in order not to destroy the trees or to cause large and expensive earth removals.

Worried by the cost of local materials, I had to come to the conclusion that it is less expensive to transport cement and iron than prefabricated

units, since transport proportionally increases costs greatly.

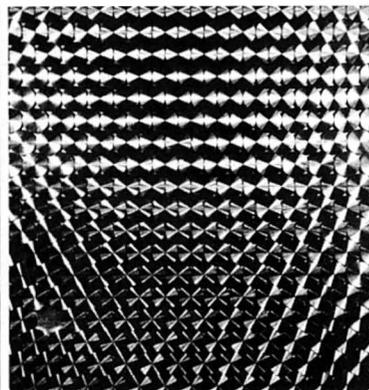
Given the sensitivity but not the accuracy of workmen I had to deal with materials in such a fashion that they would not lend themselves to great errors but would to the contrary enjoy enriched expression, through the inevitable inaccuracies. So that in all conscience I feel I have "industrialized" to the maximum possible within the limits of the general context in which I was working.

. . . [In this village] we want to demonstrate, even if on a very small scale, that there is the possibility of living in a different way; we want to show these people that there is a way out which stems from their very life and which is expressed in the organization of a collective life and in architectural form. . . . **Leonardo Ricci**

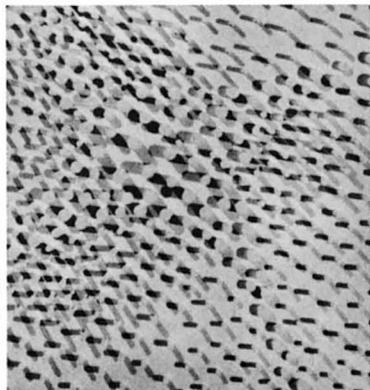




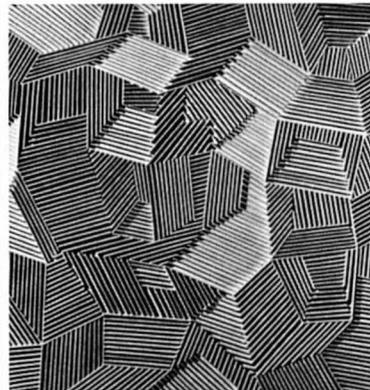
Glow Bar
Michael Gelick



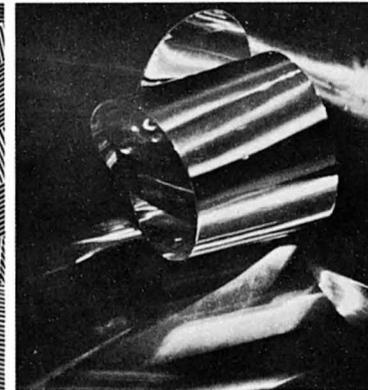
Surface
G. Kepes



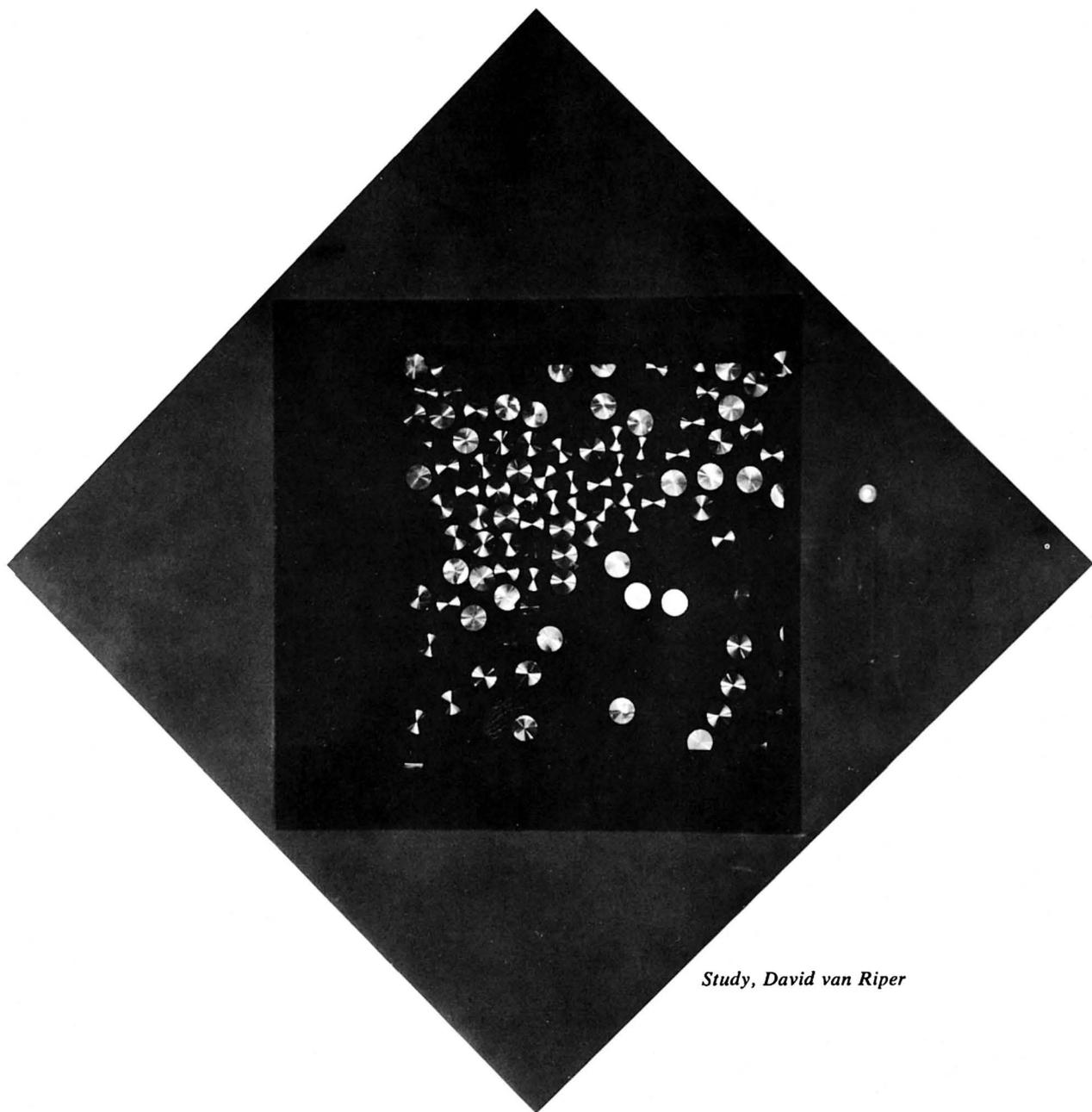
Textured surfaces
Carl R. Nelson



Corrugated relief
Ki Suh Park



Monogulated surface in space
Max Bill



Study, David van Riper

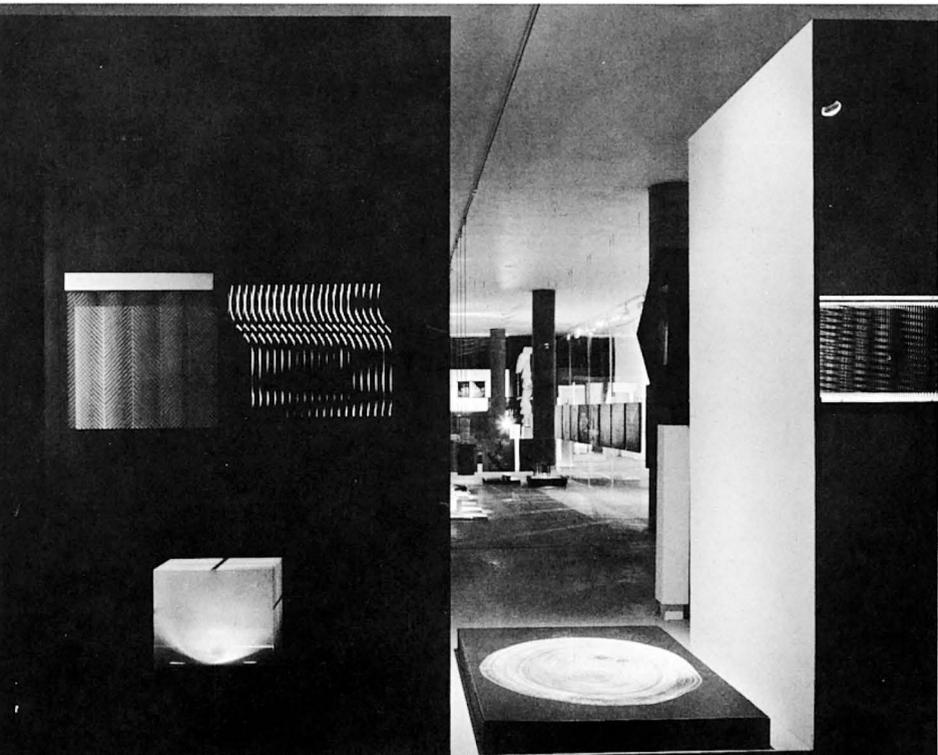
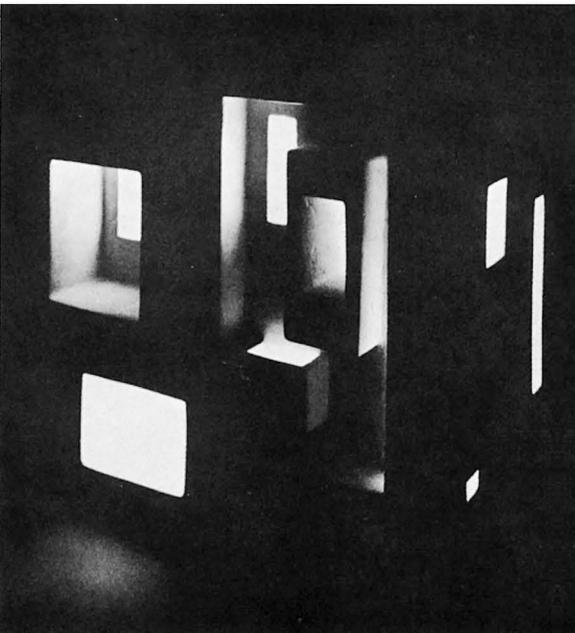
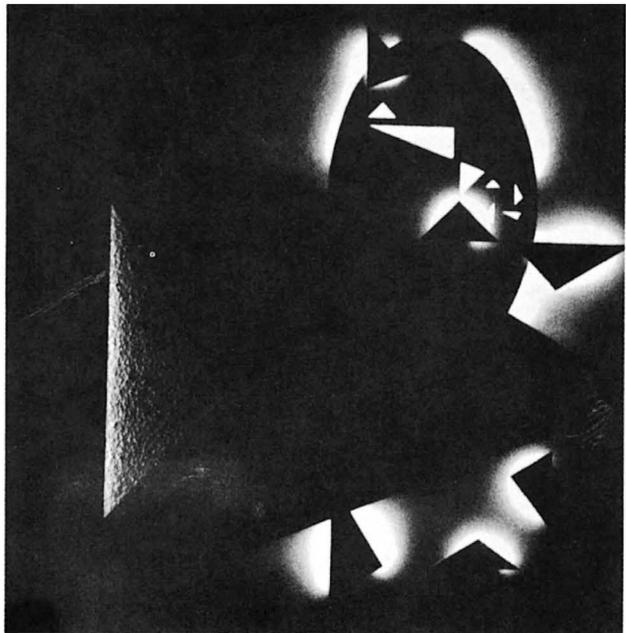
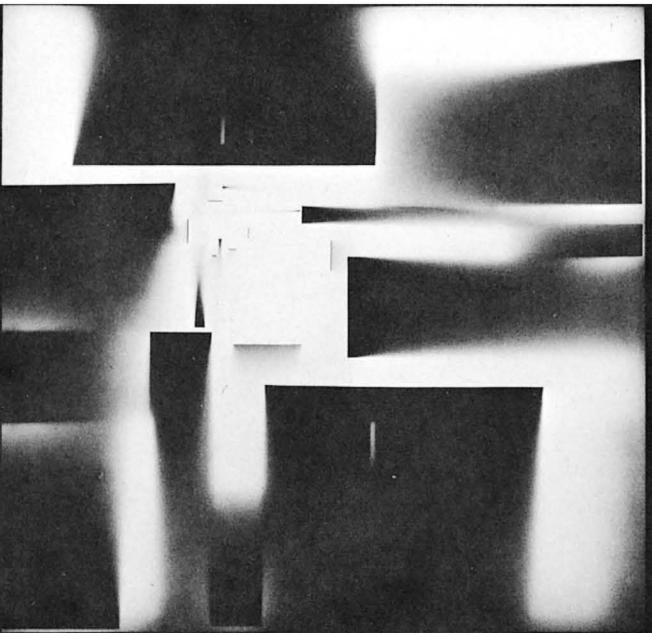
From an exhibition planned and designed by Professor Kepes and held at the Carpenter Center for the Visual Arts as a joint effort of Harvard University and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

In all major cities of the world, the ebbing of the day brings a second world of light. This world is not the world of daylight, the world of a single light source, clear, friendly and legible. But neither is it the world of darkness—shadowed, mysterious, terrifying—loosened by the sunset upon men in the natural state. It is the world of man-made light sources, the glittering dynamic glow of artificial illumination of the twentieth-century metropolis.

The wealth of light available to us is almost beyond belief. Our light technology, on which our cities depend for their very existence, is overwhelming in richness and power. We are flooded with light. We switch light on and off, send it where we will, and, when we will, negate it. We project, reflect, fix, focus, chop, diffuse, and scatter it. We produce it in a thousand forms and shapes, from unbounded spatial extension to halations, sculptured volumes, pencils, and points. We bend it around corners; we even pipe light-formed patterns along cables of glass fibers. We communicate with light play: through motion pictures and television; through luminous displays; through such travel aids as running lights, road lights, beacons, flares, illuminated signs, signal lights, and light-coded instruments and control panels. We extend the range of human sensibility with the prisms, condensers, and lenses of telescopes, microscopes and cameras; with diffraction gratings, polarized screens, stroboscopes, selenium cells, and infra-red and ultraviolet sensors. We repair eyes with laser beams. We preserve the present and retrieve the past with light-sensitive emulsions coated on film, on glass, on paper, on metal printing plates.

What are the high values of this incredible light technology, the unifying factors that bring richness and clarity to our lives? Indeed, where are they? Washing away the boundary between night and day has lost us our sense of connection with nature and its rhythms. If our artificial illumination is bright and ample, it is without the vitality, the wonderful ever-changing

(Continued on page 28)



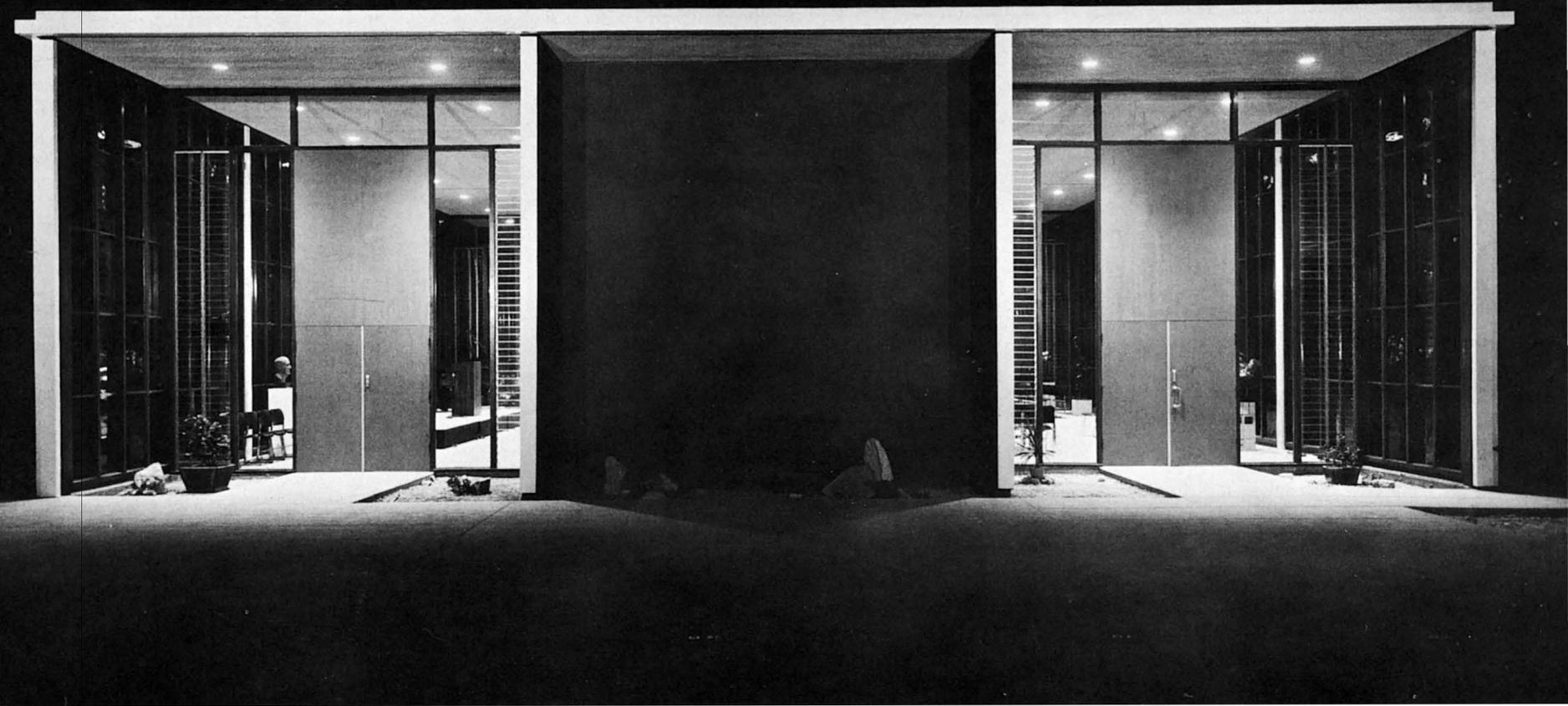
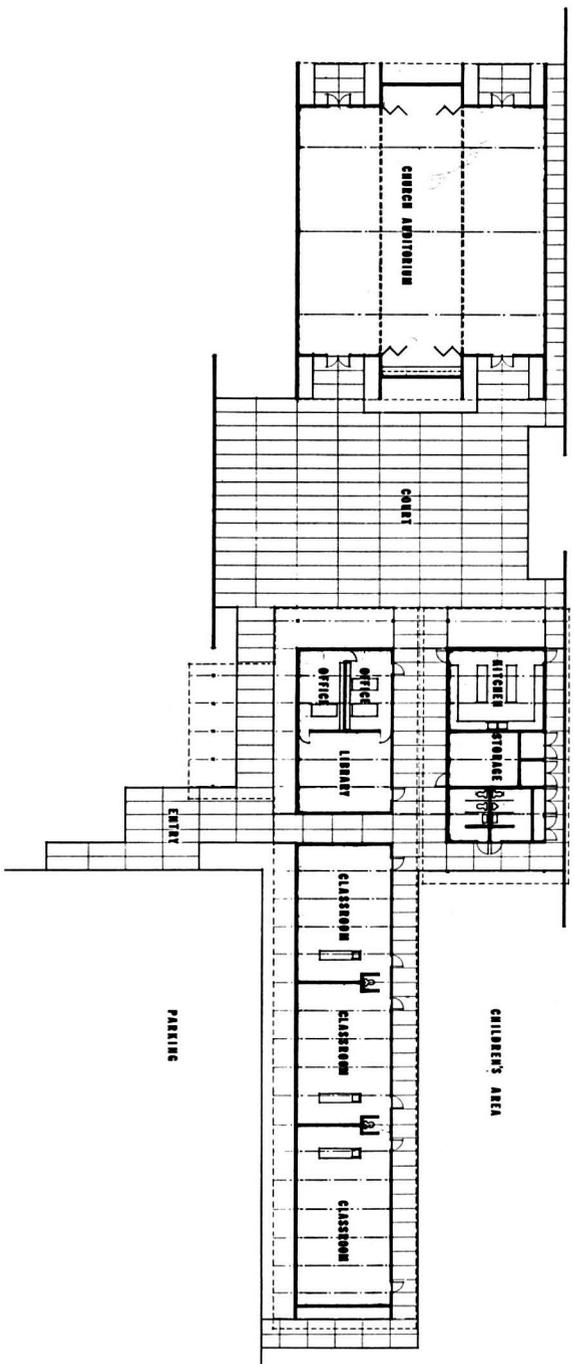
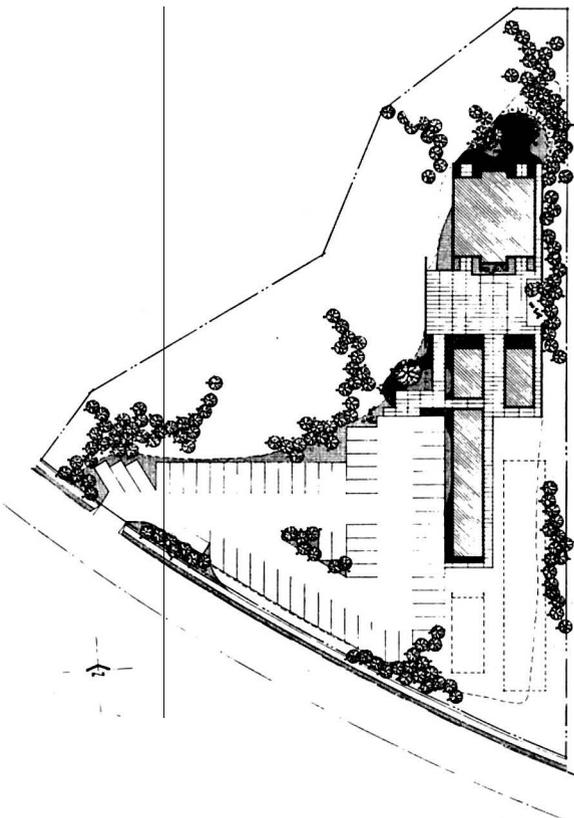


Photo by Geoffrey P. Fulton

CHURCH BY CARLETON WINSLOW & WARREN WALTZ, ARCHITECTS

Photos by Julius Shulman





The activities of the Unitarian Church in Palos Verdes, Calif., are characterized by widely diversified programs at all age levels and an absence of formal liturgy. The needs of the religious education program are extensive and adult worship can be viewed as an extension of that program.

The Pacific Unitarian church meets the general needs of religious education, worship, administration, and fellowship on a total budget of \$130,000.00 including furnishings, fees but not including land. A second phase, completing the religious education requirements, will follow.

The main building is used both for adult worship and fellowship. The plan is square measuring 54' x 54' on the interior. The east and

west walls are dark bronze glass. The north and south walls are part solid and part clear glass with overhangs to eliminate direct sunlight and reduce sky glare. The platform is 18' x 18' made up of four elements 9' x 9'. The platform is capable of changing shape as well as position. In the first 6 months of use the room has been used for a sculpture show, musical concerts, dramatic productions as well as normal use for Sunday worship and social gatherings.

The seating capacity of the main room is 300. The square footage is 3000 for the main room and 3500 for other facilities. The materials of construction are wood for structure and glass and plaster for surface systems.

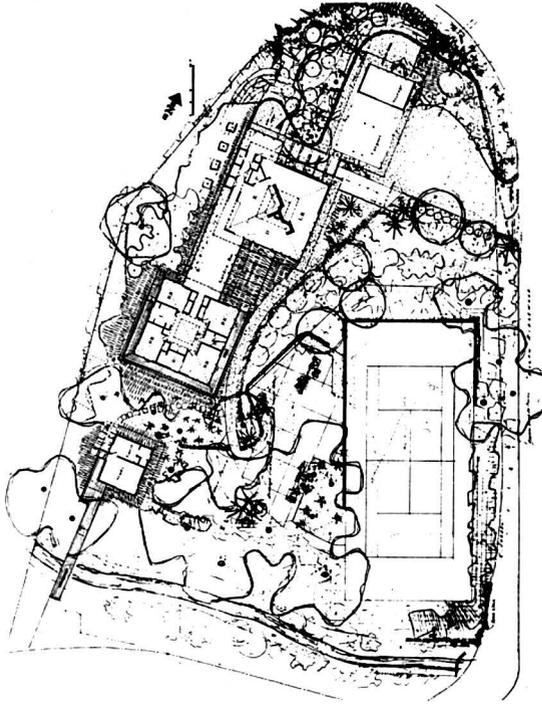
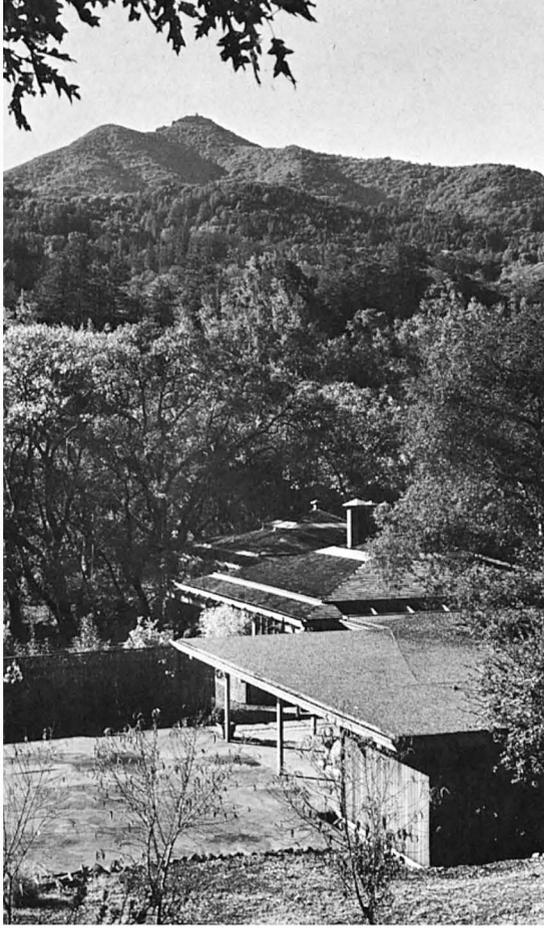




Photos by Karl H. Riek

JOHN HANS OSTWALD, ARCHITECT

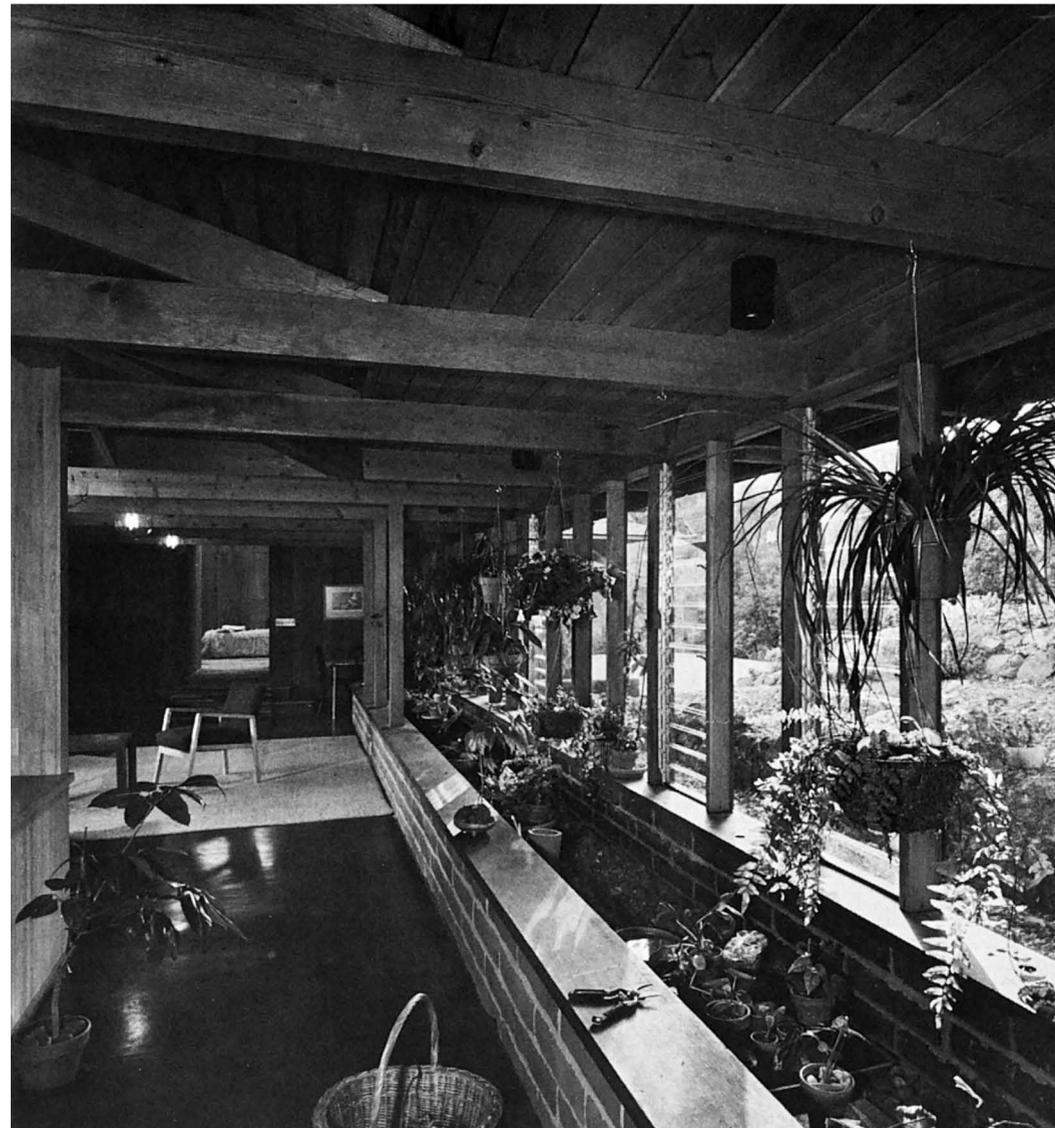




The terrain and location of existing trees made a linear development of this house in Kentfield, California, desirable; the architect divided the building into living and sleeping pavilions connected by a garden room. This solution helped to reduce the scale of the project and permitted flexibility in levels following the contours of the site.

Both the living and bedroom pavilions are 32 feet by 32 feet with pyramidal roofs, continuous skylights and similar exterior treatment. The living area is divided by a diagonal stone wall to separate kitchen, dining and social spaces. The sleeping pavilion contains four bedrooms surrounding a skylighted central work and play area. A basement and storage space developed naturally under the bedroom pavilion because of the fall of the land.

A concrete slab floor both on grade and over wood subflooring contains radiant heating; the roof structure is totally exposed with beams, shingle lath and the shingles themselves showing to the interior.



major ties to the surrounding city.

The requirement to place the City Government Building on the knoll offered the opportunity to form an interesting series of spaces in the departments by breaking them into terraced segments that step down the hill. The knoll itself has been treated as an extension of this conceptual statement by the use of stepped contours, terraces, berms, ramps, steps, etc.

The forward part of the city government system has been cantilevered beyond the crest of the hill to define a major civic plaza which extends down to the water's edge in three levels. The projecting gallery, from which one has an uninhibited view across the lake towards the mountains, acts as a unifying cornice and, along with the space it defines, contributes to a civic image of the complex that will remain unchanged by future expansion of the building.

The council chamber occupies a place of prominence on the plaza near the lake's edge. It is reached by a pair of secondary galleries from the foyer of the main building. This entrance foyer is below the main building but one-half level above the plaza. It opens to the main plaza as well as to an upper plaza behind the

City Government Building.

The primary material of construction is concrete. The structural system is composed of concrete wall beams dividing the departments, with the concrete slabs spanning between them.

The Hall of Justice has been placed behind and to one side of the City Government Building, fronting on and, with the City Government Building, defining an upper plaza. The upper plaza is intended to be complementary to the lower one, the latter being civic and formal in character, while the former is more intimate, rather in the nature of a landscaped courtyard. The upper plaza is sited on top of the knoll approximately thirty feet above the lower one.

Like the city building, the justice building was conceived as a series of individual departments capable of future growth in one direction.

The design solution described above was created in response to certain trends which can be observed about environmental design and contemporary society. In particular it can be said that there is a trend in much recent architecture to overdesign, to go beyond the indicated needs in creating monumental and overwhelming works that in terms of form, available resources, scale, and implementation become inappropri-

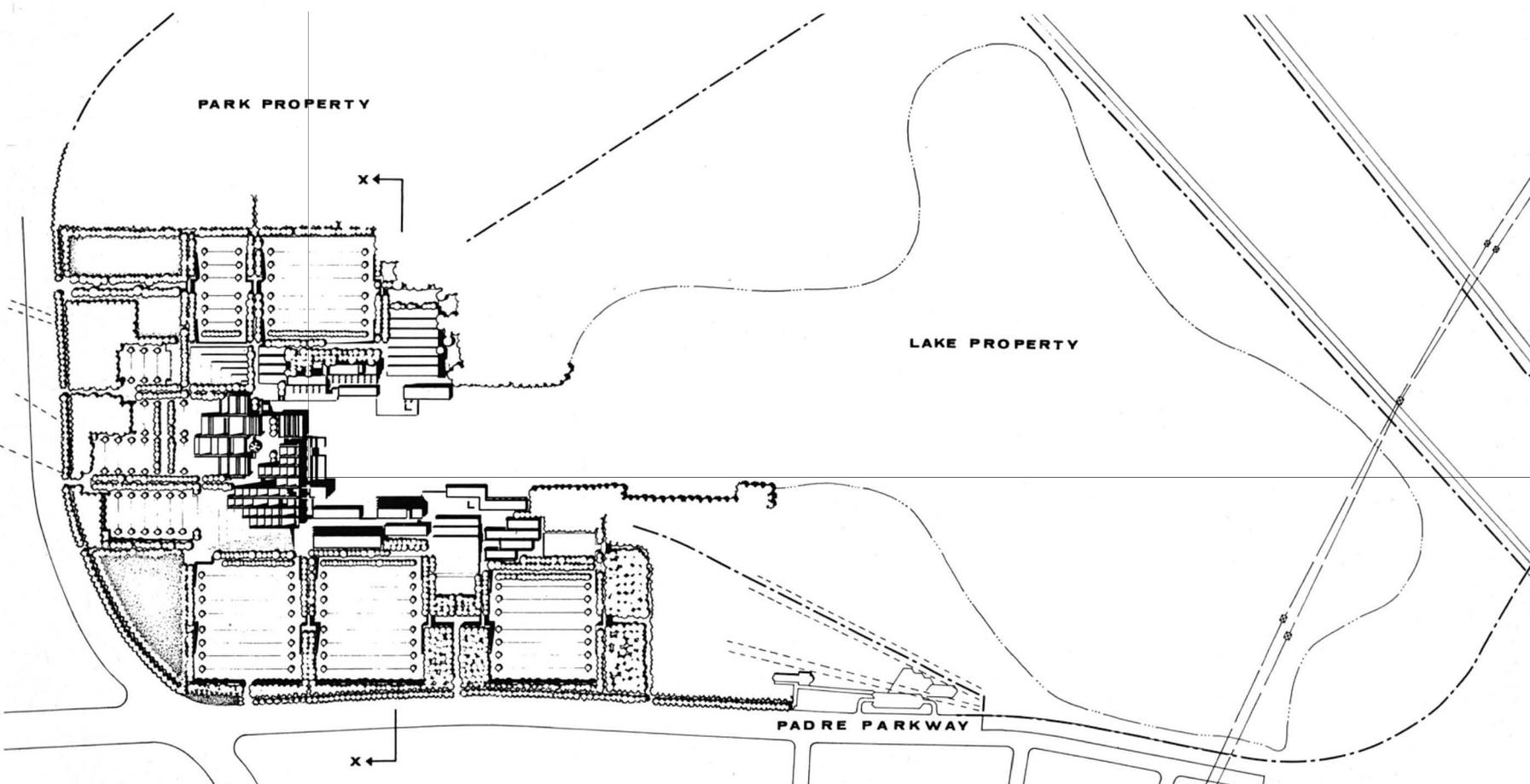
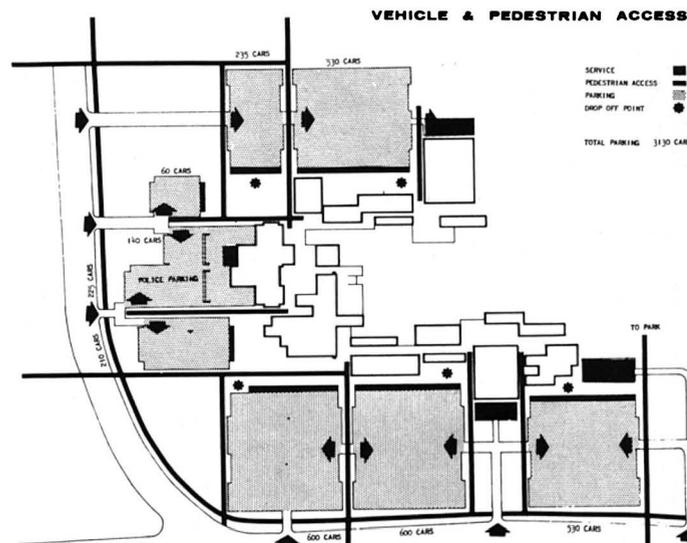
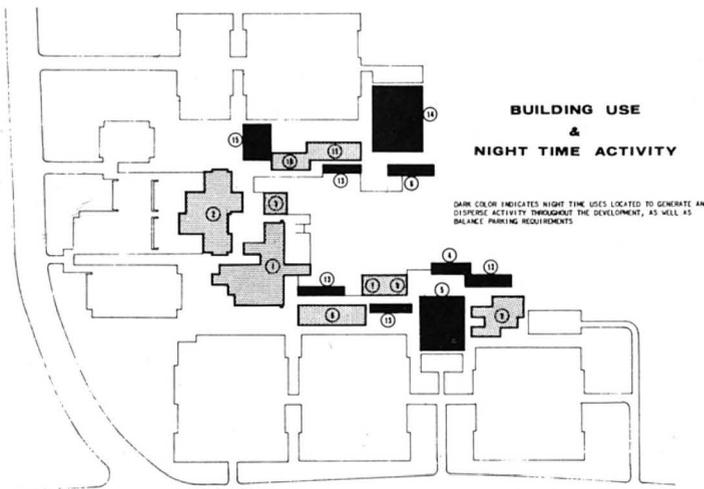
ate to the problem at hand.

We live in a time and under a system where governmental institutions are fluid, flexible, growing and changing in a constant flux of fiscal and human resources. Fixed and static monuments of civic grandeur are not only inappropriate in terms of how they relate to our way of life, but also are incapable of phased growth which is necessary because of future demands and limited present resources.

This solution attempts a synthesis wherein the government facility, for instance, is thought of as a tool, a system of inter-related elements where each part not only performs a certain function, but also is completely dependent upon the other parts for creation of the total ordering concept. The elements of expansion, structure, civic imageability, topographic accommodation, physical scale, etc., are synthesized into a single physical statement incapable of being comprehended apart from the final system.

First prize went to Robert Mittelstadt, third prize to Ralph Rapson and Associates. Jury members were Pietro Belluschi, Lawrence Halprin, John Merrill, Paul Rudolph and Ray Tucker.

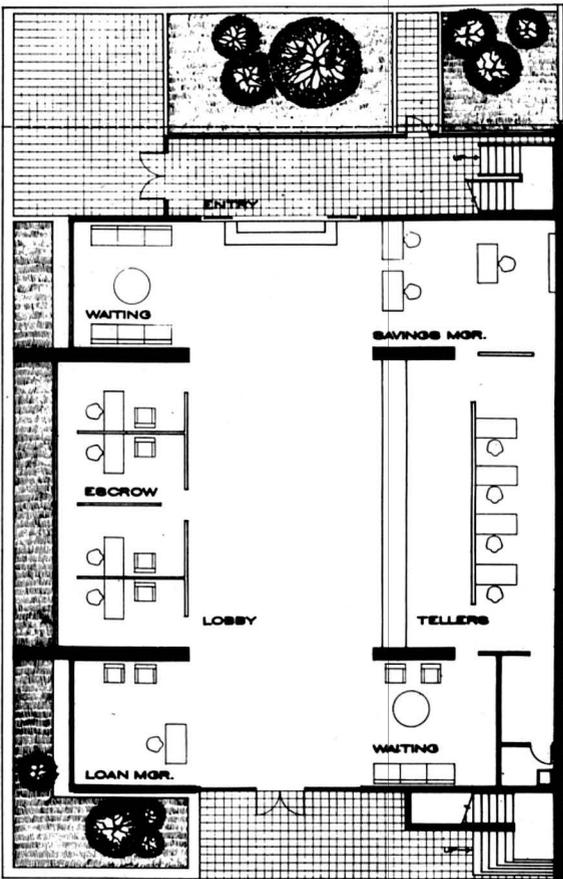
1. city government building
2. hall of justice
3. courts
4. library and adult education center
5. civic auditorium
6. county branch offices
7. state regional offices
8. federal offices
9. post office
10. school administration
11. special agencies
12. community service building
13. commercial facilities
14. music hall
15. auditorium theater
16. museum center



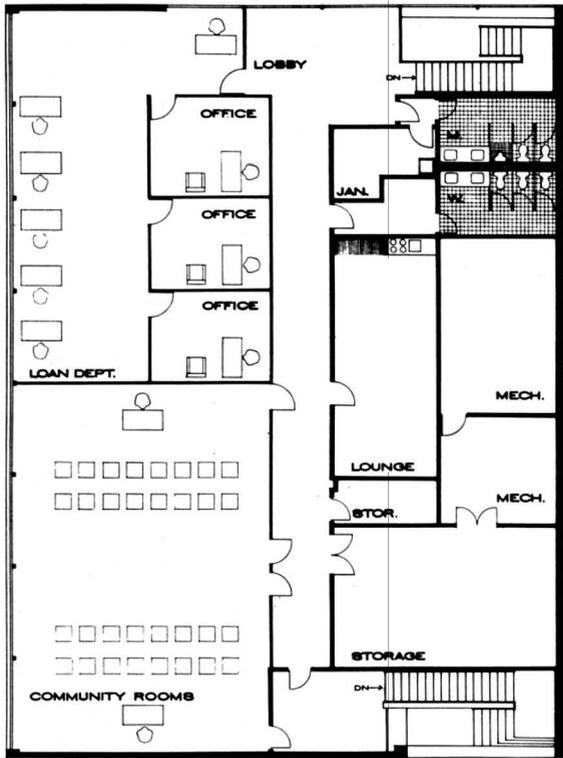


DANIEL L. DWORSKY & ASSOCIATES, ARCHITECTS





FIRST FLOOR PLAN

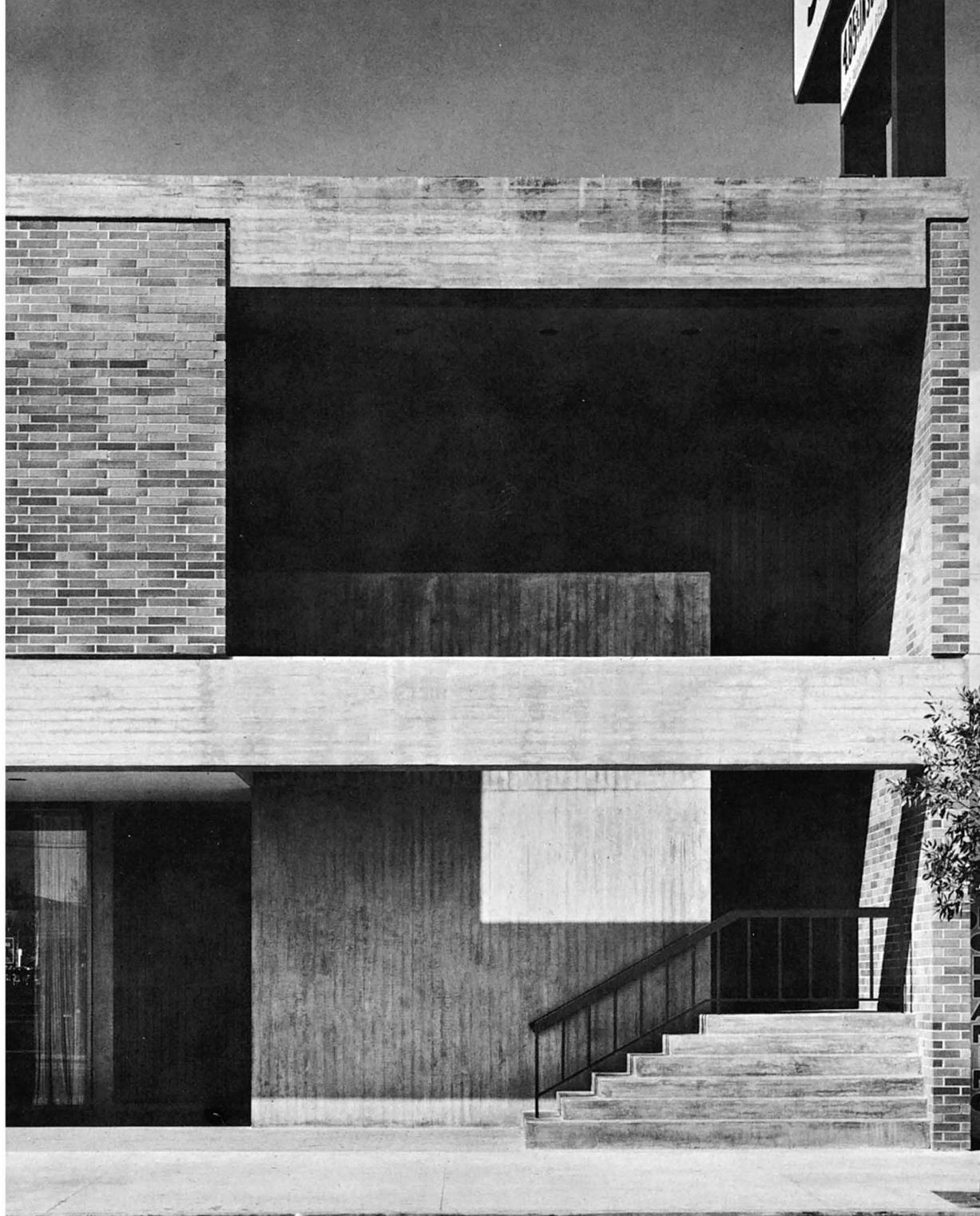


SECOND FLOOR PLAN



This savings and loan building is located in Temple City, Calif., a Los Angeles suburb. Exposed structural concrete and a muted brown facebrick are the principal materials, utilized to convey a suitable feeling of strength and permanence. The two-story structure contains 11,500 square feet with major public banking functions on the first floor and offices, service spaces, and a community meeting room on the upper level. The structural elements suggest this division of functions.

The concrete and brick have been left exposed and unfinished on the interior bearing wall surfaces and the coffered lobby ceiling. Floors are surfaced in quarry and resilient tile except in carpeted areas. Lighting is recessed.





LLOYD WRIGHT
BY ESTHER McCOY

He has lived and worked for fifty years in the shadow of a father who was one of the great architects of our time and all time. Even his name is confused with his father's. It has been his fate to carry two-thirds of three names which have in the public mind become one and indivisible. Two years ago when proof sheets of a piece of writing were sent to me from Germany with the word Frank inserted before Lloyd's name, I deleted the Frank and wrote in the margin, "Son of FLW"; but some alert proof-reader restored the Frank before publication. The two names standing alone seem incomplete to the eye—except in California where Lloyd Wright has worked.

His buildings were often attributed to his father, and one of his very first houses was orphaned when it was published as an FLW and then went unclaimed by both father and son.

The striking physical resemblance between the two men doesn't help matters. Although Lloyd is considerably taller, he has the same way of standing and walking, loose-jointedly, the same way of lounging from the shoulders up; the elegance of what might have been a 19th-century country gentleman. They had the same long face, and the way of tilting their heads down, but it is most of all in their resonance of voice and their noble presence that they are similar. Even the most talkative of visiting architects that I have taken to see Lloyd Wright's house and to greet him are at first silent, preoccupied with measuring son against father.

And so it is that the father is still present. The son did little during his father's lifetime to alter this—to clear a space around his own personality. But now there is an exhibit of his work at the Building Center, 7933 W. 3rd St., Los Angeles. It may be to mark the occasion of his 75th birthday in December.

It is a step, but a small one, for the gallery space is limited, and too few of his several hundred executed buildings and projects are represented. Because of this the continuity of his development is not always clear. For instance, the falling away of the rich vertical spaces which characterized his earlier houses, and the sudden great interest in horizontal growth in his houses of the 1940s, have no transition.

I should like to have seen the preparation for this change. Why it came, is clear enough. He was established in the forties, the land to build on was larger and the budget more ample. Also, by that time he had worked out of his system a need to use an abundance of decorative elements; and furthermore, the interest in concrete for California houses had faded, and stucco in the forties was mainly the contractor's material: wood was in, and forms which lent themselves to wood were in.

It is typical of Lloyd Wright's filial devotion and habit of anonymity that he should include in the exhibit a number of his own renderings of his father's work, also buildings designed by the father and executed by the son. His excuse for doing this is valid enough. His Bollman house of 1922 was the first one of concrete block to be reinforced: steel rods were placed in the blocks vertically and horizontally, and the core filled solid with concrete; in the conversations I taped with Wright (see below) he refers to his

father finding in this construction system a method applicable to a "total knit-block" house, which led FLW to design the Storer, Ennis and Freeman houses in this way, and to turn over to his son the responsibility of building them. FLW's Millard house, built before the Storer house, had no reinforcement in the concrete blocks.

But since Lloyd Wright's patrimony is clear in the buildings themselves, the documentation is of more interest to historians than those who have looked forward to the time when the son should present his true account. Wright's patrimony was shared by all the architects of his generation and generations to follow; if Wright had not shown the influence of his father it would have been out of sheer perversity.

There are, however, essential differences between the architecture of father and son. Wright's two years with Irving Gill brought him to an appreciation of the sheer concrete wall. The planar surfaces of his 1926 Sowden house, his own house of 1927, and the 1928 Samuels house are reminiscent of Gill's esthetic of the wall. While most of the other young architects of the period were following FLW's advice to watch the terminals, Lloyd Wright was watching the wall.

Lloyd Wright also found a very different way of expressing his love of vertical space and of ornament in his early houses. There was less carving out of space in the upward thrust than an opening up: the two-story living room of the 1922 Taggart house, had the dining room on the balcony, and the two-story high windows oriented to the southeast. In his own house of 1927, the vertical space is beautifully arrived at by opening the living room wall and extending out into an enclosed high-walled garden, which raises the ceiling height of the living room to infinity.

Ornament first appeared in his early houses in flat bands, then as he found a way to core the textured concrete block to support it he built up his ornament out of projecting blocks. This is often concentrated around the entrance, which makes me think of the Plateresque churches of Mexico with their concentration of decoration at the entrance. It is an expressionism, but one which grows out of the cube form, and on the whole it is closer to the cubists than the expressionists. (I have in mind the expressionism of Hans Poelzig's work after the end of the First World War.)

The extent to which Wright was touched by cubism—well established by 1927—is visible in his own house. The photograph taken before the planting partially concealed the forms, shows very clearly the disposition of cubes. The sense of the wall may well have been instilled in him by Gill; the inspiration for the opening up of vertical space, and the desire to enrich, were his heritage; the breaking up of space into cube forms may have come to him from others, but they are merged in these early houses into a statement that is entirely his own. They are young and idealistic.

Wright's system for making the concrete block wall monolithic was not an isolated instance of his ingenuity. He was in the habit in his early houses of solving for himself in some fresh way a matter at hand. Like Gill, he had a foot in the baling wire school; so did George Washington Snow who developed the balloon frame, and E. L. Ransome who experimented with various kinds of iron for reinforcing concrete;

and up until the beginning of the Second World War Donald Douglas and a few practical men out of the baling wire school pounded together the prototypes of planes, even the DC-3.

In the 1923 Oasis Hotel in Palm Springs, Wright devised a slipform system for pouring the walls in 12-inch courses for a 50-foot high building. His second shell for the Hollywood Bowl had drumhead ring type sound traps in which lighting rings are integrated. It was the first acoustical shell.

The best known of Wright's work, and the building with which he is usually associated, is his Wayfarer's Chapel, 1949, in Palos Verdes. With its roof of blades of glass and its exposed truss, it not only fulfills the Swedenborgian rule of worshiping in the midst of nature but is a combination of magic and correctness that makes it one of the great churches of the century. Here the promise of Wright is wholly fulfilled.

THE BEGINNING. I came to the West Coast to work on the San Diego Fair⁽¹⁾ for Olmsted and Olmsted, and that was my first introduction to the west. My father had said to my brother and me, "Go west, young man, go west," so west we came.⁽²⁾ I was very much interested in the architecture of the region, of course, and I became acquainted with all the flora. A valuable association I had was with Paul Thiene who was doing the planting at the fair.

I saw the work of Irving Gill and I found in it the very element that my father was working with. They both came from the same source, dad and Gill, from Sullivan's office. Gill wasn't given the commission to do the fair, as the Olmsteds had anticipated—actually Gill was the one who had drawn them into the picture—and when Bertram Goodhue got the job the Olmsteds soon withdrew; Paul Thiene did the planting, and I stayed and worked for him. Later I went over to Gill and said I'd like to join up with him, and he gave me a cottage to live in and I stayed and worked for him. When Gill opened an office in Los Angeles I came up with him. He was the architect for the new city of Torrance, which Olmsted and Olmsted laid out. The association with Gill was wonderful. He looked after me like a son. I'll never forget him. In 1914 or 1915 I went into partnership with Paul Thiene and we did many jobs together in Los Angeles and Santa Barbara. My real preparation for work was in the office of Olmsted and Olmsted, so my interest was focused on regional and city planning. Regional planning was practically developed in their office; they did some of the biggest city plans throughout the nation.

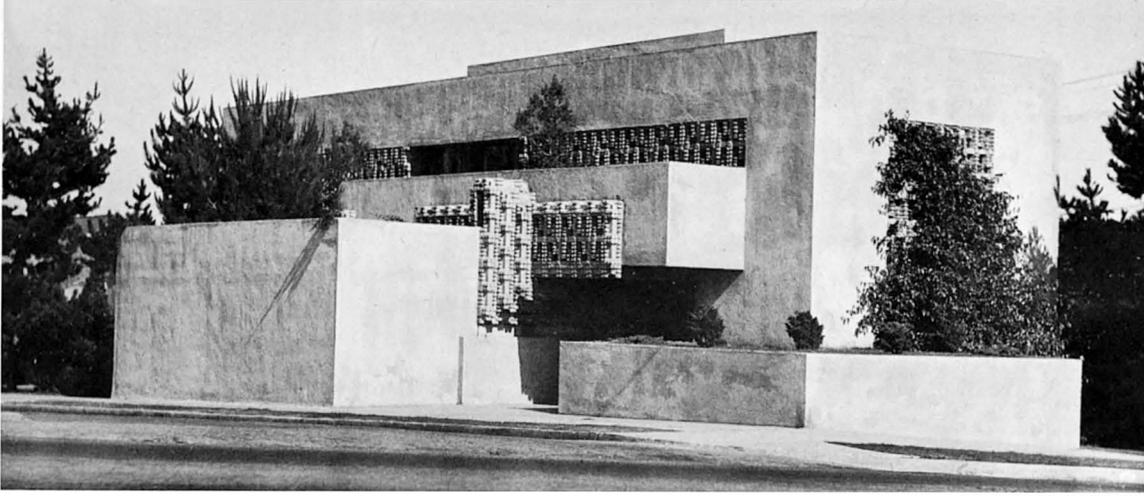
When father came out after finishing the Imperial Hotel,⁽³⁾ we set up shop and worked together for a year and a half or two years over on Harper Avenue. Then he said, "Lloyd, you're young and can take it, I'm going where I can work." They didn't know who he was or what he was; they didn't understand him. But before he left we developed in various projects the knit-block houses. I had already done the Bollman house by that time over on Ogden Avenue,⁽⁴⁾ in cast block similar to the Millard house, and in look-

1. 1915 San Diego Columbian Exposition, on which work was started in 1911.

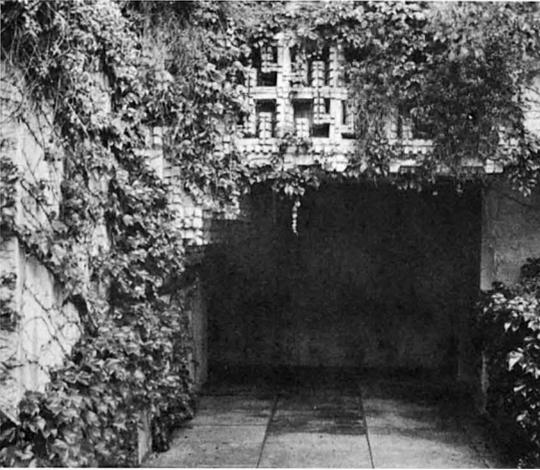
2. 1912

3. Late 1921

4. 1922



Lloyd Wright studio and residence, Los Angeles, 1927



L. Wright studio, 1966

JOSHUA TREE. I said after I'd gone through the mill with Gill, It's going to be a tough battle, and God knows it was, and then I saw the Joshua trees in the upper deserts, which were unique to the southwest, to give expression to the area. I saw the phalanxes of the Joshua trees marching down those upper valleys of the Mojave, and the lightning flashing and the concaves marching. So the army of Joshuas, the advance phalanx became my symbol. It is the motif for my own house. See it turn and move through the whole fabric of it; the only ornamentation there is the statement of the Joshua tree, made with variations, and this is the coordinating element of this particular house. Father showed me the way to do that in all areas. The great thing about his work is the continuity and coordination. He showed how, in wandering away from the center line—if you have a center line—you can come back, and you can go on with elaborations of the theme; it's the same thing whether it's in music or in tough building material. The thing that is absent from the architectural office today is the sense of rhythmic relationships, the sense of interval, of continuity.

OASIS HOTEL, 1923. The thought was to use adobe. The soil was very sandy, and I said we would take the soil from the site and dump it in the forms with portland cement and have thick walls like the old adobe walls on the buildings already on the place—walls which would maintain an equal temperature in this area where the temperature goes up to 120. So I mixed the cement and sand and put it into the forms, made of 12-inch redwood boards. On them I put a little metal bead, which would make an indentation and go horizontally around the building, and I would clip the form on that bead, and the accretions built up the structure to about 50 feet. This allowed me to weave this in any way I wanted and yet get a coordinating horizontal tieline, which became an ornament and an expression of the process. We laid the whole thing out on the ground and went up a foot at a time; by the time we had one course frozen we started the next. We didn't need much steel to tie it up. The decorative motif for the brackets and the development of the foreheads was the fig leaf, taken from a group of fig trees on the site. The plan developed around ramadas, the Indian word for the covered passages where you can relax in the desert. I used braziers instead of fireplaces, and these were taken inside the building, one great one on which they threw large logs at night, and people sat around and there was a sense of comraderie. The hotel was

the beginning of Palm Springs and it set a style for desert living which still is present.

HOLLYWOOD BOWL SHELLS. At the time the Bowl was maturing, when they were cutting out the auditorium and parking spaces, there was a shell of light material, but it focused the sound inward and there was interior reverberation. I was designing a set for the show *Julius Caesar*, and after we had finished the set there was a lot of plaster board and 2 by 4's around. They asked me if I could do anything with this and the set for a production of Robin Hood to make a shell that would be a dispersing agent. So I devised out of the plaster board and junk wood some sound tracks that would reach 120 feet. I set the louvres so the sound projected all the way to the back seats. The shell was temporary, and when I was asked to do a permanent one they wanted something Spanish, which was in vogue at the time, and a circular shell. This is the most difficult thing because the circle focuses the sound rather than dispersing it. I did a series of flat projected rings, patched over the various stands, from the drums at the back, forward. The rings were made in wood in sections at a cabinet shop, and the rings were tied down to the platform with rods and turnbuckles. It was like a drum: the rings dispersed the sound and absorbed interior sound to cut out reverberation. There was a sound trap about 5 feet wide in back of each ring, then an aperture, then another, to absorb sound caught there. In that area I also put the lighting, so you had a circular moonlight pattern projecting out. Two years later they used this scheme in Rockefeller Center. Because the shell was of wood it wasn't considered permanent, so finally it was replaced by another; it requires electronic equipment up and down the aisles to take care of distortion.⁽⁷⁾

CITY AND REGIONAL PLANNING. In 1925 I was young and the city was young. The pueblo had been situated on the river, the commercial center was there, and Bunker Hill lay in the center of the district. I chose that as the acropolis for the city area, not thinking then in terms of the total area, only that it was the pueblo. Later on, as I became more aware of the total area and total problem this was by no means enough. I did, however, provide a circular relief, which would have taken care of traffic, now channeled and forced into a turbulent knot in the city. A ring boulevard around the city would have released the congestion which has come from concentration.

With the increasing speed, a concept of more breadth was needed. The little ditch that had made the pueblo was no longer the dominant element in the area, either geographically or otherwise. It became apparent to me that the great star of this city was not *estancias*; they were not the focal point, but the Pacific Ocean front from Point Dume to Orange County. It became obvious that we should develop that, and go back through the various mountain ranges and coordinate all our traffic and parkways in accord with the natural topography. This I have done; I have coordinated highways and waterways to create marinas, great floating cities—a magnificent forefront for the city.

7. John August Reed, A.I.A., a former Wright draftsman, calls Wright's second shell "the first acoustical shell." He said, "It was considered impermanent because it was of wood, which is a live material, and when it was destroyed and replaced by an almost exact copy made of steel and plaster, dead materials, it was an acoustical disaster."

ing for some way to get it to hold together and coordinated I worked up this core system.⁽⁵⁾ Father saw it and saw that this concept could be worked into a total system, so he put me in charge of his first total-system block house, the Dr. Storer house. He designed it and Dr. Storer and I built it.⁽⁶⁾ From that we went on to the Ennis house and Freeman house, he designing and I building.

I designed the Sowden house in 1926 as an example of the knit-block in sculptural form; the steel runs through, the grout is poured and it is locked up. So that was the origin of the structure of many of the buildings I built. The Bollman and the Sowden are designed by me, the others by father.

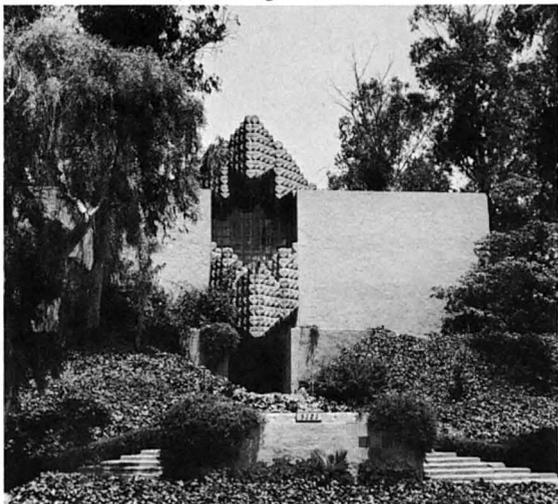
STRUGGLE. I had seen Gill's struggle with the lift-slab, and it was a difficult one—what he had to do just to be allowed to work at all. He had to do everything, even the construction, and God knows it's enough to do the designing and get across something fresh, such as that was, with the pseudo-Spanish all over the place. I don't think many people realize what either he or Frank Lloyd Wright or Sullivan before him went through in facing up to the inertia of the past, and breaking through it and originating this concept which is really an outgrowth of the total democratic concept of the individual freedom. Father was the first to see that the thing that would inundate him was the industrial movement coming from England. He pointed out in his Hull House lecture that if we allowed the machine to take over we would be destroyed creatively.⁽⁶⁾

5. The blocks were cored, the steel run through vertically and horizontally, and the core filled with concrete. The Millard house was overlapping block without reinforcing steel.

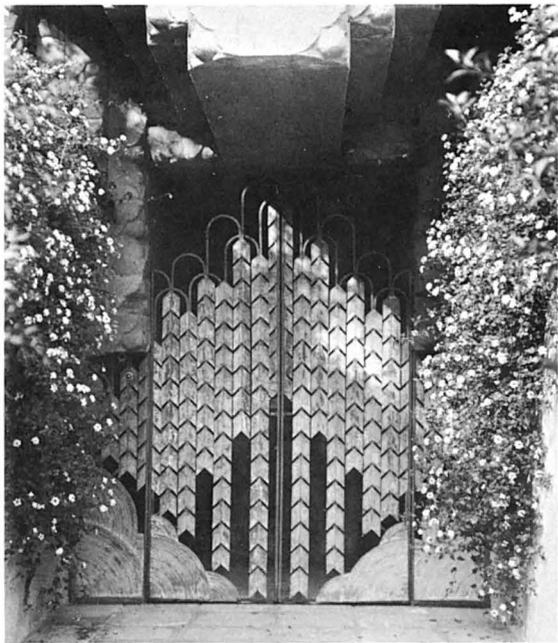
6. Frank Lloyd Wright, Hull House lecture, 1901: "The machine is here to stay. It is the forerunner of the democracy that is our dearest hope. There is no more important work before the architect now than to use this normal tool of civilization to the best advantage instead of prostituting it as he has hitherto done in reproducing with murderous ubiquity forms born of other times and other conditions and which it can only serve to destroy."



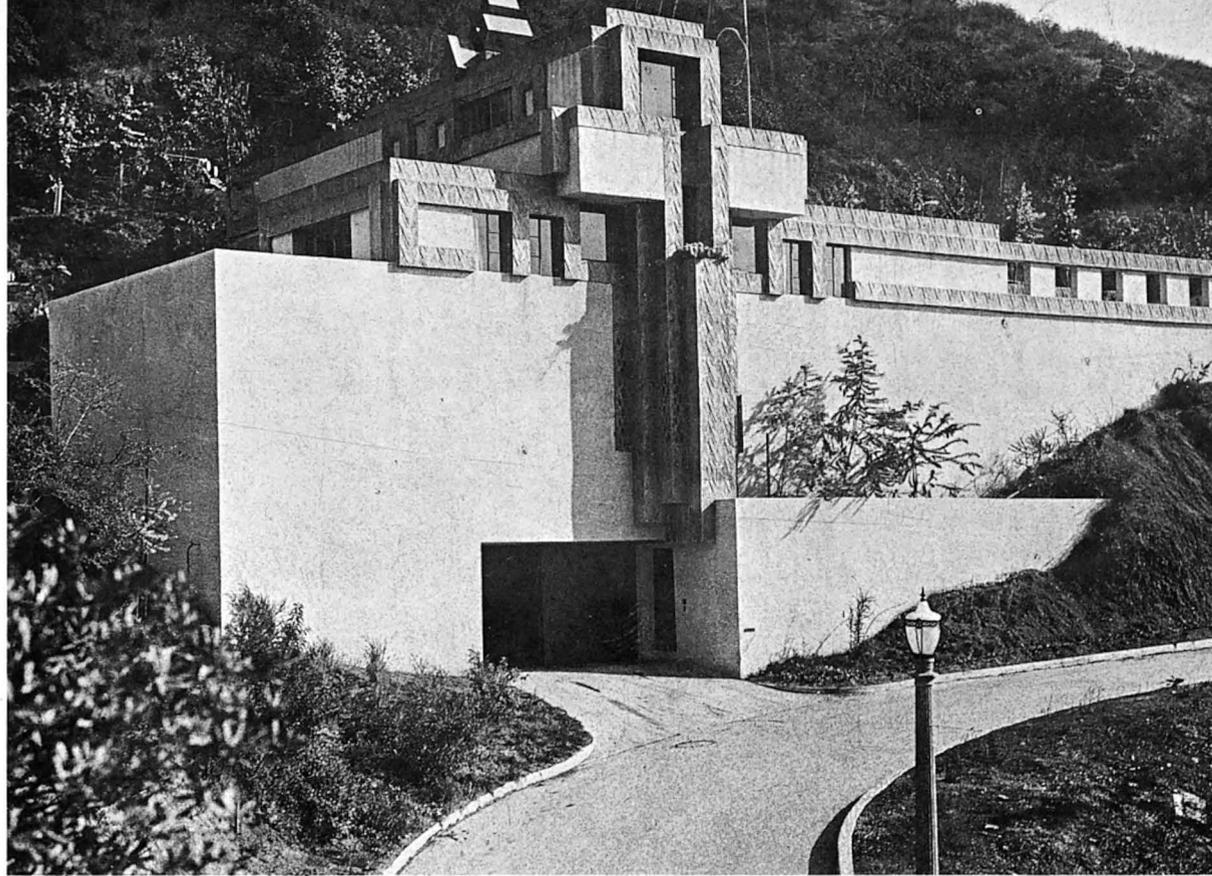
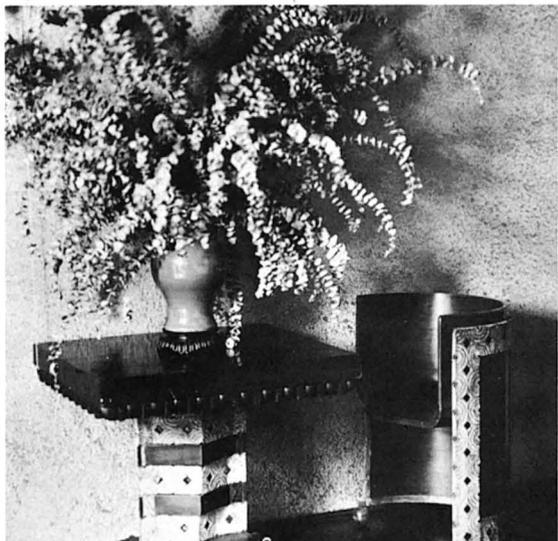
Sowden residence, Los Angeles, 1926



Willow gate entrance, Sowden residence



Plywood chair, 1926

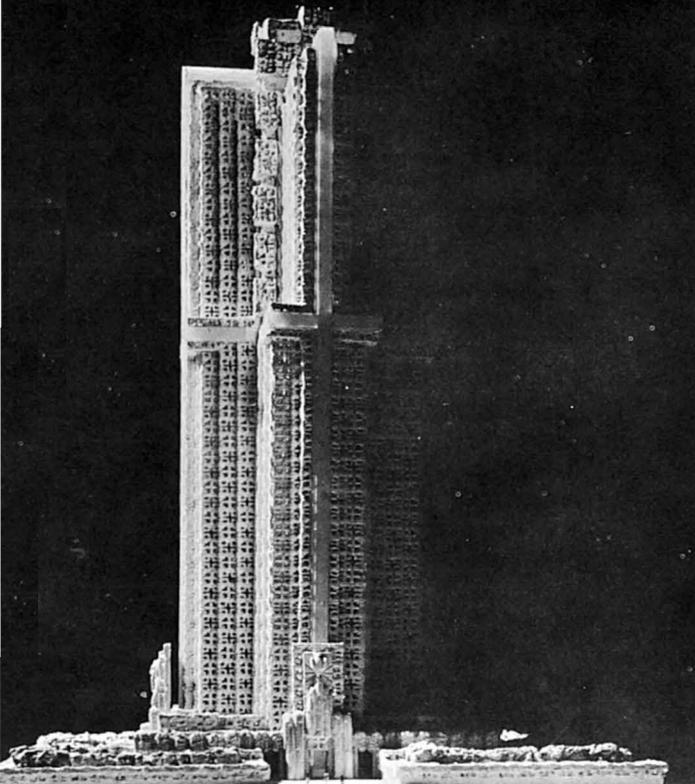


Samuels residence, Los Angeles, 1928

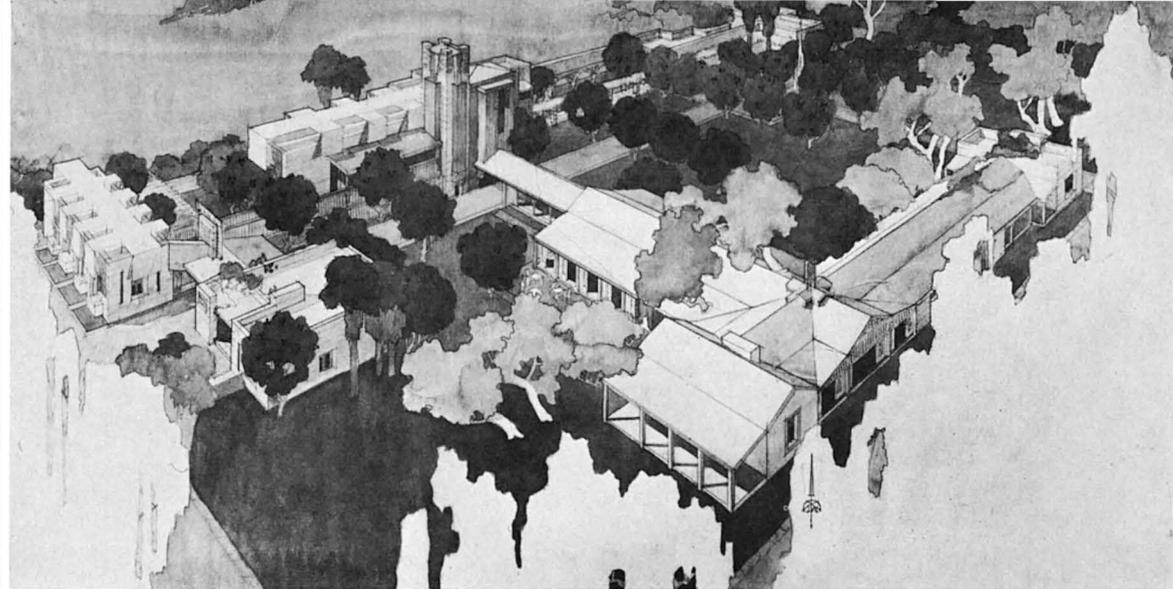


Taggart residence, Los Angeles, 1922. Photos by David Gebhard

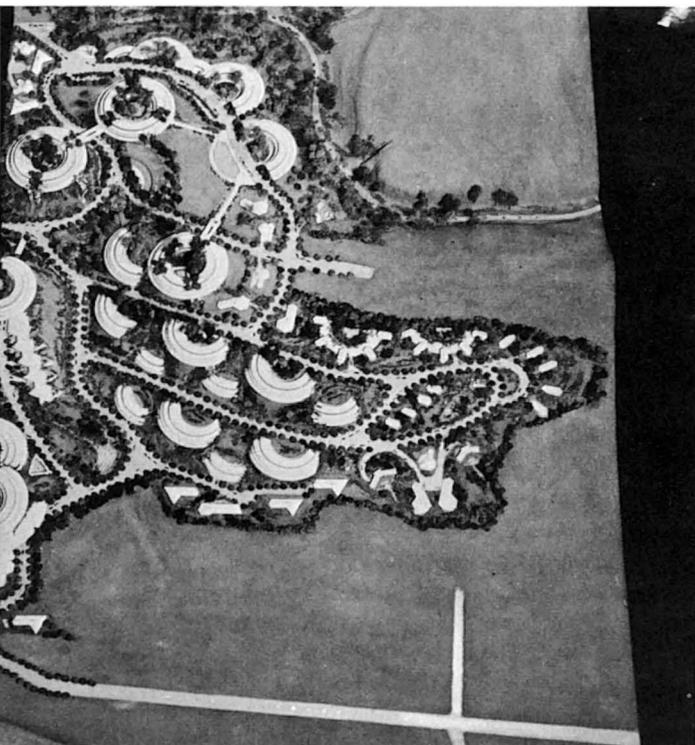




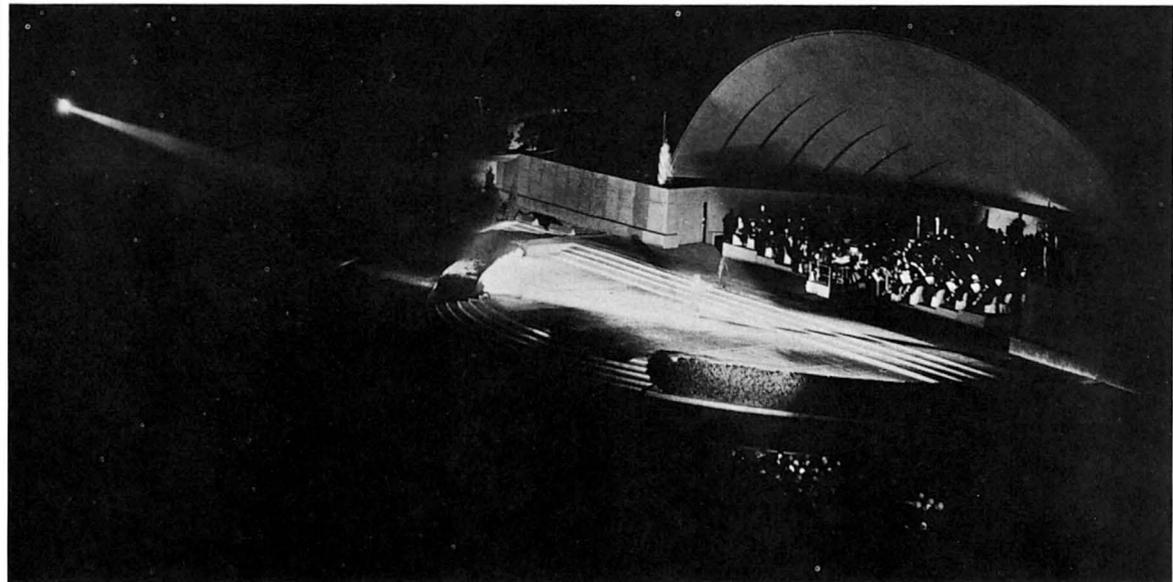
Catholic Cathedral, project, 1931



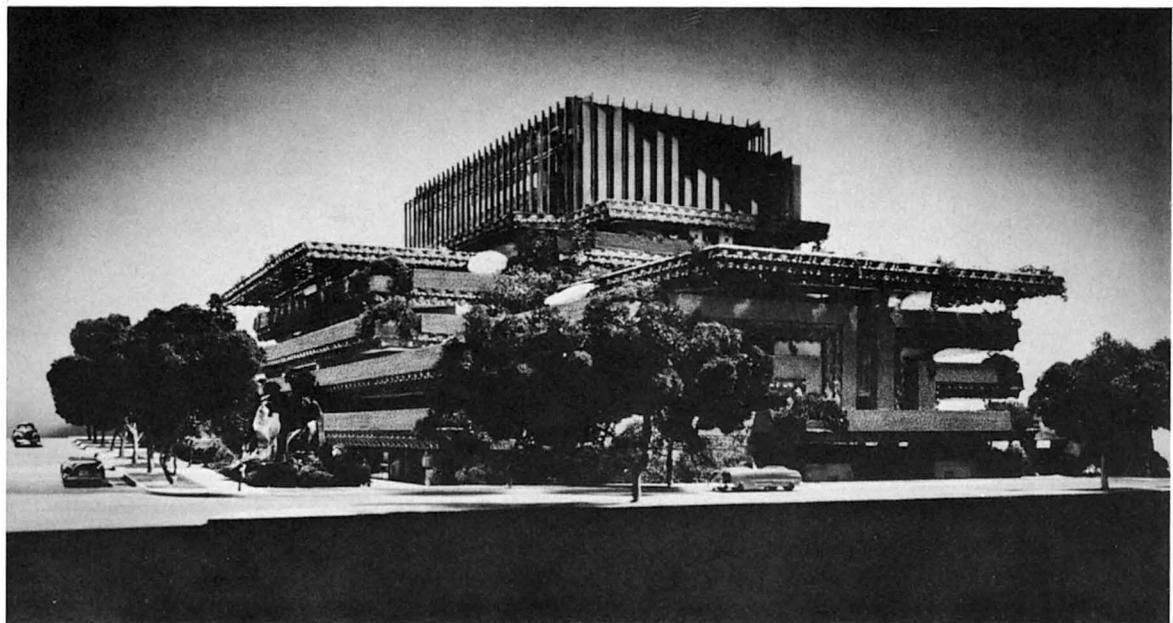
Oasis Hotel, Palm Springs, Calif., 1923



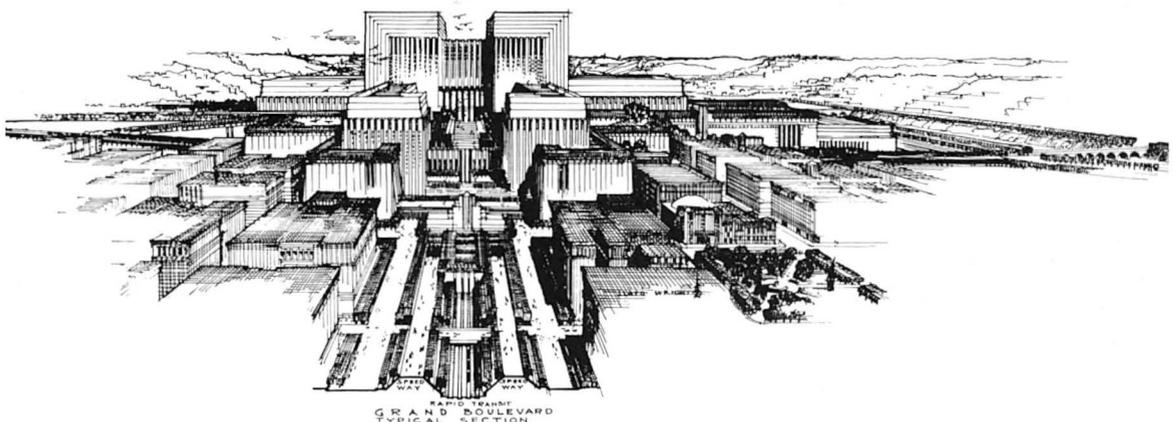
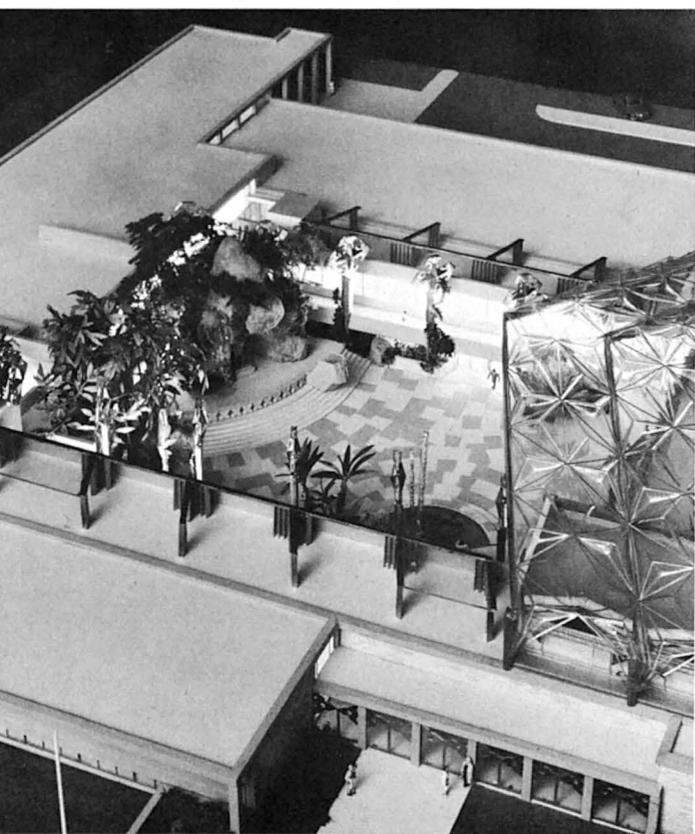
Student housing, La Jolla, Calif., 1964



Hollywood Bowl, second shell, 1928



Huntington Hartford "Theater Square" project, Los Angeles, 1950. Model photo by Julius Shulman.



Los Angeles Civic Center project, 1925. Left: Interior cloister court, Mt. Olivet Church, Minneapolis, 1961

FIRST CONCERT BY THE LOS ANGELES LITTLE SYMPHONY

The Los Angeles Little Symphony presented its first concert under the direction of Eugene Minor at the Embassy Auditorium. The concert was played twice, from 7 to 9 and from 9 to 11 p.m. Neither the size of the audience nor the capacity of the auditorium justified this double event. A part of the program would have well rewarded a double hearing, but the program was so cluttered with material and as a result so inadequately prepared that once through was enough for my taste. I suppose that practically every newly formed group which directs its attention to the music rather than to the audience makes a similar mistake. It seems likely that in a smaller, less expensive hall such a group could give, at the same cost, twice as many concerts and permit adequate rehearsal. Half the program they presented, given twice through in an evening, would have tempted me to remain.

The program included: *Serenata III* by Bohuslav Martinu, which I did not hear; Sallustia's Aria from *Alessandro Severo* by Antonio Lotti, sung by Velia O'Dell-Moore, a comely, well-voiced soprano, inadequately skilled in the vocal technique of early 18th-century Italian singing; an Octet composed by Mili Balakirev at the age of 19 under the tutelage of Glinka, a musical relic designed to show off the composer's skill at the piano, a skill which Neil Brostoff, the pianist of this concert, lacked; *The Unanswered Question* by Charles Ives, after a preamble by the conductor to explain why he did not perform the music as the composer instructed—anyone well enough informed to be acquainted with the score could have seen at once that the small complement of strings would not have been audible, if they had played as the score proposes from behind the heavy stage drapes—; and the Violin Concerto, op. 6:1, by Antonio Vivaldi, quite well played by Kenneth Yerke. This brings us to the intermission.

There was then the short *Fugal Concerto* by Gustav Holst, followed by Five Chamber Pieces by Charles Ives, *Trois Chansons* by Arthur Honegger, and the Chamber Symphony, opus 59, by Michael Moore. Omitting the Martinu, the Lotti, and the Holst would have made a full evening. I would accept the Balakirev, if well performed, as a recently discovered example, published 1959, of early work by a composer of more historical than musical importance.

The most interesting compositions were the five chamber pieces by Ives, very short studies, three for voice and instruments, of a type comparable in size and esthetic sophistication to the middle works by Anton Webern. Some of these pieces exist in other form as solo songs or choral works, and it was of such brief entities, recast and recombined, that Ives composed sections of his larger compositions. So that whereas with Webern each work as it now exists, however short, must be thought a final unit, the more numerous similar works by Ives can be appreciated both as units and as fragments directed to larger work. To be well appreciated they must be performed with no less minute care than is required for Webern.

The first, an *Andante Sostenuto* featuring a clarinet solo, is one of a large body of slow "sostenuto" pieces for various small combinations of instruments which Ives may have set down as studies. Like *A Sick Eagle* is better known as a song with piano accompaniment; I am grateful to have heard it in this setting with a group of instruments. *The Pond* is one of the extremely short, impressionistic miniatures which Ives brought to a unique development. Unlike Webern's shortest compositions, which develop pointillistically note by note, these short pieces by Ives resemble tiny watercolors of superimposed tonal washes. Such a work as *The Pond* could very well be performed several times in succession; I doubt that it lasts longer than a minute. *The Cage* exists in the form we heard as a vocal solo with instruments and as an inserted movement, basset horn replacing voice, in the *Set for Theatre Orchestra*. *December I* have heard both in its late form as a solo song and in its earlier form as a rousing chorus; this instrumental version is no more than a brief sketch, inferior to both vocal versions. Rae Sincher and Velia O'Dell-Moore divided the three songs, singing not badly but with unclear diction. Ives is one of the great song-writers; the songs are in English and should be understood; they require as much skill as one must have to sing Debussy, Wolf, Schubert, Purcell, or Dowland.

Mrs. O'Dell-Moore then sang the three short, charming Honegger songs.

After the opening two movements of Michael Moore's Chamber Symphony I was awakened by the decidedly increased proficiency of his third movement, with vocal solo by Rae Sincher. The style shows his devotion to Ives, and in the third movement his capacity to make something of that style, until at the climactic moment the words "forest of dreams" became audible, in a decidedly conventional treatment. Here Ives would have led the listener through an unexpected interval to an unexpected tone of fantasy; Michael Moore did not.

Though I am critical—such a program deserves and should not be spared criticism—I am also grateful; we need more programs of similar variety, if less crowded. Such a group, established by the City or the County Music Commission in a small public auditorium, say at Plomer Park, could do useful work and grow rapidly in skill. And I am not so much concerned that the group should be drilled to the utmost of professional competence, which may be false to the music and destructive, as that they should not be too much loaded with unfamiliar music to prevent adequate rehearsal. The members of the Little Symphony deserve praise for willingness to undertake at first try a program which might overwhelm the most experienced players.

* * *

In his beautiful home at Bougy-sur-Clarens, in a curve of the steep slope between a castle above and Lac Lemane below, the entrance to his garden through an arch and portion of an ancient monastery wall, Joseph Szigeti, one of the master musicians of this century, has been writing about the repertory of his instrument. When I visited him there, he told me he had just published a little book, *The Ten Beethoven Sonatas for Piano and Violin* (published by the American String Teachers Association), in which he hoped to preserve for younger violinists something of the great tradition of the Beethoven violin sonatas, so that the true understanding of this music might not be lost. Later he sent me a copy of the little book in German; afterwards, the American edition.

Note first the title, Beethoven's, "Sonatas for Piano and Violin." Szigeti comments: "The fact that the word 'Sonata' evokes in the subconsciousness of the masses the notion of boredom, is attributed by Carl Flesch to (the) lipserving attitude of star violinists who play these demanding works with pianists who are conditioned or admonished to remain discreetly in the background." This, certainly, Szigeti himself never did; he chose for his accompanists young pianists who were encouraged to enter into full competition with himself, knowing well that a violin solo floating above an insubstantial meandering of scarcely heard piano will never sound so well as when the music is fully filled out with piano tone as Beethoven intended.

Beethoven was not only a piano virtuoso in his younger years; he was also a violin pupil of the famous quartet-leader, Ignaz Schuppanzigh. "Every one of the thirty-three movements shows his pre-occupation with the potentialities of the violin. We find in them challenges even now, some hundred and fifty years after they were composed, even though the technique and the teaching of the instrument have made such immense strides since the turn of the century."

The reason is that the difficulties are no longer technical but musical; the technique must serve the music, not override it. When the music has been well served, the listener can forget the technique. One hears this in the unequalled performance of the *Kreutzer Sonata* recorded by Szigeti with Bela Bartok at a Library of Congress recital, now fortunately, however belatedly, available in an album which also contains their readings of the Debussy Sonata and the Bartok Second Sonata, one of the supreme modern works for the two instruments.

"When one tries to see the *Ten* (Sonatas) from a bird's-eye view, instead of as a series of occasional works: the three of Op. 12, the three Emperor Alexander I Sonatas, Op. 30, and so on, and when one compares the different solutions of identical problems, such as first movement, slow movement, Variation, Scherzo, Finale, one cannot help but marvel at Beethoven's protean capacity for approaching problems from a new point of view every time, and solving them in an equally new manner . . . One could go on pointing out ever renewed approaches to the problem called Scherzo or the unmistakable tempo in which he cast those elusive middle movements which are neither 'slow movements' nor Allegrettos and are

piu tosto this, that or the other . . ." And Szigeti proceeds to discuss and discriminate among these subtle distinctions: key, instrumentation, elaboration of thematic fragments, contrast in character, the "incompatibility" of the violin and piano, and so on.

The style is conversational, with many notated examples, as if he wished to play them for us himself on his violin. "Detailed 'appreciation' of the felicities of the works we attempt to play seems to be one of the prerequisites of our task . . . I feel that the 'appreciation' of these fine points, these not immediately obvious intentions of the composer is as much a tool of the performer as instrumental technique, musical talent, memory, 'perfect pitch,' muscles, a good instrument and what have you . . ." "Appreciation means—at least to me—appreciation not only of the 'What' but also of the 'How.' Not only 'what' the composer has transmitted to us, but also 'how' the master fashioned his message and how he came to find just this formulation, elaboration, development . . ."

Back and forth he waves his easy conversational message, directed to those who must know this music much better than I do, among sonatas, movements, themes, figures, comparing, explaining, clarifying, reminiscing the opinions of authors, composers, earlier violinists, pointing to troublesome passages which, when successfully negotiated, will reward the risk with unexpected pleasure. One wonders, while his 'enthusiasm directs us happily from one to another, which is his favorite sonata: the last (Op. 96), "an intimacy of dialogue we have not yet encountered, an understatement . . . a certain indecision in formulating answers . . ." It is "the only one that states its theme unaccompanied, unharmonized . . . whose theme has no rhythmical gesture or 'gesticulation' . . ."

But he compares again and again with the C minor (Op. 30:2), and I suspect that this, if he could be held to a final decision, might be his favorite. Another reading could alter my guess. Szigeti holds all the sonatas in so great affection, they are for him like the children of a family, so well known that every thought of failing or peculiarity warms his affection not to forgiveness but to greater love. For a masterwork exists not by its perfection but by its imperfection, by being not what ideally one might think it might be but its recognizable self, and it is that, in full acceptance of its unique existence, which one loves. As in Szigeti's own playing, never quite decisive, hesitant as if anticipating to share an unexpected pleasure, the discovery of a true work of art is never finished. The little book furnishes, too, at the end, an additional reward, the first transcription of some notes by Beethoven from his "Third" Sketchbook, which is in Russia. These are Beethoven's first sketches of the *Kreutzer Sonata*.

LIGHT BY GYORGY KEPES

(Continued from page 12)

quality of natural light. For the warm, living play of firelight we have substituted the bluish, greenish television screen with its deadening stream of inane images. Hardly any of our sensitive creative talents have summoned the resolution to face the more luminous tasks of the world. The creative range of some of our greatest abilities is a spectrum of despair. Their desolate images have taken the foreground of the artistic horizon. They are afraid of light, the use of light, and the meaning of light.

Our new buildings, however, have opened themselves up to the flow of light, showing us marvelous new qualities of space. And, through lucky accident, the forms and colors of city lights often produce visions of great splendor. Why, then, are we not struck by the realization that the palette of a stupendous new civic art has been put in our hands? Is the city, the center of human life today, a runaway monster, so overwhelming as to be beyond all possibility of control? Perhaps. And perhaps not. With courage enough, we can, by plan and by purpose, produce rich, grand images of light and color on the scale of a whole environment.

This exhibition is a plea or more correctly, the prolegomenon for an emerging environmental art: the creative management of light. That radiant new visual poetry is not yet here, although its elements

are all around us. It is being born.

It is an art of enormous promise. For painters, sculptors, and makers of motion pictures, a field for creative originality, a way out of romanticism, circularity, and confusion. For architects and planners, a mighty tool with which to reshape our tangled, cluttered city-scapes. For the ordinary citizens of our dizzily expanding urbanized world, an aid to orientation in their surroundings. And it is an art of complete authenticity, of its own time and generated by the central forces of its time. As such, it holds out to all, both as individuals and as members of a society, that sense of harmony with life achieved only when the realities of their situation can be faced without trepidation and accepted as a blessing.

There is an age-old dialogue between man and light, and in it light has had three major roles: cognitive, esthetic, symbolic.

In its cognitive aspect, light reveals and delineates the world. It is the necessary condition of primary visual perception. It enables the world to take on existence through informing men about their environment. The speed of light is the one physical constant to which cosmologists can cling in their dissolving universe of measurement.

In its esthetic aspect, light gives sensuous and emotional awareness of the world. Men at their earliest and simplest responded with wonder and delight to the radiant forces of sun, moon, and stars, developing a sense of communion with things tremendously far from their bodies.

In its symbolic aspect, in which the cognitive and esthetic are subsumed, light makes life focused, meaningful, and unified. All lands have their ancient myths in which light and darkness are metaphors—and more than metaphors, of life and death, good and evil, truth and falsehood, order and confusion, heaven and hell. The eternal flame at the tomb of an unknown soldier can trace its lineage back to the sacred perpetual fire tended by virgin priestesses in the temple of Vesta, and further back to the constantly fed fire at the cave mouth—the source of warmth, the protector against wild beasts, the dispeller of darkness and its terrors. The stained-glass windows of the great cathedrals, transforming sunlight into a mysterious, infinite extension of richly colored space, brought earthly men in contact with heaven, and provided one of the most deeply moving aesthetic and religious experiences.

Our human nature is profoundly phototropic. Men obey their deepest instincts when they hold fast to light in comprehensive acts of perception and understanding through which they learn about the world, orient themselves within it, experience joy in living, and achieve a metaphoric, symbolic grasp of life.

The exhibition that this article accompanies aims to remind us of the role and significance of light as a central tool of art—past, present, and future. It is divided into three parts: the first part is a diagrammatical and historical survey of some creative uses of light phenomenon. It comprises works done over some three thousand years, from the ancient Egyptians to Hans Arp, from the thirteenth-century cathedral windows to the transparent painting of Moholy-Nagy. Every work of art is really a forming with light, but the works presented here have been restricted to deft and seemingly conscious examples of light handling. They show the modulation of light on several levels—physical, physiological, and symbolic—including such uses as spatial delineation by light and shade, translucency, transparency, specular reflection, and color production and induction. Although they are limited in number, they are representative enough to suggest the light-handling tradition handed down to us by our predecessors.

The second part is didactic. It covers a period of over twenty-five years, and is mainly student work from a long record of teaching, beginning with the Light and Color Workshop at the Institute of Chicago. The major number of examples are recent studies by students at M.I.T. All of these are explorations of some of the basic problems in light handling including systematic studies of stationary and mobile play of light.

The third part of the exhibition presents some very recent experimental work with light. It consists of attempts by artists in Europe and this country to explore the creative potentials of light use today.

They are improvisations, visionary toys; behind them is a dream of an emerging art embracing a new scale of the environment.

This is all a summing up of what we know from the past. The major tasks lie ahead.

ART

(Continued from page 4)

on "lived experiences and affirms by them its capacity to manifest reality in its organic complexity and in its becoming."

Well.

Far more graceful in his literature-making is Jose Pierre, whose interest in surrealism stands him in good stead. His offerings are grouped easily within a leitmotif: the signboard. His essay opens with a quote from Balzac:

"These signboards, of which the etymology seems bizarre to more than one Parisian shopkeeper, are the still-lives of living pictures our waggish ancestors used to draw customers into their shops."

M. Pierre then makes a learned little sortie into the recent past, dredging up the various mystifying signs utilized by Duchamp and Marinetti, and suggesting that they, too, were the still-lives of living messages whose meaning has somehow been submerged. From there it is not far to the insignias of Jasper Johns, Rauschenburg, Niki de Saint-Phalle, and tutti quanti. From the signboard of The Golden Lion, the Green Monkey (did Balzac mean they really had green monkeys as blandishments?) and the Walking Sow, M. Pierre takes a proper surrealist leap and lands in the midst of anywhere. As did all the other critics, for that matter.

Finally, there is Pierre Restany, intoning the same litany he has been offering us for years: that industrialization and mechanization have made permanent inroads in the arts. In this case, he illustrates his theme with what he calls mechanical art—Pol Bury, Bertini, Rotella among the mechanists. Shades of "op" appear now where once there was only pop, but Restany is not troubled. It all fits the initial thesis anyway.

In general, everything fits everything. Words are worth their weightlessness. None of these critics writes specifically, and none writes with love. Six of one and half-dozen of the other, it doesn't matter at all. What matters is the accumulation of words—elastic, omnivalent words that can cover any situation.

To show how important these huge umbrellas of words have become in Paris (and any big thriving Western city), I point to a recent issue of *Les Lettres Francaises*, Aragon's literary weekly. This issue, extra fat, is devoted entirely to a prolix account of the history and importance of the comic strip. Only French have a better term for it: *bandes dessinees*, or drawn strips. The B.D., as it is called familiarly, not only has a history going back to the Egyptians, as the curator of the new museum of comic strips says in the issue, but, as the chief print curator of the Louvre points out, was a prominent form in the early Renaissance. (Of course, they were, properly speaking, stories told in images in those days.) With these distinguished antecedents properly explored, *Les Lettres Francaises* proceeds with an orgy of discussions, interviews, sociological analyses, personal affirmations and iconographical research, from the Yellow Kid to Barbarella. Mickey Mouse, Tarzan, Alley Oop, Popeye, Mandrake, Maggie and Jiggs, Blondie—you name it—they're all there, dealt with in learned disquisitions that leave nothing to the imagination. No less an artist than Alain Resnais plays Louella Parsons to Lee Falk, creator of Mandrake, for three closely printed pages.

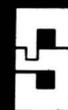
The excavation of the soul of the comic strip is completed with the following "communique" from venerable Brentano's:

"Brentano's, 37 Avenue de l'Opera in Paris, bookstore specializing in American 'comics' possesses also a remarkable choice of works in 'bandes dessinees.'"

Who would have known that Brentano's was specializing in comic strips?

Paris is coming along.

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books

FORMS IN JAPAN by Yuichiro Kojiro, translated by Kenneth Yasuda, photographs by Yukio Futagawa (East-West Center Press; \$15.00)

This and the book following have a beauty and a perfection of photography that rivals the finest "architectural picture books" published. But they are more than this. *Forms in Japan* attempts to explain in Western terms the ways in which the Japanese see. This is not easy to accomplish, since our ways of thought, our approaches are so different. Japanese thought is essentially esthetic, not intellectual, and this approach is carried over into their language. This makes the task of the translator difficult, since non-logic must be turned into an English that will make sense to the reader.

The Japanese, in their preoccupation with the beauty of form, have many more words than we do to describe esthetics; this is apparent in the care and complexity with which the various parts of the book are grouped and headed. "Forms of union, forms of collection," "forms of arrangement," "forms of fluidity," are perhaps not terms which would occur to us. The author's occupation with a long list of these terms, and the relation in which he places them to other meanings becomes forced. For example, the author mentions a dilemma of whether to place a folding screen under the heading "enclosure" or the heading "folding." However, it is petty to quarrel with method when the results are so good. Many of the descriptions which the translator tells us are literal transcriptions from the Japanese, are poetic in their beauty of description. I do not know that all of the photographs actually illustrate the titles of the groupings, but since they are so good in themselves, it isn't necessary.

ISE, PROTOTYPE OF JAPANESE ARCHITECTURE, by Kenzo Tange and Noboru Kawazoe, photographs by Yoshio Watanabe (The M.I.T. Press; \$17.50)

"In the natural stone rather than in a form carved with a chisel the Japanese see an eternal vision and creation that surpasses artistry.

They make a garden using nature's river rocks, rather than those prepared by chisels, because they realize, I believe, that manmade geometric landscape gardens can hardly surpass nature's landscape, and man's geometry cannot even approximate nature's order."

"Furthermore, grass, flowers, ferns or butterflies embedded in sheets of paper, works of mother-of-pearl inlaid with shell, the miniature shrine made of filagree work with chrysochroa wings inserted between—all these natural objects, which always surpass manmade ones, captivate the heart endlessly."

Ise, Prototype of Japanese Architecture expresses the same Japanese feeling for the natural; the way the natural object is shaved and polished and worked over until the essence of its nature shines through; but wholly in relation to a particular set of buildings: The Ise Shrine. The component buildings of the shrine are new and yet old. Each is completely rebuilt from new materials every twenty years, yet it is rebuilt exactly in the form and techniques of its predecessor. The innermost sanctuary cannot be visited by ordinary persons; the author, however, was given permission to visit and photograph the shrine on the occasion of the most recent rebuilding.

He noted an interesting and suggestive thing: although the individual shrines are dedicated to different deities, no images of these deities are present. Are the shrines themselves, the forest and the landscape, the images of the gods? This idea would explain several facets of the worship, the Japanese character, and would go a long way toward explaining the essential meaning of Japanese architecture.

"The entire later course of Japanese architecture starts at Ise. The use of natural materials in a natural way, the sensitivity to struc-

tural proportion, the feeling for space arrangement, especially the tradition of harmony between architecture and nature, all originate here."

The pre-history of Japan, archeological facts and conjecture, and religious myths, are given in considerable detail, and the forms of architecture and the reasons for those forms, are thoroughly inter-related. Conjecture is also raised about the Japanese use of rocks and rock gardens, and rock worship as it developed in early religion. These two books complement one another well in their explication of a form of seeing and esthetic which has profoundly influenced our own, and also as items of beauty in themselves. **Alan Rafael**

ADOLF LOOS, PIONEER OF MODERN ARCHITECTURE, by Ludwig Munz and Gustav Kunstler, with an introduction by Nikolaus Pevsner and an appreciation by Oskar Kokoschka (Praeger, New York, \$20).

This is a welcome book. Except Karl Kraus, who is nearly untranslatable, the works of the small group of Viennese creative thinkers, never accepted in their own society, who captured the imagination of the world during the first half of the present century, have become dangerously familiar in too many translations. Among them was Adolph Loos, but the translations of his work were seldom attributed to him. In two letters written during 1930 Arnold Schoenberg sets him at a proper estimate. To a professor of the Academy of Arts, Berlin: ". . . I have known Loos for 35 years and wherever I have gone in the world during the last 15 years: in Germany, Holland, Switzerland, France, Italy, Spain, Denmark etc., I have seen Loos-like buildings, yet they were not by Loos but by imitators." To Adolf Loos himself: ". . . How often is a man to be found like you, Adolph Loos, of whom one can be sure even today that in a hundred years his name will ring, what he said be quoted, what he did be recounted, in countless citations of your words, your work, and the way you lived." Oskar Kokoschka writes, in an appreciation for this book: "Adolph Loos was a voice in the wilderness. He was the forerunner of modern architecture: that's why he was not allowed to build. He spoke of himself as a mason, whose business it was to make the world habitable in the way a bird builds its nest. His Bible was Vitruvius on Greek architecture—that eternal witness of human dignity."

Modern architecture began in two ways: by the adaptation of traditional forms to modern materials and a new awareness of space, building from within outwards; and by invention of new forms to display modern materials and a new, sculptural awareness of structure, showing all its members. Adolf Loos was of the former group; as the years pass his buildings have blended with their surroundings as he wished, elegant and fresh as ever but not proclaiming their newness. The building of the latter type has degenerated in too many instances from proclamation to an imitative pretentiousness; the awareness of structure has grown barren and skeletal, as one sees everywhere in New York, or sculptural, its virtues most visible in an exterior photograph. Fashionable imitations of this latter type of building enable one to measure the growth rings of a city like Los Angeles. I think, for example, of the many reproductions of the early Le Corbusier, their rounded, smooth white surfaces and metallic trim, like the projecting upperworks of sunken ships. Or the corner windows which Frank Lloyd Wright afterwards regretted. But Wright, a very large man, built in both ways; his architectural conception was nearer that of Loos.

It is not a question of who did what first. Ernst Brandl, from Notre Dame, in a lecture at the University of Southern California this year, to which he considerably invited me, demonstrated in how many instances a famous idea attributed to Le Corbusier had been anticipated by a similar idea in the work of Loos. From his lecture and projected examples, as from this book, I have learned how the art of Loos permeated the thought of two great Viennese architects of the next generation who became resident in Los Angeles, R. M. Schindler and Richard Neutra: the conception of domesticity instead of visibility, the practical charm of multiple levels, the feeling for shapes and textures within a controlling simplicity.

Loos wrote: "Don't let us be ashamed of belonging to the nine-

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teenth century and of not being people who want to live in a house built in an earlier style. You would soon see then how quickly we could achieve a style of our own time . . . I mean a style which we could pass to the next generation with a clear conscience, and which could still be regarded with pride in the distant future." One can say this of the architecture of the Green brothers and of Gill, so pushed aside in the surge of demonstrative building which has made contemporary architecture a waxworks of sculptural horrors. It is always visibility that is admired and domesticity that one prefers to live in. But having raised this division, this barrier of taste between two ways of architectural expression, let me say clearly that the true architect of every period uses both ways; as to the application in any particular case, I leave that to the reader's judgment.

This is a handsome book, packed with useful photographs and drawings, much of the text and material from the work of Ludwig Munz, founder of the Adolf Loos Archives, with valuable contributions from a monograph by Heinrich Kulka, written for the sixtieth birthday of Loos, who was then already a gravely ill man. It includes *The Plumbers and Ornament and Crime*, and *The Story of a Poor Rich Man*, from among the many writings by Loos. The relevant bibliography is not extensive and is therefore included under items in the catalogue of his works.

THE LIVES OF THE ARTISTS by Giorgio Vasari, a selection translated by George Bull (Penguin Books, Baltimore; \$1.95)

The detailing and proportions of type and page of these Penguin Classics please me, as if signifying by the clean page and square margins that a sensitive intelligence controls the mass-production medium. The text consists of the three prefaces and 20 of the original 160 lives, freshly translated but no more than slightly abridged or paraphrased. There are no illustrations. The selection published by Simon and Schuster (1946), edited and severely abridged from the rather literal complete translation by Mrs. Jonathan Foster, published in 1850, includes 48 of the lives and the three prefaces with a number of poorly reproduced illustrations; a book seeming to signify the encroachment of mass publication on the classics. The language of the two translations gives somewhat the reverse feeling. "Then, by the grace of God, in the year 1240, Giovanni Cimabue was born in the city of Florence to give the first light to the art of painting," we read from Mrs. Foster's text. "Eventually, however, by God's providence, Giovanni Cimabue, who was destined to take the first steps in restoring the art of painting to its earlier stature, was born in the city of Florence, in the year 1240," is George Bull's needlessly roundabout way of saying not quite the same thing. Are the words, "to its earlier stature," in the original? If so, to what period does the sentence refer? George Bull gives no information on this matter. Vasari certainly does not refer to Byzantine or Gothic painting; indeed, Bull states that Vasari was "starkly out of sympathy with Gothic and Byzantine art." Therefore one suspects the accuracy of Bull's translation. Bull gives 7½ pages plus a half-page note to Cimabue; Betty Burroughs reduces the translation to 2½ pages plus a page-and-a-half note. Neither edition is adequate for one's personal art library but for the casual reader something to begin with. A complete paperback reprinting of Mrs. Foster's translation would be useful, pending the complete critical edition which, Bull tells us, "may one day be supplied by Peter and Linda Murray."

FROM THE CLASSICISTS TO THE IMPRESSIONISTS, A Documentary History of Art and Architecture in the 19th Century, selected and edited by Elizabeth Gilmore Holt (New York University Press; first published in 1966 by Anchor Books, Doubleday; \$10.00) Mrs. Holt's new book is the third in her series of *Documentary Histories of Art*, the two former having disposed of *The Middle Ages and the Renaissance* and *Michelangelo and the Mannerists: the Baroque and the Eighteenth Century*. The prominence of Michelangelo's name in the three cursive titles suggests an imbalance, but the contents of this third volume go enough beyond the familiar to furnish a usefully suggestive checklist for enlarged reading, and a warning to those who still believe that a well-thought

theory proves the artist. One would not expect that William Holman Hunt's fervid and sensible theorizing could have produced his painting, *The Light of the World*; yet in retrospect one sees the painting as exactly that, fervid and sensible and a guide only to distrustful sentiment. Daumier's history-busting cartoon, *The Baptism of Achilles*, on the back of the same page of selections, restores the balance, besides strengthening one's confidence in Mrs. Holt. The addition of great architects to imagining and designing prophetic buildings is well exemplified in texts, drawings, and surviving structures by the French architects, Boullée, Durand, and Ledoux. In all a useful and instructive reference book and an entertaining collage for anyone who likes reading about the arts. The prints are uniformly gray; the rather large print makes an unnecessarily heavy volume, as if the original pocketbook had been inflated for this hard cover edition, without increase of quality.

TYPOMUNDUS 20, A project of the International Center for the Typographic Arts (ICTA) (Reinhold Publishing Corporation, New York; Studio Vista Ltd, London; Otto Maier Verlag, Ravensburg; \$15.00)

This indigestible volume of typography serves as the catalogue for an exhibition of 500 examples from 10,000 entries as a result of invitations sent to 200,000 persons in all fields of graphic design. Twelve jurors were chosen from nine countries (three from Germany); the selection in my opinion tends to the German expressionistic. The work of one juror, Louis Dorfman, appears repeatedly among the chosen items: I have not checked out the other jurors. The judging was done at Toronto, Canada, sponsored by the Society of Typographic Designers of Canada for the International Center for the Typographic Arts, New York, after a world congress on communication arranged by the ICTA at Southern Illinois University in 1961. One juror came from Japan, but there is scarcely any representation of Asiatic typography; an example from Africa was not selected. The reproductions are too small and gray to give an adequate feeling of the workmanship. An impressive effort, disappointing in result. **Peter Yates**

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THE 33RD VENICE BIENNALE OF ART

Three vaporetto stops away from the timelessness, color and space of Piazza San Marco and the Grand Canal is the Giardini, where the tree-sheltered pavilions of the Biennale are open again.

Sculpture is dominant and strong, as it has tended to be for some time. Etienne Martin, who shares the grand sculpture prize with Robert Jacobsen, emphasizes a traditionally solid, vertical and rotund form with many openings and concavities; some surfaces are heavy screens of vine or tendon-like shapes, characteristic of his "Demeure" series, especially the bronze groups standing in the courtyard of the Paris Museum of Modern Art. At the Biennale the pieces in this vein are under the trees outside the French pavilion; they are more powerfully organic in their group relationship than the single more solid pieces inside the pavilion: space and form interact more fully, and rhythms and counterpoints are multiplied.

In the work of Robert Jacobsen, whose retrospective fills the Danish pavilion, space plays a greater role. His large freestanding steel pieces have the tensions of a linear cubist structure with a brittle expressionism. When you walk around them there are continual changes and an invitation to examine certain angles and inner relationships. In his reliefs he often surprises the rough-hewn wood texture with the addition of a red or a blue.

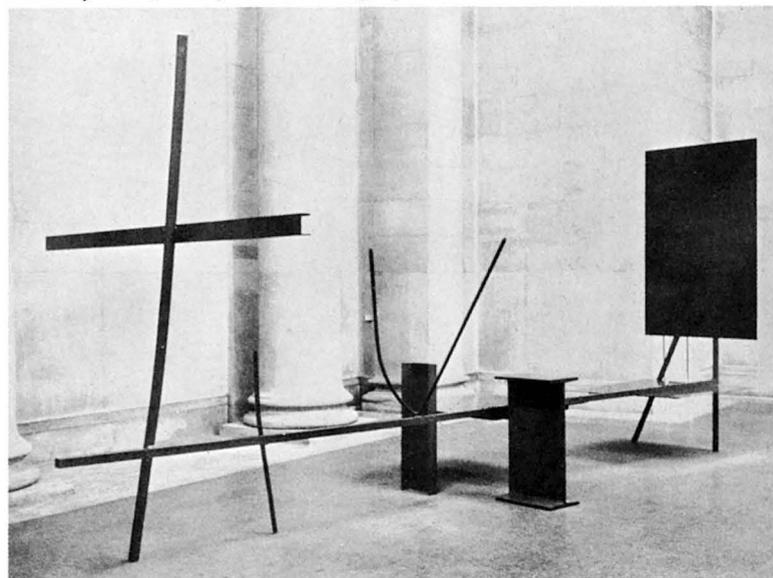
The elegant aluminum and steel box forms of Amadeo Gabino (Spanish pavilion) alter the usual role of freestanding sculpture by making each side read as an individual shallow relief, each enriched by layers or curved shapes overlapping inward to an ultimate void.

Anthony Caro of England once worked as an assistant to Henry Moore, and although they both are concerned with simplification of form and integrity of materials Caro works with less compact form and greater definitions of space. In "Early One Morning" he uses stock pieces of aluminum and steel (painted red), takes long thin sections to define horizontal direction, rectangles to act as rests, and augments or counters the initial direction by a linear piece. He may use as few as six pieces in a single work; all are clear, are reduced to a basic gesture, and create a forceful and memorable spatial presence that is intensified by color. By liberating steel and

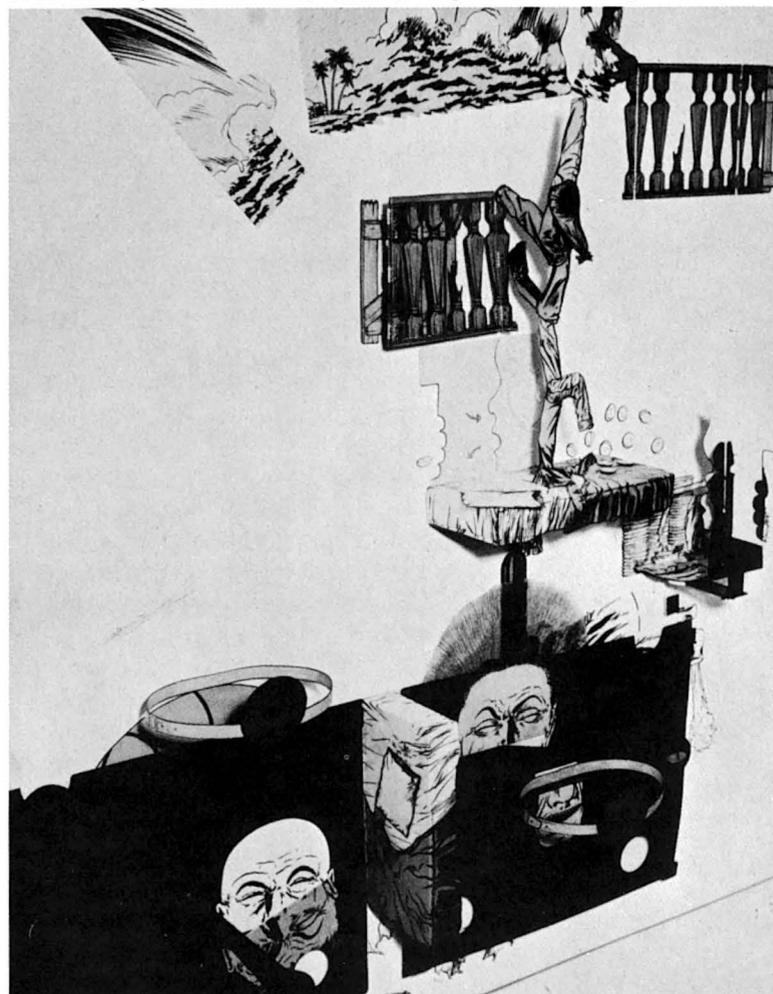
aluminum from their function in construction, where their beauty is usually hidden, he has found an inherent esthetic.

Sculpture continues to resurge and play a dominant role when it merges with painting and other techniques. Salvador Soria of Spain achieves a further layer of depth by introducing in a wood and steel relief of a humble and tortured figure earth colors and wire. These reliefs, like Jacobsen's, have openings to the wall, and the pronounced shadow and floating sensation they produce adds to the animation. Caro's countryman Richard Smith represents at the Biennale the artists who are destroying the canvas plane and building painting into a sculptural form; Smith's broad, clear shapes are startling but fall short of resolution when overly forced or dramatic.

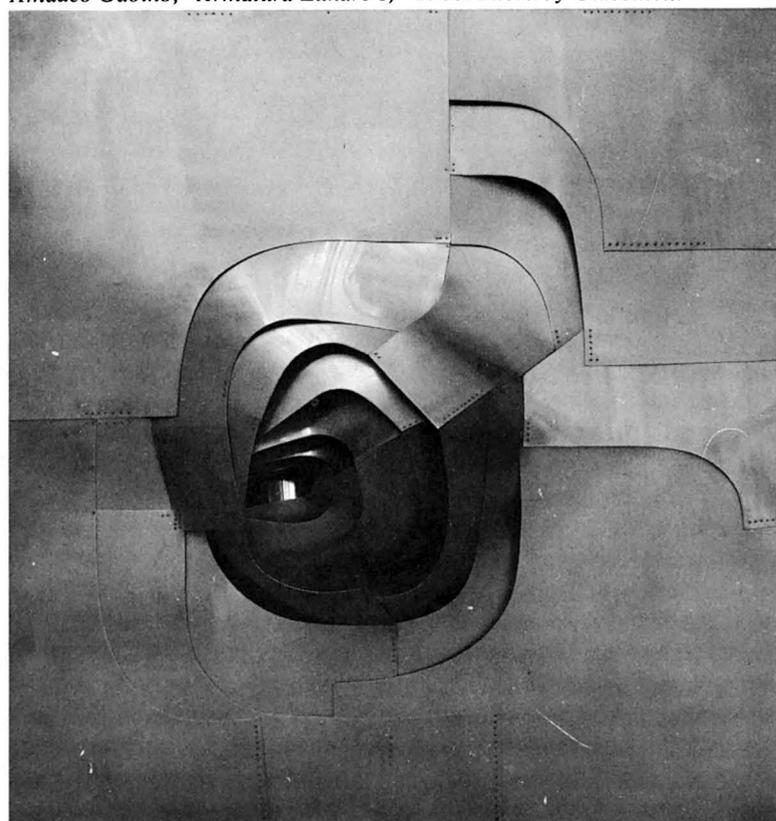
Anthony Caro, "Early One Morning," painted aluminum and steel, 1962



O. Fahlstrom, "The Cold War," (detail); tempera on steel and plastic, 1963-65



Amadeo Gabino, "Armatura Lunare I," 1966. Photo by Giacomelli



The Italian Lucio Fontana breaks the canvas plane by incorporating in it cuts or holes, his series of white canvases having carefully centered slashes edged or backed with black. The destructive marks on the white surface produce a mysterious environment, which is heightened by the paintings being mounted on freestanding panels in a white room.

Neon tubing, one of the new materials that has moved into the gallery context, is used by Martial Raysse of France for his "Picture of New York," and in other work neon is related to painted shapes. Eugenio Carmi's programmed machine, "SPEC 1966," which he calls "an automatic system of presenting images," runs through cycles of basic graphic legends; these are silk-screened on three rolls of clear plastic that are superimposed and run one or more at a time. The speed and stops can be set to respond to sounds or silence. There are 864 moving pattern relationships in the present model, and future ones may multiply Carmi's "new set of emblems of our time."

Swede Oyvind Fahlstrom's "Cold War" is a grouping of pictorial components which is shifted from one magnetized position to another—a game of cold war balance, he calls it. In another of his pieces the viewer is led through a complex arrangement of sus-

pending cut-outs which can be united by magnets. Other artists take a stand on current issues which threaten human existence and values. Curt Stenvert of Austria titles one of his environments "Human Situation: to recognize that nothing is impossible, or the clown's best number"; in this he composes a surrealistic world out of a collection of everyday objects, some of which have been changed by paint or collage. In a quieter manner, the prints of Japan's Masuo Ikeda deal with injustice; victims are overwhelmed by black or blue shapes, by a pair of hands which, like the figures, are a burred drypoint line.

Lichtenstein's now familiar "Drowning Girl" has an impact with its static dots and colossal scale, but Fahlstrom holds attention with small movable parts. The kinetic constructions of Julio Le Parc of Argentina, who received the grand prize in painting, demand even more visual participation than the work of Fahlstrom and Carmi. When his motorized pieces are activated by pushing a button, objects and lights move. With Calder and Tinguely as a starting point, he has in his experiments in the Paris *Groupe de Recherche d'Art Visuel* merged time and motion with visual elements.

In a key section of this year's Biennale is an Umberto Boccioni retrospective which traces his development from early conventional subjects through the time when they surged and built into a fully realized frenzy of motion in "Dynamism of a Cyclist." This, and also the familiar "Forces of a Street," where tension and color are simultaneous, predict kinetic art.

Another retrospective is the Giorgio Morandi, whose quiet power was little affected by exuberant movements surrounding him during his lifetime. There is also a retrospective of Victor Brauner who died this past year. His distinctive humor, often biting and frequently warm, is combined with a descriptive feeling of form which merges human, animal and bird shapes in order to penetrate

(Continued on next page)

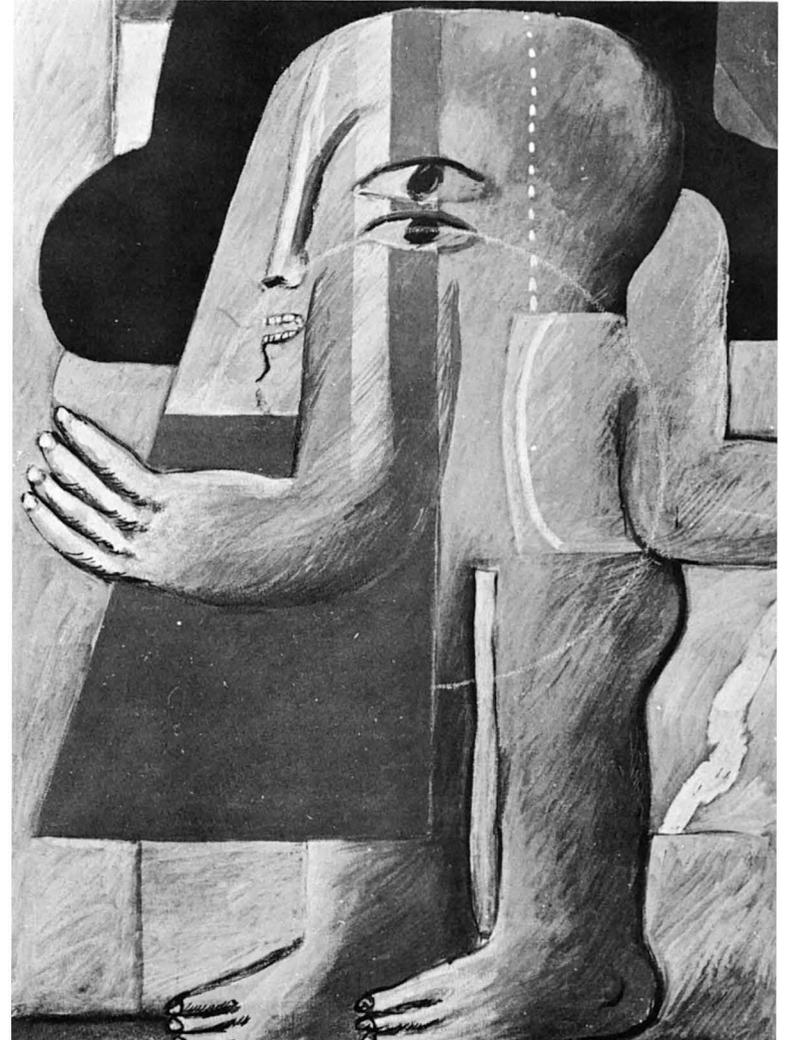
Roy Lichtenstein, "Drowning Girl," oil and magna on canvas, 68" x 68", 1963



Umberto Boccioni, "Dynamism of a Cyclist," 1913



Horst Antes, "Figure in a Red Mask and Black Hat," 1965. Photo by Giacomelli





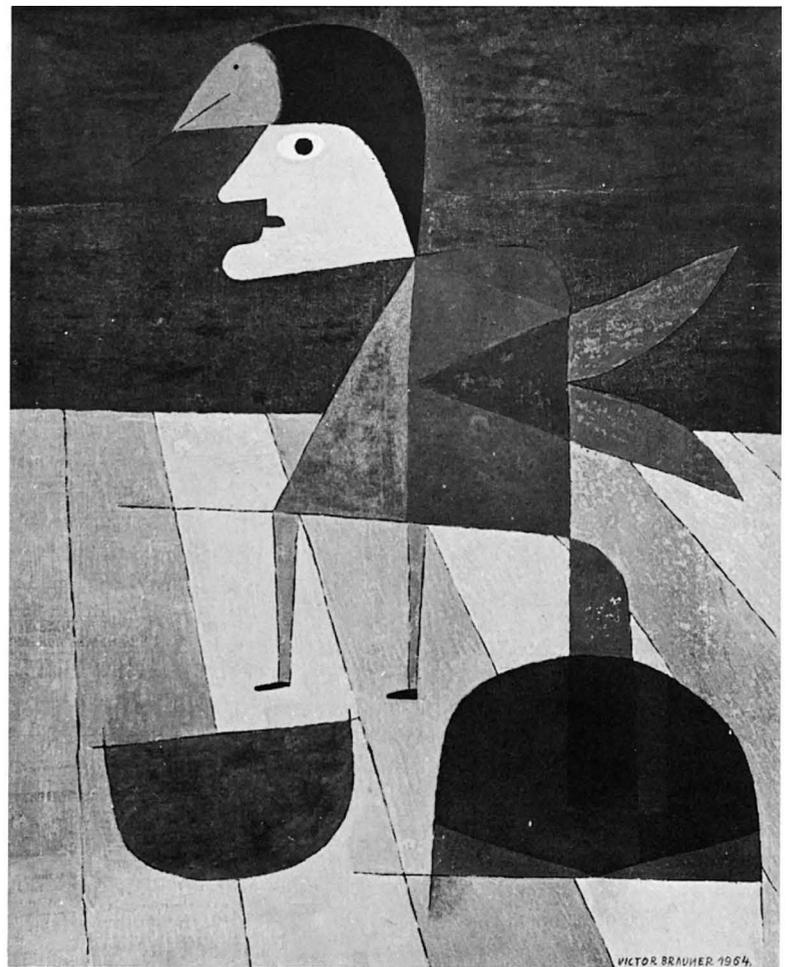
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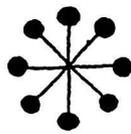
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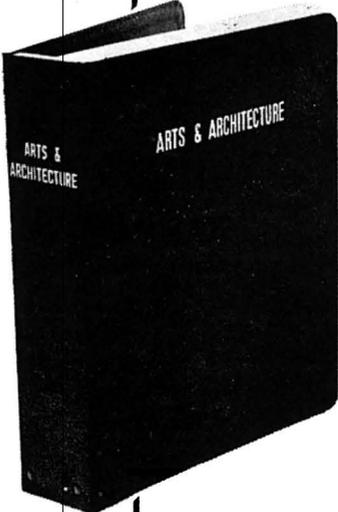
Victor Brauner, "Dynamism of the Invisible," 1964

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the subtleties of living organisms. Through color and line, he achieves a multitude of personal connotations.

Aside from pop, op and their offshoots, painting in this Biennale has lost its prominence—as well as a top prize—and is reduced to what Hilton Kramer calls "fugitive status." Among the younger painters is Horst Antes (German pavilion) who derives from German expressionism. Like Brauner, he retains the figure, but is more immediate; his awkward and grotesque figures of the fifties fill a canvas in a loose style, while in more recent work the figures are more defined and are often surrounded by environmental shapes. The expressive force of the inner agony and outer futility in the earlier figures has gained symbolic purpose in the later work shown in his large exhibit.

Helen Frankenthaler's development from Archile Gorky and American abstract expressionism to simplification of gesture, form and space is clear in her recent figure-field subjects. The two other Americans shown are Ellsworth Kelly and Jules Olitski, the former presenting panels of one solid color or of several bands, the latter bringing warm, luminous canvases filled with subtle changes or contrasted at the edges with cool colors.

The *New York Times* report that Lawrence Alloway had originally selected as the American entrants Joseph Cornell, Jackson Pollock, David Smith, Ernest Trova and Roy Lichtenstein makes one wish that at least Cornell, Pollock and Smith had stayed on the list. It is time for Cornell and Pollock shows, and because of the recent death of Smith this would have been a fitting way to honor him. But then Gorky, who died in 1948, waited until 1962 before his work was invited by the Biennale Committee to hang in the large Italian pavilion.

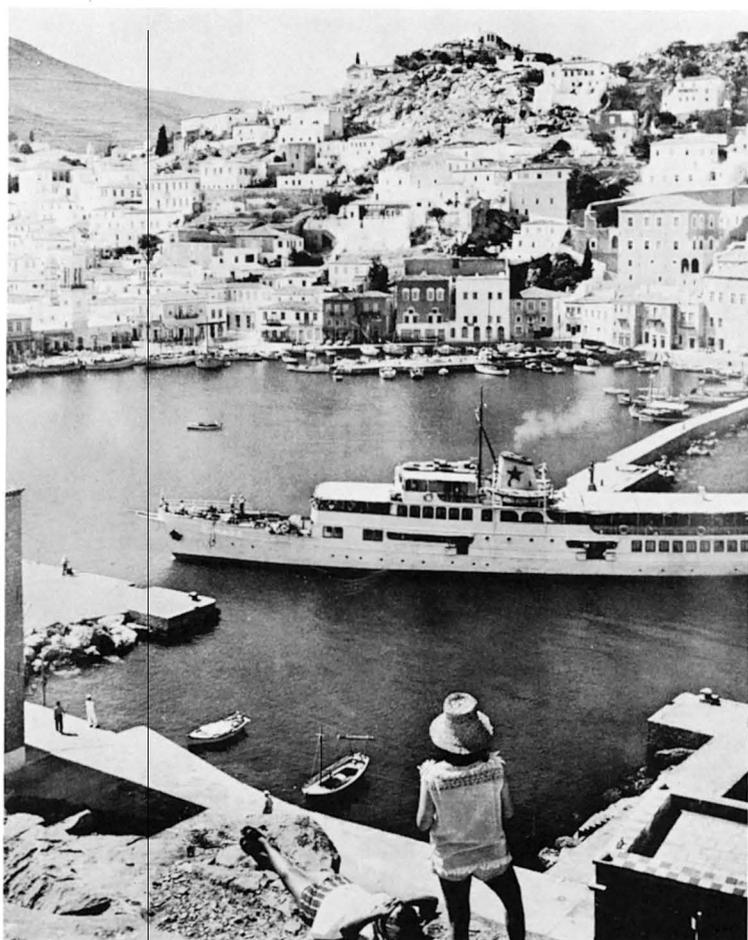
Lichtenstein drew more attention than any of the other Americans represented this year, and if Robert Rauschenberg had not taken the grand prize at the last Biennale Lichtenstein's chances would have been greater; in spite of the enormous amount of publicity and pressure exerted for him, enough was enough.

Kathryn Metz

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