

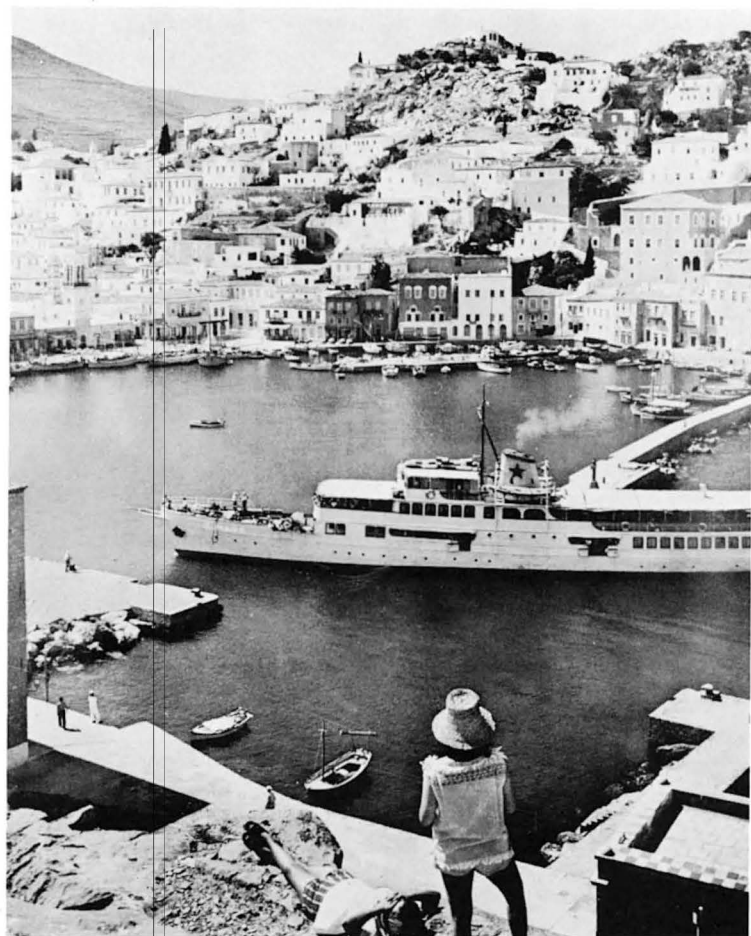
# arts & architecture



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# art

DORE ASHTON

More and more of the serious exhibitions in New York are devoted to the exploration of purist possibilities. Of all the hallowed modern traditions, the purist legacy appears richest in attraction for younger artists.

From the moment the purist tenets appear, the necessity for esthetic discussion becomes evident. There is no other way of approaching the severe propositions offered by younger artists than through the ancient and abstract ruminations frankly designed to question the nature of the beautiful and the sources of esthetic satisfaction.

No matter how remotely, the new purists are in the line of the estheticians who, since the Greeks, have assumed that there is something in the human psyche that responds to order, harmony, meter and rhythm. They would probably agree with the 15th-century theoretician, Leon Battista Alberti, who believed that "the judgment which you make that a thing is beautiful, does not proceed from mere opinion, but from a secret argument and discourse implanted in the mind itself."

The mind, or reason, Alberti held, was responsive by nature to number and, above all, congruity. "The business and office of congruity is to put together members differing from each other in their natures in such a manner that they may conspire to form a beautiful whole." Congruity, he believed—as did almost all the philosophic theorists during the Renaissance—is the principal law operating both in Nature and in the mind of man.

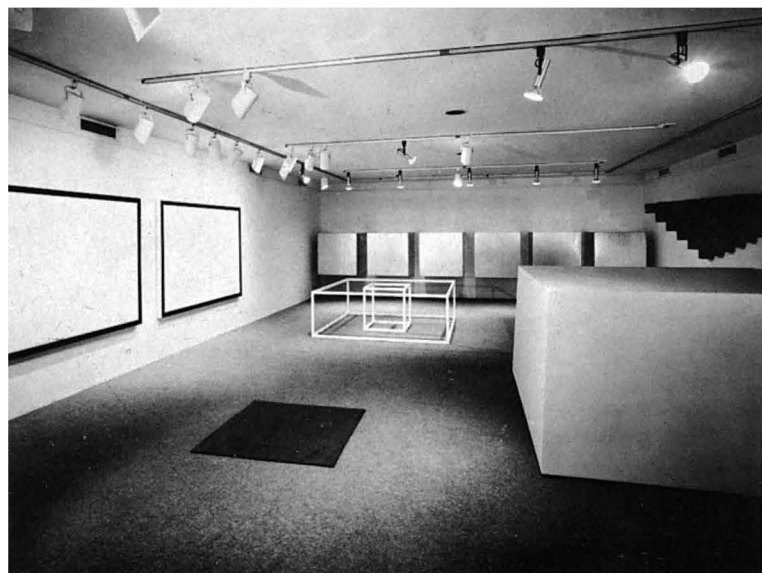
During the 20th century, there have been numerous restatements of the esthetic canons of the past. Again and again ideals of perfect harmony and proportions have seeded themselves in the most audacious statements of modern art. The view of art—visual art, that is—as autonomous and not dependent on symbolic interpretation stems directly from the lingering ancient esthetics purveyed by western philosophers from century to century. In modern guise it appears both in the manifestoes of various schools of painting and sculpture and in the esthetic reflections of such writers as Jean-Paul Sartre and Merleau-Ponty, both of whom were steeped in Kantian and Hegelian esthetics.

Sartre, although he vacillates a good deal, seems most often to contend that painting is a self-nourishing self-sufficient art of a non-symbolic order. "I would say that the Mona Lisa's smile does not 'mean' anything, but that it has a meaning."

The meaning that can be found, independent of allusive symbolic detail, is a meaning that has been defended more and more vigorously since the turn of the century. Not only the most severe credos,

*Dwan Gallery Installation shot.*

*Photo by John D. Schiff*



such as those of Malevich and Mondrian, but also the more flexible statements such as the manifesto of Le Corbusier and Ozenfant published in 1918, reflect the conviction that visual art is fundamentally a matter of formal relations.

Ozenfant and Le Corbusier defined purism in their manifesto as the prime characteristic of the modern spirit:

"Painting is valuable through the intrinsic quality of its plastic elements and not through its narrative or representational possibilities."

"Purism expresses not the variations but the invariables. The work must not be accidental, exceptional, impressionist, inorganic, protestant, picturesque, but on the contrary, general, static, and expressive of the invariable."

"Art is before everything in the conception."

The constants, or invariables, as the two dissident cubists called them, are certainly of primary importance to all the younger artists who are dealing with measured spaces, symmetry, and absolute order. Theirs is a complicated burgeoning esthetic which goes beyond the basis for ancient Greek golden means and other canons recorded in history. Where the ancients dealt rather simply with numbers, dividing them into even and uneven integers and working out from there, the moderns tend to probe mathematical problems of a far more complex order. For them, the making of something—either a sculpture or painting—is truly a problem in the scientists' sense. It is not a matter of poetic inspiration or the adequate representation of some imagined symbol.

They are interested mainly in the general. What I mean is that if a latter-day purist walks down the street, he is generally impressed with the degree of order in organized human life. In general, we walk on two legs in measured paces, we cross evenly divided streets, we see symmetrical arrangements of windows, and we obey stop-and-go, rhythmically adjusted traffic signals. In general, then, order prevails.

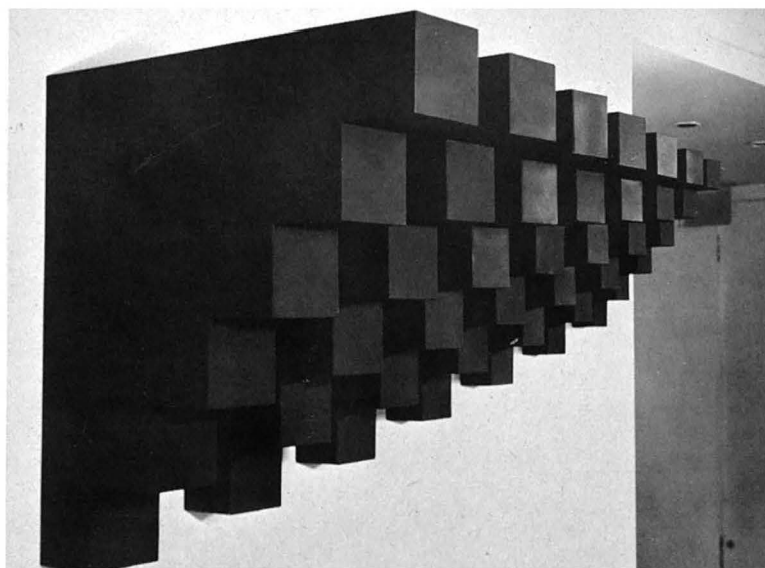
In particular, however, we have two legs which are never identical, we walk in different gaits depending on the flow of our thoughts, obstacles such as crowds, and physical endowment. We see clutter and we jaywalk, and occasionally we witness accidents. In particular, there is little order.

But the universe created by the ten artists recently exhibited at the Dwan gallery is carefully ordered and true to the purist principle that the work must present the general, static and invariable. Theirs is a celebration of the abstract principle of the general.

The exhibition was presented with welcome dignity. There were no fanfares, no blurbs and no proselytizing statements. Ten works by ten artists were arranged with obvious precision to create an atmosphere consonant with the principles put forward in the work.

The usual adjectives apply. The room felt chilly, ultra-neat and sternly organized. The chill derived mainly from the absence of color—white, grey and black prevailed. It also emanated from the galvanized steel surfaces of Don Judd's six identical boxes and

*Robert Smithson, "Alogon," 1966. Painted stainless steel. Photo is by John D. Schiff*



from the white-painted aluminum bars comprising Sol Lewitt's piece.

The congruity achieved in the installation was of a most severe order. Robert Morris's bulky truncated pyramid provided an immense obstacle around which rectangular forms of varying composition fell into place. While congruity is a principle which most of these artists avoid in the individual work, they seem conscious of its importance when an ensemble of work is presented.

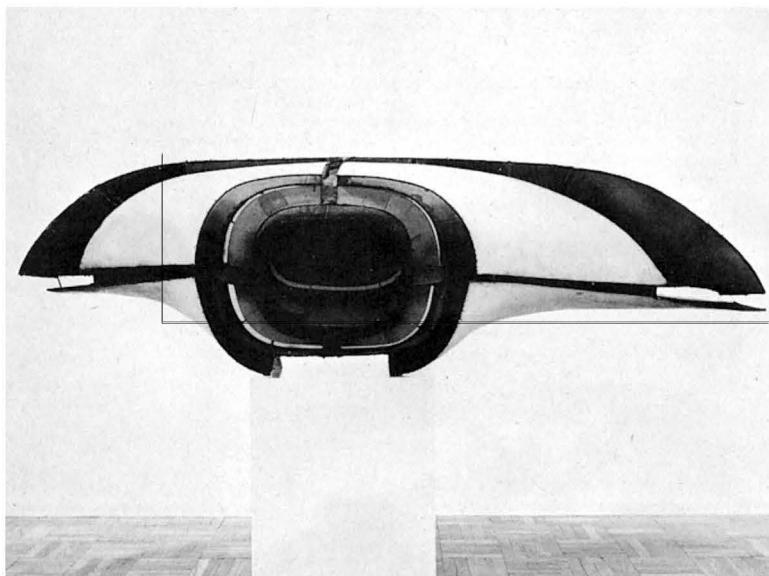
Remembering Francis Bacon's idea that "there is no excellent beauty that hath not some strangeness in the proportion," I looked for the occult systems of symmetry in which the static is achieved by means of differing but related proportions. The most salient instance is Robert Smithson's "Alogon," composed of seven stepped units in which the logic is best understood in the catalog description where the mathematical calculation is apparent: Square surfaces 3", 3½", 4", 4½", 5½", 6". The "strangeness" lies in the odd number of units and the almost imperceptible jump in measured intervals.

In contrast, Jo Baer in his two paintings each 5' x 7' and Don Judd in his six boxes aim for absolute symmetry. Theirs is not simply a statement about a way of apprehending spaces but an attack on a long tradition of classical art in which impressions or sensations of symmetry were suggested obliquely. Aiming for absolute stasis and a frank rejection of any ruses, both artists present concepts realized with ultimate fidelity to the reasoned origins of their thought.

In this kind of absolute organization there is a rigid dogmatism that was stated by Reinhardt some years ago when he demanded an art of no images, no symbols and no signs. The work admits only that there is some kind of response to the regular ordering of units in space.

But then, the history of ornament is replete with instances of the stiffened dogma of regularity. From the egg-and-dart to the glass-walled steel-ribbed buildings, the elements of stability were always stated in absolute metrical terms. The problem posed by many of these artists is then: How do these absolutely symmetrical forms differ from static ornament—if they do—and why are they proposed?

If Reinhardt's black painting, Agnes Martin's and Carl Andre's works with their regular rectangular shapes making graphs, and the other works in the show are of more than polemical value, does their merit lie in ornamental repetition? Are they "beautiful" because of their metrical regularity? Do they fulfill the unwritten requirements for the work of visual art which has almost always had a secret function above and beyond ornament? Can there be an art that is in no way symbolic? If these are only statements of a conceptual, mathematically based problem, are they significant? Emotionally, I would say that most of the works are satisfying only in a limited area. They close off too many avenues of issue into the core of the work of art. They are statements, yes. But state—  
*Lee Bontecou, "Untitled," 1962. Mixed media 40" x 126" x 48". Photo by Rudolph Burckhardt*



ments are issued by banks, universities, Wall Street and the White House, and remain outside the compass of the arts.

Of quite another genre are the new works by Lee Bontecou at the Castelli Gallery. While each of her deep reliefs has a plastic organization that is satisfying in itself, each also projects into the realm of signification. Beyond the dynamics of composition, Bontecou always posits some other value—sometimes in terms of specific allusion, sometimes merely suggestive.

Bontecou has always drawn motifs from the organic universe. She studies natural forms such as crustaceans, bugs, and growing flora in the way I imagine Paul Klee used to. It is clear in several smaller pieces and in the drawings that she is fascinated particularly by the husks of insects and by shellfish.

The involutions of the snail are undoubtedly the leitmotif in the large new wall reliefs. Not only are the striped markings there, but also the incoiling forms. These in turn give rise to more abstract shapes that are motivated primarily by the uncoiling motion initiated by billowing, epoxy-filled striped shells.

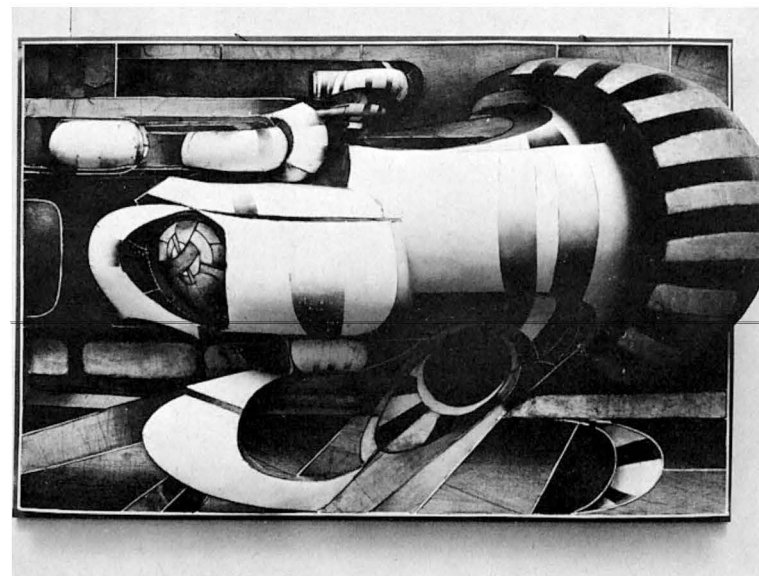
Bontecou has elaborated her means considerably. Not only are there colonies of forms that are far more detailed than in previous work, but they are frequently tinted. Khaki burlap has given way to attractive denim, soft chamois and parchment ivories in the stretched forms. Strong accents of bright red also appear in the larger works. The shading that was almost imperceptible in former work is now emphasized so that the full-bellied shapes are made to appear almost in the round.

I have always found Bontecou's play with perspective enlivening, and in the new work the planes that steeply recede are carefully plotted to produce illusions of very deep space. When you face a relief head-on, the spirit of illusionistic play excites, and when you step to the side, the intricate forms are seen in relative simplicity.

The value in Bontecou's technique resides largely in its flexibility. With consummate craftsmanship, Bontecou shapes her metal armature so that it can support either the fully organic shapes or the relatively geometric shapes that she composes in the whole. Textures are variable since she can either use smooth epoxy or rough cloth, depending on the needs of the image. In one instance she even uses light which makes for stained-glass analogies. But I don't think the interior light enhances the piece very much.

In the face of the quietism prevailing in most sculpture, Bontecou's carnival of forms and colors probably seems extreme to many viewers. I heard someone remark on the "abstract expressionist tone" of the show and marvel at the way the formalist psychology has insinuated itself and spoiled the air for so many artists. If abstract expressionism—with all its vague connotations—is responsible for Bontecou's vision, so much the better. There is nothing wrong with acknowledging one's formation. What is despicable is the exclusive propaganda which makes artificial categories of good, better, best where none should exist.

*Lee Bontecou, "Untitled," 1966. Mixed media 72" x 108" x 23". Photo by Rudolph Burckhardt*





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## NOTES & FACTS, OR IS THERE A SYLLOGISM IN THE HOUSE?

It's estimated that the equivalent of one new city is needed every seven hours to accommodate a world population growing by 2% a year and increasing in our major cities by 4% a year. The newly passed Demonstration Cities Act is the latest uncertain maneuver by the federal government to rescue and resuscitate the city. The act is designed to pull together and reconcile the existing 60 or 70 bits and pieces of conflicting and contradictory urban renewal legislation.

While government agencies—and theoretical physical and social planners as well—dispute the larger questions about what goals and objectives should be injected into the redevelopment of old cities, there is no confusion in the mind of the private developer about *his* goals and objectives, and he is plunging ahead with the construction of new cities.

Some 70 "new towns" of 1,000 acres or more are either under construction in the U.S. or are well along in the planning stage. They are destined to repeat and compound the mistakes and problems which have brought existing cities to their knees. Are the short-range goals and objectives of private enterprise incompatible with new town development?

Even Robert Simon, the most self-restrained and enlightened developer in matter profit, was unable to break from the pattern in his new semi-city of Reston, Va.

Clarence Stein warned as long ago as 1950 in *Towards New Towns for America* that without substantial government financial help "a private developer has only a gambling chance to carry through to completion the building of a city." Private enterprise has shown no inclination to take the gamble.

By plugging his project into the freeway network and advertising it as "only minutes by freeway" from central city, the private developer is announcing that he has no intention of departing very far from the "bed and breakfast" suburban tract developments which till recently have sold so profitably.

Is our concept of success to remain forever a material one?

While government sponsored urban renewal is trying to recreate cities that are balanced economically and socially, private enterprise is luring the middle and upper income level families further out the freeway with promises of green golf courses and parks, blue lakes and skies and white neighbors.

The words "master planned" are debased when used to describe developments which extend urban sprawl, increase traffic congestion, weaken effective regional planning, undermine the economic and tax bases of the core city, perpetuate racial and economic discrimination,

tighten the white collar already choking the city. In short, when they are planned in isolation with no concern for the disastrous affects they are going to have on the surrounding areas and the central city.

The private developer's lack of concern for the area surrounding his project is not surprising in view of the fact that local planning agencies often show little more.

In the November issue of the *AIP Journal* James Q. Wilson of Harvard's Department of Government writes that the Demonstration Cities Act shows "we do not know what we are trying to accomplish. We have neither concrete goals nor clear priorities: as a result, not only are the federal programs productive of dilemmas, the dilemmas are each year becoming more expensive and more obvious."

The Los Angeles Planning Department continues to display a curious enthusiasm for questionable hillside developments—supporting the proposed U.S. Plywood project above Beverly Glenn Canyon is the latest instance—while showing an equally strange indifference to Valencia, a new "city" now under construction ("30 minutes by freeway") near Los Angeles.

Valencia is planning for a population of 30,000 by 1972, 250,000 by mid-1980 (see A & A, Nov. '66), but the Los Angeles County Planning Department said last month that it is just now "considering" a study of its possible affects on county housing and transportation needs, settlement patterns, etc., etc.,

President Johnson has proposed legislation to Congress barring racial discrimination in the sale or rent of housing. Construction of housing priced out of the reach of low income minority groups, however, is sufficient barrier.

The federal government has offered FHA mortgage insurance and FNMA back up loans to large-scale "new town" developers in hopes of inducing construction of low income housing. Real open housing might result, which makes private developers' teeth chatter. They know their buyer well.

If new town developments cater to ugly prejudices and utilize planning principles 20 years old, at least the scale of their total effort is happily 20 years too small. The 70 new communities will house a total of six million people when completed in the mid-80s—a hopeless fraction of what will be needed.

Los Angeles is not so fortunate in this respect: an article in the July issue of *Geographical Review* states that using the average annual population increase in Southern California between 1950-1960 (250,000 a year) and the present 4,600-per-square-mile density value, rural reserved land around Los Angeles will be covered at a rate of 60 square miles a year. . . .

D.T.





## SOCIAL SCIENCES BUILDING

BY MAYNARD LYNDON,  
ARCHITECT

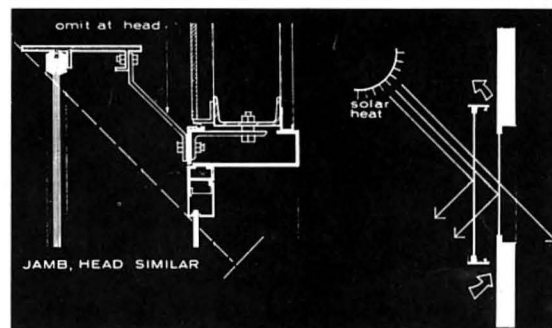
The UCLA Social Sciences Building was designed to provide the History, Economics, Physical Sciences and Geography Departments and several Institutes, with administrative offices and some study and teaching spaces.

The problem became a matter of providing 730 rooms of varying sizes and needs and at the same time constructing a gateway of appropriate scale through to the new development on the north campus.

The solution is an 11-story tower of offices on a high concrete table over an open pedestrian loggia and terrace. The south facade of the tower has small windows protected from the sun by free-standing, low transmission glass panels. The other side of the tower has an all-glass facade, detailed flush to emphasize its sheet-like quality.

The glass mosaic surfaces of the high mass relate in color to the Santa Monica Mountains in the background and echo the changing light conditions of the day and the season.

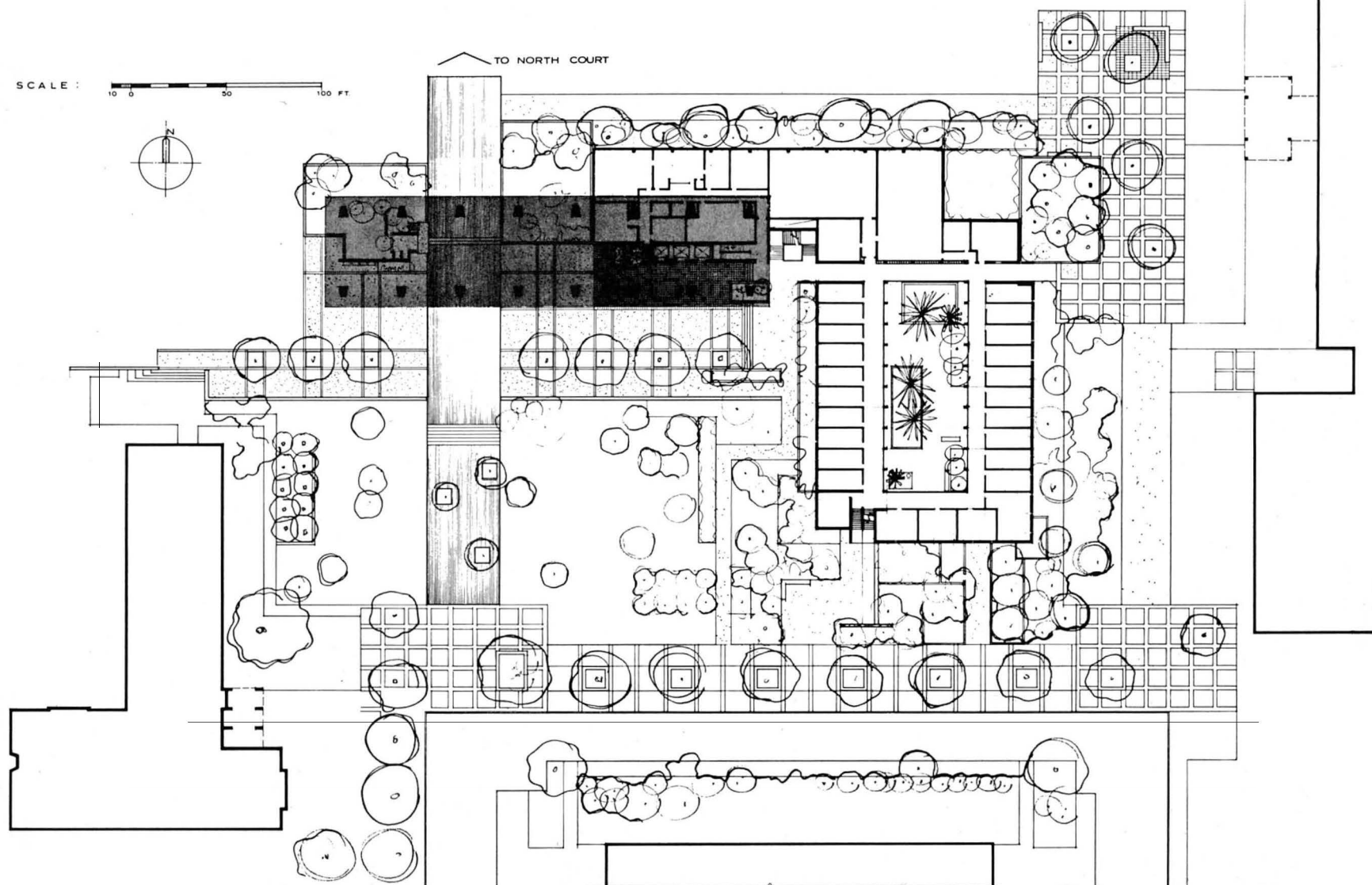
The tower elevators open directly on to the loggia. In the night lighting of the building and the terrace, the sources of illumination are concealed, or have a minimum of bright surfaces, in order to achieve a soft pleasant light.



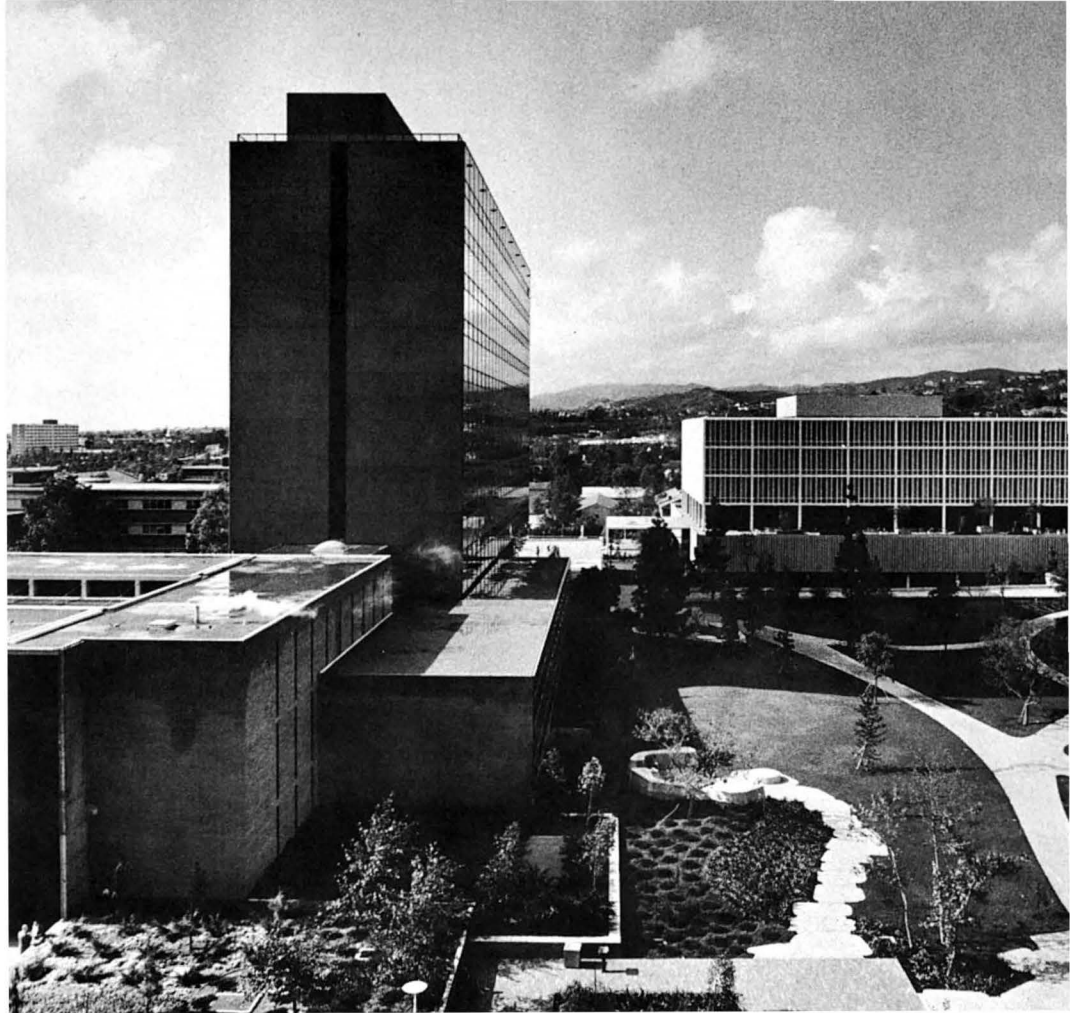
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TO NORTH COURT







The west end of the loggia connects to a four-story wing surrounding an interior court with open balconies at each level. The court is open to the sky but protected from direct sun by a suspended, egg-crate screen. The floor of the court is paved and luxuriously planted with shade-loving species and tall palms.

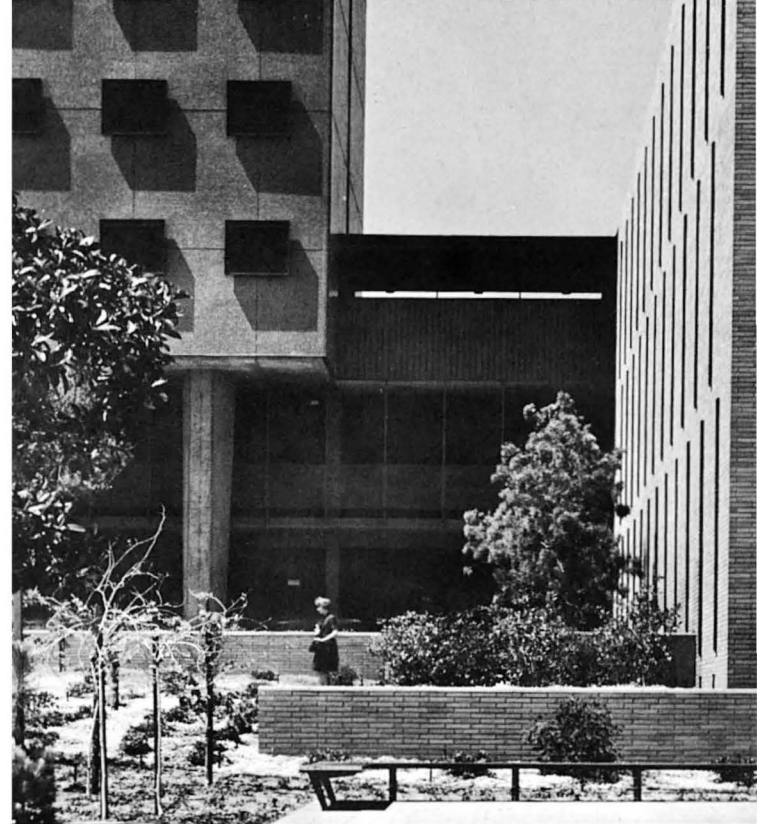
Landscape architects: Cornell, Bridges and Troller; campus architect: James E. Westphall; consulting architect: Welton Becket & Associates.

The belief that the campus is a village and should remain one is so rooted that the first high building on any campus is greeted with hostility. The number of students multiplies, car parks swallow land, but the ideal of the campus as a village dies hard—as it should. But it was the absence of a rapid transit system in Los Angeles and the influx of automobiles that first cracked the walls of the village. It was a case of the village attacking the village, for the ideal of Los Angeles is also the village, and whenever it seemed on the point of becoming a city in the classic sense new outposts sprang up until, finally, it was a federation of villages with a repeated pattern, as in wallpaper, rather than the hierarchical design of a tapestry.

There was an outcry when the first high building came to Berkeley campus, and with good reaction, for it is a poorly sited and self-centered tower. In that building the city did invade the campus. At UCLA the Social Sciences Building, like all high buildings, has its genesis in the city, but it is also in the tradition of the medieval university superblock which created at once a negative and a positive space. It accommodates faculty and students and forms a solid wall to block off one end of the North Campus Court. This court exists almost







Photos by Carla de Benedetti  
Photos by LCD



by virtue of the Social Sciences Building. If the building had not expressed itself as well, space would have poured out of the court and been dispersed in the quadrangle which is Dickson Court. The east end of North Campus Court achieves openness only because of the high continuous wall to the south. And the entrance to the court through the building itself—a portal gate developed into a promenade—also plays a part in containing space. The weight of the mass, supported on heavy *pilotis*, a solemn frame for the court which has the effect of making more delicate the vertical accents of Dickson Art Center at the end of the axis, and a foil to the fine module of the Quincy Jones' and Frederick Emmons' Research Library (the module is based on the width of the excellent window study areas) to the west.

The library and the art gallery step down the height of the Social Sciences Building to maintain the human scale; and there is another step





down from Dickson Art Center to Macgowan Hall, a low block at the end of the north side of the court. Space filters between the buildings, lifts as the profile rises, is gently lowered and finally released through baffles of green on the east. What holds the composition together is the well-rooted Social Sciences Building; it is of the earth rather than the air.

It is not an easy building to understand, for two reasons. First, it has a north, east, south and west, which we have asked of high buildings since the advent of the curtain wall—usually in vain, as you may note any sunny noon by looking at the curtained windows of the south-facing buildings on Wilshire Boulevard. On the south side of the Social Sciences Building the strong pattern of squares express the orientation: 4' squares of dark heat-absorbing glass project nine inches beyond 3' square windows of tinted glass, a device which allows air to circulate around the screens and cool the glass. By making the screens larger than the windows, vision is not restricted; there is a 45-degree clear view from the windows. On the north, where no sun control is needed, the wall is treated as a single reflective sheet of glass. This was made possible by suppressing the vertical mullions, which have been turned in six inches rather than being allowed to project beyond the surface. The integrity of the surface as well is preserved by the use of brown glass, which does not dissolve in reflections as easily as clear glass.

A second reason why the Social Sciences Building is not self explanatory is the seemingly detached Geography Wing to the east. The impression of separateness was deliberately produced: the lower mass was slipped under the main mass in such a way that the two masses do not intersect. In order to accomplish this, the Geography Wing was limited to four stories. After establishing the principle of the separation of parts, the architect, Maynard Lyndon, brings it into play in other ways. He runs a road through the building, which ends up in the hollowed-out space of the Palm Court. The road is an extension of the promenade, and it has its vertical extensions in the outside elevators. Nature has been incorporated in architecture for years in passive gardens, but today, in the road through the building, the architect finds a dynamic way to introduce the outdoors—in terms of movement, of traffic.

The parts of the building are also separated by color. The architect picked the two colors at the ends of the spectrum of the old buildings on the campus: a grayed red-violet and a pink gold. He declared the separation of parts by facing the Geography Wing with pink-gold brick and the main mass with red-violet mosaic tiles. But the architect did not wholly forget brick in the major block, using it in the screen wall by the elevators.

That Mr. Lyndon is an architect who never loses control of a building is clear in the overall handsome detailing. Such small things as the radii on the corners of the main block, which permit him to carry the mosaic tile around the corners rather than going to a different material, are multiplied until they assume as great an importance as the gallery around the Palm Court, which seems to me to be a stroke of genius.

Esther McCoy



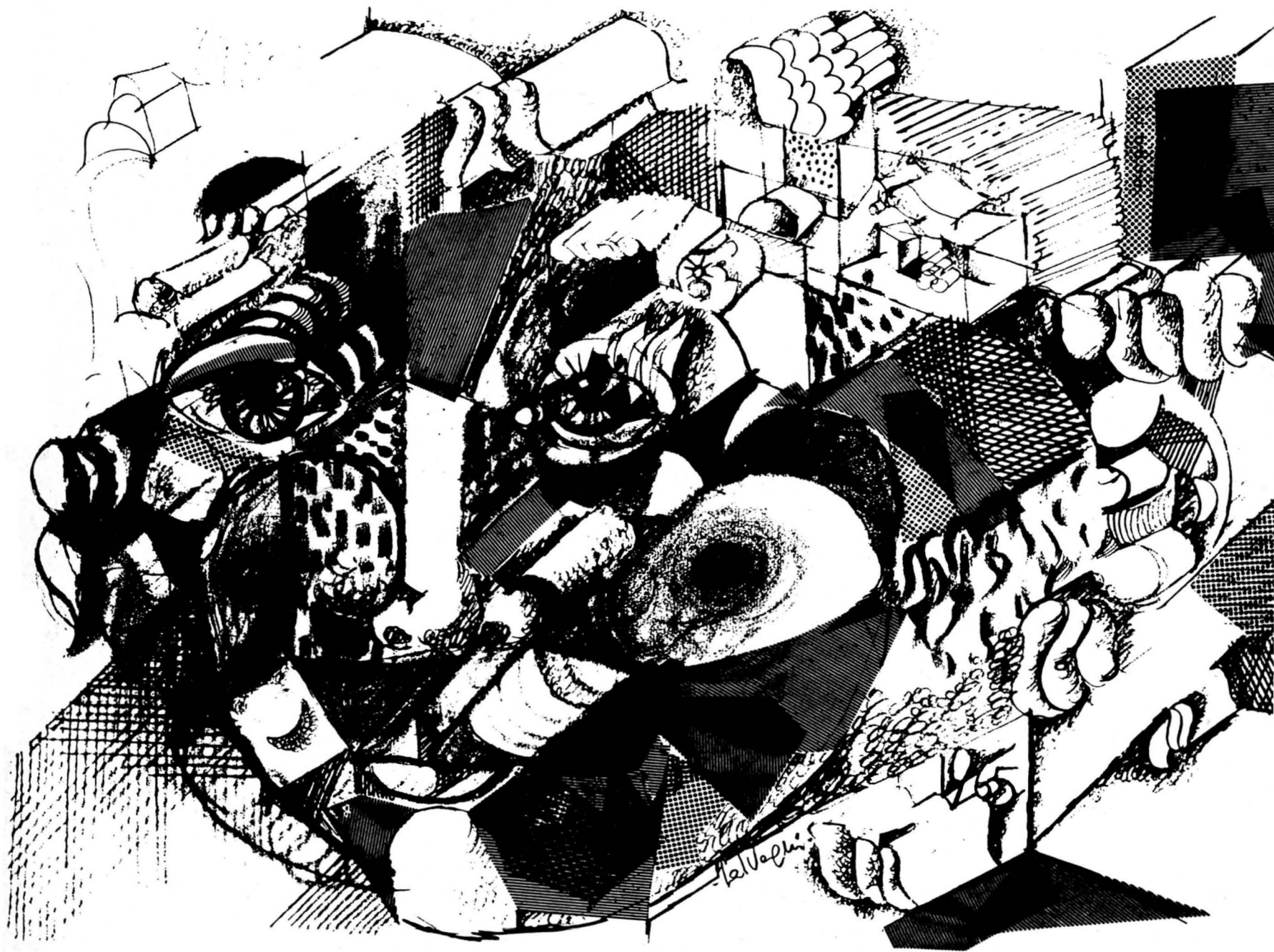


# THE CONTINUOUS CITY BY MARIO GALVAGNI

*(The following is freely translated from the English translation of the original Italian, with apologies to Signore Galvagni for any errors and a brickbat for his translator. The text is from a Lotus publication: Mario Galvagni, Architectural Works 1960-66, Bruno Alfieri, editor.)*

My architectural studies and hypotheses of new dimensions propose finding a fresh image of

planes seen as surfaces of continuous section, of multiple and simultaneous perspectives, of images that are extraneous to the object itself but present as alter-images of thought and emotion that color and surround it. My research, then, is based upon the study of nature as a means to achieve knowledge and, in turn, the ability to overcome nature's hostility to the cosmic presence of man. This study, beyond the resultant work of art which may sum up



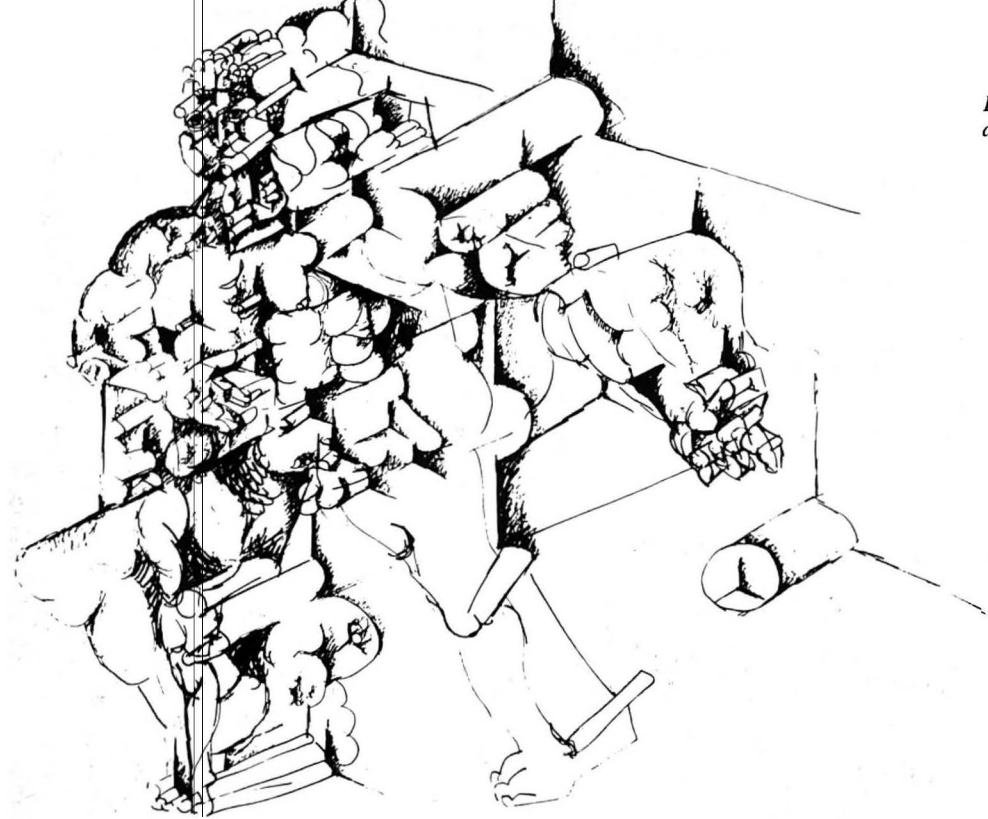
Man and the "Continuous Section"

man and discovering a relationship between that new image and the architectural environment through painting and sculpture. Painting is an analysis of nature and man, a process of decomposition of the subject which leads to the discovery of a connecting principle of form. It is research in symmetry.

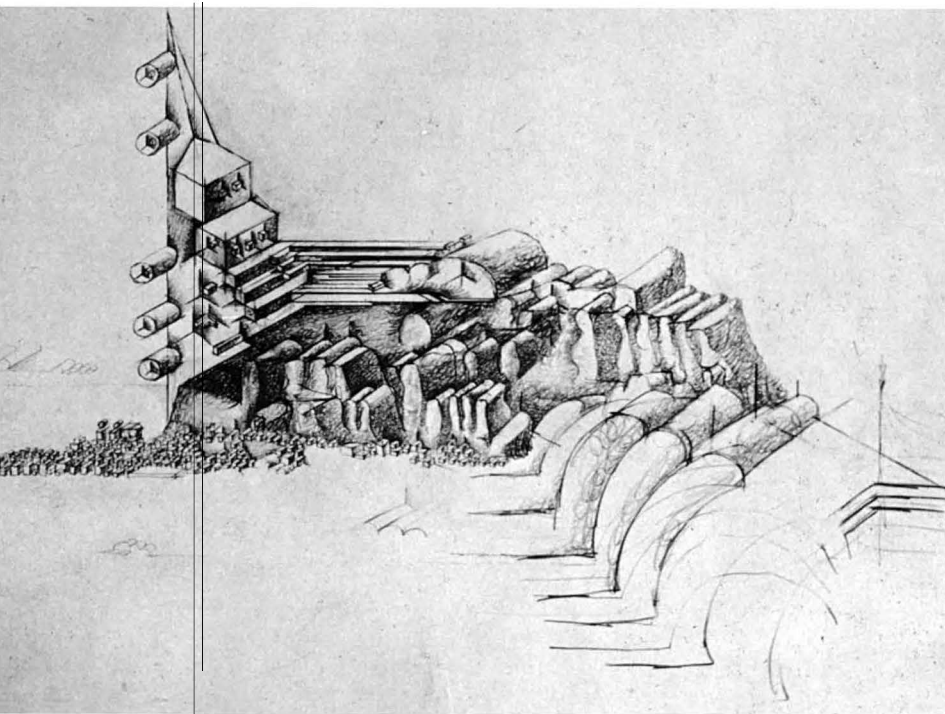
While I am drawing, I try to overcome nature, to surpass it, to achieve drawings that are bits and pieces of the object which is to be introduced into the new anatomy of the object. This new anatomy is a manifestation of objects in many depths realized by means of formal all relationships of form in its own peculiar

harmony, is a necessary moral duty.

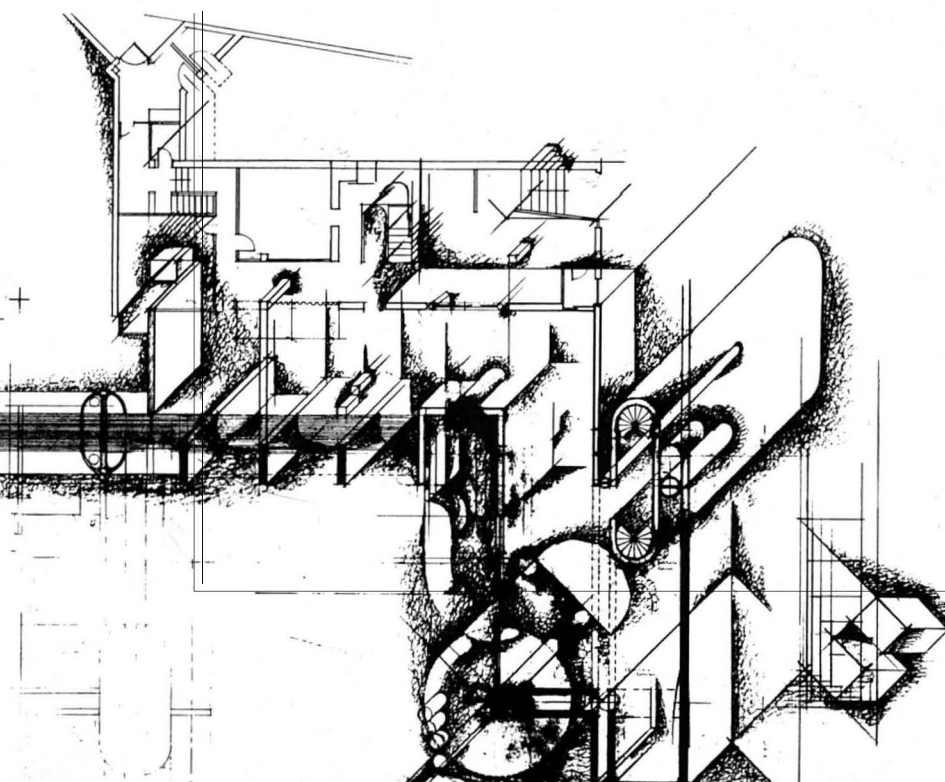
I am aware that this hypothesis of a new and continuous dimension achieved through painting, sculpture, the study of nature, and an understanding of the cosmic dimensional presence of man, is opposed to the pervasive ideas of those who have spread the fashion of a "highly countrified" pseudo-architecture made up of little cubes with roofs of two slopes or at most of four with pretty trimmings. Grouped in a rural setting, they become an agricultural village. This is the most reactionary occurrence in recent years because it is the negation of the shape of a town, the loftiest creation of man



*Drawing of "The new dimension of man"*



*Architectural "episodes" of the Continuous City.*



through which and with which civilization is born. This poisonous technique is then expanded to include larger pseudo-concepts such as those of the town-region and town planning: the purpose is to show how great the problems are and how useless and harmful it is to consider the work of the modern artist in its individuality. The result is the death of art.

All this has come about by degrees, destroying little by little the values and moral conquests of the individual artist and consequently the image of the modern artist and his technique. Now there is a collective, pseudo-art carried out by so-called "teams." The result is a civilization which represents, not the truth manifested as the sum of the highest expression of each single artist, but the expression of the second-rate. There is the road to sterility and slavery and beyond to perdition.

#### NOTES FOR A MANIFESTO OF ARCHITECTURE

Static, set-piece plans can't give a living dimension to contemporary man. Such plans promise without fulfilling their promise because they are stillborn. They underestimate the soul. They are the annihilation of architecture. They are a combination of presumption, immorality, sterility and bureaucracy. We refuse them. They have failed.

Contemporary man does not yet have an architectural settlement where he can live and work with harmony. We affirm the idea of a new dimension that can give such a settlement to modern man. Every age has drawn its own perspective. Today we have the continuous perspective which allows us to represent man in the new dimension of continuous change.

In this way dimensional architecture and its logical extension, the continuous city, are born. We must build continuous cities. To do so we must first represent contemporary man physically by means of continuous sections which show him in his manifold dimensions: physical, mnemonic, psychological, figural, structural, geometrical, environmental. The result is the representation at a given moment of man in his new dimension of continuous variety.

Variety because the dimensional representations to be individual and autonomous must necessarily be separate; and continuous because as a result of the dimensional mutations, one should show him in his continuous variety in order to represent the final image of man, the new anatomy of man.

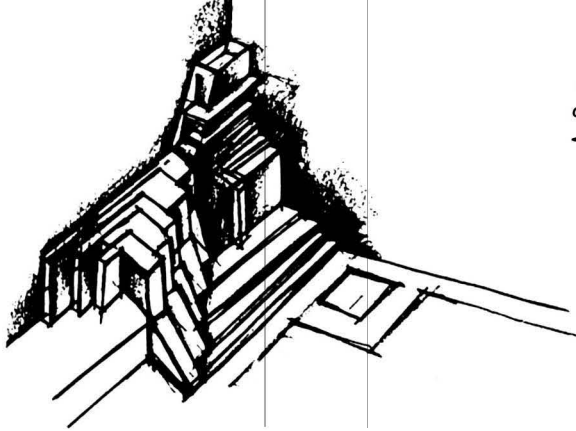
The continuous city is the sum of the episodes of dimensional architecture which themselves should contain the various dimensions of man transformed into emotional episodes. Single functions (episodes) will be next to each other in the continuous city, like ideas in the mind; or in the way that a diseased part is close to a healthy one—and it should be thus so that the unhealthy one can be cured.

We will do away with the absurdity of separation by functions because separation is a word and not yet a language.

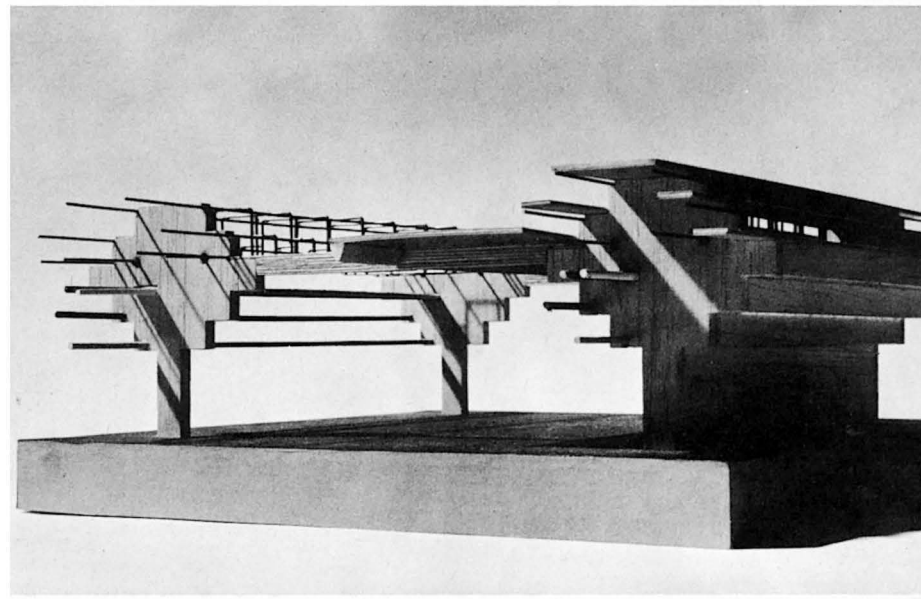
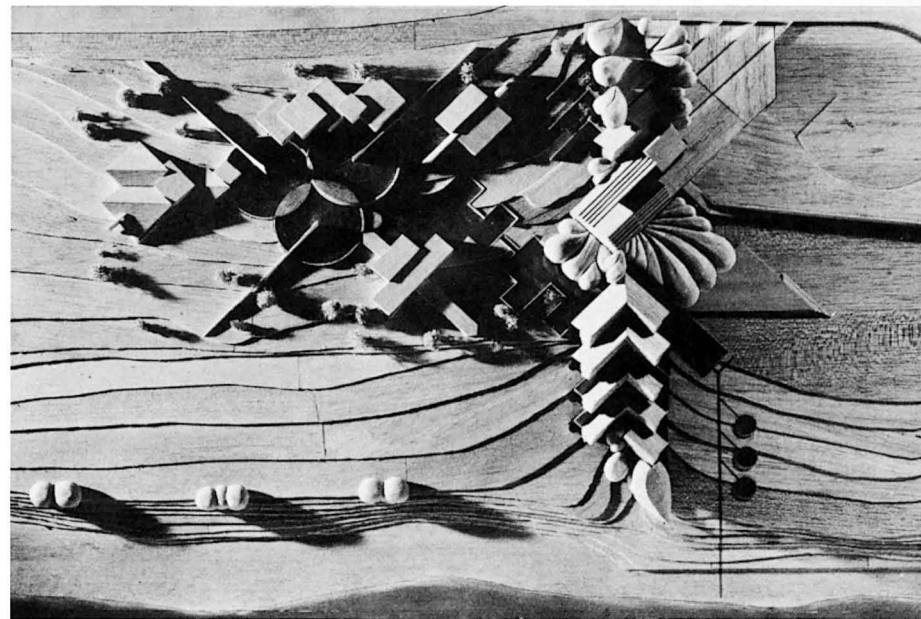
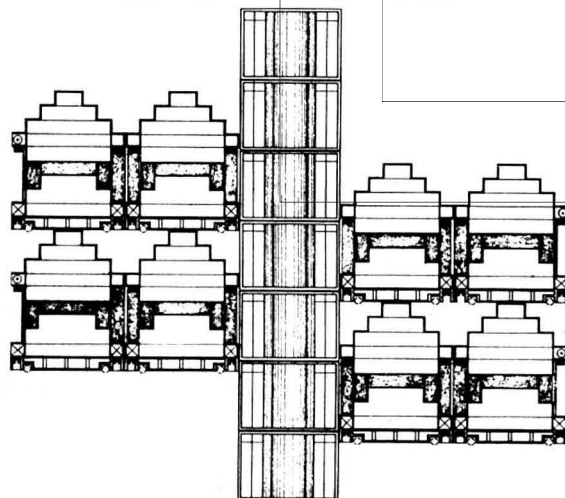
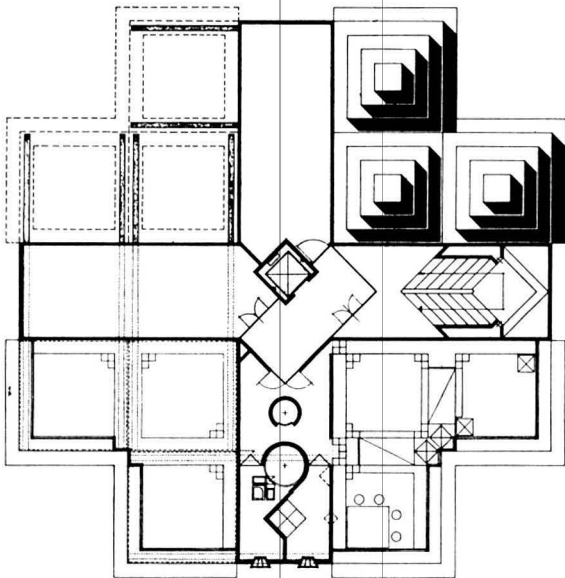
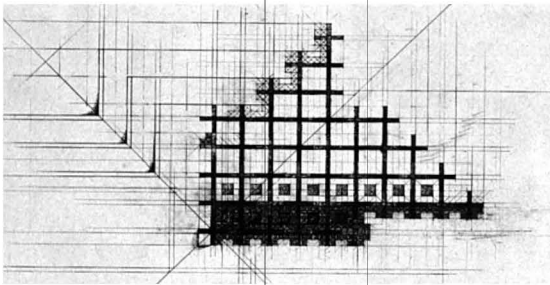
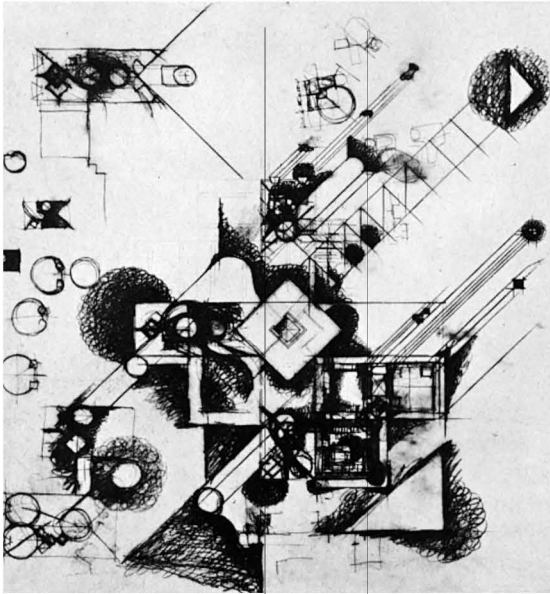
Dimensional architecture is not an envelope. It is a form of functions produced by man and machines to allow man to reach the state of dimensional man. The continuous city denies the static plan, transcends nature and projects itself into pure technology.

The continuous city is an idea, a philosophy of our age.





*Prefabricated elements permit  
continuous solutions*



*Architectural "episodes"  
of the Continuous City.*





## WINTER RESORT CENTER

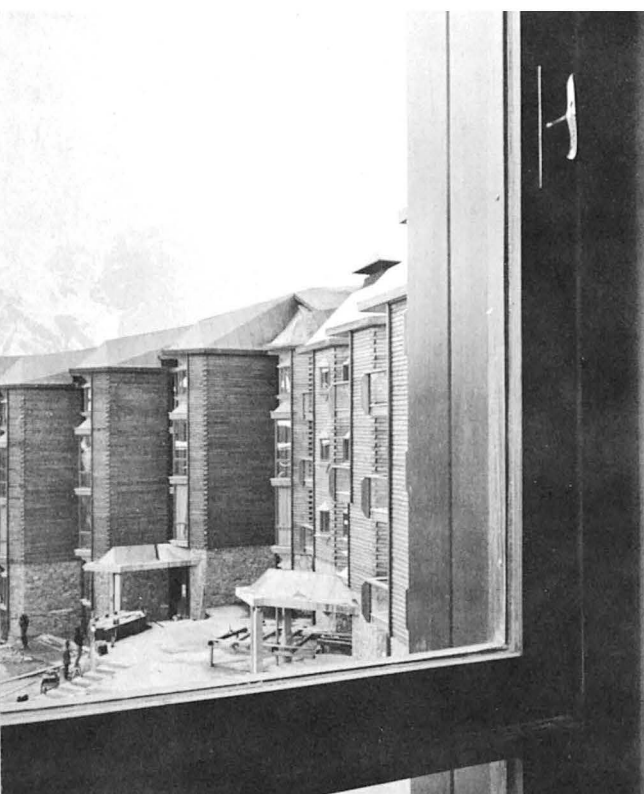
BY MARIO GALVAGNI, ARCHITECT

Because of the continuously increasing popularity of Cervinia-Breuil in the Italian Alps, architect Galvagni was asked to design a complex which could be constructed in stages as the demand for facilities increased. He was asked to create first a hotel to which could be added more facilities leading to a final complete tourist community containing the hotel, restaurants, bars, tearooms, various types of resort housing, a children's center, ski school, shops, movie theater, etc.

The building is continuous, expressing its varying volume and different interior plans and functions. The bow windows of the facades, employed to increase the interior spaces and capture the sun, create a serrated rhythm which is intensified by the use of repetitive prefabricated elements. The building unrolls sinuously from the hotel at the high point of the site, creating a large open space in front of the hotel and passing over the road which leads to the underground parking.







It is unfortunate that the article about LSD appearing in the August issue of *Progressive Architecture* did not limit itself to the initially stated purpose. If it had merely reported, on the basis of interviews with several architects who had taken LSD, these architects' *opinions* as to changes in their own creativity there would be little to dispute in the article. Instead, the authors have presented a seductive, misleading and often frankly erroneous picture of the effects of this drug. Thus we are writing this article to present another side of the picture of LSD, one based on our observations. We would like particularly to focus upon the dangers of LSD and correct some of the inaccuracies and distortions in the *P/A* article.

Although LSD was first synthesized in 1938, its widespread use has occurred only within the past year-and-a-half here in the United States. The problem first came to our attention in September, 1965, when increasing numbers of persons began to present themselves at psychiatric clinics and medical emergency rooms throughout the country seeking help following LSD ingestion. This was at about the same time that the mass media was publicizing LSD, often presenting it as a drug which enhances creativity in art and music, as well as in architecture, and as an answer to a variety of sexual problems and problems of living in general. In short, a panacea.

LSD has been called a "consciousness-expanding" drug while it is, in fact, quite the reverse. The drug *decreases* one's ability to select and pay attention: thus it decreases conscious functions. Sensations do become intensified following LSD. Perception however, is *not enhanced*, and visual/auditory acuity and general awareness are *not* "revolutionalized" but rather are distorted, contrary to *P/A*'s claims. To state that the LSD taker "sees" for the first time as children must see is as grossly fallacious as was the original assumption that the LSD-induced "model psychosis" was like that of schizophrenia.

Thus the idea that an architect can take a drug, enter the world of the mentally ill (a catch-all phrase which includes many diverse disease entities and even more diverse personalities) and then be able to design a hospital which is less frightening and confusing to patients is an unsupported bit of chimera.

The LSD user often *feels* that he has heightened perceptual powers but they are actually distorted. Illusory phenomena are common. For example, one man slept on the floor the night he took LSD because he was sure his bed was only two-inches long. Another man was restrained from diving off a cliff onto the rocks and the ocean below. Later he explained that he felt the breaking waves were a silk scarf and he wanted to dive onto it. Faces often appear to be melting. One high school student, cut all the flexor tendons in her wrist when she looked in the mirror and saw her face begin to dissolve. Time sense is especially distorted. We have seen persons under the influence of LSD stare at their finger or a leaf for hours. Delusions are not infrequent. We saw, in crisis intervention, a young man who became con-

vinced a few hours after his first ingestion of LSD that he had to offer a human sacrifice, (i.e., kill someone or die himself). He attempted to throw his girlfriend off the roof of a Hollywood hotel.

The entire sections in the *P/A* article on "The Dangers of LSD" and "The Medical Evidence" are masterpieces of distortion. There are severe side effects from LSD, both acute and chronic in nature, and their occurrence *cannot* be predicted. Psychiatric interviews and psychological testing *cannot* screen out adverse reactors. Some of the worst reactions have been in persons, often professionals, who appeared stable by every indicator. Conversely, others who have had past histories of severe psychiatric problems and have been living marginal existences seemed to tolerate LSD without ill effect. One of the sources quoted by *P/A* (apparently endorsing LSD as a safe agent), Dr. Sidney Cohen, now writes (1966), "During the past 3 years I have seen so many and such varied difficulties arise in connection with the indiscriminate use of LSD that each kind of complication can hardly be mentioned here . . . My experience has not been unique. Substantiating reports are forthcoming from neuropsychiatric hospitals, student health centers and coroner's offices."

Another blatant distortion in the article is the implication that it is LSD *overdosage* which causes the reactions of fear, panic and psychosis. This is absolutely untrue. We have seen persons have extremely bad experiences on dosages of under 100 micrograms (the usual dose is 100-250 micrograms) and others have none at all from 2000 micrograms daily for several weeks. It should be emphasized however that since Sandoz Laboratories, the only legitimate manufacturer of LSD, stopped production last spring because of the wave of LSD hysteria, the only available source of this drug has been the black market. These supplies often contain impurities, and sometimes substitute compounds like belladonna which also causes hallucinations but, unlike LSD, can result in fatality from overdose. Of the two black market LSD samples we have had analyzed, one contained 100 micrograms—the purchaser paid for 250 micrograms—and the other contained no LSD at all.

In addition, and again contrary to the "minimal risks" reported by *P/A*, we have seen many persons have serious long-lasting side effects from their LSD use, despite their alleged ideal *setting* (friendly, warm and relaxed) and *set* (a comfortable mental attitude) plus an experienced "guide" in attendance.

Once again contrary to *P/A*, multiple untoward reactions are now being reported even when LSD is used experimentally in the treatment of alcoholism, psychoneuroses and for terminal cancer patients (to help this latter group die a more dignified death). We say "experimentally" because *none* of these therapeutic claims for LSD have yet been substantiated and considerable doubt has been cast on the earlier research. This, of course, also includes the wildly extravagant claims made for LSD with all sorts of sexual problems like frigidity, impotence and homosexuality.

Acute Effects: In August of this year, the same month that the article in *P/A* appeared, we

## LSD: FACT AND FANTASY

by J. Thomas Ungerleider, M.D.  
and Duke D. Fisher, M.D.



reported in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* that an initial group of 70 persons with serious side effects associated with LSD ingestion were seen at our psychiatric facility at the UCLA Medical Center. These persons suffered from hallucinations, anxiety to the point of panic, depression with suicidal thoughts and/or attempts, and confusion. For each of the 70 patients who came to the center we received an additional three or four telephone calls from other people with complications from LSD who did not subsequently come to the hospital. Other hospitals in this and many other areas are now reporting similar experiences. Since the publication of our article we have received letters from laymen and professionals throughout the country citing further instances of severe side effects from LSD. These were not people who took the drug only—or even primarily—in an experimental situation, but in relaxed settings with good friends present. For many in our study group it was the first LSD experience. Others had had as many as 60 previous “good trips” on LSD. Often they had taken it with a “guide” present.

Many of these patients did not respond promptly to tranquilizer medication and some remained hospitalized for many months. Nineteen of our 25 hospitalized patients remained in the hospital for over one month.

The state hospitals in our area are also now reporting increased frequencies of “LSD patients” admitted to their facilities. Many such patients functioned well before their LSD adventures without a sign of even borderline emotional illness. This is in contrast to *P/A*'s implication that the United States Senate Subcommittee felt, after examining Bellevue Hospital's records, that LSD side-effects primarily occur in schizoid or otherwise emotionally disturbed persons. This type of distortion is particularly misleading to that group of persons most likely to be influenced by such claims—the teen-ager. To quote from our testimony to the same Senate Subcommittee on Narcotics last May, “We believe LSD usage to be very widespread . . . particularly among younger persons . . . particularly in colleges, high schools and even in junior high schools . . . There is no other period in our lives more loaded with conflict than adolescence. Yet this is the very age group that is the most attracted to the magic promises of LSD. Tragically, the adolescent's search for identity with LSD so often becomes a florid, psychotic nightmare.”

There have been many more suicides and accidental deaths from LSD than the public realizes. For example, one youth blissfully walked onto a freeway, “merged” with an oncoming car and was killed. Just this past month we have heard about two teenagers who felt that LSD was so wonderful that they themselves were not worthy of living in the same world where LSD existed; they both left suicide notes and killed themselves.

**Chronic Effects:** There are a number of chronic effects which we have observed in LSD users, many of whom have not come into psychiatric or medical settings. Some of these chronic changes among LSD users, may be experienced after as little as one dose. It is these changes, which we will describe, which may explain some of the extravagant claims

for LSD as an enhancer of creativity, sexual potency, artistic potential, personality improvement, etc.

One notable chronic effect of LSD we term “perceptual distortion.” This refers to a subjective feeling of improvement concomitant with an objective loss of functioning. For example a band leader phoned us because his drummer was playing so badly out of rhythm that patrons were unable to dance to the band's music. Nevertheless when we interviewed the drummer, who was taking LSD regularly, he told us that he felt he was playing “like Gene Krupa” and was more than satisfied with his music. A group of LSD users whom we studied fairly intensively over a several month period were convinced that they could “pick up vibrations” from other people and that they could determine if someone else had used LSD merely by casual inspection. They showed no ability to point out LSD users and no extra sensory perceptivity. In fact, we found that they appeared to have actually suffered a loss of ability to discriminate and to observe. Thus one *subjectively* may feel that one is doing better but *objectively* one is not able to function as well.

This last inability is particularly important when evaluating that most difficult subject: creativity. Under LSD some artists have been convinced that they could paint better pictures while others have felt that they were just making “chicken scratches.” Whether or not they were really more creative is difficult to assess. We particularly deplore those studies which set out to prove something positive from LSD, rather than to determine whether or not there are certain kinds of changes under the drug. For example, in one study, whose author was quoted in *P/A*, researchers were used who worked gratis, who may have taken LSD themselves, and were instructed to rate patients improved in personality characteristics after LSD if they were “more flexible” and demonstrated “less unrealistic rigidity.” The bias or set of the researcher thus becomes very apparent.

Another long-range effect that we have seen frequently is a dramatic shift in value systems. Many people after using LSD are no longer interested in working or playing what they call the “ego games” of society. LSD users often leave their families and become quite withdrawn, devoting most of their time to thinking, writing and talking about LSD. They take Dr. Timothy Leary's admonition to “turn on, tune in and drop out” quite literally. We met one man at an LSD party who had spent the past two years wandering around the desert with a pack on his back, contemplating the wonders of nature and LSD. Three years ago he was an international lawyer in New York City. A law student confided that LSD had opened such horizons that he felt his legal studies were dull and boring by comparison. He speculated at length, while lying in his room during and between LSD trips, about the advisability of giving the world's leaders LSD so that they would love, and not hate or make war.

In contradiction to the claims that the LSD helps one get closer to people, users usually become more introspective and invested in themselves. Several LSD sessions that we have attended were filled with excited individuals proclaiming that they felt especially close to various other people in the room and to people

in general. Nevertheless, we were impressed with the number of monologues that were taking place at the sessions. Very few of the participants were at all interested in others.

In addition, LSD also seems to provide more primitive defenses against the normal anxiety and depression that most of us face. We have noticed many LSD users who developed a more primitive or psychotic way of handling their feelings. While many of us get angry, anxious or depressed when we encounter periods of stress, the LSD user often hallucinates, becomes paranoid or perceives people as caricatures. Users of LSD frequently experience the acute side effects after LSD, in their original intensity, as much as a year after using the drug *without ever taking LSD again*.

Another disturbing aspect of LSD usage is the missionary quality that many of its users develop. This was apparent in the *P/A* article. Often LSD users are so affected by the drug that it becomes impossible for them to be objective when discussing its effects. Unfortunately, this lack of objectivity has extended to some researchers in the field, researchers who are also LSD users. There is a great deal of proselytizing and insistence on the part of users that other people must share the same kind of subjective awareness that an individual using LSD experiences. We have no doubt that this is a sincere conviction, since in our research we have seen mothers who have given LSD to their infants and individuals who have taken their life savings and purchased LSD in order to distribute it free to complete strangers.

Although the architects cited in *P/A* claim to be more creative, the implication in the article was that it was the LSD and not their own creativity, despite brief and unconvincing disclaimers to the contrary. Man has always looked for the easy way to Eldorado and Nirvana, an attitude particularly apparent in *P/A*'s architects as witness the following statements:

- a) “My new awareness . . . would not have been achieved in almost an instantaneous fashion without the aid of LSD.”
- b) “My experience during the session was an unbelievable increase in ability to concentrate and to make decisions . . . anything was possible . . . three designs were outlined in 3 hours.”
- c) “Almost immediately several relationships that had escaped my attention became apparent and a solution . . . followed soon after . . . I would guess that 20 minutes had elapsed. Quite normally I would stew and fret for weeks before coming to such a solution.”

In reply we might mention the engineer who entertained us in his home and assured us that solutions to the most complicated and heretofore insoluble problems had become readily apparent to him since he had begun to use LSD weekly. He also informed us that he had been out of work for months as no company appreciated his recently acquired, extraordinary abilities.

We conclude with a comment by Dr. Sidney Cohen: “Artistic inspiration can only be executed by one who has already mastered the technique of the medium. The drive to achieve is another requisite for creative accomplishment. LSD will reduce motivation as often as it will intensify it.”





## BOARDING SCHOOL IN GERMANY

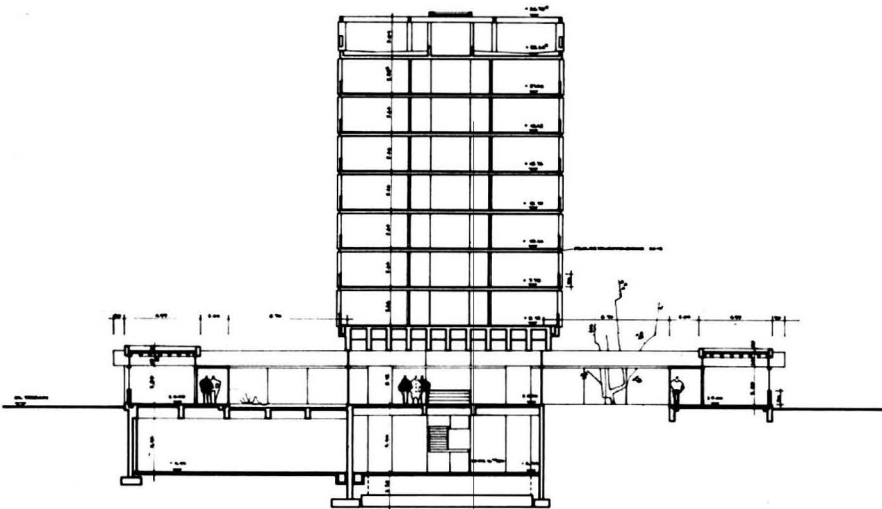
Design: Hans Joachim Lenz, Architect

Planning & Supervision: Eugene Mueller

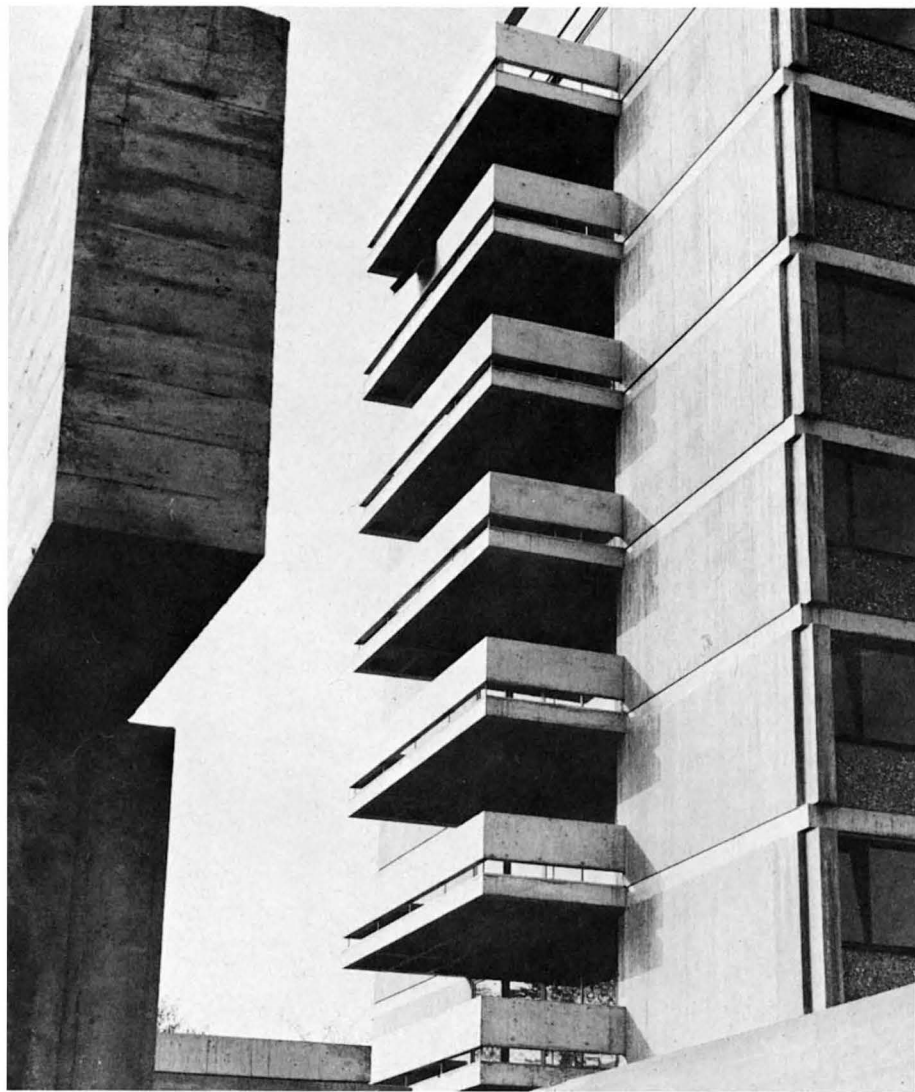
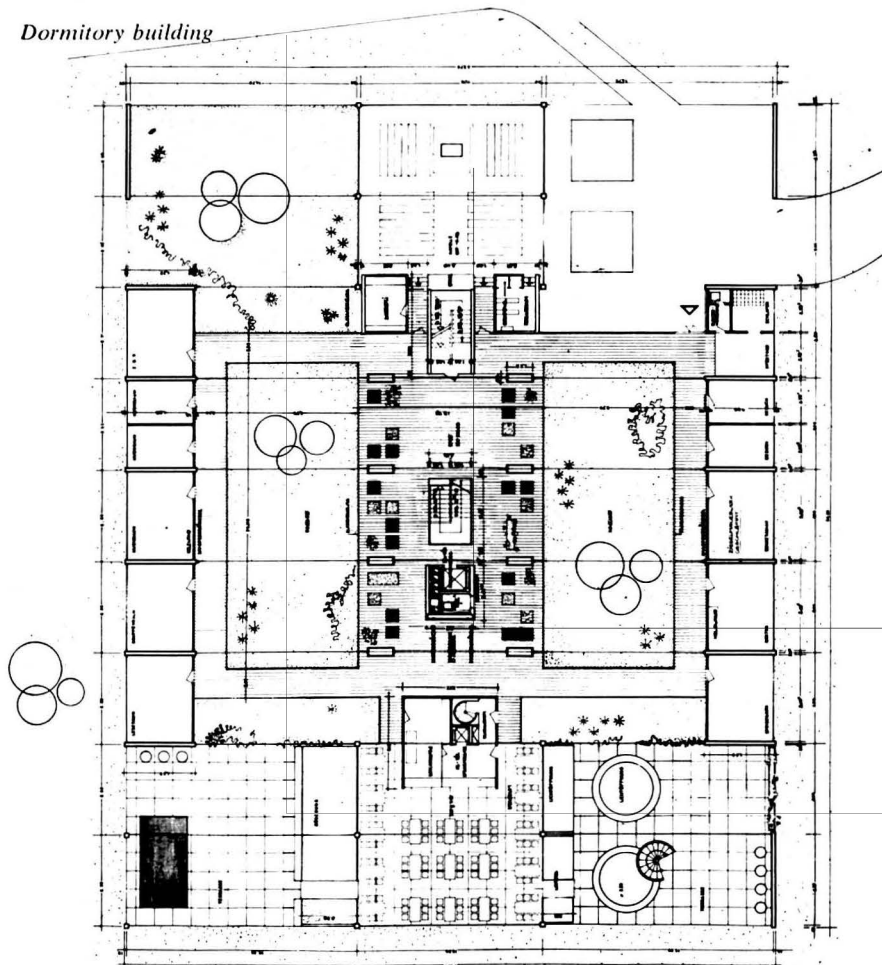
This boarding school in Mainz, Germany, accommodates 120 students and is composed of a three-story classroom and administration building and a dormitory tower. In the former, a ramp leads up to the intermediate level with glazed hall looking onto a terrace, sheltered by the third floor overhang, which serves as a covered play area and a place where students can eat and talk. The classrooms at all levels open onto the skylighted central hall.

The dormitory building contrasts with the plasticity of the classroom structure. It contains seven floors of double and single rooms standing above the ground floor platform where living and community areas are located. Materials in both buildings were selected for durability—exposed concrete, slate, granite, black iron. Colors are restrained; fabrics have been avoided.

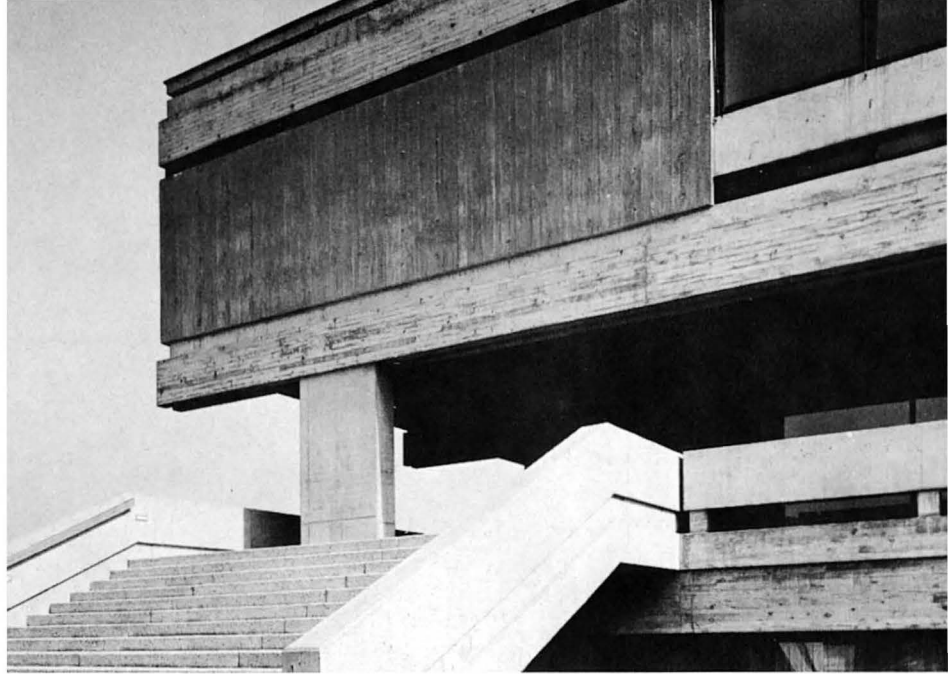
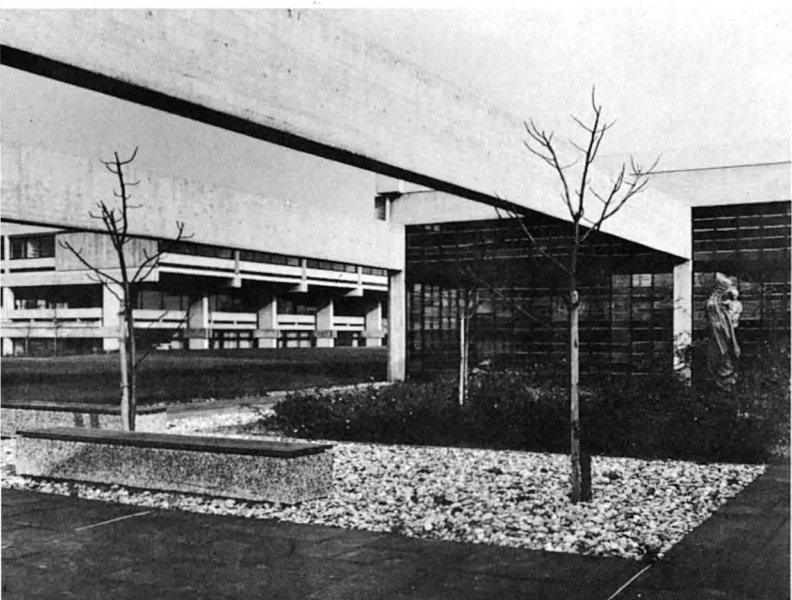
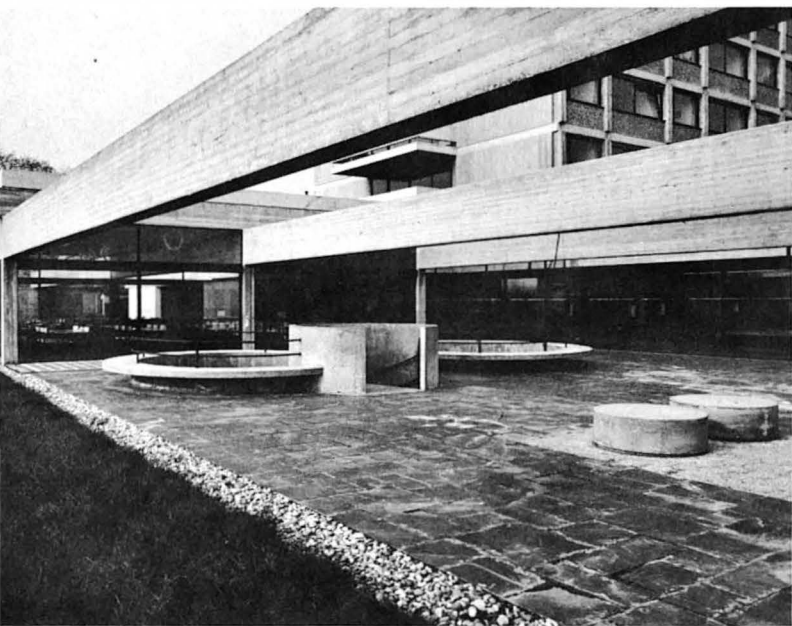
*Photos by Ludwig Richter*



*Dormitory building*



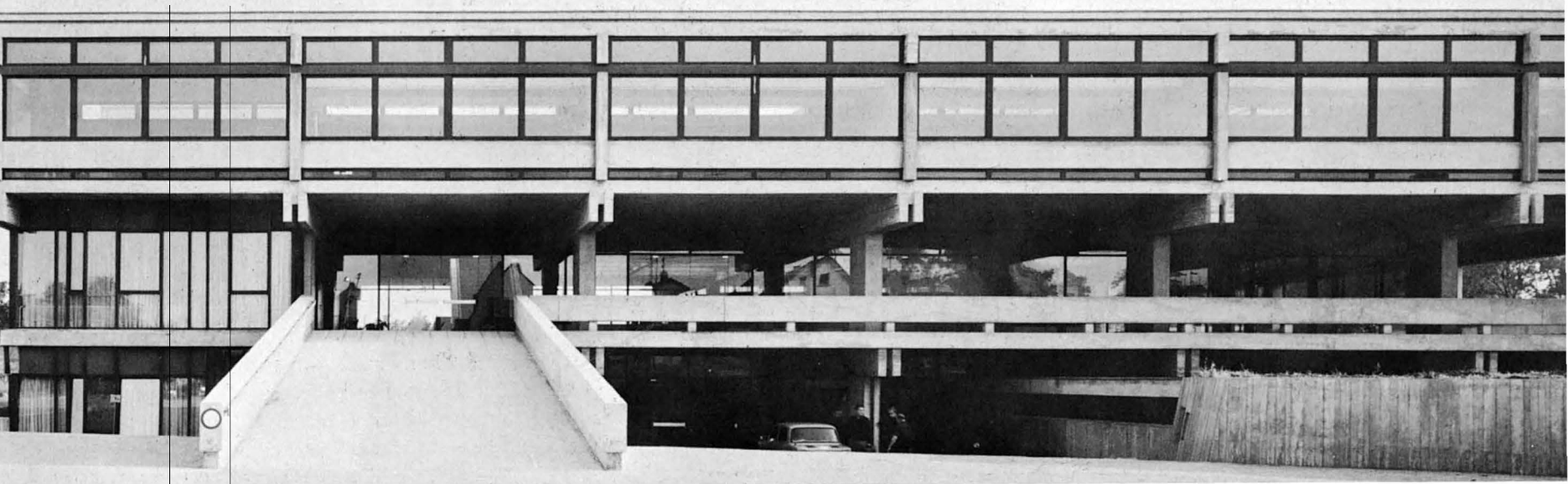




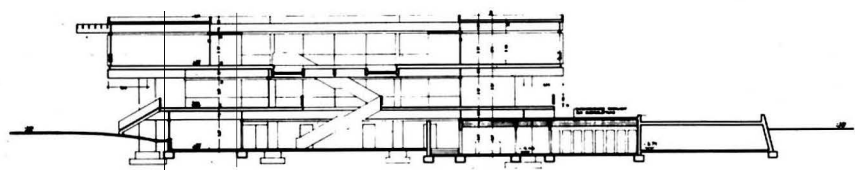
Both buildings consist chiefly of exposed concrete construction; interior partitions are brick walls. The parapets of the dormitories are made of precast washed concrete panels. In the school floor slabs are ribbed reinforced concrete, in the dormitory block simple reinforced concrete panels. The external walls of both buildings are of reinforced concrete, exposed both inside and outside; except on the ground floors which are white-washed brickwork. Internal walls are covered with pine-boarding, exposed concrete surfaces are painted. Cloak-rooms are rendered in glazed tiles. Stairs in the school are made of natural stone on concrete construction, in the dormitory block of precast concrete units.

*Skylighted central hall, stairways and basement communal area.*

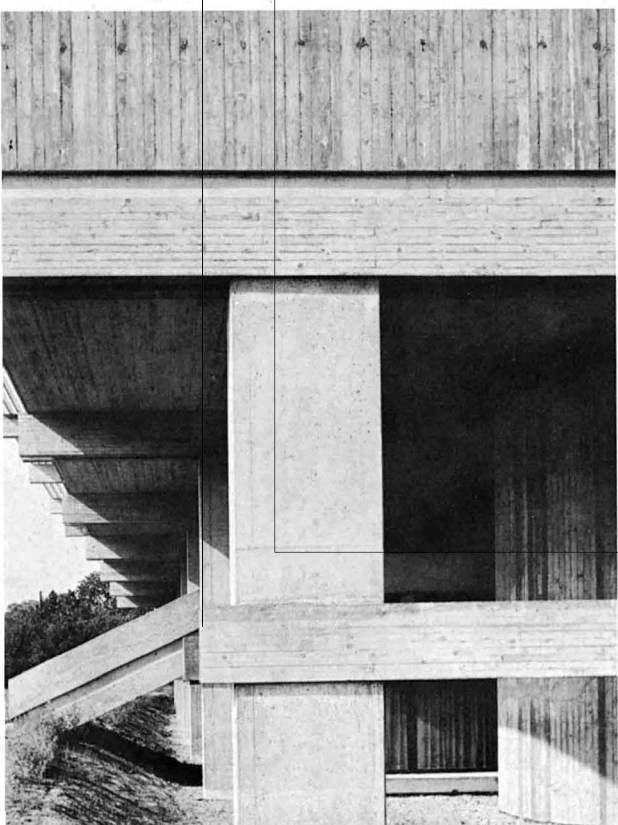
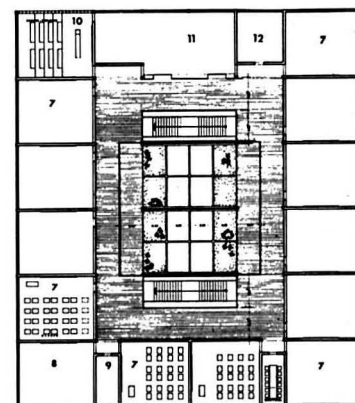
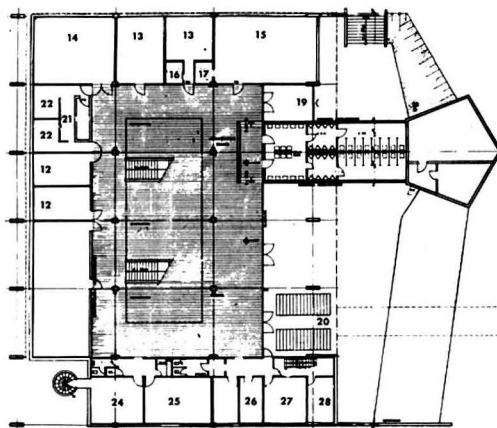
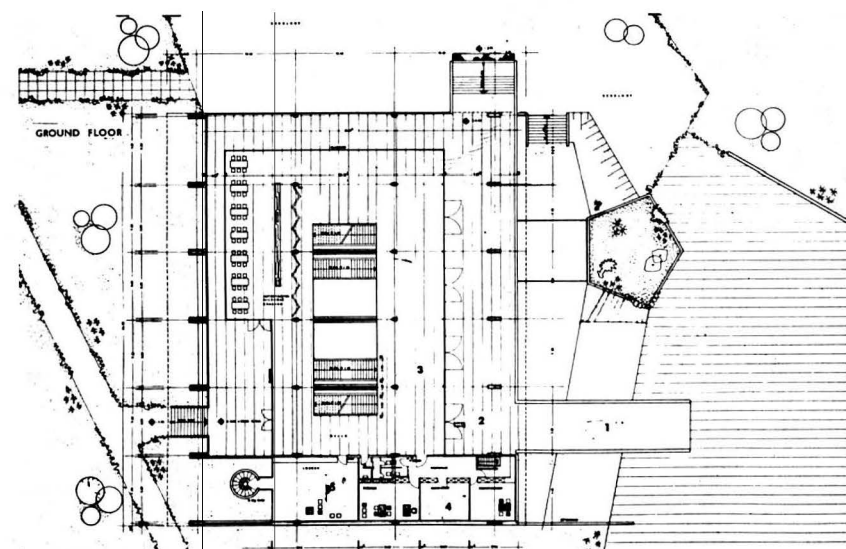




*Classroom building viewed from the north with ramp leading to the glazed central hall.*



- 1 ramp
- 2 sheltered playground
- 3 hall
- 4 director
- 5 teacher's room
- 6 lounge
- 7 classroom
- 8 geography and history classroom
- 9 maps
- 10 physics and biology classroom
- 11 preparation and collection
- 12 group room
- 13 arts and crafts workshop
- 14 communal room
- 15 film projection, lecture-room
- 16 dark room
- 17 chair storage
- 18 cloakroom
- 19 entrance
- 20 bicycles
- 21 records
- 22 foreign language classroom
- 23 pupil's library
- 24 teacher's library
- 25 conference room
- 26 files
- 27 pupils' self-administration
- 28 caretaker





## NEW TOWN LANDSCAPING BY JOYCE EARLEY LYNDON

If designers of new towns are going to aim for the best possible environment for the people who will live and work there, there are aspects of the landscape development that must be given consideration.

First, the climate. The local climate will influence, perhaps control, the landscape character of a community development, even though there is a determined, conscious effort to deny or ignore it. For example, what man needs in the desert is shade, the sounds and promises of cool, running water and the visual relief of tranquil green; which tempts him to create oasis-like situations. To-day, we can sometimes afford lavish expenditures of water and other resources, but this is not always to be recommended. The desert is still master and will consume this oasis at any time man gives up the maintenance of the artificial conditions.

The Moors, with rather limited resources, created beautiful, livable environments in arid lands; they concentrated and conserved their resources by using small streams of fresh water flowing through the shaded courts and open rooms of their buildings. They accentuated the precious qualities of coolness, greenness and shade by using them in their designs as refuges.

It is obvious that to try and duplicate or imitate a New England village in the desert, with green meadows and towering elm trees, is impossible. Less obvious is the temptation or tendency to use inappropriate design or materials in less dramatic conditions. For example, in the Mediterranean-type climate of Southern California, the New England village would still be fantasy, because it is impossible to keep the air out of doors sufficiently humid, and for the same reason it is futile to attempt to grow the lush, tropical growth of moisture-laden atmospheres, except in enclosures.

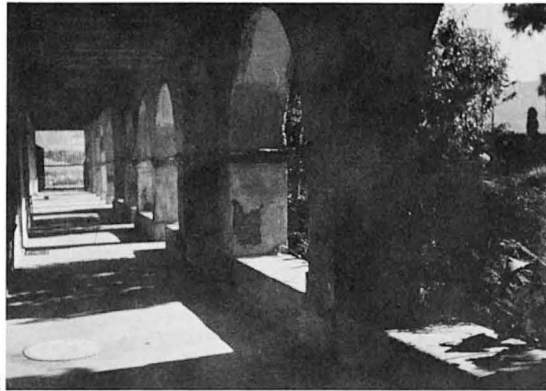
The colonizing Spaniards understood very well the conditions needed to make life pleasant in the Southwest; they built ramadas in their gardens, deep sheltered porches in front of their houses and arcaded walks between the units of the living areas; and they sought out and used plants that thrived on sparse, root-fed moisture. New town development in Southern California should anticipate and plan for the open airiness of year-long, warm days with public and private spaces for recreation and outdoor living, and some protection from the sun; and for year-round cool nights, which limit the use of terraces and gardens in the evenings.

Another element in the landscape plan is the best use of the natural features of the site, such as land forms; water; hills; ground slopes; ravines; cliffs; natural growth; agricultural and wooded areas.

A new town needs an identity, in order that people may refer to it, comprehend it, recall its particular image when they hear its name. Such an identity can do more than just distinguish a place from others; it can also become a symbol for a way of life and for pride in the community.



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Historically, identity may come from years and years of adjustment to the physical geography, to the influence of water-ways and trade routes, to frontier pioneering, to local agriculture. In planning a new community, we reach for almost instant identity, and hope that it will be one which will become traditional. Quite often, it can be the product of recognizing, protecting and enhancing the natural landscape character. If this is done skillfully, it can lead to an identity that is natural and lasting, because inherent in the site, with satisfying associations that can grow and mature to become almost legendary. As examples, the name San Antonio immediately recalls the small stream which runs in a deep winding channel through the heart of the business section. It recalls the walks, under the street bridges, that follow the twisting river and that connect restaurant terraces with small boat quays and the waterside theater. It is an experience separated by the depth of the river channel from the traffic above. A completely different image comes to mind when thinking of the River Cam at Cambridge, which brings the willows and mists of the English fenlands into the surroundings of the historic colleges.

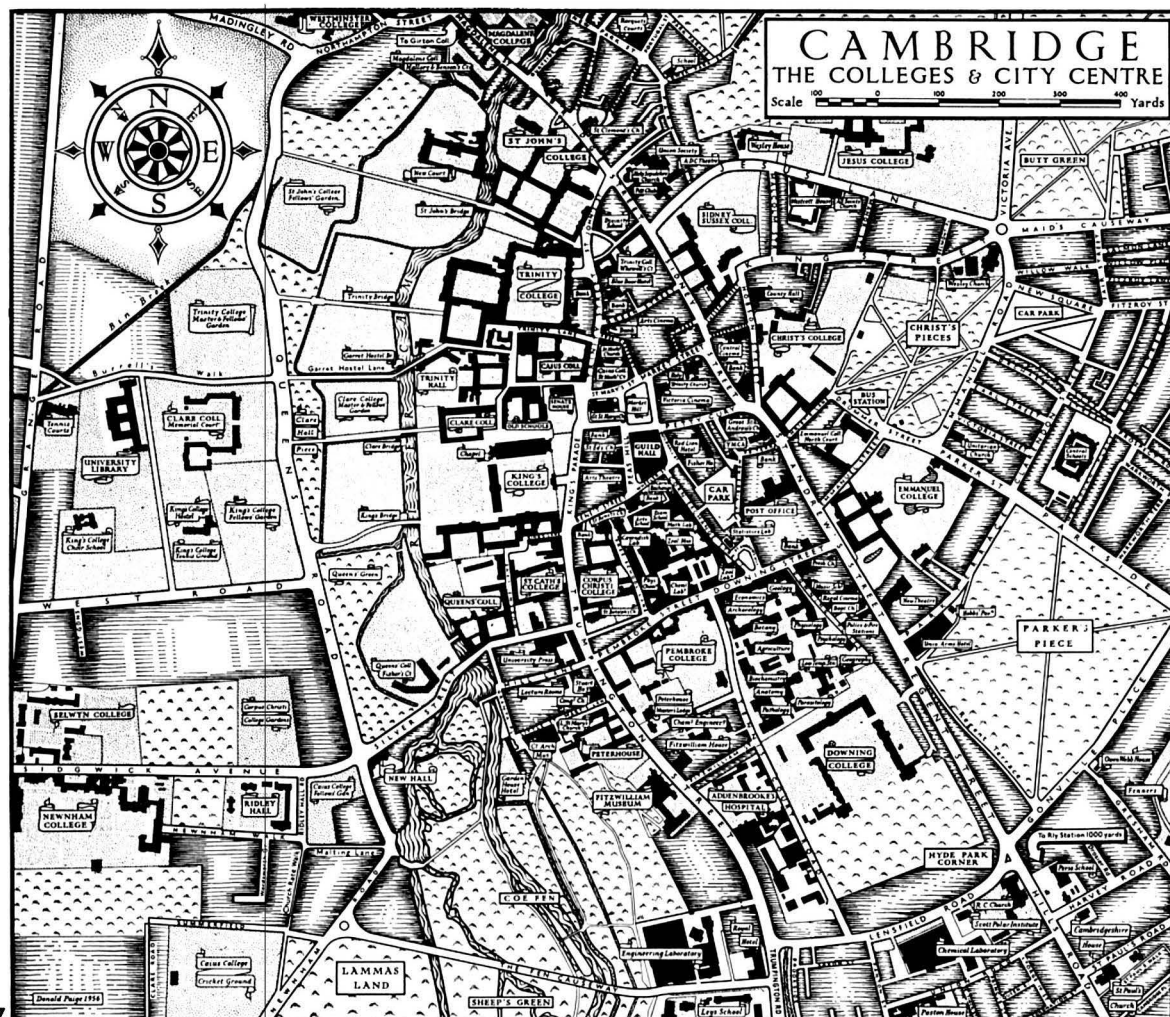
Considering shorelines, Ocean Avenue at Santa Monica is a long park on the top of the palisades, with a continuous tree canopy, which frames and gives scale to the view of the mountains around the bay and the sea horizon. And on the Riviera, Cannes and Nice would not be so outstanding, if the natural beach had not been protected and designed at a scale appropriate for its purpose.

The lake front at Milwaukee is a magnificent example on a large scale of a designed landscape, combining wooded shoreline and hillside parks; and dozens of small, lakeside towns in the Middle West demonstrate the effectiveness of using the shoreline as an identifying feature as well as do the older examples of Zurich and Geneva on the Swiss Lakes. If the town site includes distinctive ground forms, like arroyos or small canyons, these can contribute to the identity of the project, if they are left in a natural state within the development rather than being filled in or blanketed with buildings. Perhaps it was a mistake to have filled in the ravine on the UCLA campus some years ago.



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When natural features are included in the landscape of a new town, it is essential that local ecological conditions are understood and that arrangements are made for them to be maintained. Wooded areas are precious and should be preserved, if the conditions in which the trees generated can be kept undisturbed. For example, the California Sycamores are found in the bottom of canyons and need the underground water supply which might be lessened by developing the slopes around and above them. On the other hand, some native species, like the live oak, will not tolerate the water lavished on lawns and exotic plantings in the summer.

There are places where existing agricultural areas can contribute to a new community, visually and practically. Seasonal fresh fruit and vegetables grown in the locality can be a source of satisfaction to the residents and an item in a new town image, if arrangements can be made for cultivation to continue to operate economically. Again, one recalls the magnificent scale of extensive carpets of lemon groves, delineated by eucalyptus windbreaks, in Ventura County; from higher viewpoints, these appear as a hundred acres of lawn with windbreaks as hedges.

It is clear that the landscape can make a maximum and permanent contribution to a new town only if the proposals are developed concurrently with the general plan. In order to do this, a survey of the existing landscape must be made, before the planning process begins, to determine the character of the total site and the potential qualities of the natural elements which can be made use of at full town scale.

At an early stage in the planning, arrangements for implementing and maintaining the landscape developments must be worked out so that the general plan for landscape will be made up of a plan diagram, and of guiding principles for development and maintenance.



1 The Alhambra, a conservative use of water resources.

2 Arcade at a California Spanish Mission: a shaded walk connecting the rooms of the mission to the gardens and yards are a visual transition between buildings and landscape.

3 University of Mexico: a covered terrace as protection from the sun at a scale suitable for a new town building.

4 Restaurant terrace on the river at Lucerne: Swiss evenings are not always warm enough for meals to be eaten outside in the summer. This restaurant seems able to adjust to an unpredictable number of patrons.

5 Hotel at Morelio, Mexico: a choice of a seat in the sun or in the shade is desirable in a warm climate.

6 South patio of Los Angeles, Union Station—a place to wait and enjoy the best of Southern California in miniature. A marked contrast to the frantic sterility of air terminals.

Natural Elements Preserved and Used to Give Identity to a New Town.

7,8 Rivers: Cambridge plan shows green landscape along the river. The photo is of the River Cam from Trinity College Bridge. The river brings the willows and mists of the English fenlands into the historic college surroundings.



9,10 Lakeshore and beaches: Palisades Park on Ocean Avenue in Santa Monica, Calif. and Saarinen's Municipal Auditorium for Milwaukee. The latter is in an extensive lakeside park. The lakeshore drive and railroad have been made unobtrusive by grading design and mass planting.

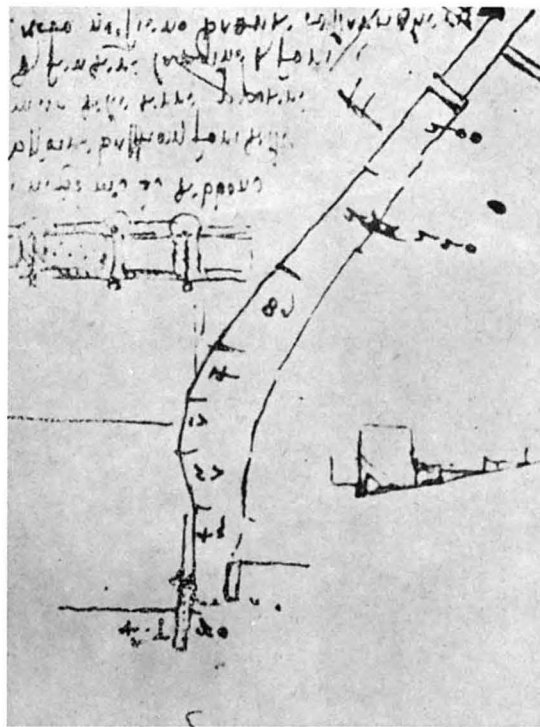
11 A linear park by the waterside at Copenhagen with choice of sun or shade.

Agriculture as a Visual Element in New Town Landscape.

12 An avenue of fan palms with orange groves in Riverside County, Calif., illustrating a scale suitable for new town design.







1

Under the personal direction of Leonardo da Vinci, the port-canal of Cesenatico on the Adriatic between Rimini and Ravenna was redesigned and radically transformed in 1502-3 in accordance with his plan Manuscript L, folio 66 verso, of the da Vinci Codices now conserved in the Library of the Institute of France in Paris.

The canal was originally excavated in 1302 by the Malatesta of Cesena not in the mouth of a river as is customary but through a sandy marsh. It has been in constant use and, although many extensions were necessary as the beaches built up to each side (it is only a few miles south of the mouths of the Adige, the Po, and other large rivers), Leonardo's conception is easily recognized in the old part of the canal which is now the center and heart of this important fishing village and summer resort.

In 1501 Cesare Borgia was named Duke of Romagna by his father Pope Alessandro VI. Flushed with his successes, he made great plans for aggrandizing his capital city Cesena including its canal-port fifteen kilometers away. This shrewd and formidable warrior and politician, knowing full well the value of able generals, naturally took for his engineer the greatest of his day. On August 18, 1502, by the ducal patent which is conserved in the archives of the Melzi in Milano, he appointed Leonardo architect and engineer general for all his dominions.

In a large flat-bottomed terracotta basin he watched the action of water in which he had put tiny particles of bread crumbs and glass, agitating the basin to produce waves, to find out in what manner the sea carried sand from one place to another. On the shore, his discerning eyes followed the play of lights and shadows on the waves, as the sun shone through clear shallow water, to catch their affect on each other and on what was being carried.

The prevailing winds were the greco from the northeast, the levante from the east, and the scirocco from the southeast, and the architect noted that there was a strong litoral current running south. He determined that to make

the waves of the sea clean the port it was necessary only to permit them to enter and to take advantage of the existing lateral drainage ditches—or venes. Leonardo enlarged and straightened these so that the water entering them when the sea was high would rush out when the water fell and create the force of cataracts with undercurrents that would sweep out what had fallen from the boats along with the sand the waves and wind had introduced into the canal. The largest of these venes, the Fossatone, shown at lower left on his plan, is still in existence and use.

Two guardian moles were constructed, the right (to windward but downstream in respect to the litoral current) projecting 50 braccias, approximately one hundred feet, further into the sea than the parallel mole to the left. Both were directed North  $11^{\circ}15'$  East and extended beyond the existing shorelines shown on his sketch.

The sand returned by the waters of the port to the sea is caught by the current and carried around the right arm before being dropped; naturally, the land has built up much faster to the right, at the rate of 2.1 meters annually against 1.7 to the left; it has become one of the best known beaches of Europe.

The canal is almost a kilometer longer than when Leonardo constructed it, but the right mole has been extended many times and still juts out its 50 braccias. The importance of this feature is emphasized by the experience at a neighboring port where only one mole was constructed and that on the left; in a few years sand reefs barred the entrance to the canal.

That he actually supervised its construction we can deduce from notations of record: in Folio 77 recto of Codice L, he wrote "The number of excavators of the ditches is pyramidal." This was in the autumn of 1502, and Giuliano Fantaguzzi in his collection of manuscripts of the fifteenth and sixteenth century (Malatestian Library, Cesena) has a report of the great discontent among the men as it was time to make the harvest and because of the exceptionally hot weather. In 1503 Leonardo wrote (Codice Atlantico folio 46 verso—Ambrosiana Library, Milano) that this canal must be built between the middle of March and the middle of June because then the days would be long and the heat not too tiring and the men of the villages would be freer of their farm labors.

Since the ducal patent commissioning Leonardo provided that he be given complete freedom in whatever public payment he requested and in commanding and requisitioning men and material, and since Cesare Borgia was eager to get his canal functioning efficiently, it can be assumed that the work was completed by early summer of 1503.

This port-canal of Cesenatico is held to be one of the important advancements of culture and science of the Renaissance. It was the first of modern ports to be constructed in this manner and Codice L, page 66, was much admired and studied. It is known that Guglielmo Gouffier, commissioned in 1517 to construct the port-canal at Le Havre, had frequented the da Vinci circle at Amboise, France, where this Codice was available. Its principles can be detected in the construction of many other ports even to that in 1960 of the Southwest Pass in the Mississippi.

Anna and Giorgio Bacchi

## LEONARDO DA VINCI'S PORT-CANAL CESENATICO



2

1 "Porto Ciesenatico adi 6 di Settembre 1502 a ore 15"—Port Cesenatico on the 6th day of September 1502, at 3 p.m.—Manuscript L, folio 66 verso, da Vinci Codices conserved in the library of the Institute of France in Paris. (Hold in front of mirror to read; Leonardo wrote this lefthanded and from right to left.)

2 Aerial view of the canal today. Top left, antique canal with ruins of the Rocca Malatestiana to its left. In 1302 this was the shore line. The first bridge is the old "San Giuseppe"

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and appears in his sketch; at that time it was a hump-backed bridge of three arches, the tall one in the center with a fulcrum to raise it and allow the passage of boats. The section built by Leonardo comes around the curve to about the beginning of the wide street that runs toward the sea. The canal has been extended many times but the right arm still juts out 50 braccias farther than the left.

3 Looking upstream at that portion designed by Leonardo; the canal curves and disappears under the bridge between the houses center background.

4 Fishing fleet near the bridge in Leonardo's canal.

5 Looking downstream. Leonardo's portion ended approximately at the beginning of the wide street running to the Sea.



# music

PETER YATES

VIRGIL THOMSON by Virgil Thomson; New York, Alfred A. Knopf, 1966; \$7.95.

"V.T. by V.T.," as the author calls it, is an important event in American musical history. It is also an important event in musical criticism, though the author insists, "It is not a book of criticism . . . For in order to accept oneself as subject one must accept everything else and not fight it." The book is in addition a social treatise, prejudiced and appreciative, expertly discriminating the subtle flavors of human relationship: even if disagreeing with his opinion, one can share and savor his enjoyment. The chapters glide lyrically among tales of friendship, family resemblances, American and French, professional and sentimental acquaintance won and lost, scenes, cities, homes, temporary residences, and gourmet feasts described with the skilled appraisal of a cook. "Madame Elise was tall, heavy, and beautiful, with blue eyes and white hair. She smiled constantly, unless cooking. Then she would hover, fluttering like a hen and barely breathing, as out of her left hand she would take with three fingers of her right a pinch of something and throw it in, then wait still breathless, as if listening, till she divined the gesture a success. When I began to cook she told me many secret things; and occasionally I taught her an American dish."

Virgil Thomson arrived late and adored in an enormous family of grandparents, uncles, aunts, and cousins of all degree, their marital acquisitions and friends of all these. His mother died at 92, one grandfather lived to be 100. Already working as a paid motion picture pianist and church organist, he decided his musical vocation at 14. He read at 17 the complete works by Nietzsche and all ten volumes of Frazer's *Golden Bough*. A romantically willing World War I warrior, he made his way from freezing infantry encampment to medical corpsman to pilot to aerial photographer, delighting in all until disappointed by the Armistice. It was his first try and only failure to reach Europe. To appreciate the sybaritic Thomson as warrior, one should visualize his short, rounded figure in satin, lace, ruffles, and wig, a weapon at his side, like a character in the very long memoirs of the very short Duc de Saint-Simon, as much at ease in the artifice and intrigue of the court as in the valiant pleasures of the field, a Rameau in the theater, a Couperin at the keyboard—remembering at the same time the middle-aged gallivant who toured New England and California on the rear saddle of a motorbike. He admits several affairs involving head and heart but remains at seventy a bachelor, confirmed if not crotchety.

From Harvard he went as assistant conductor of the Glee Club to Europe and discovered in Paris the spiritual home he has never abandoned, while retaining like his close friend and collaborator, Gertrude Stein, the firm awareness that his creative work must be American, not French. He stayed there on a traveling fellowship for a year, supplementing his income by writing critical articles for the *Boston Transcript*. One article, about a series of concerts directed by Serge Koussevitzky, initiated the Russian conductor's long career as leader of the Boston Symphony. On the side he wangled a minor French decoration for the director of the Harvard Glee Club. Nobody, himself least of all, could say he was unenterprising.

Despite or perhaps because of the variety and varied competence of his music teachers, culminating with the still young Nadia Boulanger in Paris—Aaron Copland had already found her and was working with her—art and music came to Thomson less by way of the great tradition than by total immersion in church hymnal and liturgy—though he refused any commitment to the family Baptist faith—by the discovery of folksong, the rhythmic flow of speech and verse, the melodious and romantic continuity of human experience instead of the categorized abstract formulas. He

did not borrow "freedom," it was his own. His first major composition, supervised by Nadia Boulanger, was a *Sonata da Chiesa* for five instruments, discordant in the Paris-modern style, "the instrumentation unquestionably a knockout . . . The faults are a dangerous rigidity of rhythmic texture in the chorale, an excessively contrapuntal style in the fugue, and an immature comprehension of the profundities of classical form." In language already glossed by well-published music criticism, even criticizing himself the young critic abated nothing of praise or judgment. The balanced, objective phrases have taken on in later years a journalistic patina to deceive the common reader. Don't be deceived. He can be as uncharitable as Hamlet with word or unbated point.

Of the young Pierre Boulez, with whom he began comradeship in 1952: ". . . I had early warned him of the danger that lay in duplicating . . . the career of Marcel Duchamp. I said to him, 'By using carefully thought out and complex ways, you produce by thirty a handful of unforgettable works. But by then you are prisoner of your method . . .' Now, at forty, he for the most part just conducts." Unlike the theoretical formalist, who believes that art consists in structural elaboration of the form, Thomson saw that the convenience of form, once mastered, should appear to disappear; his next major composition was the *Symphony on a Hymn Tune*, long lacking a fourth movement. From this proceeded the fluency to make musical the verse speech of Gertrude Stein, first songs, then the cantata, *Capital Capitals*, and the opera, *Four Saints in Three Acts* (it has four acts). An opera it was in inception and during several years of solo performance by the composer at piano. Then through the imagination of the radiantly inspired team who eventually produced it in Hartford, Connecticut, it became a theatrical event more resembling in gay and whimsical dress a ballet-oratorio, sung and moved through by a Negro community of saints. If an opera, it is the second-best American opera. The best is his also, *The Mother of Us All*, the last fruit of his long collaboration with Gertrude Stein, completed after her death.

Thomson translated several of Gertrude Stein's writings into French, including portions of *The Making of Americans*, introduced to her new friends, a few to be cherished, others rejected, corresponded with her, helped manage her literary affairs and bring some works to print, made music for her words. She encouraged and coddled him by her magic, once found him some patronage and would not alter in his favor a penny of her 50-percent share of the proceeds from the unexpectedly successful first run of *Four Saints* at Hartford and, afterwards, New York, though aside from the libretto he had done or organized all the work. When they quarreled over nothing and did not meet during four years, more than half that time they were corresponding with the excuse of mutual business. She composed his portrait in words and he hers in music, a habit he learned from her and developed into an almost automatic composition, a "discipline of spontaneity" . . . "avoiding the premeditated." He has made in music some 150 portraits, all but the first few composed at one sitting in the presence of the subject.

I might point out that the "indeterminacy" of Charles Ives, which John Cage recognizes but did not "inherit," is quite distinct from that of the Stein-Thomson unpremeditated spontaneity that he did inherit. Thus the American experimental tradition includes two distinct types of "indeterminacy," plus a probably demonstrable third, by way of Varese.

Thomson and Cage share a habit of rebelliousness, of walking out on success to try something different, a strictness of humor which will not tolerate the half-way or the inexact—nothing could be more exact than Cage's prescriptions for his most indeterminate compositions—their flair for theater, their devotion to the music of Erik Satie and the verbal skill of Gertrude Stein. During 1941 they began their "long musical friendship," soon complemented by the arrival of Lou Harrison. Thomson paints here, as in some other places, with mellow tints and a broad brush, not mentioning disasters and the help he gave. The portraits are exact. "With all his rigors, Cage has a wit and breadth of thought that make him a

priceless companion. For hours, days, and months with him one would probe music's philosophy. And after Lou Harrison, with his larger reading and more demanding ear, had arrived from the West, the three of us provided for one another, with Europe and the Orient cut off by war, a musical academy of theory and practice that supplied us with definitions which have served us well and which, through the highly divergent nature of our musical products, have given our methods of analysis wide distribution."

Thomson rejects what he believes the Germanic tradition has become during its long hero-worshipping decline from Beethoven and Schubert; he disdains less forcefully the greater part of recent French music. Italian music is opera, for better or worse, like an Italian wife. American music is the soil he grows from. Thomson's respect for and indeed admiration of Schoenberg has not increased his liking for Schoenberg's music, the Germanic elaboration of melody, the disciples, or the consequences of the 12-tone method. This attitude and his comment on the inability of present-day students to learn thoroughbass emphasize the continuation in Thomson's music, as in hymns and true jazz, of the long-established and now generally disused skill of thoroughbass as the ground of spontaneity in improvisation.

Harrison rejects the music of J. S. Bach and the dissonant tradition which stems from it, except the melodic art of Schoenberg. Cage can see no present need for music in notes or time. They represent three extremes: Thomson melodious, conservative but in no way reactionary, and inclined to dryness unless stimulated by a text, a tune, a personality, a scene, not to be deviated from, and that is why his motion picture scores are real music; Harrison, except Schoenberg the best melodist of his lifetime, in love with nearly all the world's music including that of Handel, but not Bach, and particularly the polyphonic and pre-polyphonic, the Oriental, the play of microtones; Cage, also a melodist, who abandoned melody and has become the rigorous overturner of all orthodoxies including his own. (There is a question whether Cage may not have reached that utmost point of philosophic rigor, where, like the purest of revolutionary rigorists, St. Just, he must admit the triumph of his conviction by the loss of his head.) They now go their separate ways. With Harry Partch, they represent today the most vital center of American musical maturity, disregarded by the academicians, disowned and misunderstood by the neo-orthodox of every type, ignored by the recording industry, but carrying an essential message to the future, which younger composers begin to recognize.

Each of these non-academic but very scholarly composers has been governed by his own developing consistency, free of any propaganda but his own—at which Cage is a master, Thomson freely competent, Harrison and Partch indifferent. Only Partch can be described as entirely self-formed. The product of each denies comparison with other styles. For all Thomson's reputation as a critic, the greater part of his music is not better known than that of Harrison or Partch. Cage is the first to have been discovered and taken up by a new generation; the reaction will bring greater attention to the others.

America has as yet no critical vocabulary for placing or discriminating the work of its best composers. The several projects for publishing and recording American music, in which Thomson has been a vigorous leader, suffer from democratic dissipation by giving an equal share to any participating composer, so that each project wearies out in an attenuating boredom of the semi-competent. To overcome the denigrating consequence for all American music of reducing the best composers to the level of a mass illiteracy, younger composers should admit the greater worth of deferring to the authority of the best among them. A democracy which does not recognize the republican virtues of its leaders soon becomes a mob.

In an autobiography involving the author's acquaintance with many well-known and greatly admired or notorious persons it is difficult to avoid an impression of name-dropping. I recall Gregor Piatigorsky complaining bitterly because his editor had returned a chapter of his autobiography for rewriting because it dropped

too many names. "But I have known all dese people! And it must be de trut." I replied that many of us value his stories more than the truth. Thomson remarks that "in Gertrude Stein's method anything that comes to one in a moment of concentrated working is a part of the poem." He explains that that is why she wrote *The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas* exactly as Miss Toklas would tell it, in a narrative as bare as seductive. "There is nothing comparable to this [Toklas] compactness elsewhere in English, nor to my knowledge in any other literature, save possibly in Julius Caesar's *De Bello Gallico*." Nevertheless, a number of famous Frenchmen, led by Matisse, complained that the stories Gertrude Stein told of them, however compact, are untrue. Some friendships ended. With this warning I shall say only that Virgil Thomson tells a good story, that his intention is plainly to tell the truth, and that I have no reason to suppose he has not done so.

To qualify this, let me quote his own instructions to reviewers. " 'Feelings,' I would say, 'will come through automatically in your choice of words. Description is the valid part of reviewing; spontaneous reactions, if courteously phrased, have some validity; opinions are mostly worthless. If you feel you must express one, put it in the last line, where nothing will be lost if it gets cut for space.' " In fact, from his first outrageous onslaught against Sibelius, through his salutary instructions to the Metropolitan Opera management and his periodic savaging of the untouchable Toscanini, to his usually courageous defence of unknown composers, from which one must except his negative reception of Charles Ives's *Concord Sonata*, Thomson made his critical reputation by his opinions, his by no means always courteously phrased spontaneous reactions, his readiness to disagree with any habitual veneration, his ceaseless war with the "Germanics," as much as by his feeling choice of adjectives: "Nouns are names and can be libelous; the verbs, though sometimes picturesque, are few in number and tend toward alleging motivations. It is the specific adjectives that really describe and do so neither in sorrow nor in anger. And to describe what one has heard is the whole art of reviewing."

Thomson's descriptions have tended less to "describe what one has heard" than to describe the scene, the presence, the musical surroundings, what occurred. This is equally true of his musical descriptions in the present volume. The critic who is a man of words automatically translates, within the limits of his appreciative vocabulary, music into words. The critic who is a composer thinks of what he hears not in musical terminology but in terms of music. Thomson is a picturesque writer, partly I believe because what he hears fails often to comport with his unique idiom as a composer, so that he sees the event instead of listening in words. Because he does see clearly and has at command the words and knowledge to describe with authority what happened, he has been overvalued as a critic by the same persons who undervalue him as a composer. The neo-orthodox and the academic, as well as the popular reader, have always found what he has to say more intelligible than the would-be appreciative wordsmanship of his competitors. But the fact that his best music makes its points with no less clarity, feeling, authority, and wit seems to them somehow to indicate that he is not quite a genuine composer, not sufficiently complex or contorted, or deep. Any strangled composition professing the latest difficulties *a la mode* will seem to them by comparison more profound, more laboriously gifted. These are the same who wallow in Joyce "scholarship" but are put off by the transparencies of Gertrude Stein. Which is not by any means to say that she was always successfully transparent.

If Thomson revels in acquaintance, he has the very good excuse that he has had the ability to make and keep innumerable friends, to seek useful and enlightening co-workers in several arts, to be helpful, considerate, and appreciative, as well as constantly embattled for what he believes to be right against the big names, the concealed managers, the mediocre and pretentious, the false and the deceitful. If he preens his virtues, he has good reason. And he has suffered for them. He prides himself that he has never been taken up by any power elite, neither his contemporaries of "the Six" in France nor the successive reputation builders in New York.



He did not in Paris succumb to the flattery-seeking blandishments of Andre Breton or Cocteau. He ended his friendship with Stravinsky by a deliberately conceived barb. A sharp statement terminated his Columbia recordings. Though still pleased to tell that James Joyce came often to his Paris concerts, he refused Joyce's request that he should compose a ballet on a chapter of *Finnegans Wake*, because to do so might have offended Gertrude Stein. And he says quite correctly that it would have been better to make a ballet to Joyce's text without music. (As indeed Jean Erdman has done lately in composing her widely traveled *The Coach with the Six Insides*—though not without music.) He chose for friends men and women of talent, Christian Berard, Tchelitcheff, the Berman brothers, Henry-Russell Hitchcock, the poet Georges Hugnet, the composer Henri Sauguet, not because but before they were famous. His most intimate French friend was a woman old enough to be his grandmother. His tales of friendship assemble a larger description of the period, its changes in taste, style, ways of thinking, social habits, esthetic opportunity. Thomson is a great gossip, but so was Boswell; the discriminative subdivisions of the decades which he has given us are contributions to history, more meaningful and useful than in need of modesty or correction.

Too much of our literary and esthetic information about Paris has come to us from American "expatriate" tourists, tales of their bars, their studios, their mutual intermingling. In the bourgeois and aristocratic French families least accessible to tourists Thomson found a way of life not unlike that of his Kentucky and Missouri relatives, domestic, fond of the table, "involved with land and religion." He was never the American tourist carrying his hard liquor among the natives. Like Gertrude Stein, he learned that the best way to be at home among the French is to remain a native American. He avoided the Hemingway era and its boastfulness, having no need of it.

The basic rightness of Virgil Thomson's attitude to power, society, and people can be demonstrated, as in a parable, by the opening of the new Metropolitan Opera in Lincoln Center. In spite of his long critical warfare with that power structure, Thomson has been invited to compose a grand opera on the life of Byron, which the Met, as I last heard it, has not quite promised to produce. He has been given his own time to work on it. Meantime, to open the new building, Samuel Barber was commissioned to turn out an immediate opera, on a libretto scissored by scene designer Franco Zeffirelli from Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra*. It was to be a love opera, tailored to the voice of Leontyne Price. (She reached Broadway as a member of the chorus in *Four Saints*.) The new Barber opera, unhelpt by Zeffirelli's lavish and ridiculous overproduction, was a disaster—not of the first magnitude, since nothing having to do with the music of Samuel Barber would be of the first magnitude.

Thomson's cool theatrical competence had foreseen, almost thirty years before, the futility of such an effort. "But *Cleopatra* cannot use overt sex appeal," he had written of his own experience in writing music for that play, when Tallulah Bankhead failed in it for that reason; "there is not a love scene in it. It is a political tragedy and can only succeed as that. Played for love, it is all build-up and no showdown." Thomson prides himself on this professional attitude to theater and music. He dwells on his professionalism, as if unaware that professionalism, unqualified, brought about the Met disaster. He believes that it was professionalism which made possible the successful first production of *Four Saints in Three Acts*. Nonsense! By his own loving description the success of that venture was the work of inspired amateurs, rejecting every obvious device and safeguard of professional theater, including the fire hazard of cellophane scenery, to obtain a unique and memorable effect. The "notoriety was unparalleled since that of Marcel Duchamp's *Nude*," Thomson writes.

For years the professionals had been refusing to perform it. At Hartford a museum director offered his small theater, under the auspices of a local concert-giving group, The Friends and Enemies of Modern Music. The scenery was the masterpiece of a woman painter, Florine Stettheimer, who did not live by her art. The young

director, Frederick Ashton, was a dancer who had never staged an opera. John Houseman, the young producer, had never produced one. The entire cast consisted of Negro singers, musically literate but without operatic and in most cases without stage experience, chosen for that reason. The dramatic conception, by which the libretto was made a viable stage action, was the work of Maurice Grosser, a painter. All of the principals worked for no salary, until the unexpectedly long run made payment possible. When, for the same reason, Thomson replaced the veteran Alexander Smallens as conductor, he had never before directed an opera and was grateful for the experience.

Let him not be grateful for his professionalism but for his independence of it. His *Mother of Us All* has been produced chiefly by university opera workshops, notably the superb performance at UCLA in 1965. It is the one American opera with which the Metropolitan Opera might have gracefully and competently unveiled its stage. We can only hope that the new *Byron* will be no less free of stuffy operatic tradition and as well made. We should pray, too, that it, and its composer, will survive whatever the genius of the Met inflicts on it in production.

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David Travers

## books

EDEN IN JEOPARDY, Man's Prodigal Meddling with His Environment: The Southern California Experience by Richard G. Lillard (Knopf, New York, \$6.95)

Professor Lillard has "taught for decades" at Los Angeles City College. Born in Los Angeles he holds a PhD in American civilization from the University of Iowa. Should not a doctor of American civilization be stationed for consultation in Washington? Or meet regularly to straighten out Mayor Yorty and the Los Angeles City Council? What is American civilization? Is it a term which would be meaningful to Mayor Yorty? Or to a jerry-builder of tract houses and maximum-risk, high-rise apartments: tomorrow's ghettos, unless an earthquake shakes them down—at the cost, either way, of how many destroyed lives! What aspects of civilization have we made natural to ourselves? How much is today exported and by what means: by missionary work, sacred and secular; by motion pictures, tourism, the Peace Corps, economic and diplomatic persuasion, force of arms? Dr. Lillard, searching one presumes for the answers, has traveled through 48 states and the whole of California, has studied in Gardena, at Stanford, University of Montana (MA), Harvard, lectured on a Fulbright in Grenoble and Aix-en-Provence, taught at the University of Indiana and UCLA. Though half the world is his province, he has lived with his wife and two children in a "Spanish" house in the Santa Monica mountains since 1947, has been "inundated by mud from bulldozed lots above his house"—was his own lot bulldozed?—and saved his house from the Bel-Air fire. He was the first president of Residents of Beverly Glen, Inc., and a founder of Federation of Hillside and Canyon Associations. He is therefore a qualified practical philosopher, who has published books on Nevada and the desert, on *The Great Forest*, and *American Life in Autobiography*, and the present volume on Southern California.

Being myself a similar "atypical" inhabitant, who has lived with wife and children, now grown, in one Los Angeles residence since 1936, I feel competent to share his attitudes toward the multiple evolution of our common scene and to criticize them. Except a few detectable errors and one major topic, I am all with him: his final chapter, disregarding a brief epilogue, is entitled *Funland and Cultureland*; it reads like a brochure from the All-Year Club of Southern California, is at least a couple of years out of date (a long time in California evolution—even our hills and mountains are young enough to be still constantly moving) and evades every problem afflicting Southern California culture.

I don't mean Watts. He writes: "Yet at base the problems of delinquency and crime are not racial problems. They are migrants' problems as old as the American frontier, the cow town and mining camp, as old as the two centuries of migration from country to city. American migrants, trained on street corner or campus, are more likely than stay-put residents to end up in mental hospitals or jails . . . to desecrate local scenery, or meet new situations with temporary expedients at the expense of long-view solutions. . . . Caucasian West Covina, filled with well-off immigrants, . . . grew from 4,499 in 1950 to 50,645 in 1960. It has a high rate for burglary and other crimes, a low rate for registered voters turning out to vote, and 'no more civic spirit,' said a journalist, 'than overnight tourist guests would have for the Statler Hilton.' "

But he has disregarded the important fact that the Los Angeles County Museum has been for nearly 20 years one of the most successful cultural institutions in the world, not for its art collections but for the number of persons who daily and annually pass through its doors. It is the one cultural institution, besides the free Bowl concerts of the Redlands Community Music Association and the San Diego and Los Angeles zoos, that reaches every social level, possibly because of its original location alongside the sports Coliseum at the edge of the greater Los Angeles ghetto, the flatlands

stretching southwards from the old center of the city to Compton and Watts. When the trustees decided to remove the Art Museum from its long association with the other activities, cultural and athletic, of Exposition Park and move it far west to Hancock Park on Wilshire Boulevard near Beverly Hills, there was reason to believe that the inhabitants of the greater ghetto might find the trip too expensive and give up art; instead they continued coming in such numbers that the trustees, who had never before feared that these hordes of common folk might damage their treasures, now began clamoring for extra guards, even for an admission charge.

The new Music Center, by contrast, though nearer the ghetto than the new Art Museum, while expanding its audience has kept its social exclusiveness by drastically restricting the number of seats. In whose name did the city and county make their public contributions of money to these new buildings? Hollywood Bowl, which lies strategically between the two major halves of the city, beside Cahuenga Pass leading into San Fernando Valley, has never drawn adequate seasonal attendance. While the Art Museum has brought to its great public the best and most difficult art, accustoming the public to a high level of appreciation, Hollywood Bowl has argued always in favor of "popular" repertory and "what the public wants." This year a show of Kienholz sculpture at the Art Museum drew more than 40,000 persons at a dollar a head, returning a large profit to the County. Part of the credit should go to County Supervisor Dorn, whose public advertising of the show as prurient undoubtedly stimulated attendance. The relatively inaccessible Greek Theater in Griffith Park draws capacity audiences each summer to its well-balanced mixture of culturally unusual and popular imported shows. Hollywood Bowl and the Philharmonic Orchestra winter season annually require of the County contribution to payment of a substantial deficit.

Except for his tourist's guide information about local culture, Dr. Lillard has accumulated in his other chapters a treasury of useful information about Southern California history, social and economic evolution, the problems and solutions of problems producing new problems which have made this region what it is. Since the civilizations of Mohenjo-daro and Harappa in India, the Euphrates valley, and the Chilean coast before the destruction of the Incas, no other region has done so much to stimulate and then destroy its agriculture. No civilization anywhere has so rapidly wasted its resources or done more to recreate them or to provide for the deficiencies resulting from waste. The entire world looks to Southern California as a laboratory of fouled air and for new methods of reducing and eliminating this plant-destroying and potentially man-killing foulness; for its desperate expedients to preserve places and means of public recreation; for its studies in destruction and reconstitution of beaches, in mass transportation of water, in solving unprecedented problems of public transportation, the storage of automobiles, the redesigning of automobile motors (not by engineering but by law) to eliminate motor wastes. No region has seen, apart from warfare, such lack of consideration for the public good or so much communal cooperation for the public benefit. In Southern California we believe that we can do anything, and individually and collectively we do it. No other region has done so much for public education or stirred such violent student reaction against educational administration. Nowhere else does a government work harder to seek and cultivate new types of birds and fishes to inhabit our mountains, forests, streams, and lakes, or permit a larger percentage of them to be killed off every season. Seeking water we have been repeatedly laid waste by floods, and seeking to control the devastation caused by floods we have lined with concrete the causeways which prevent the rain from refilling our rapidly declining water-tables and conduct it instead directly to the ocean. Each year we pour out sewage and industrial foulness to destroy the usefulness of our expanse of coastal waters, but we have not yet persuaded our fearful minds that nearly all this sewage and industrial waste can be purged of its foulness by the same means the astronauts depend on and poured back into our landscape without danger for our good. We are a world-center of science, but our culture is still narrow and provincial. We are



a laboratory of new methods for solving the problems of man in his environment, but many of our most prosperous citizens will resort to every means of demagoguery and mob-misinformation to oppose the application of these new methods.

Hurray for Southern California! If we don't perish in the wastes that we create, we may lead mankind in disciplining itself to overcome waste; if we do not, like maddened angels, drive ourselves from the potential happiness of our new Eden, we may learn by mutual self-education how to live in it.

Every literate Southern Californian should read *Eden in Jeopardy* and learn from Dr. Lillard what we have done to ourselves and the region we inhabit: the patterns of thinking which brought us where we are and what it is possible for us to do about changing these patterns to our human betterment. I suspect that it is not only our minds which need to be cleansed but our souls, too.

Our "prodigal meddling with our environment" has been bad, but it is not all bad; we can cease "meddling" and teach ourselves, theoretically, practically, usefully, humanely, how to live in and improve and cherish our environment.

We should award Richard Lillard for writing this book a public bonanza, a parade, a civic retainer as consultant on regional problems, and a foundation-endowed sabbatical to lecture before Congress, its agencies, and the legislatures of the 50 states.

**LANDMARKS OF THE WORLD'S ART: PREHISTORIC AND PRIMITIVE MAN** by Andreas Lommel, Director of the Museum of Ethnology, Munich (McGraw-Hill, New York, \$5.95).

I have previously reviewed the Baroque volume in this series; for the price, these large-page, relatively slender books are unequalled in quality or scope of visual material, at least half of it, including all full-page plates, in superb color and with such fine texture that the tactile impression of a Lascaux cave wall or a Chinese or Scythian bronze strongly reinforces one's feeling for the real presence of the thing seen. Some textiles in the present volume, shown full-page without margin, have the strength of fresco. Repeatedly one is compelled to admit by how much the intuitive or traditional power of design in these objects, where the religious intention governs the esthetic, shows up the weakness of attempts to revive similar abstract or conventional motives in art of the last 60 years. The limited variety of plastic texture in a head with slit eyes, slit mouth, and relatively undeveloped features—a sculpture by Eric Gill—becomes very evident in comparison with the multiplex disposition of planes shaping the wooden head which fills up much of the title page of this volume. The abstract recension of features in primitive masks exposes the diagrammatic conventionality of Picasso in the same mode. Among modern sculptors only Epstein has mastered some part of this primitive expressiveness.

Gill's work repudiated the commercialism of the modern vision, which can come down more easily to the uses of advertising than rise to the surpassing individuality of these primitive masks, though any group of masks has, like our advertising, a relatively narrow field of permitted variation. Among 20th-century painters, Klee, Modigliani, and Orozco convey a similar feeling of extra-temporal immediacy. The deliberate intention that the resulting work shall be, in the commercial or museum sense, a "work of art" however wishfully "indeterminate" or "commonplace" as object, subordinates the natural delivery of the "unconscious" thought; in primitive art, until recent years, the veil of intention between the ritualistic mode of the habitual unconscious and its objective realization seemed scarcely to exist. Primitive artifacts are not usually in our sense "works of art" but objects of existence. The argument loses validity when applied to Brillo boxes or Campbell soup cans.

I take strong exception to portions of the accompanying text by Andreas Lommel. His effort to distinguish between primitive art and other art forms of the ancient and modern world is, in my reading, abortive. He holds without qualification the belief that hunting cultures preceded farming cultures, a belief now upset by the studies of the Berkeley geographer, Carl Sauer. He also parrots the still unproved diffusion principle that all life and its cultural

and art forms migrated outwards from one or more original sources or locations: that Tierra del Fuegians came originally, across the entire Asian continent and the length of both Americas, from the Near East.

Darwin had stated that the oldest discoveries of human existence would be made in Southern Africa, where the surface of the earth has been least disturbed by geological change, a prophecy confirmed by the diggings in the Olduvai Gorge. These people, who lived some 1,800,000 years ago, were already tool-makers. Geological change may have hidden forever the similarly ancient sources of American humanity. Despite the propaganda of Dr. Ales Hrdlicka and his disciples, I cannot be persuaded to believe that the most ancient peoples of America, shapers of Folsom and Sandia points, must have migrated out of Asia. The studies of Carl Sauer also tend to this conclusion, as he indicates by his limited support of the "Trenton group" of anthropologists in this country who contend that human life originated independently in the Americas. I would advise anyone interested in this subject to read *Land and Life, A Selection from the Writings of Carl Ortwin Sauer* (University of California Press).

Nor am I convinced that the "bent knee" motif or the "spiral" motif, which are found dispersed throughout the world in primitive art, must have had a common origin. The "bent knee" shape at once imparts a feeling of movement to the sculpture and strengthens the form at a place where, if the legs were straight, it would be most likely to break. The "spiral" would be, for any people, a simple conveyance of mystery, a maze. Independent origin of these motives seems, therefore, not at all unlikely. Apart from such objections, which can be corrected by other currently available reading, I strongly recommend this book and this series for beauty, information, readability, convenience, and price. The General Editors of this series, Bernard S. Myers and Trewin Copplestone, in particular deserve praise.

**DAUMIER, MAN OF HIS TIME**, by Oliver W. Larkin (McGraw-Hill Book Co., 1966; \$9.95)

Between the exaggeration of caricature and the portrayal of emotion lie innumerable coarse and delicate potentialities, few of them unexplored by the visual imagination of Honore-Victorin Daumier. Lately it has been polite to accord him the powers of a painter-sculptor and the professional skill of a master lithographer and draughtsman, admitting that some few of the thousands of his comical and political caricatures may also be admitted to the higher precincts of art. But study the water-color which Mr. Larkin has chosen for the dust-cover of his book, "*Visitors in the Artist's Studio*." Against a solid wall of his paintings the artist in mutton-chop whiskers and beret, nose like Daumier's, stands head thrown back, all white as a monument, above the circle of his four visitors. In the best armchair, hands folded on stick, elbows on red elbow pads and comfortably reclining against the red chair back, the enthroning reds the only bright color, the benevolently bearded patron of the arts sits, his coat lightly touched with blue. Behind him, holding to the back of a straight chair, peering over the patron's shoulder, the connoisseur, who understands the art he cannot practise, peers with the intensity of creative failure. Leaning from one side a fellow artist, soft and genial, lends enjoyment. At the rear another man, friend of artist or patron, regards the painting through eyes slightly compressed to see it from a greater distance. Balzac could not have characterized more vividly, but this is not literary painting, reproduction of ideas: it is seen. Daumier, the *flâneur*, stroller about Paris, habitue of theaters, sculptor who preceded many of his portrait caricatures by modeling a portrait sculpture in three dimensions, who saw human emotion more instantly than a writer can describe it, has drawn the scene in total firmness, articulating it by a few touches of wash. We understand, and our glance returns to the high, white, monumental figure of the artist, heroic but just slightly pompous; Daumier's gently brushed humor has not lost the bite of caricature.

Mr. Larkin, professor emeritus of the History of Art, Smith Col-

lege, presents Daumier with art always in the foreground, against a lively background of contemporary French politics and society, setting the real man with the real scenes of his lifetime, not defending Daumier's daily work as caricaturist but holding it up for admiration, while admitting its unevenness. He makes Daumier the hero, not only as artist but as a man of strong social determination, involved with his time, courageous in attack but uncommitted to any one radical group or policy, farsighted to wait when the alternatives were prison or exile and no less farsighted in adhering to his political and social judgment, seldom deceived by sentiment or rashness. He makes clear the growth of the more timeless artist, seeking through oil painting a sculptural delineation of forms, avoiding the attraction of strong colors and the obviously dramatic or popular subjects of the salon artist—how often he must have put aside his paintings to get out his daily work!

Many of the oils remain unfinished, and this is a measure of their strength, as nothing seems wanting in the unfinished paintings by Cezanne. Daumier matured steadily, always simplifying, capturing space by reduction of line. From "Visitors in an Artist's Studio," an instant vision of characters in narrative, he puts off even so much economy of drawing to create two figures, master and pupil in uncluttered space: "Advice to a Young Artist." The long succession of his Don Quixote and Sancho Panza lithographs and paintings concludes in the all-red summation of two faceless figures on their nags, a painted silence in the blood-red brain, and the two absolute contrasts in action, "Don Quixote Rushing upon the Sheep." "Literary" art, unnecessary "subject"—ridiculous! Human bone and flesh.

Daumier stands at last in the darkening studio of his failing sight, the rear wall now vanished, easel and figure outlined as by a ray of sun through forest, an utmost economy of envisioned presence: the monumental figure, now neither pompous nor heroic, apart from critic and admirer, liberated from caricature and all personal attributes, at the moment of action alone in concentrated silence. I am grateful to Professor Larkin for a book that has helped me to see and think.

THE LIFE OF ERIC GILL by Robert Speaight (P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York, 1966, \$6.95)

A noble book about a noble man, nobly printed in the *Futura* type which he designed out of his long experience as a stonecutter. Eric Gill and his most famous friend and sometime pupil, David Jones (now best known as the author of two books, *In Parenthesis* and *Anathemata*), represent the two generations of extraordinary creative individuals, successors of the Victorians, who appeared in Britain during the Edwardian and Georgian periods. One must say of them that, whatever their final attainment, they were first of all thinkers, religious rebels rooted in social anxieties, looking to the future out of a long, informed awareness of the past. All were esthetically oriented and capable of expressive prose. The Irishmen, Yeats, Shaw, and Joyce, were the least inhibited, coming from a society already at the point of rebellion. The English, T. E. and D. H. Lawrence, Wells, Bennett, the "Georgian" poets, and Gill, struggled within the restraints of a society about to fall apart of its complacency—but not for lack of courage. The Irish were more naturally artists, bards; the British, encased in esthetic armor, fought with dragons.

Eric Gill was a stonecutter, who began his career and made his reputation cutting letters in tombstones and memorials, became a sculptor (one of the few in his time who worked directly in stone instead of plaster or bronze), an illustrator of fine books, an occasional painter, a designer of type, and at the end of his life a church builder. A Roman Catholic convert from socialism, widely read and in close communication with many of the British thinkers and artists of his lifetime, he remained a radical within the church, admired, feared and many times reproached by his clerical friends, by bishop and cardinal. Devout beyond ordinary, he admonished his nation, society, church, and fellow artists for their subservience to finance and usury, their willingness to condone the "slavery"

He was at his best when his work was simple, linear and unornamented, as plain to its purpose as his lettering; his art has a cultivated grace which is at the farthest remove from the irregularity of the true primitive. One might say, too, that his experience as a stonecutter, particularly cutting letters, trained him to use those curves, angles, and straight lines that are most adaptable to stone and best show the material; when he attempted a more expressive complexity the naive style became affectation. One can read the danger in a passage of the letter of thanks Francois Mauriac wrote him for the gift of a carved Mother and Child. "The strange and delicious little queen of the Orient that you have sent me has crossed the sea without trouble. Nothing has tarnished the brilliance of her red veil, her blue tunic, and the fragile foot peeping out of its socket has not been broken . . ." For all Gill's rejection of the vulgar church art of his surroundings, he could not escape, could only purify its influence. He believed that true primitive art emerges by strict patterns of ritual out of the tribal unconscious—not merely in the Freudian or Jungian meaning—in the absolute sense that without these rituals the sun will not rise, crops grow, hunting will not succeed, enemies will become powerful. Today we know the sun will rise regardless of our effort, agricultural science improves crops and stock so that we hunt "for fun," and we sacrifice disproportionate wealth to making superstitiously certain that we shall not be less powerful than our enemies. Our "primitive" beliefs are not organized as tribal religion; we hold them more firmly than our professed religious belief, because they are in all disorganization our only real religion, and we expect the church, within permissible deviations, to conform to them. The religious authority of our real, practical religion, that which furnishes our most active superstitions, is indeed so decisive that all social extremes, from fascism to communism, whatever their deviant professions, in emergency subscribe to it. Gill was not a primitive of his time in its most primitive assurances; like many he was fervent in protest but incompetent and without firm footing in any contrary belief.

"Our fault has been that we sought freedom—we found psychological determinism. We sought free love—and found that we had lost Love itself . . . The only freedom we did not seek we have deliberately thrown away. We did not seek for freedom of the will . . . There is no remedy but that which man alone has power to apply . . . he must reclaim the one freedom he has thrown away; and he must throw away all the other freedoms he has falsely claimed. He must reaffirm the freedom of his will and his consequent responsibility for all his deeds and works." For a more cogent comprehension of this statement one should turn not to Teilhard de Chardin, not to Kierkegaard, Kafka, Sartre, or the theologians, but to Simone Weil.

Peter Yates

THE ARCHITECTURAL INDEX, edited and published by Ervin J. Bell (\$6.00)

The 1965 *Index* has been newly expanded to include *Architectural and Engineering News* and continues to index: *AIA Journal*, *Architectural Forum*, *Architectural Record*, *Arts & Architecture*, *House and Home*, *Interiors* and *Progressive Architecture*. The user will find, under one cover, a complete guide to the eight leading architectural periodicals.

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# theater

A superb production of a brilliant play ended the Theater Group's association with University of California Extension.

*Poor Bitos* by Jean Anouilh is dazzling theater and a profoundly witty play about totalitarianism. Anouilh is interested in the psychology of that phenomenon. It is easily recognized when it breaks out in history in the person of a Stalin or a Hitler, but what kind of man, given certain historical conditions, becomes a totalitarian leader? One had better learn to recognize him and be aware of the experiences that have made him so monstrously inhuman.

Andre Bitos is the deputy public prosecutor of a French provincial town ten years after World War II. He had fought in the Resistance and is politically Left. He is also puritanical, unprepossessing, and lacking in social grace. At school, by drudging away at his studies, he had won a number of scholarships. He desperately needed these since his mother, a laundress, was making an enormous sacrifice to see that he became well educated.

It was the custom in France in 1955 for the numerous political parties then in existence to give dinner parties. In his play, Anouilh takes this idea and converts it into a theatrical device that serves his purpose handsomely.

Maxime, a young aristocrat whom Bitos much loved and admired when they were schoolmates, has arranged a very special dinner party for Bitos, who only now, ten years later, has secured the death penalty for a wartime collaborator. Maxime has asked his guests to come to the dinner party as famous personages of the French Revolution—Saint-Just, Louis XVI, Marie Antoinette, Danton, Mirabeau, and others. Bitos is asked to come as Robespierre. Each guest is required to have studied his role well and to be able to speak in character.

In Anouilh's hands, besides being pure theater, the dinner party becomes a means of juxtaposing two historical periods—the contemporary with the French Revolution of 1789; of mirroring the classes of each period; and, most dramatic of all, of revealing character in terms of the affinity the guests feel for those whom they have been asked to impersonate.

Bitos-Robespierre, Maxime-Saint-Just; Julien-Danton; Vulture-Mirabeau! How marvellously apt without being at all pat this charade turns out to be. And what a revealing vision of the contemporary world and the world of almost two centuries ago.

It is Maxime's plan to humiliate Bitos, to destroy him psychologically. And Bitos, caught up in the role of Robespierre, seeing himself as the merciless champion of the people, of mankind, falls into the trap. The other guests know his weak points; they have the social advantage; and they can use their wit like rapiers in the hands of skilled fencers. Bitos is no match for them in the verbal duels that ensue. He is all but demolished. Indeed, two or three times during the evening, some of the guests protest to Maxime that they are carrying matters too far.

Bitos-Robespierre is frightened into insensibility when a man dressed in the uniform of a Revolutionary soldier appears, accuses him of some misdeed, and fires a fake shot from the pistol he carries. One sees Robespierre lying on a table with two citizen soldiers on guard. They complain that now that most of the aristocrats have been guillotined there is a lamentable scarcity of tips. Anouilh proceeds to sketch a few incidents in the life of Robespierre, drawing the parallel between him and Bitos. Robespierre, the terror of the French Revolution was also a mean little man, thriftily educated, a prosecutor at Arras who came on the national scene as the Public Accuser in the Paris Department.

Having carried his point, Anouilh moves back to the dinner party. Bitos, whom we see coming to, is induced to resume his role and the game of getting this particular guest continues.

In his critique of the New York production of the play, Harold Clurman wrote that "the inescapable implication of Anouilh's portrait is that most Left-oriented leaders are impelled by base motives, often kindled by frustration and the crippling of their humane instincts."

Anouilh is saying no such thing. He is saying, rather, that totalitarianism has a personality, and that one must learn to recognize it in the man one meets, whether he happens to be of one's own political persuasion or not. When men, whether of the Left or the Right, become possessed by their principles, by their ideology, they proceed to sacrifice their fellows to these abstractions.

Neither is Anouilh asking us to despise or pity Bitos. He is asking us to *understand* the process by which such men are created—the poverty, the humiliation, the rejection, and the contempt which they have met on every hand—the soul searing experiences which ultimately warp their personalities. Conrad Heiden's study, *Der Fuhrer*, contains a memorable passage on this point:

"Constantly humiliated and corrected by his father, receiving no protection against the mistreatment of outsiders, never recognized or appreciated, driven into a lurking silence—thus as a child, early sharpened by hard treatment, he seems to have grown accustomed to the idea that right is always on the side of the stronger."

The world reaps what it sows and sometimes the harvest can be immeasurably terrible.

The aristocratic Right is as unsparingly dissected as Bitos by Anouilh. He shows that their social position has rendered them blind and cold with the exception of Vulture-Mirabeau. Their hatred and torture of Bitos is founded on nothing more substantial than his lack of social grace and humble beginnings. This is not to say that Anouilh is a thorough-going democrat. His ideal is the mellow, liberal, humane, aristocratic personality, in this instance Vulture-Mirabeau, a scion of the old nobility. But it could also be Charles De Gaulle or Thomas Jefferson.

In one passage, Bitos-Robespierre says to Vulture-Mirabeau: "You are a genius. I am second rate. I am on the side of the second rate because we are more numerous. We are France." The other rejoins: "The millions you speak of merely inhabit the country. Six hundred great men created France."

The cast included James B. Douglas as Bitos-Robespierre; Ronald Long as Vulture-Mirabeau; Patrick Horgan as Maxime-Saint-Just; William Wintersole as Julien-Danton; Monty Landis as Bras-sac-Tallien; and Robert Casper as Philippe-Louis XVI. Casper also appeared as the Jesuit father in the fantasy scene. The play was directed by Malcolm Black. Scenery and costumes were by Michael Devine; the lighting by Myles Harmon.

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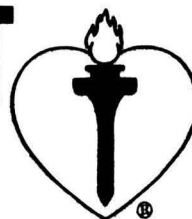
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