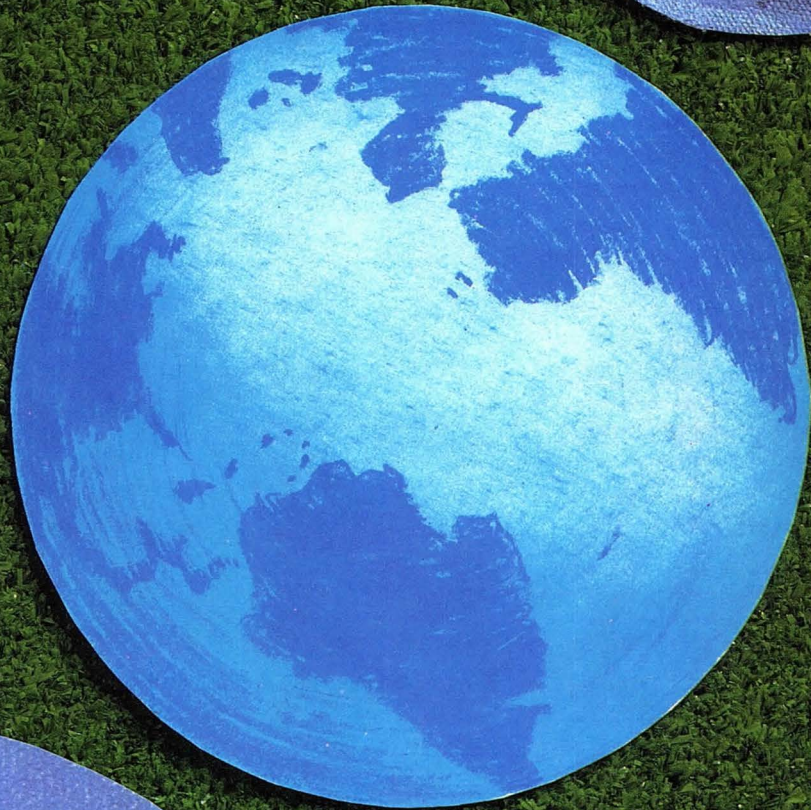


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Volume 1, Number 3
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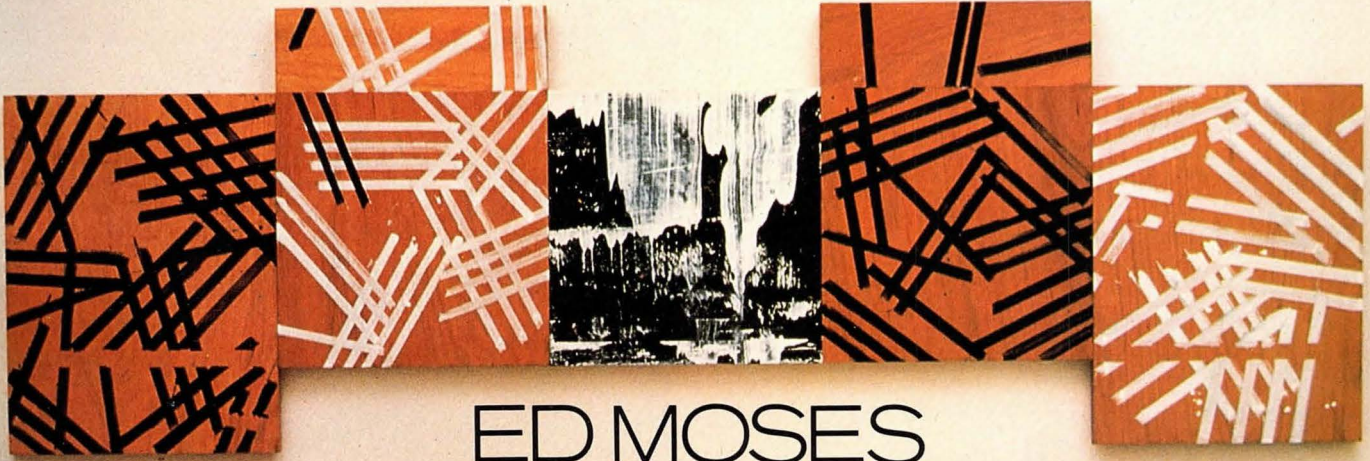
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► Please see page 58A for details.

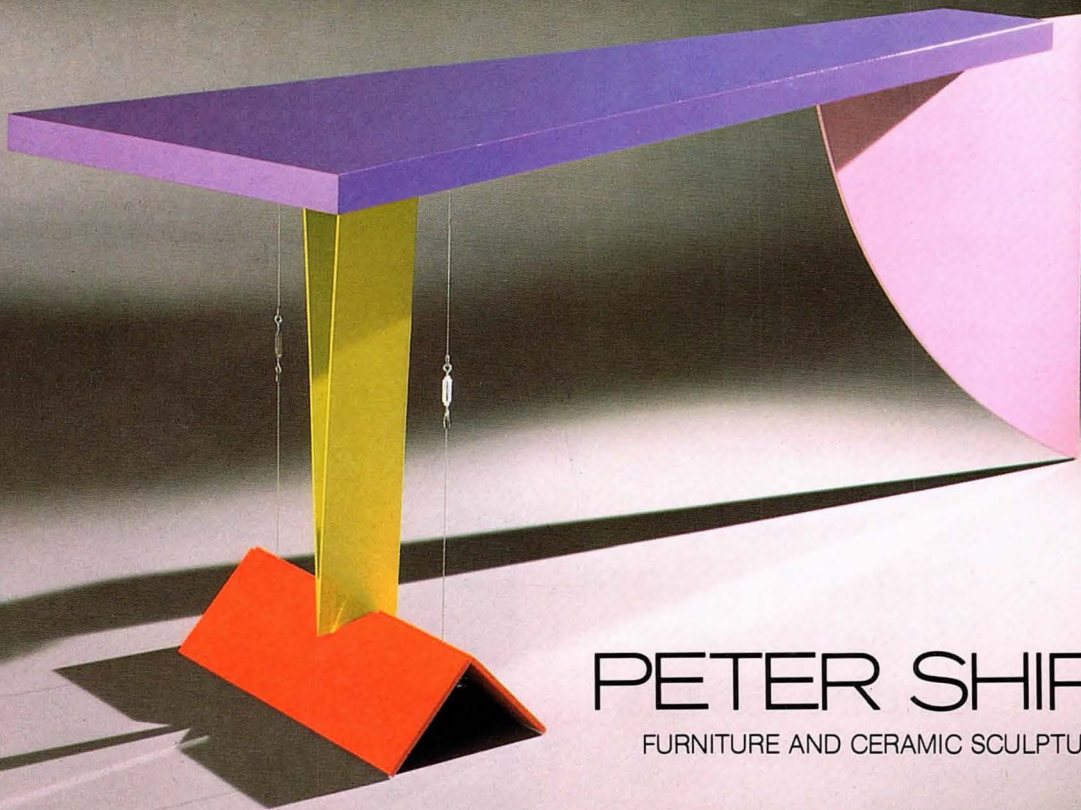
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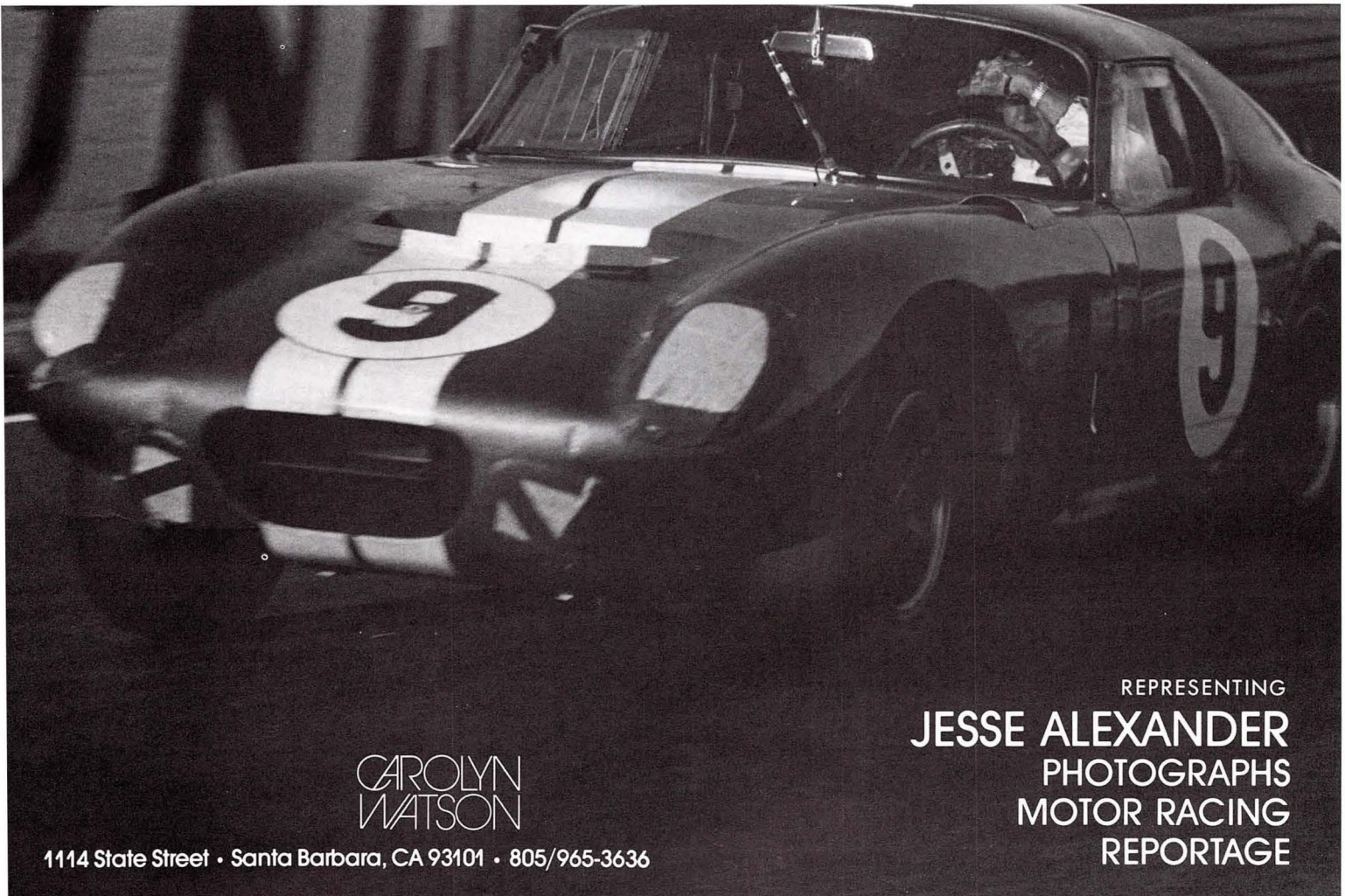
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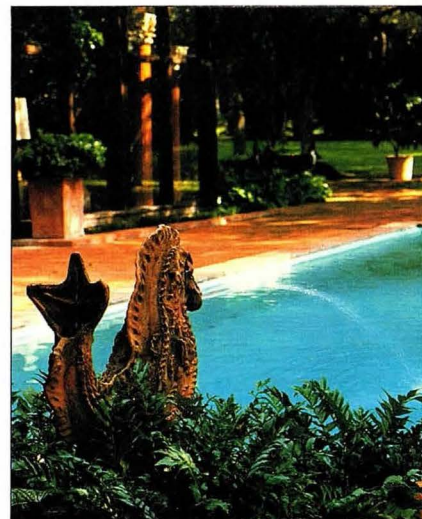
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Circle number 1 on Reader Inquiry Card

Progressive Architecture announces its 30th annual P/A Awards program. The purpose of this competition is to recognize and encourage outstanding work in architecture and related environmental design fields before it is executed. **Submissions** are invited in the three general categories of architectural design, urban design and planning, and applied architectural research. Designations of **first award**, **award**, and **citation** may be made by the invited jury, based on overall excellence and advances in the art.

Jury for the 30th P/A Awards

Architectural design: **George Baird**, architect, urban designer, author, Editor of *Trace*, Toronto; **Alan Chimacoff**, architect, Associate Professor of Architecture, Princeton University, Princeton, NJ; **Mark Mack**, architect, Batey & Mack, San Francisco, and lecturer, University of California, Berkeley, and Editor of *Archetype*; **James Stirling**, Hon. FAIA, James Stirling Michael Wilford & Associates, London; *Urban design and planning:* **Stanton Eckstut**, AIA, partner, Cooper Eckstut Associates, New York, and Director, Columbia University Urban Design Program; **John M. Woodbridge**, FAIA, architect and urban design consultant, Berkeley, CA; *Research:* **Sandra Howell**, PhD, MPH, Associate Professor of Behavioral Science, Department of Architecture, MIT, Cambridge; **Marietta Millet**, lighting consultant and Associate Professor of Architecture, University of Washington, Seattle.

Judging will take place in Stamford, CT, during September 1982. Winners will be notified—confidentially—before Oct. 1. First public announcement of the winners will be made at a presentation ceremony in New York in January 1983, and winning entries will be featured in the January 1983 P/A. Recognition will be extended to clients, as well as professionals responsible. P/A will arrange for coverage of winning entries in national and local press.

Eligibility

1 Architects and other environmental design professionals practicing in the U.S. or Canada may enter one or more submissions. Proposals may be for any location, but work must have been directed and substantially executed in U.S. and/or Canadian offices.

2 All entries must have been commissioned, for compensation, on behalf of a client with the power and intention to execute the proposal (or in the case of research and planning entries, to adopt it as policy). Work initiated to fulfill academic requirements is *not* eligible (but teams may include students).

3 Any project is ineligible if it has been, or will be before Feb. 1983, the subject of publication, on one full page or more, in *Architectural Record* or *AIA Journal*. Prior publication in P/A is not a factor.

4 Architectural design entries may include only buildings or complexes, new or remodeled, scheduled to be under any phase of construction during 1983.

5 Urban design and planning entries may include only proposals or reports accepted by the client for implementation before

PA Awards program 30th annual competition for projects not yet completed in architecture planning and research

Publication agreement

4 If the submission should win, the entrant agrees to make available further information, original drawings or model photographs as necessary, for publication in the May 1983 P/A and exhibition at NEOCON in Chicago.
5 P/A retains the rights to first publication

of winning designs and exhibition of all entries. Designer retains rights to actual design.

6 P/A assumes no obligation for designer's rights. Concerned designers are advised to document their work (date and authorship) and seek counsel on pertinent copy-right and patent protections.

Submission requirements

7 Submissions WILL NOT BE RETURNED.

8 Drawing(s) and/or model photo(s) of the design should be mounted *on one side only* of one 20" x 30" foamcore board presented horizontally. **ANY ENTRY NOT FOLLOWING THIS FORMAT WILL BE DISQUALIFIED.**

9 There are no limits to the number of illustrations mounted on the board, but all must be visible at once (no overlays to fold back). No actual models will be accepted. Only one design per board.

10 Each submission must include a 5" x 7" index card mounted on the front side of the board with the following information typed on it: intended dimensions of the piece of furniture, color(s), materials, components, brief description of important features, design assumptions, and intentions. This information is to be presented in English.

11 Each submission must be accompanied by an entry form, to be found on this page. Reproductions of this form are acceptable. All sections must be filled out (by typewriter, please). Insert entire form into unsealed envelope taped to the back of the submission board. P/A will seal stub of entry form in envelope before judging.

12 For purposes of jury procedures only, projects are to be assigned by the entrant to a category on the entry form. Please identify each entry as one of the following: Chair, Seating System, Sofa, Table, Desk, Work Station, Storage System, Lighting, Bed. If necessary, the category "Miscellaneous" may be designated.

13 Entry fee of \$25 must accompany each submission, inserted into unsealed envelope containing entry form (see 11 above). Make check or money order (no cash) payable to *Progressive Architecture*.

14 To maintain anonymity, no identification of the entrant may appear on any part of the submission, except on entry form. Designer should attach list of collaborators to be credited if necessary.

15 Packages can contain more than one entry; total number of boards must be indicated on front of package.

16 **Deadline for mailing** is January 26, 1983. Other methods of delivery are acceptable. Entries must show postmark or other evidence of being en route by deadline. Hand-delivered entries must be received at the address shown here by January 26.

Address entries to:

International Furniture Competition
Progressive Architecture
600 Summer St.
P.O. Box 1361
Stamford, CT 06904

Entry form: International Furniture Competition

Please fill out all parts and submit, intact, with each entry (see paragraph 11 of instructions). Use typewriter, please. Copies of this form may be used.

Entrant:
Address:

Entrant phone number:
Category:

Entrant:
Address:

Designer(s) responsible for this submission (identify individual roles if appropriate):

I confirm that the attached entry meets eligibility requirements (paragraph 1-3) and that stipulations of publication agreement (paragraphs 4-6 will be met. I verify that the submission is entirely the work of those listed on this form (or an attached list as necessary).

Signature _____

Name (typed) _____

Furniture Competition Progressive Architecture

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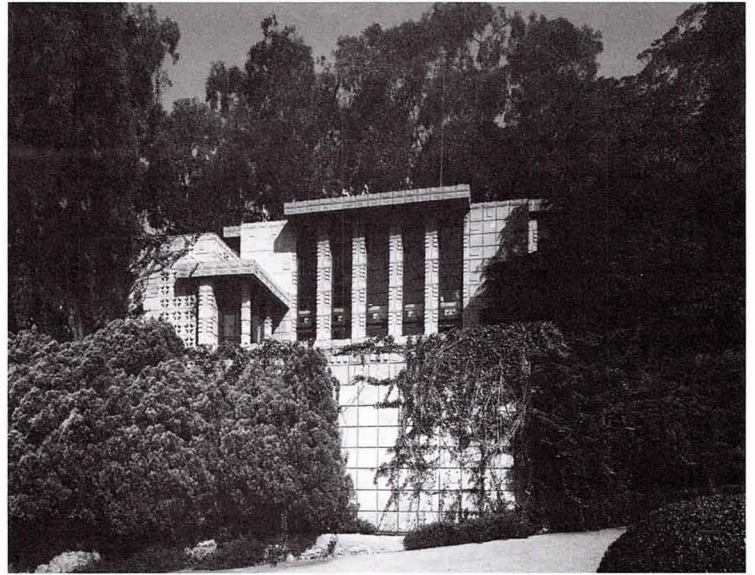
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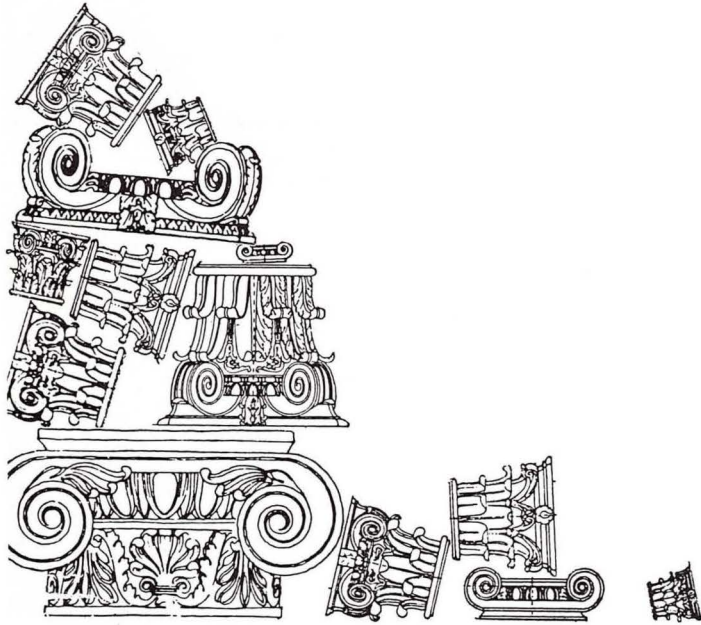


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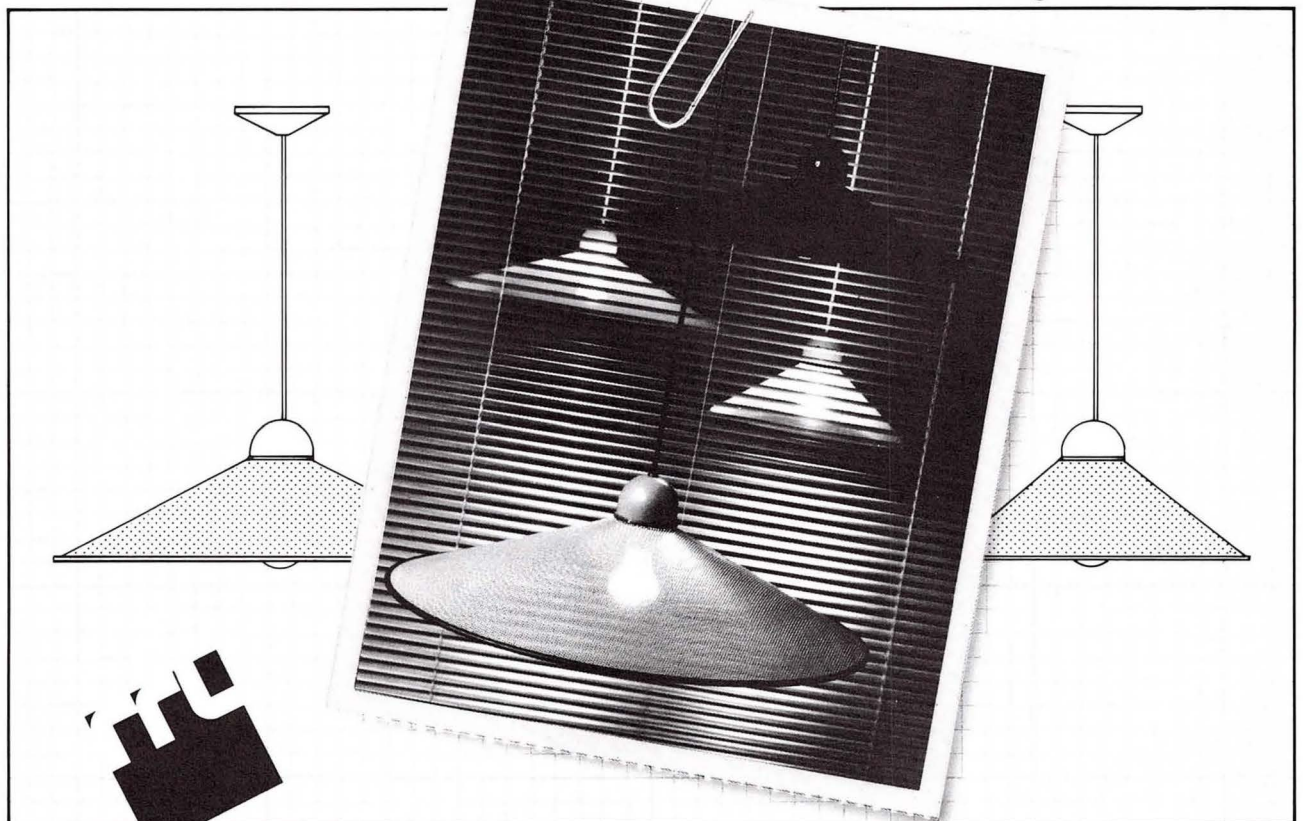
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<i>Publisher</i>	Arts and Architecture Magazine Inc., a nonprofit corporation. The Schindler House, 835 N. Ki Road, Los Angeles, California 90069. (213) 651-3112.
<i>Printer</i>	Continental Graphics, Lithograph Division, 2411 Santa Fe Avenue, Redondo Beach, California 90278.
<i>Subscription Rates/Annual</i>	\$21.00, individual, including postage and printing, U.S., Canada and Mexico. \$30.00, institutional, including postage and printing, U.S., Canada and Mexico. Outside U.S. please add \$15.00 air mail.

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Cover by Ed Ruscha.
Three Worlds? Yes, Three Worlds, 1982.
Mixed media (colored pencil on paper,
oil on canvas, and lithograph on paper)
on Astroturf. Especially created for
Arts and Architecture.

Arts and Architecture

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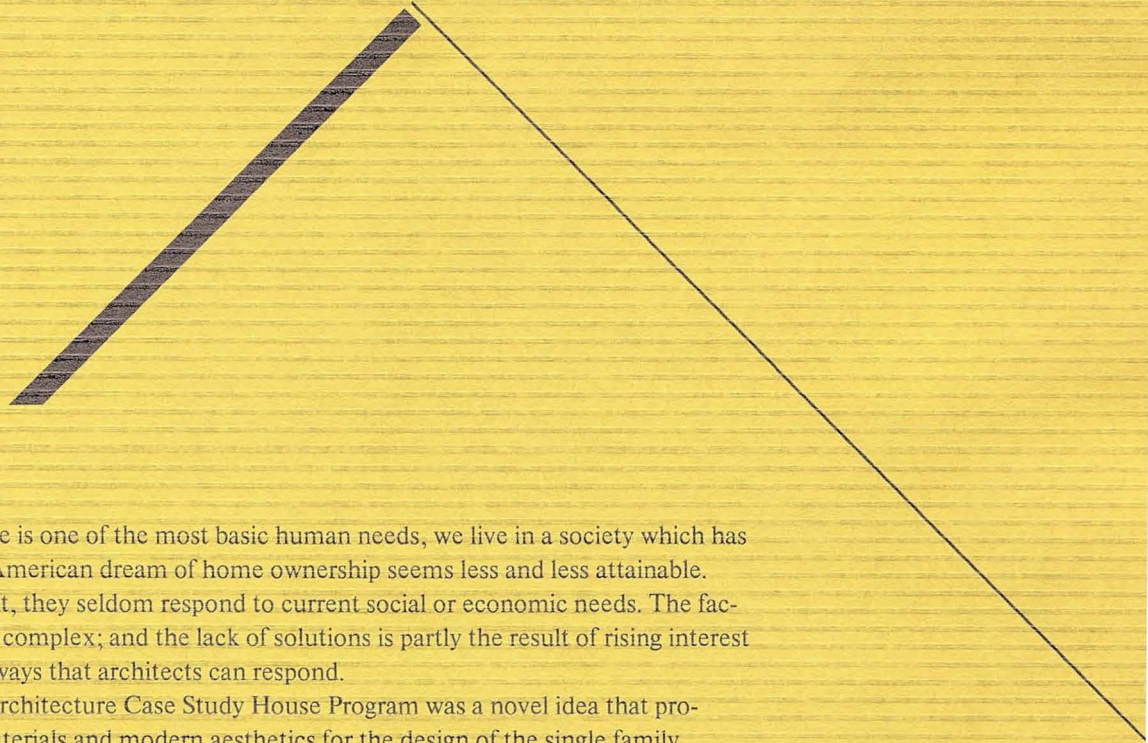
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Errata:
John Margolies' photographs
Volume 1, Number 2 should have
been credited to John Margolies,
ESTO.
The photographs on pages 66 and 68
Volume 1, Number 2 should have
been credited to Julius Shulman.

NOTES IN PASSING



Although a place to live is one of the most basic human needs, we live in a society which has a housing problem. The cherished American dream of home ownership seems less and less attainable. Although new houses are being built, they seldom respond to current social or economic needs. The factors which created this situation are complex; and the lack of solutions is partly the result of rising interest rates and land costs. But, there are ways that architects can respond.

The original Arts and Architecture Case Study House Program was a novel idea that promoted the use of mass produced materials and modern aesthetics for the design of the single family house. It also championed new ideas about site planning, indoor/outdoor living and "open plan." Although at the time local architects did not see the Case Study Houses as unique, to outside observers the program symbolized an entirely new attitude toward the single family house.

The housing problem today is different than it was in the forties, fifties and sixties. The traditional four-person nuclear family is no longer the norm. People live in more varied domestic situations, they move more often, and need flexible living arrangements. The traditional concept of the single family house needs to be reconsidered.

In order to evolve more relevant forms of housing, architects must become instigators as well as designers, less absorbed in pure issues of style and more concerned with content. They also need to become involved in the economic mechanisms which make housing happen, to see the current situation as a challenge rather than an obstacle.

Arts and Architecture magazine hopes to make housing a major editorial concern; and in this issue we examine the work of several architects who have taken a lead. Their efforts, while not yet fully realized, point toward a more active role for the designer. Milica Dedijer-Mihich, wanting an inexpensive and energy efficient place to live, designed and built her own house on a tiny infill lot in Venice, California. An urban house sandwiched onto a miniscule piece of land, it provides surprisingly generous standards of interior space. In nearby Santa Monica, several young architects have acted as their own developers for a group of townhouse condominiums. Although the houses reflect the inflated land costs of their fashionable location, they provide a high standard of design, space and light, without any cost premium.

With this issue of Arts and Architecture we begin a continuing examination of housing, exploring the problems and potentials of new ideas. We hope that this investigation will act as a catalyst for further experimentation.



Barbara Goldstein
August 1982

ARIZONA

Heard Museum
22 East Monte Vista Road, Phoenix,
35004. (602) 252-8848

September 18–November 28:
**Native American Painting: Selections
from the Museum of the American
Indian**

A traveling exhibition illustrating the
development of Native American work,
from its origin in the 19th century to
the present day. Around 50 works will
be presented, by artists including Fred
Kabotie, Ernest Spybuck, Jerome
Tiger, and Monroe Tsatoke.

Tucson Museum of Art
40 North Main Avenue, Tucson,
5705. (602) 624-2333

Through September 3:
Arizona Biennial '82
A celebration of work by Arizona
artists. One hundred forty-eight pieces
have been chosen as the best in paint-
ing, drawing, photography, mixed
media, printing, craft and sculpture.

CALIFORNIA

Artisans
78 East Blithedale, Mill Valley, 94941.

September 7–October:
The Birth Project
Initial needleworks completed by the
Birth Project, a participatory art-making
group founded by Judy Chicago. The
birth process involves the translation of
Chicago's ideas on birth and creation
into works of thread, by people all over
the country. The finished products will
be accompanied by supporting
documentation.

California Academy of Sciences
Golden Gate Park, San Francisco,
94118. (415) 221-4214

Through September 6:
**Ansel Adams: The 80th Birthday
Retrospective and The Unknown
Ansel Adams**
Birthday tributes to the pioneering
modern photographer. The first show
surveys his career in 120 works dating
from 1919 to 1979. The second casts
new light on Adams' work with 60
images culled from his negative files
and never before exhibited.

Craft and Folk Art Museum
5814 Wilshire Boulevard, Los Angeles,
90036

August 4–September 12:
**American Porcelain: New Expressions
in an Ancient Art**

An extensive catalogue of contem-
porary work. One hundred-eight
objects from different artists were
chosen to illustrate a variety of forms
and techniques. Their purposes range
from utilitarian to esthetic, and they
include tableware, assorted vessels,
and sculpture.

M. H. de Young Memorial Museum
Golden Gate Park, San Francisco,
94118. (415) 558-2887

September 11–November 14:
Max Klinger
Prints by the important 19th century
German artist noted for his anticipa-
tion of surrealism.

Through October 3:
**The Bay Area Collects: Art from
Africa, Oceania, and the Americas**
One hundred objects of applied art from
private collections in San Francisco.
The pieces were chosen on the basis of
esthetic quality; and so while the exhi-
bition does not achieve a cultural bal-
ance, it does communicate the
strengths of local collections.

La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art
700 Prospect Street, La Jolla, 92037.
(714) 454-3541

September 4–October 24:
Italian Re-Evolution: Design in the 80s
Five hundred objects created between
1945 and 1981 which document Italian
industrial, commercial and domestic
design. The show is more than a mere
catalogue, for it includes the recreation
of various Italian scenes, such as the
car, church, bar and market, which
encourage the viewer to understand the
artifacts within the context of Italian
urban culture.

Los Angeles County Museum of Art
5905 Wilshire Boulevard, Los Angeles,
90036. (213) 857-6111

Through September 26:
**An American Perspective: 19th Century
Art from the Collection of Jo Ann and
Julian Ganz, Jr.**
An outstanding private collection of
American art offering a distinctive view
of 19th century taste through more
than 100 paintings, watercolors, and
sculptures. The Ganz collection defines
this country's mid-19th century aca-
demic tradition of precise rendering
and high finish, and reflects the ideal-
ism of America's Victorian age. Important
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Blackboard and John Singer Sargent's
The Sulphur Match.

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Through October 31:

Studio Work: Photographs by Ten Los Angeles Artists

Eighty-one works by Jerry Burchfield, Jack Butler, JoAnn Callis, Ron Cooper, Eileen Cowin, Barbara Kasten, Michael Levine, Stanley Mock, Patrick Nagatani and Leland Rice. This show demonstrates the wide variety of experimental studio images that have been produced in Los Angeles during the last five years.

Los Angeles Municipal Art Gallery
4804 Hollywood Boulevard, Los Angeles, 90027. (213) 660-2200

September 14–October 10:

Paul Wonner: Abstract Realist

Oils, acrylics, watercolors, gouaches and drawings by a California artist spanning the period from 1958 to 1981. The early work is evidence of Wonner's association with the Bay Area school of figurative painters; the later of his admiration for Dutch still lifes.

Oakland Museum
1000 Oak Street, Oakland, 94607.
(415) 273-3402

August 7–October 17:

100 Years of California Sculpture

Survey coincides with the Twelfth International Sculpture Conference, also in Oakland.

San Francisco Museum of Modern Art
Van Ness Avenue at McAllister Street,
San Francisco, 94102. (415) 863-8800

Through September 19:

Twenty American Artists: Sculpture 1982

A biennial survey of new work coinciding this year with the Twelfth International Sculpture Conference in Oakland. Artists include Lita Albuquerque, Scott Burton, Mark di Suvero, Michael Heizer, Edward Kienholz, Bruce Nauman, Isamu Noguchi, Georgia O'Keeffe, Claes Oldenburg, Joel Shapiro, Michael Todd and William Wiley. Many of the works have never been publicly exhibited.

Through September 26:

Collage and Assemblage

Work selected from this museum's permanent collection. Since its invention at the beginning of the 20th century, collage has been a part of every major art movement. Examples in this show by Joseph Cornell, Edward Kienholz and Bruce Conner show how American artists have expanded a flat medium into its three-dimensional equivalent: assemblage.

September 3–November 7:

Contemporary Color Photography

Color comes out of the closet. Using contrived settings and developing techniques, Mary Ahrendt, Reed Estabrook, Bernard Faucon, Vahe Guzelimian, David Haxton, MANUAL, Lucas Samaras, Cindy Sherman and David White all manipulate their subjects to create images which finally are giving color photography the acceptance it lacked.

September 9–November 7:

Images of America: Precisionist Painting and Modern Photography

First major study of Precisionism in 20 years. One hundred-sixty works demonstrate the influence of 34 artists on each other. Among the painters represented are Ralston Crawford, Charles Demuth and Georgia O'Keeffe; photographers include Paul Strand, Alfred Stieglitz and Ansel Adams.

Schindler House
835 North Kings Road, Los Angeles, 90069.

July 10–September 30:

Juan O'Gorman

Memorial photographic exhibition of work by the Mexican architect and muralist who died last January. (See article on page 36.)

University Art Galleries
University of Southern California,
University Park, Los Angeles, 90007.
(213) 743-2799

September 12–October 23:

Edvard Munch: Paradox of Woman

Woodcuts, lithographs and etchings assembled around the theme of Munch's ambivalent fascination with the female. The works show women assorted roles and in various forms of psychological distress. On view will be some of the artist's most famous works: *Madonna*, *The Scream*, *Vampire*, and *Sphinx*. All pieces are taken from the largest private holding of Munch prints in the country, the Epstein Collection.

■ C O L O R A D O

Denver Art Museum
100 West 15th Avenue Parkway,
Denver, 80204. (303) 575-2295.

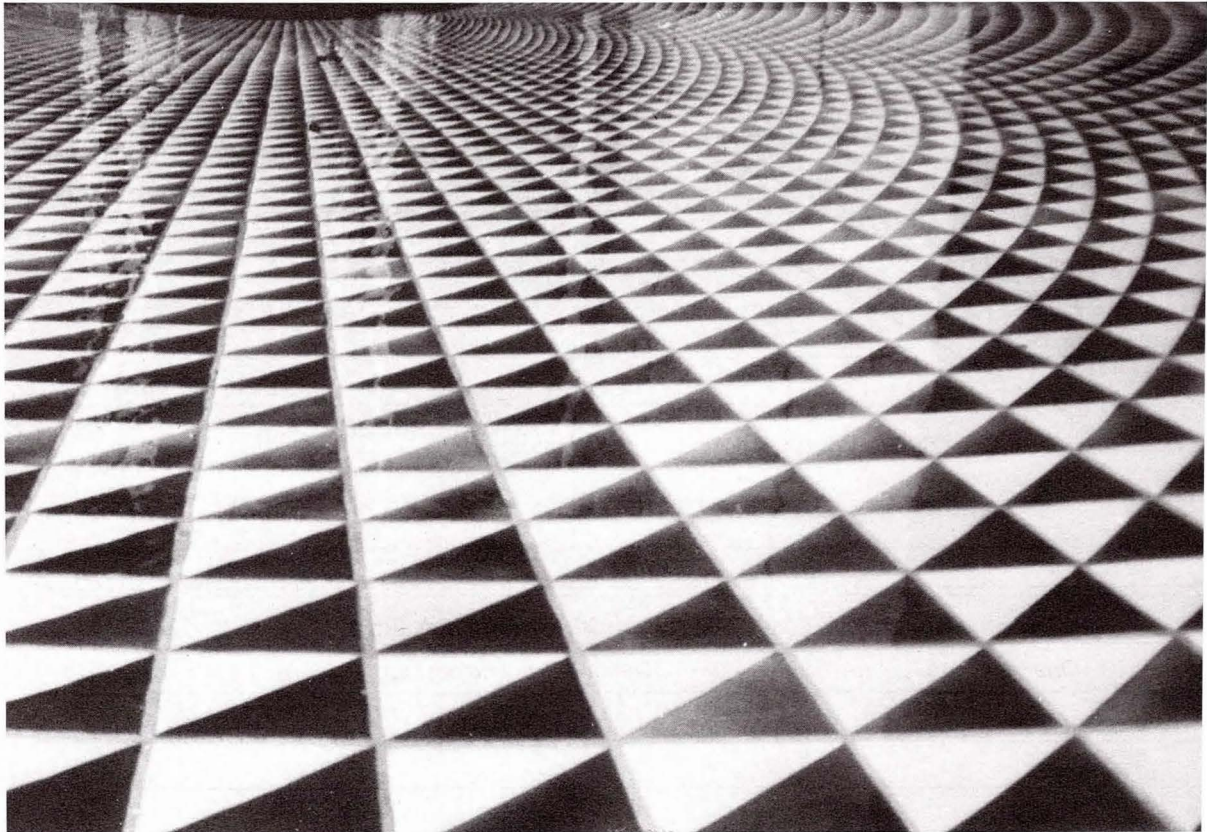
August 3–October 31:

Outdoor Sculpture

Five large pieces in stone, steel, pipe, tackle and polyurethane, commissioned for the recently renovated sculpture garden of this museum. The artists are Elaine Calzolari, Charles Parsons, Robert Mangold, Chris Byars and Richard Miles.

CUSTOM-MADE TILE

Fifty-two rows of tile tapering from one inch to 12 inches in increments of 1/8". Glazed in blue and white. Placed in two shallow reflecting pools at the base of the Security Pacific Bank Headquarters, Los Angeles. SWA Group, Landscape Architects, Sausalito, California.



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(415) 332-3732

Circle number 7 on Reader Inquiry Card

August 24–October 10:

Colorado Photographers

Charles Roitz, Myron Wood, Ronald Vohlauer and W. S. Sutton shoot wide open spaces; Vidie Lange explores tinsel town; and Rich Baume documents urban decay in Denver.

■ **N E W M E X I C O**

Maxwell Museum of Anthropology
University of New Mexico, Albuquerque, 87131. (505) 277-4404.

Through September 19:

Fiestas of San Juan Nuevo

Fiestas of San Juan Nuevo: Ceremonial Art from Michoacan, Mexico

A recreation of five annual religious festivals in the town of San Juan Nuevo. The 300 artifacts employed are rarely seen apart from the occasion of their creation, and include costumes, masks, ceramics, household furnishings, and ceremonial art objects such as dough ornaments, flower and paper decorations, candles, and lace.

Museum of New Mexico
New Mexico Museum of Fine Arts,
107 Palace Avenue, Santa Fe, 87503.
(505) 982-6400

September 10–December 5:

Larry Bell Retrospective

Early paintings, glass sculpture, maquettes of installations, furniture, and vapor drawings, representing 20 years of work for the artist. The vapor drawings, some of Bell's most unusual creations, consist of minerals, such as quartz, aluminum or silicon monoxide, affixed to a ground of paper or glass by means of a vacuum press. The result is a prismatic effect of color and light.

■ **T E X A S**

Contemporary Arts Museum
5216 Montrose Boulevard, Houston,
77006. (713) 526-3129

Through October 3:

The Americans: Collage 1950–1982

Second in a series organized by this museum to examine traditional topics in American art. This show will demonstrate the American development of collage in over 150 works by more than 60 artists, including Billy Al Bengston, Judy Pfaff, Jasper Johns, Robert Rauschenberg, Julian Schnabel, and Cy Twombly.

Dallas Museum of Fine Arts
Fair Park, Dallas, 75226. (214) 421-4187

Through September 12:

Counterparts: Form and Emotion in Photographs

One hundred master prints from the collection of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. The exhibition is notable for its unusual format: the grouping together of two or three works by different photographers in order to provoke a comparison by the viewer. The exhibition is a tribute to Alfred Stieglitz, whose donation formed the basis of the Metropolitan's photography collection. It was his fondness for comparing the work of his artist friends that influenced the arrangement of this show.

Huntington Art Gallery
University of Texas at Austin, Austin,
78712. (512) 471-7324

September 26–November 14:

The Painter and the Printer: Robert Motherwell's Graphics

A comprehensive survey of the artist's graphic work from 1961 to 1980. Better known for paintings and collage, Motherwell began making prints partly to escape the loneliness of his studio. He is the only early Abstract Expressionist to work extensively in graphics.

■ **W A S H I N G T O N**

Seattle Art Museum
Volunteer Park, Seattle, 98112.
(206) 447-4710

Through September 6:

Arthur Dove and Duncan Phillips: Artist and Patron

An exhibition of work by painter Arthur Dove, and an investigation of his relationship to patron Duncan Phillips. Dove was one of the artists most associated with Stieglitz's gallery, An American Place. Phillips was the devoted supporter who, in his own words, found in Dove's work "that art whose appeal was exclusively visual." This show, organized by the Phillips Collection in Washington, D.C., includes two of Dove's little known charcoals, as well as various pastels, constructions, watercolors, and many oils.

September 2–October 17:

Deborah Butterfield

Seven new life-size sculptures of horses, made of steel wire, air-conditioning duct and wood. In the words of the artist, "the horses . . . are the most recent in a progression of work using found materials. . . . These horses are no longer hollow shells but are built up from within and reveal the interior space"

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ARNESON'S BUST

On December 7, 1981, the San Francisco Art Commission voted 7-3 to reject a sculpture of former Mayor George Moscone who had been assassinated in 1978. Half the fee had already been paid to sculptor Robert Arneson. He was asked to return it. The story made Page One headlines and the *San Francisco Chronicle* set up a call-in public opinion poll which drew a heavy public response, averaging 15 calls a minute during the 24-hour period the poll was open. Sixty-one percent of the 22,314 callers answered "No" to the question "Do you like the Moscone sculpture?" while 39 percent said "Yes." The opinions of artists and critics poured in spontaneously. On the surface, it was a controversy between artists advocating free expression and politicians demanding good taste and decorum.

The bust was intended for the main lobby of the brand new 126.5 million dollar Moscone Convention Center. The former Mayor had worked to get this facility as a boost to the city's important convention industry. The sculpture consisted of two parts, a bust showing the Mayor's head, and a pedestal. Described by the artist as a "montage of graffiti, something like the New York City subways," the pedestal contained bright red glazed bullet holes, the imprint of a Smith and Wesson .38, and the yellow mark of a cream-filled Twinkie to symbolize the diminished capacity "Twinkie defense" used by convicted assassin Dan White's counsel. Other comments included personal expressions of the Mayor such as "Duck soup" and "Is everybody having fun?" and allusions to the assassin, "He hated to lose" and "Oh, Danny boy," the place of the murder (Room 237), lax security at City Hall ("Leaky as a sieve") and the words "Bang, Bang, Bang" (three shots had been fired). The Mayor's wife, Gina Moscone, was reportedly shocked by the pedestal and, at her request, it was covered by a red shroud on opening day.

The sculptor was unfazed by the controversy. He did not attend the Commission hearings and instead went to New York to attend the opening of his show at the Whitney. Before leaving, Arneson made it clear that he was unwilling to modify the work or separate the bust from the pedestal. He

vowed he would "Do a Mickey Mouse before he bowed to any pressure to change the piece. "This work is not being redone," he declared. "I've made a total, complete artistic statement." He added that no San Francisco official had the authority to "deface a work of art" and a negative response by any member of the Art Commission would be "irrelevant." He intimated that an attempt to separate the bust from the pedestal would probably result in a lawsuit since "You can't damage a work of art."

The San Francisco Art Commission found itself caught between opposing forces. On the one side were politicians, local citizens, and the former Mayor's widow who found the work in bad taste, and on the other were found most members of the art community who supported a commissioned artist's right to make a complete statement without modification. Commissioners were annoyed that the controversy centered upon a pedestal whose form they had not expected. The artist had submitted some "sketchy" preliminary drawings without revealing his plans for the graffiti comments. The Commission decided that in effect the artist had delivered something other than what they had contracted for since he was unwilling to change the piece, they had no alternative but to remove the work and ask for their money back.

Among the specific issues raised in the controversy was the apparent deception of the artist in not informing his clients of his plans for the pedestal. It is a reasonable guess that the sculptor would never have received the commission had he revealed them in advance and that he therefore kept silent in the hopes of creating a work of art that would deal with important themes in American life. Professional artists do not have a code of ethics requiring full disclosure of intent and the legal aspects of the case would only be considered by the courts if either party sued the other for breach of contract, which neither saw fit to do. The issue of intent is clouded by the sculptor's reputation by doing cartoon-like images and caricatures. Arneson's favorite type of work is the self-portrait and among these are grotesque portrayals of himself sticking out his

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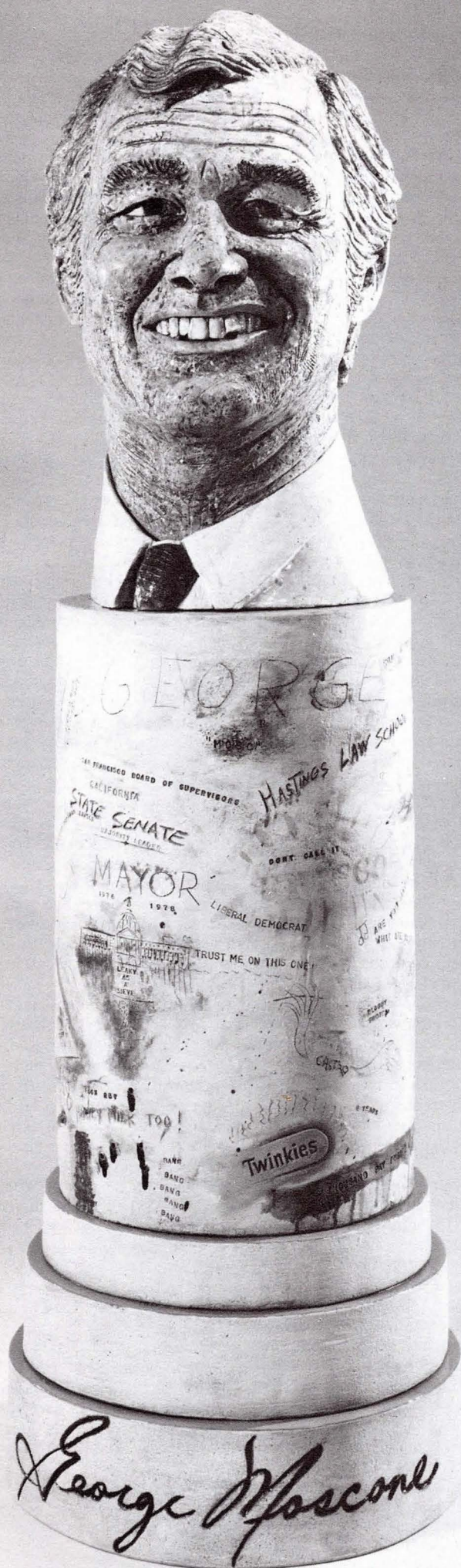
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tongue, chewing a cigar, whistling, and vomiting. His earlier pieces include a life-size sculpture of a toilet and a six-pack of beer. Terms such as funky, cynical, and macabre run through reviews of his work. To the degree that the Commissioners should have been able to anticipate the final product from the artist's previous work, they did get what they bargained for in terms of a representative piece of sculpture.

Another specific issue was the appropriateness of the work as a commemorative piece in a memorial building. *Sacramento Bee* critic Blake Samson castigated the complete work—bust, pedestal, and all—as its unsuitability for its intended purposes. Samson regarded the pedestal as “in obvious bad taste, sensational, and an insult to the former Mayor’s memory” while the bust itself was “in coarse, garish, cartoon-style . . . with the features crassly handled . . . color and glazing sloppy.” Samson reflected the traditional view that a memorial should convey the best side of a person’s life. Memorial paintings of notable individuals show them at the prime of life rather than old, wrinkled, or writhing in pain from an assassin’s bullet. An exception is found in crucifixion art. Immolation is part of the Christ legend and countless artists have depicted this in painting and sculpture. However, this does not apply to political leaders. Few, if any, portraits of Abraham Lincoln or John F. Kennedy show them with mortal wounds even though their deaths are the subject of considerable mythology and controversy. In depicting the bloody end to the Mayor’s career, Arneson violated conventional expectations about the form of a memorial to a political figure.

Amidst these specific controversies over style and decorum, larger issues of the nature of public art were obscured. The sculptor and his supporters showed little recognition of any difference between a commission for a public building and one for a private client. Gallery Director Price Amerson referred to “so-called public art” as if this were merely studio art displayed in a public location. Arneson’s colleague, Ralph Johnson, saw the controversy as an attempted infringement on the artist’s freedom of speech. The arts community reacted strongly out of the fear that once limits to artistic expression were established, they would quickly spread.

The Art Commission was not attempting to interfere with anything that the sculptor did in his studio for sale to private clients. They were not objecting to Arneson’s right to caricature the former Mayor or exhibit the work. The notoriety increased both the value of the sculpture and the artist’s reputation many times over. The Art Commission suffered from the affair in its seeming laxity in not supervising the contract more closely and in hiring an artist with a reputation for producing ironic work to do a memorial piece. It also lost esteem in the arts community for appearing to cave in to political

pressure. However, all was not negative. The controversy brought visibility to the arts. It has been a long time since sculpture made prime time TV news.

The debate opened raw wounds left by the assassination of a popular Mayor by a former member of the Board of Supervisors. Memories of the assassination and its aftermath still percolate into consciousness. The California Legislature recently passed a bill limiting the diminished capacity defense used successfully during the trial. At the time that he shot the Mayor, the assassin also gunned down fellow Board member Harvey Milk, the first avowed homosexual Supervisor in the city’s history. White’s conviction on the lesser manslaughter charge provoked riots in the gay community and subsequent charges of police brutality in suppressing the disturbances. Many local residents, including current Mayor Dianne Feinstein who was in City Hall when both Moscone and Milk were shot, wanted to put the tragedy behind them and remember the warmth, humor, and earthy qualities of George Moscone. The sculpture was forcing them to confront the assassination whether they wanted to or not. Although sculptor Robert Arneson based his public defense on self-expression and artistic license, he was attempting to educate the public about the violent nature of American political life.

What is so intensely frustrating to me about the entire controversy is that I like the work, admire the artist for having the strength of his convictions, agree with the messages (anti-violence, anti-gun, irreverence towards political office), but I also decry the artist’s deception in not informing the Art Commission of what he was doing and for creating a work unsuitable for its context. The artist produced a stronger and better sculpture than what was called for in the commission. In commissioning an artist with a strong reputation for Pop Art statements to do a memorial piece, the Art Commissioners may have confused Pop Art with Populism, hoping that the artist’s style would catch the earthiness of George Moscone, but such hopes overlooked the cynicism and sarcasm of Pop Art. Warhol’s famous Campbell’s soup can was not celebrating the advanced technology of the American food industry or the nutritional value and unabashed good taste of hot tomato soup on a cold day, but instead used it to symbolize the banality of American culture. The Art Commission also failed to educate the sculptor as to the compromises required in public art between personal expression and creativity on the one hand and functionality and public acceptance on the other.

Public art does not need to be bland or second-rate. The church paintings of the Middle Ages were strong expressive pieces that suited and did not overshadow their surroundings. The distinguishing characteristics of public art are that the client, location, surroundings, and the audience are known in advance. This knowledge

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imposes special responsibilities on the artist. With studio work that is created for an anonymous client and an unknown location, it is the purchaser who is responsible for ensuring that the work fits context and audience. A work can be as garish and provocative as the artist chooses to make it without the artist being concerned about its appropriateness for a particular site. The studio artist must still be concerned about its aesthetic appropriateness, but not in relation to any particular location or audience.

The mandate of the Art Commission in approving proposals for public buildings derives as much from the use of public space as from the use of public monies. The source of funds can actually be irrelevant, as in the case of the controversial Vietnam Memorial whose design was paid for by Texas millionaire H. Ross Perot. If the Moscone bust had been donated by outside sources, it would still have been controversial. People who work inside a public building or pass by on their way to other places cannot escape the art placed there. The role of the artist in raising the public consciousness on important social issues must be balanced against the impact of the work on the people who cannot avoid exposure to it. Consultation with the people affected or at least their representatives, in the form of a public agency or arts council, is an important responsibility of the artist who creates art for a public location.

Advance knowledge of setting and audience is both a challenge and a burden to the painter or sculptor charged with the task of creating public art. The challenge is to integrate creativity and personal expression on the one hand with community values and function on the other. The need for this type of integration makes the task of the serious public artist more difficult than that of the studio artist who need only bring together muse and medium. The public artist must expand the dialogue to include the cacophony of the community. This is no invitation to lesser art but a challenge to create art in a broader social and environmental context.

A dialogue is necessary among artists, critics, sponsors, and arts commissioners to clarify the special nature of public art. If sculptors and painters interpret every suggestion from potential viewers as an infringement upon their presumed absolute freedom of expression, then we will indeed have second-rate public art. In accepting a commission from a public body to create a particular type of work for display in a public location, the artist may feel higher loyalties to the muse or to some political cause, but to follow these and neglect the original charge is a violation of public trust and probably of contract.

San Francisco lost an opportunity to acquire and display an important piece of sculpture. Art Commissioner Dmetri Vedensky maintained that the work was "of such great distinction that

it would be a crime for the city of San Francisco to lose it." I would have preferred either of two possible solutions. The first would be to keep the bust in the Convention Center but cover up the pedestal as was done on opening day. The hidden pedestal would have latent messages for the knowledgeable viewer and serve as a time capsule for future generations who could remove the cover when passions subsided. A conventional portrayal might easily be relegated to a storeroom at some future time, but this work will continue to stir comment whenever it is shown. Another option was to accept the work and then display it in a museum rather than in the Convention Center. The Commission would then have to face the criticism that they had purchased work that they had not ordered and that mocked the former Mayor and offended public sensibilities. Instead, the Commissioners decided to cut their losses, reject the statue which the artist was unwilling to modify, and ask for their money back.

Arneson believes that artists should play a role in raising public awareness. In terms of engaging the public consciousness, his work deserves high marks. It succeeded as memorial, but only in the technical sense of helping people to remember something. However, there was a crucial difference between what the artist and his critics wanted to remember. It is worth noting that the ceramic he himself shows no sign of the assassination. All the gore and messages are contained on the pedestal. This is a compromise between the artist's conception of a memorial and his desire to make us learn something from the Mayor's death. However, the compromise proved unpalatable to those who held the more traditional view of a memorial piece.

After the Art Commission refused to accept the statue, events flowed with bewildering rapidity. Arneson gave back the \$18,500 and sought another buyer. An offer of \$50,000 from a Chicago resident was reported, but the artist preferred a local buyer. In mid-April 1982, the Moscone bust was sold to Foster Goldstrom, owner of a San Francisco art gallery, for \$50,000, which was \$12,000 more than Arneson would have received from the Art Commission. Because of the public interest in the work, Goldstrom said he would allow the piece to travel around to nearby galleries for the next 10-15 years.

Robert Sommer, a Professor of Architecture at the University of California at Davis, is the author of several books, including Personal Space, Design Awareness, and Street Art.

The MIT Press

Dreamhouses

Building the Dream: A Social History of Housing in America by Gwendolyn Wright, Pantheon Books, 1981, 329 pp., hardbound \$18.50. Reviewed by Diane C. Elvenstar.

Building the Dream by Gwendolyn Wright weaves between insightful evaluations of housing trends since America's early settlers, and a dry and repetitious recitation of boring facts. As a chronicler of history, pulling together diverse and plentiful research on housing styles, Wright is masterful. As an entertaining writer—well, at least here are the photographs.

In the case of this book, one picture is worth a thousand words. Thankfully, Wright describes the jumble of bric-a-brac and fashionable architectural ornamentation littering a typical middle-class Victorian living room—then captures it all in a frozen moment eavesdropping on Dr. J. G. Bailey's home. A woman, presumably Mrs. Bailey, reads her newspaper, nearly lost in a statury of nymphs, paintings propped on easels, the bust of a muscled gentleman and much more, uttered confusingly around her. Then Wright enriches the scene with tasty detail about daily use of this space, and now concern for the elaborate even hurried to Fanny Farmer's recipe for meatloaf in crackers wrapped like a box.

It is in these moments when people's lives become real, when the interaction between static walls, furniture and floorplans is crystalized, that *Building the Dream* shines. Here we glimpse families not so different from our own, striving to make the best of varying social circumstances while expressing individuality and pride.

Wright also contributes with her direct, no punches pulled assessments of social, political and psychological influences on housing throughout U.S. history. She discusses all social strata and answers questions about historical matters that now seem removed from our experience. Why were slaves used in rows of barracks? So plantation owners could maintain strict authority and control, squelching possibility of insurrectionary reminders of African freedom. Unpleasant social footnotes are tackled squarely: plantation owners believed blacks felt no emotions or physical pain; condescending social reformers at the turn of the century leveled tenements, displacing thousands and ignoring the order and carefully conceived aesthetic" within.

At times, however, Wright comes bogged down in political explanations, and presents the same a redundantly. It is as if whenever we found rich sources of information, she couldn't resist mining them of every notation, despite their failure to enhance the overall flow and direction of her work. Wright also tends to offer theories and ideas without sufficient

explanation, such as her casual mention of Taylorism in reference to twentieth century efficiency in homes, assuming the reader is familiar with the content of "scientific management" Taylor pioneered.

The most lively section of *Building the Dream* focuses on the future rather than the past. Wright looks ahead to possibilities for housing in the 1980s, citing the growing power of women, changes in family structures, grassroots politics and changing economic policies. The textbook-like recount of history becomes a discussion of contradictory and complimentary social forces fascinating to the reader because they're readily observable now. Wright prefers to let facts speak rather than directly offering her opinion, but it is clear she sees cooperation and assistance for those excluded from the tightening housing market as keys to resolving inevitable squeezes.

It's unfortunate that Wright's assessment of the present situation doesn't precede her lengthy history. If the dessert had come before the hearty but sometimes indigestible meal, *Building the Dream* might appeal not only to academics and those involved in architecture, but to anyone curious about their domestic surroundings.

Diane C. Elvenstar is a social psychologist and the director of Learning/Communications Center.

Feminist Housing

The Grand Domestic Revolution by Dolores Hayden, MIT Press, 1981, 384 pp., hardbound \$19.95, paperback \$9.95. Reviewed by Laura Chase.

The ideas of the Modern Movement, including faith in the liberating possibilities of technology and a conviction that the future will be better, have recently come into question. But although the present engenders pessimism about the future, most people still accept the idea of "progress": even if the world isn't getting better, ideas and technology are at least becoming more sophisticated and developed. Dolores Hayden's book, *The Grand Domestic Revolution*, challenges this notion by reminding us that many of the feminist critiques of the division of labor and architectural revisions to house design that have been developed in our era and heralded as innovative have been considered before and were arguably superior to today's ideas.

Hayden's impeccably researched book presents the history of feminist schemes for alternative domestic arrangements developed in America during the late 19th and early 20th centuries. The rapidity of change in the heyday of industrial capitalism produced a variety of female thinkers who developed domestic architecture geared to their visions of the emerging world of socialized work. Hayden labels these thinkers "material feminists" because of their integration of economic, archi-



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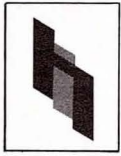
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B O O K S

textural and feminist concerns. The plans they developed included kitchenless houses, public kitchens, cooked food services, settlement houses, cooperative housekeeping arrangements, and entire communitarian towns.

Concurrent with the growth of material feminism, however, American society was developing toward a stricter separation of home/woman's sphere, from work/man's sphere; so the ideas of the material feminists were largely swallowed up by the entrenchment of the sexual division of labor and the ideological promotion of the single family home. Hayden points out that we have, as yet, developed a fragmentary understanding of this entrenchment process. Although a well-developed critique of the sexual division of labor has been formulated in the last two decades, Hayden points out that the inequities of the sexual division of labor have not correspondingly decreased. Likewise, the predominance of the single family home has not received enough scrutiny. Thus, while the material feminists might seem timid by today's standards in the unwillingness to involve men in the performance of domestic work, their assumptions that people would readily adapt to communal living seem utopian. Today, collective living schemes are routinely dismissed as vanishing relics of the counterculture.

The interest in alternative housing that was so important in the earlier years of the Modern Movement has recently been confined to the periphery of architectural debate, having been upstaged by questions of formalism at one end and cost considerations at the other. Hayden chronicles developments in domestic architectural design in London, New York, and Los Angeles in the first half of the century. The innovations singled out by Hayden in Los Angeles—the bungalow court, the socialist community of Llano del Rio, and the Schindler Kings Road house—have not served as prototypes for recent domestic design. The primary multi-family building type in Los Angeles today, the townhouse condominium, cannot reproduce the shared communal spaces of its predecessor, the bungalow court, because cost considerations dictate that new housing developments occupy most of their lots. Llano del Rio provided a uniquely high level of community services to its residents, a plan which has not been copied by suburban new communities other than in the inclusion of isolated amenities such as a recreation center that clearly adds to the sales price of an individual tract home. Finally, the Schindler house has been primarily imitated for its stylistic elements of open plan and indoor/outdoor integration and not for its domestic rearrangements and intended use by two families.

Hayden's presentation of the ideas of a grand domestic revolution and the attacks against them does not fully explore the murky territory between the ideas and their implementation,

where an idea either seems possible or far-fetched. All of the schemes presented had a brief lifespan, if they were executed at all, and were developed in a hostile environment. Hayden establishes that the emotional climate today is similarly unreceptive to communitarian designs that deviate from the single family home norm, even though the single family home is decidedly ill-suited to an increasing percentage of the population including singles, working mothers, and the elderly. However, she doesn't directly confront the issue of what needs to happen in the immediate future for elements of alternative domestic arrangements to be considered acceptable rather than utopian. The importance of *The Grand Domestic Revolution* instead rests on reassertion of the socio-political components of domestic design and on its visions of what might be possible in the design and use of domestic space.

Laura Chase is a planner who has studied early forms of multiple housing in Los Angeles.

Imperfect Guide

The Architecture of Los Angeles by Paul Gleye in collaboration with The Los Angeles Conservancy, Julius Shulman, and Bruce Boehner, Rosebud Books, 1981, 240 pp., hardbound \$35.00. Reviewed by John Chase.

The preservationist is accustomed to treating buildings as examples of various architectural styles, and as artifacts connected with events and personalities of local interest. Thus, to the preservationist, architectural history is sometimes reduced to the activity of placing buildings in their proper stylistic pigeonhole, and naming their associations to personalities and events. A critical attitude becomes secondary.

This attitude is evident in *The Architecture of Los Angeles*, by preservationist and urban planner Paul Gleye. In a volume which is one half textbook and one half coffee table picture book, Gleye does a workman job of summarizing previous research and analysis of his subject. The photographs, taken mostly by Bruce Boehner and Julius Shulman, are excellent, although they frequently appear out of sync with the text. There are almost no floorplans or sections which might explain internal functional or spatial relationships. This omission might be understandable in a guidebook, or a book devoted exclusively to architectural imagery, but it is a good deal more difficult to forgive in a book that bills itself as "The Story of the Architecture of a Great City." Even the range of architectural imagery covered is not quite complete, as post World War I pop architecture is neglected. The book's coverage of building types in Southern California architecture has gaps. While movie theater palaces of the 1920s and 30s, and World War I

eaux Arts office blocks are covered equately, some types of buildings rich as tract housing, the great wooden hotels of the late nineteenth century, and suburban shopping malls are ripped over.

There are sections in the book where Gleye seems comfortable in his challenging role as historian of architecture in Los Angeles; the sections on post World War II commercial buildings and the Monterey Colonial style are particularly good. At other points Gleye seems out of his depth. He comments that the post-and-beam school of modern architecture has been ignored by historians, and then proceeds to ignore it himself.

The architecture of Los Angeles in the larger context of national and international architectural history is barely touched. The Los Angeles County Courthouse and the City Hall, both of 1889, are discussed without mentioning the building they were modeled after, Richardson's Allegheny County Courthouse. Craig Ellwood's work is discussed without reference to comparable work by Mies van der Rohe. Gleye's lack of a strong critical stance is most evident in the section on new architects in Los Angeles where he seems to accept the self-promotion of the Venice architects at face value.

The Architecture of Los Angeles is a pleasant, if innocuous, introduction to the architecture of Los Angeles for the novice. Readers more familiar with the subject will find it does rescue some serving local architectural genres from obscurity, but begs some of the more difficult issues.

John Chase is the author of The Jewalk Companion to Santa Cruz Architecture and Exterior Decoration: Hollywood's Inside-out Houses.

Private Views

West Coast Artists
Henry Hopkins with portraits of 50 artists by Mimi Jacobs, Chronicle Books, 1982, 127 pp., paperback \$16.95. Reviewed by Rebecca Ellis.

For too long the West Coast art scene has been under the shadow of New York, dependent on East Coast exhibitions, art magazines and galleries for recognition and acceptance. *50 West Coast Artists: A Critical Selection of Painters and Sculptors Working in California*, is, therefore, in its own normal way, something of a landmark. It is the first such documentation of contemporary California artists.

Each individual is documented in a portrait by photographer Mimi Jacobs. This is accompanied by the artist's own selection of a representative work and comment on it, together with a short biographical statement. Henry Hopkins, Director of the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art, states in his introductory essay that the "book can be read lightly, like a high school textbook," or taken as a "serious

attempt to put more documentation of this vast creative arena down on paper." He warns that the book "is not intended to be a tome laden with critical content but rather a document which provides the reader with a chart for recognition." A list of the artists' galleries at the back of the book indicates where interested readers can see more of this art.

The idea for this book began with Mimi Jacobs. Her steadfast dedication to photographing artists encouraged Hopkins and San Francisco publishers Chronicle Books to embark on this joint venture. Jacobs took up a career in photography ten years ago at age sixty. Her portraits, all taken in natural light, have a soft, thoughtful quality. Most of them capture fleeting, unguarded moments which make them memorable.

Of the 28 northern and 22 southern California artists Hopkins selected, only about half were born in the state. However, we still don't expect Californians to be native-born, and are usually surprised when they are. Most of the artists are between 45 and 60 years of age, in mid-career. Eight are women. Included are Richard Diebenkorn, Sam Francis, Judy Chicago, Mel Ramos and Peter Voulkos, to name a few of the most well known.

The 50 artists represent a range of art and philosophies as diverse as California's lifestyles. One reason for the state's appeal to many artists has been—besides its benevolent climate and captivating scenery—its atmosphere of tolerance, anonymity, and even critical indifference, allowing artists to flourish and expand their talents. How, indeed if, this environment will change as "cultural parity" comes to California, will be interesting to observe.

An attractive introduction to California art, *50 West Coast Artists* is designed to appeal to a wide audience. As such it is eye-catching and accessible. Since the artists were given fairly free rein of expression, their comments are fascinating—sometimes surprising, often amusing.

Sculptor Robert Arneson remembers his youth: "I was born in Benicia, California. As a youngster I used to draw comic books featuring myself as a super sports hero. I drew while lying down on the front room floor, which often caused a pain in the chest. I remember spilling a bottle of black India ink on the carpet. Mom almost ruined my budding artistic career. Fortunately Dad came to the rescue and I got on with the next chapter."

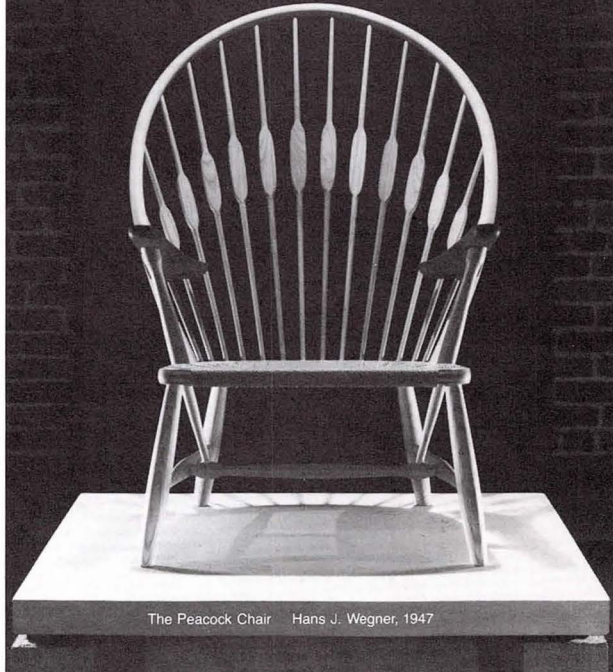
Robert Irwin on his work: "I now work in whatever form or material that seems appropriate to address my questions. I have become a questions addict."

Rebecca Ellis is an art historian with a special interest in contemporary painting and fine arts.

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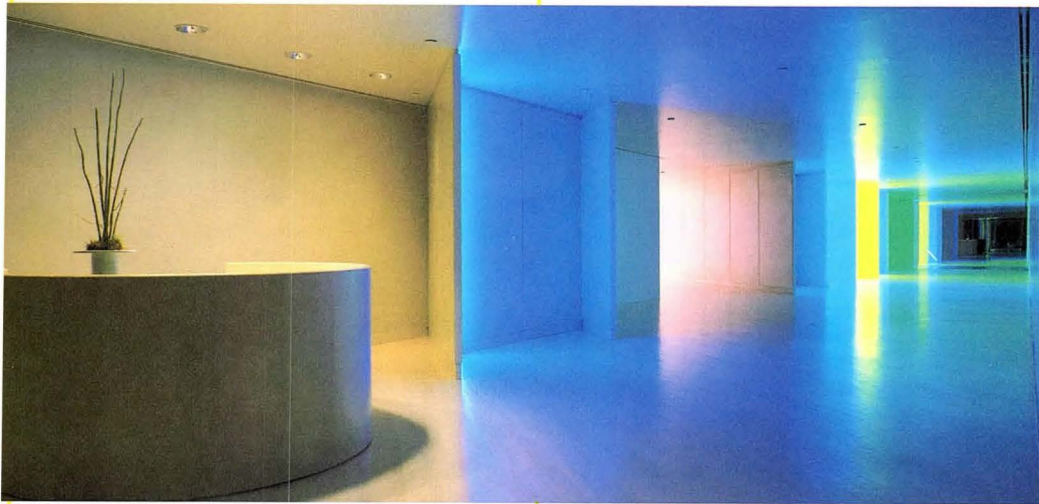
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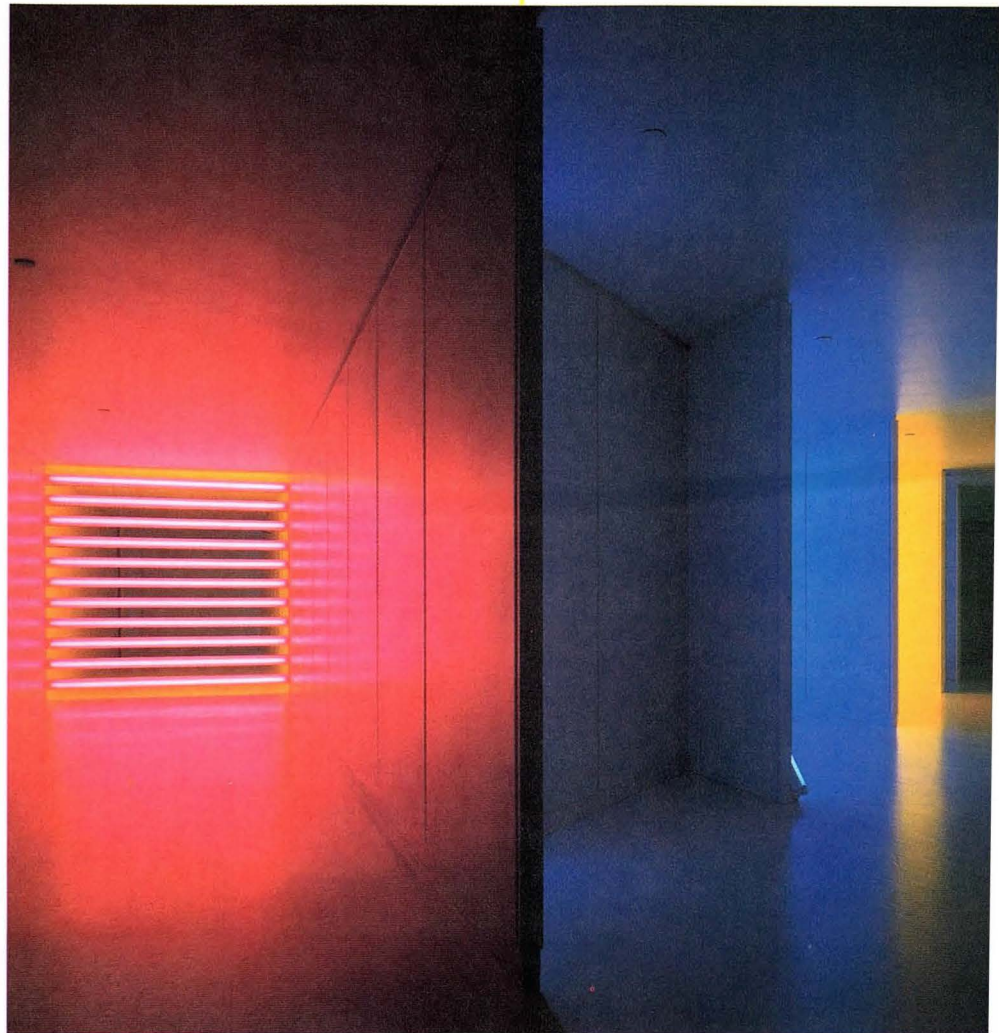
FLAVIN INSTALLATION AT HAUSERMA

A M U S E U M O F M O V A B L E W A L L

by Hunter Drohojaska



Photographs by Toshi Yoshimi



The softly lit word "Hauserman" invites the visitor into a showroom luminous with rainbow auras of light. Neutral walls divide the space into neat geometry providing structure for an environment of fluorescent color. The light, in turn, defines and illuminates the walls. This radiant installation by artist Dan Flavin and Vignelli Associates proves to be an unusual example of corporate support for the arts.

The F. Hauserman Company, designers and manufacturers of interior wall systems, opened a new showroom in Los Angeles' Pacific Design Center and selected Flavin and Massimo and Lella Vignelli to design the space. Working collaboratively, the artists created a light environment that would draw attention to the company's product—movable wall systems—as well as function as an independent work of art. The concept is a practical extension of a museum without walls, the work of fine art displayed in a popular, commercial space. This idea comes full circle in the near future when a part of the Flavin installation will be donated to Los Angeles' nascent Museum of Contemporary Art.

The environment itself consists of three corridors of light, each standing eight feet square, meeting back diagonally to a mirrored wall. The center corridor is open, striped with ice blue fluorescent tubes mounted at 45 degree angles. The two flanking corridors are closed across the middle with tubes of light. The viewer can pass through the open center corridor to see the flanking corridors from two different sides. The first contains horizontal tubes of fuschia light which reverse on the back to Shell station yellow. The opposite corridor is divided by a screen of vertical tubes of the same yellow backed with acid green. The thickest yellow tube is omitted to permit a wash of green light of escape.

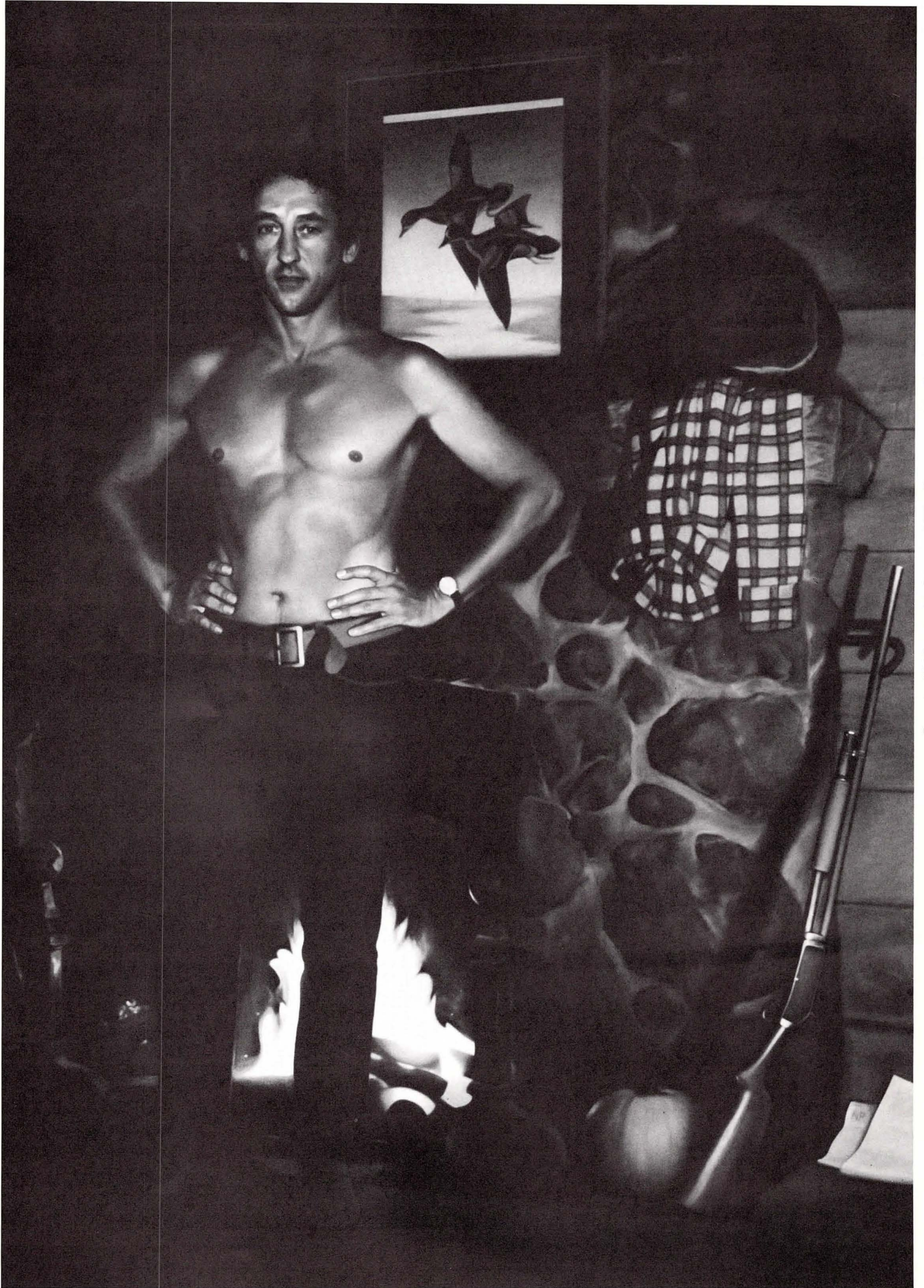
Flavin uses light to recall aspects of painting and sculpture. The barriers of fluorescent tubes have the appearance of an abstract geometric canvas, an early Stella, perhaps. The halos of ethereal, refracted color activate the larger space to create a sculptural surrounding. As the viewer walks about the space, the open and closed corridors produce alternate sensations of confrontation and invitation. The initial seduction by beautiful lights dissipates and one is left both mesmerized and dizzy. The impact is exaggerated by the mirrored rear wall demanding acknowledgement of one's reflection seen bathed in the multi-colored light. The complex experience is ultimately both sensuous and disturbing. It is this tension that

makes the piece more intriguing and compelling than just a roomful of disco lights, an oversized lava lamp.

The Hauserman installation seems an encouraging example of corporate decoration. Rather than purchasing the convenient and conventional paintings and sculptures, the company chose a temporal, site-specific installation. The project thus becomes a collaboration of conceptual as well as material concerns, and a valuable method of integrating sophisticated, ephemeral work in a public space.

Hunter Drohojowska is Art Editor of the LA Weekly and a contributor to Art Forum and Art in America.





Portrait of Ed Ruscha, N. C. Reese, 1978, oil on canvas, 84 x 61 inches.

EDWARD RUSCHA

Ruscha's art
deals with different kinds and senses of space,
spaces measured by the eye and spaces
measured by the mind,
and the humor of all the ways these spaces
move into and out of sync.

One of the things I have enjoyed most as an art critic has been not writing about Ed Ruscha. More than any other contemporary artist, he is a happiness I've reserved for myself, a source of absolutely unreflecting pleasure and inspiration, a closet of no-browism in my art-analytical machine works. Once Ruscha asked me for an introduction to a book of his drawings, and that was a close call; he and the publishers ended up accepting an already-written poem about Los Angeles. But now I'm obliged to ask myself what it is about Ruscha that makes fandom, for me, seem an appropriate as well as irresistible attitude.

Ruscha represents a kind of innocence to me—an innocence that is the opposite of naive or unworldly, more akin to the legal definition: not guilty. Of course, the only people pronounced “innocent” in that way have first been arrested, booked, arraigned, and tried. A criminal charge was confidently tailored to “stick,” but it hasn't; it has fallen off. These “innocents” step forth as pure and glistening as Venus, emerging from the half-shell of a nasty suspicion. This suspicion does not thereby disappear from memory but it can never threaten them again, by the rule of double jeopardy. What am I talking about? What crimes can possibly be associated with the career of the West Coast's favorite artist?

Well, isn't being “a West Coast artist” at least a misdemeanor, to begin with? Many West Coast artists seem to think so, judging from the vehemence with which they deny being any such thing. Ruscha, by contrast, glories in it, and with good reason. His art and attitude and archetypal personal history (Oklahoma to Southern California) couldn't live and breathe so luxuriantly anywhere else. This has been stated, in one way or another, by almost every critic who has written about Ruscha. It is impossible to miss. Why can't we get a conviction on it, then? the prosecutor fumes. What is it that keeps slipping, like wind, out of the cultural precinct and giving jolts of recognition to people who never laid eyes on California? What universals get activated by this intensely local art?

I'd like to relate the question to architecture somehow, given the fact that architecture is modern culture's number one licensed criminal activity. It seems obvious enough that Ruscha's art deals with different kinds and senses of space, spaces measured by the eye and spaces measured by the mind, and the humor of all the ways these spaces move into and out of sync. But that's just the game-playing part. What's uncanny is how specific, though indefinable, the *ambience* of each work feels. I fantasize that a sufficiently virtuosic, intuitive architect could look at any Ruscha and come up with the idea of a space—a room or outdoor area, if not a whole structure with plumbing, etc.—attuned to its nuance of mood and style. Maybe the architect would reinvent the exact same space in which it was conceived.

A Ruscha cannot, in any case, be imagined coming into being just any old way, just anywhere. It presents itself as the result, the concretion, of an environment and state of mind tantalizingly almost guessable: the neighborhood, the slant of light, the blood-level of caffeine or alcohol or whatever. . . . It's a kind of abstracted naturalism, as if the place and circumstance of the work were its real author, addressing some place and circumstance elsewhere, or everywhere. The notion that a particular person is responsible—Ed Ruscha the honest craftsman, the layout-and-design man—doesn't scan. Valéry said poetry is written by someone other than the poet to someone other than the reader. That's Ruscha for you: dumb jokes that grow in the idle mind on banal afternoons until they seem identical with those afternoons, as big and impersonal as weather.

*Peter Schjeldahl is the senior art critic for the
Los Angeles Voice, and a poet whose most recent book,
Brute, was published by Little Caesar Press.*

Photograph courtesy Leo Castelli Gallery, New York



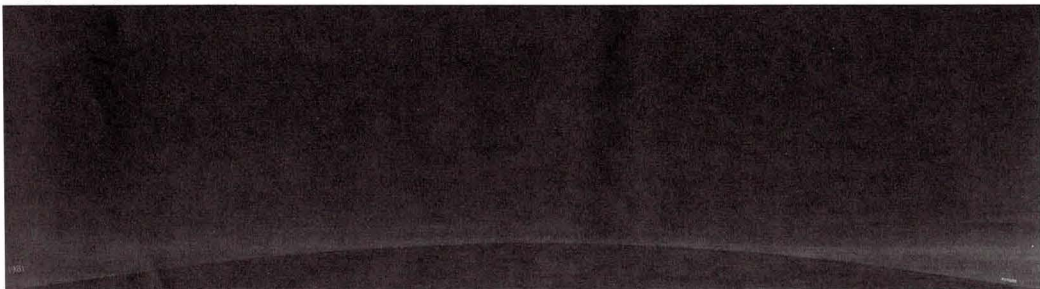
Mean as Hell, 1979
oil on canvas
22 x 80 inches

Photograph courtesy Flow Ace Gallery, Venice

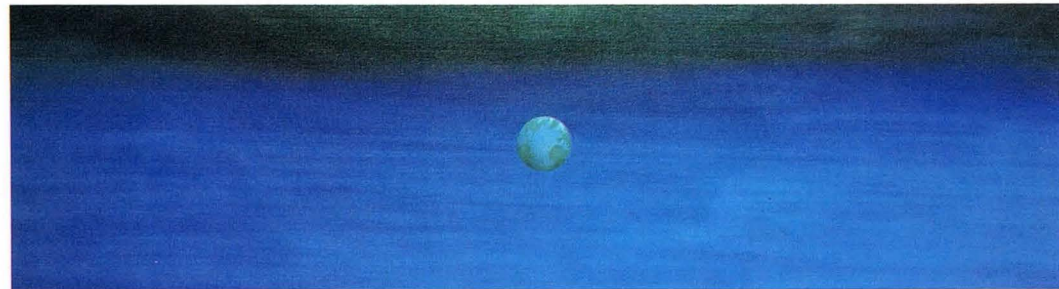


Various Places, 1979
oil on canvas
22 x 80 inches

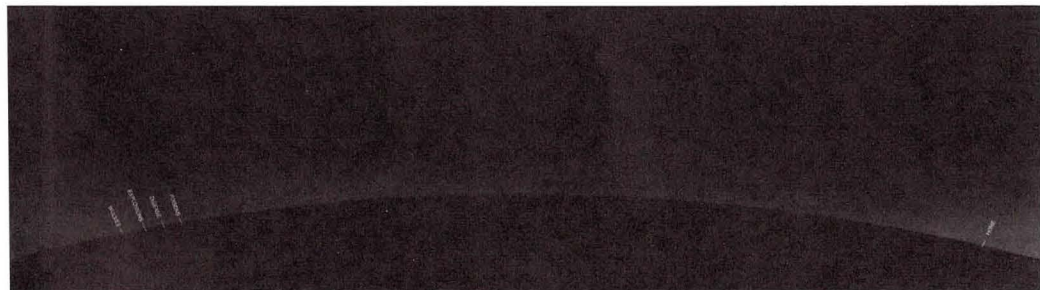
photograph courtesy Flow Ace Gallery, Venice



81-Future, 1980
oil on canvas
22 x 80 inches

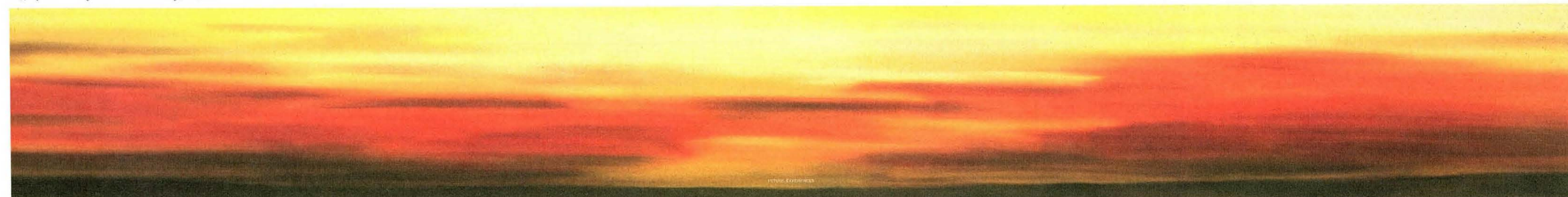


It's a Small World, 1980
oil on canvas
22 x 80 inches
collection: Candy Clark



Plagues, Explosions, Disease, Poisons-Home, 1980
oil on canvas
22 x 80 inches

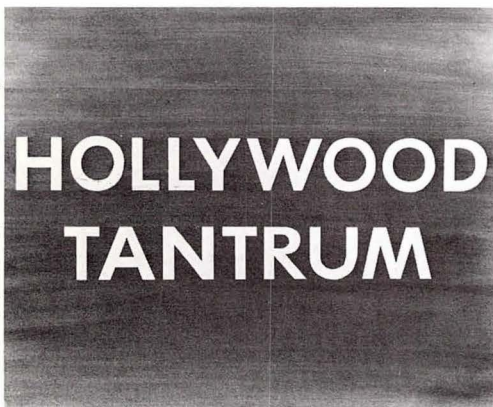
photograph courtesy Flow Ace Gallery, Venice



Nature Experiences, 1980
oil on canvas
22 x 145 inches

**He is the archeologist of language,
dusting off words and phrases
from the rubble of a syntactically shattered culture,
like so many keystones of meaning
leveled by an ancient catastrophe.**

Photograph courtesy: Leo Castelli Gallery, New York

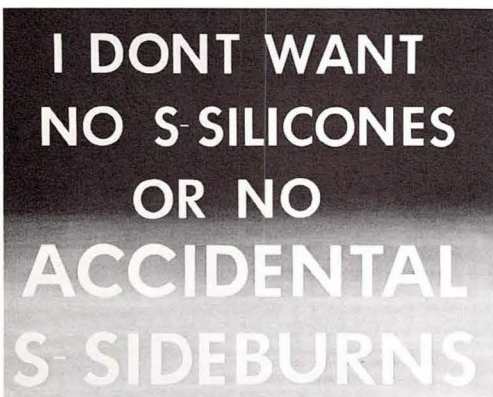


Hollywood Tantrum, 1979
pastel
23 x 29 inches

The only other Los Angeles artist I like as much as Ruscha is Raymond Chandler, the poet of being in the wrong place at the wrong time, every time. If Ruscha were a character in a Chandler novel, what would he be? A corpse, probably. Philip Marlowe would keenly have described the elephant-treed, 1920s court where Ruscha has his studios. Getting no answer to his knock, Marlowe nudges the door, which swings open—and there’s old Ed, a beautifully tailored stiff, his face a study in handsome repose lacking only the slow watchfulness that used to make everyone so nervous and impressed. Well, the point is that Chandler could never imagine a *living* character as interesting as Ruscha or as himself. Otherwise he would have been Dostoevsky. He would have been “serious.”

The exploitation of an extraordinary talent strictly for fun and diversion in “easy” forms is a crime of which the Grand Inquisitor suspects Chandler and Ruscha. But the more our divine prosecutor inspects the accumulating evidence, the less he likes his case. Who is to say that fun can’t be serious? Look where we are, for chrissakes: Los Angeles. If you’re not having fun here, I mean actively and alertly enjoying yourself, you’re in a kind of trouble never dreamed of by the Russian peasantry. Without a pleasurable focused subjective attitude, you’re a wreck, pal. Chandler laid down the *L. A. cognito*: I wisecrack, therefore I am. Ruscha goes along with this principle of self-entertaining hostility, though at a higher, disembodied (no Marlowe) artistic level. If modern art means anything, it’s not having to deal with demands like plot and plausibility. Ruscha can have a murder without murderer, weapon, or even victim. Try going to a jury with that.

Photograph courtesy: Leo Castelli Gallery, New York

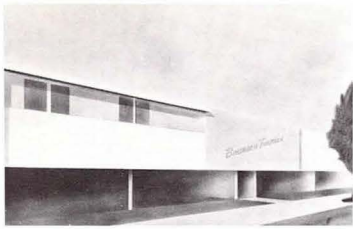


Silicones, Sideburns, 1979
pastel
23 x 29 inches

Only in his painting *The Los Angeles County Museum on Fire* (1965-8), that I can think of, has Ruscha openly uncorked his violence. That particular arson charge seems to me beatable by appeals to revolutionary justice and the muse of architectural criticism, but the act was uncharacteristically hysterical. More usually, Ed the Knife seems disciplined by the stricture “Don’t get mad, get even. Through it all, he polishes innumerable aliases and alibis. His aliases include the plodding herr professor taxonomist of the architectural jungle, putting parking lots, banks, gas stations, condos, and *Every Building on Sunset Strip* into hunky-dory order.

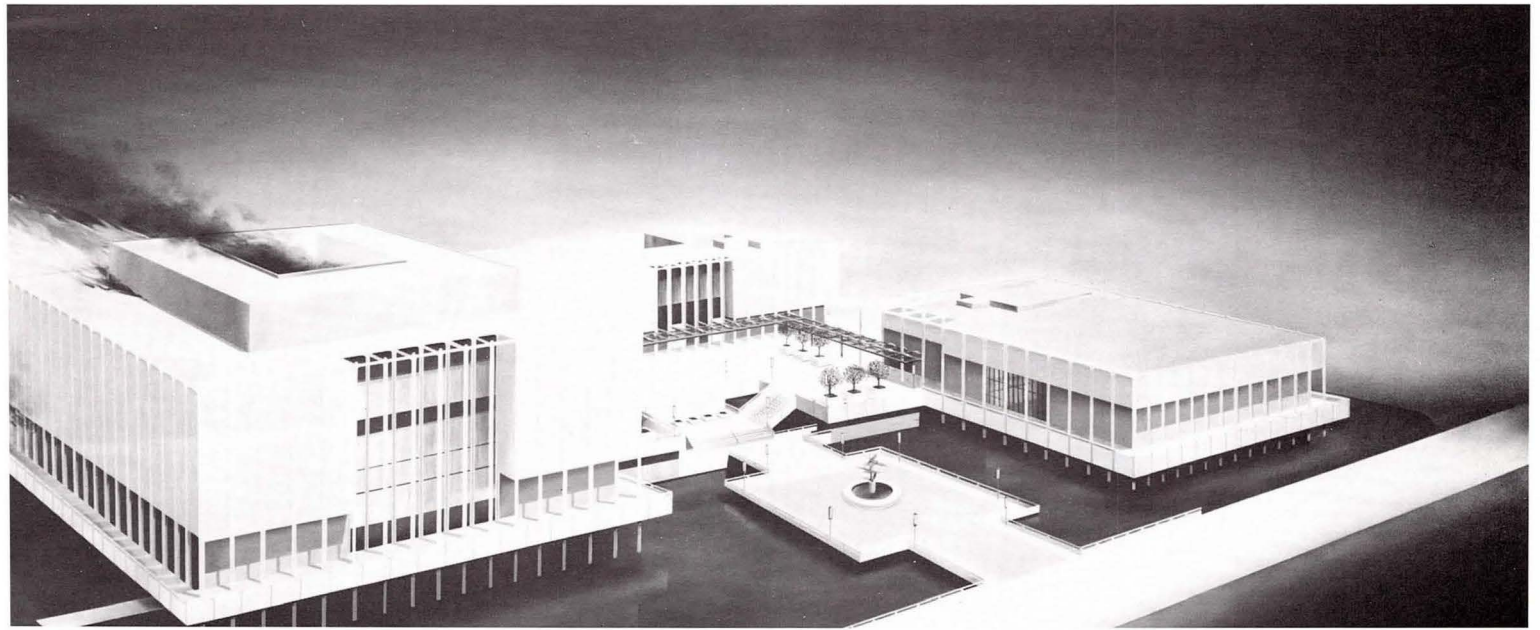
He is also the archeologist of language, dusting off words and phrases from the rubble of a syntactically shattered culture, like so many keystones of meaning leveled by an ancient catastrophe.

To be happy in Southern California is to be on friendly terms with the physical, cultural, metaphysical Void. Good Los Angeles artists can be divided into those like Robert Irwin for whom the Void comes drifting in from the sea, with a scent of the Orient, and those like Ruscha for whom it spills over the mountains with memories of prairie and desert heartland, 100-mph straight shoots on empty two-lanes and skies like thought balloons in cartoons God drew. Ruscha likes what happens when the Void is violated by language, as in the lithograph I’m looking at right now, on my wall: an expanse of empty horizon with, in the middle, the tiny words “KANSAS, OKLAHOMA.” It’s the comma that kills me, breaking my American hear as cleanly as the common border of Kansas and Oklahoma abstractly ruptures the sublime continuity of universal space, universal possibility. Not that Ruscha is protesti



Tropics, 1965
white drawing
x 22 inches

**Chandler laid down the L.A. cognito:
I wisecrack, therefore I am.
Ruscha goes along with this principle of
self-entertaining hostility,
though at a higher, disembodied artistic level.**



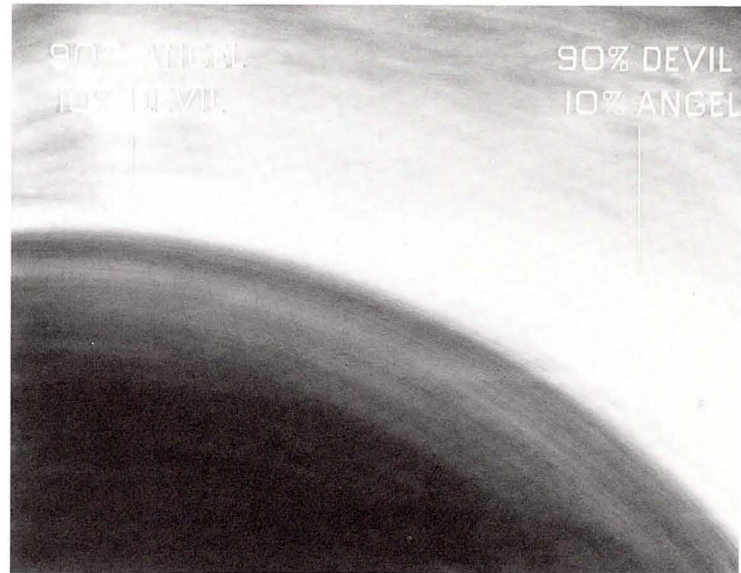
Los Angeles County Museum on Fire, 1968
on canvas
x 113 inches

Like any true outlaw, he *loves* laws, because they give him his orientation. He'd be miserable in a state of anarchy.

Ruscha is a wit, then, rather than a satirist. He does not stand apart from his cultural environment, but lets it penetrate, implicate, *civilize* him. This is the precondition for his work's absolutely thrilling lack of any redeeming moral, social, or otherwise critical value whatsoever. He's so mixed up with the world he views that he couldn't shoot at it without hitting himself in the foot, and he knows it. His mainspring is the mere despicable necessity of personal survival, in a world ganged up against it. I'm not talking "macho artist" here, that being one of the West Coast's more readily negotiable fake personas. I'm not talking *ego*, just humble, dumb self-possession and self-enjoyment against tall odds, not caving in to the world's definition of oneself and also not withdrawing.

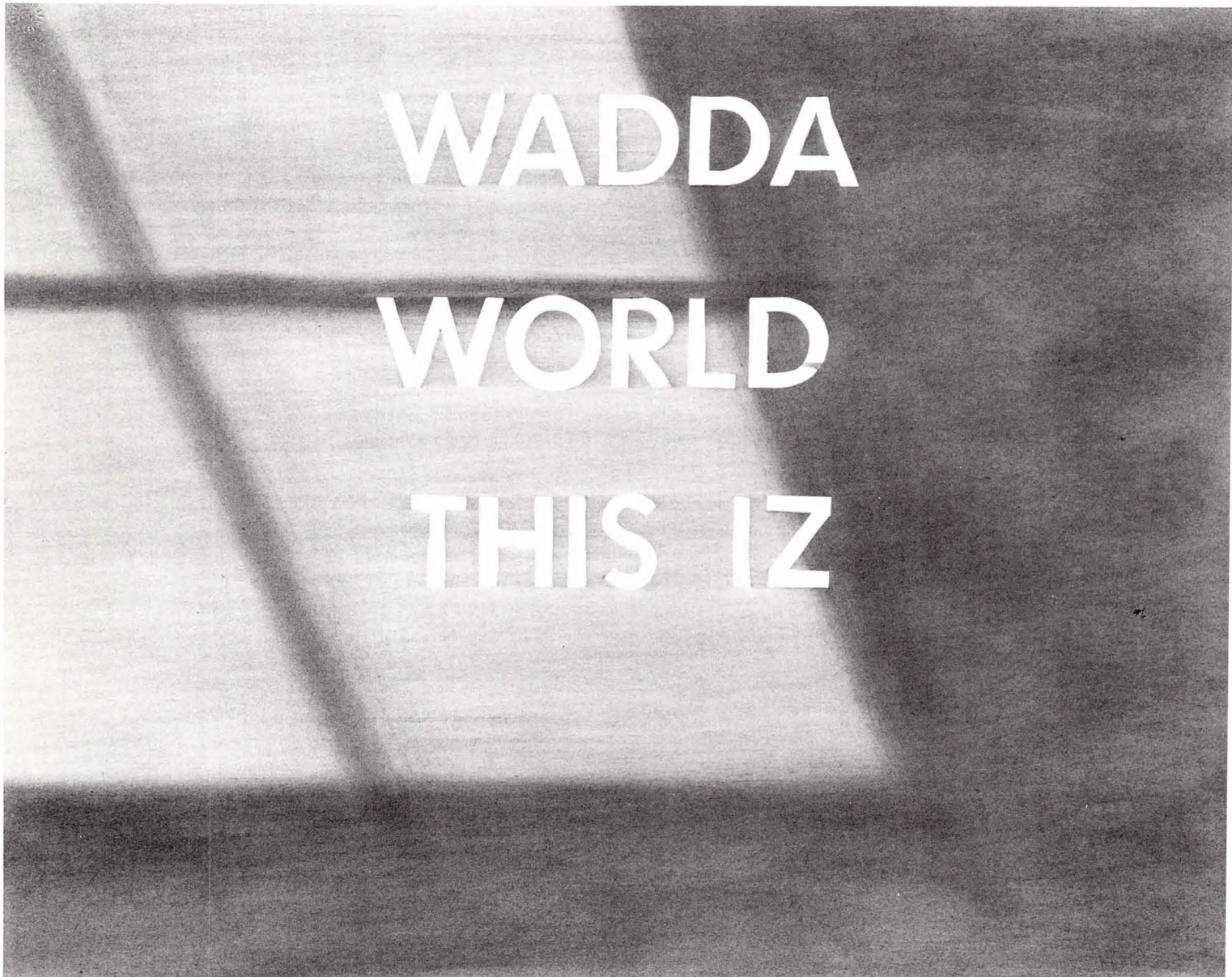
I think I'm in the vicinity of why I'd rather not write about Ruscha, rather not make him an object of my professional function. He is more valuable to me as a spiritual companion or guide. When I first spent some months in Los Angeles I drove the streets in psychic pain, suffering the bends of popping into the bright vacancy after many years in New York's pressurized medium. Then I'd see something and think, "That reminds me of a Ruscha" or "I'll bet Ruscha would like that"—or not even looking at anything, just getting the sympathetic quaver of a Ruscha-like attitude, a sweet stabilization of in-here and out-there. And, though I continued to feel completely screwed up, I didn't feel quite so forlorn. Since then, I've found a lot of things to like about Los Angeles, but nothing to match the fact that it is Ruscha country. In New York, his talent would have been forced into a narrow channel—like Saul Steinberg's, say. In Los Angeles, he gets to be a complete, great artist, a Dillinger of the modern imagination.

**Ruscha is a wit, then, rather than a satirist.
He does not stand apart from his cultural environment,
but lets it penetrate, implicate, civilize him.**



Angel and Devil Percentages, 1982
pastel on paper
38 x 50 inches

Wadda World This Iz, 1982
pastel on paper
23 x 29 inches



E D M O S E S

by Howard Singerman

AN INVESTIGATION OF THE PAINTER AND HIS MARK



Rose # 1, 1962-63
Graphite on paper
40 x 40 inches

Ed Moses has always made good-looking paintings. The critical “book” on him is that try as he might—and he does—he cannot escape his taste and its symptomatic elegance. Perhaps this elegance is just purism, or maybe it’s a personal battle with the tasteful romanticism that modernism has tried to destroy. But the conflict is always present in his work.

Moses’ contribution to the Los Angeles County Museum of Art’s bicentennial exhibition, “Seventeen Artists in the Sixties” typified the dilemma. In contrast to the familiar signatures of Sam Francis and Richard Diebenkorn or the high chroma and machined products of his more immediate peers, Ed Moses’ pieces, a series of modest and unfamiliar drawings, seemed both out of place and out of time.

The Rose Drawings shown at LACMA date from 1963. Taking their collective title and shared motif from the pattern of a Mexican oil-cloth, the drawings consist of a simplified flower repeated across the paper and finally buried in a dense field of close pencil hatching. Moses’ obsessive drawing, with its smooth and leaden glossiness, creates a palpable surface that lies in conscious contrast to the rough absorbency of the paper. Monochromatic on handmade and separate surfaces, the Rose Drawings are characteristically Moses in spite of their unfamiliarity. They acknowledge his ongoing concern with line. He continues to build his work—paintings as well as drawings—with a line that is neither outline nor gesture. It is simply a mark, a statement of presence and a record of placement.

The unfamiliarity of the Rose Drawings and their curious out-of-place-ness are, again, typically Moses. Their uncomfortable position at LACMA symbolizes Moses’ equally uncomfortable position in the Los Angeles art world. Jeremy Gilbert-Rolfe wrote of his work that it retained “the funky look of West Coast art while adopting an Atlantic, analytic involvement with pictorial morphology.”

Moses undermined his position in the art world with three paintings—one red, one yellow, one blue—that continue to control his public image and critical reception. Exhibited in New York and Los Angeles in 1979, the five foot square monochromes were too late for their Atlantic audience, and were suspect on their home turf, in an art community that depends on an active eschewing of the mainstream for its dignity.

Moses’ monochromes are polemical and literary paintings. They exist as explanations, defining painting—as Moses does in print—by naming and enumerating its parts: “one color, two dimensions, one surface.” This definition ties the monochromes to the Rose Drawings; they share not only Moses’ concern for surface but also his mark. He defines painting as the record of the act of painting, as placed paint. In spite of their closed and hermetic surfaces, the monochromes lie closer to Abstract Expressionism than to painting-as-object of minimal art. In a sense, they are literal action pieces.

With the works that follow the monochromes, Moses makes the act of painting an explicit part of his definition. The four panel paintings are a compendium of painting acts; each panel is a discrete surface and a separate piece of action. Moses works each plane individually and quickly, without stepping back and composing. He stains, splatters, rolls and over-paints one layer with another, or scrapes and sands through to layers beneath. In a number of panels, he mixes two incompatible media—oil-base and water-base paints. Each resists and bounds the other, and the resulting work is an image and its opposite. The swirled paint becomes a pointed reference not only to the act of painting, but also to Abstract Expressionism and its gestures, with Moses’ version being gesture *manque*.

Howard Singerman, a Los Angeles critic, is a regular contributor to Art Forum.

The following quotes were extracted from a discussion between Ed Moses, Frank Gehry and the Editors.

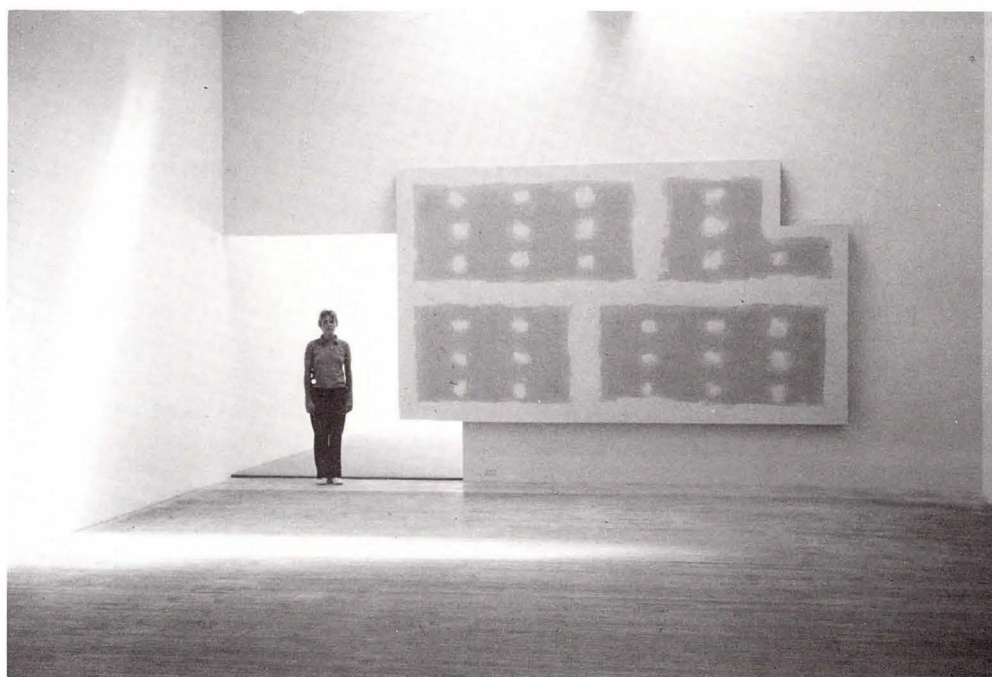
In 1978, I made some walls at the Texas Gallery. I decided to make wall paintings, but the walls were not going to be hand-me-down walls given to me by architects or museums or galleries. I wanted to make a real place that couldn't be denied, so I made the wall painting out of regular wall materials. My idea was to paint the walls out and to paint something else in. I wasn't using "art" materials: it was a wall painting that took on the identity of the wall, that would do something to the environment. I used primer coat, then I added color with wall paint to deface the wall. It was meant to be the mark of the person who made it; rather than being a physical exercise in painting or identifying a cultural notion, it would extend a cultural notion.

Although strident, the mark lacks the conviction and direction of the heroic or historical. Held back from the courageous by its size and position, its intentions are experimental. Moses' mark, done from the wrist rather than the body, is more detail than gesture.

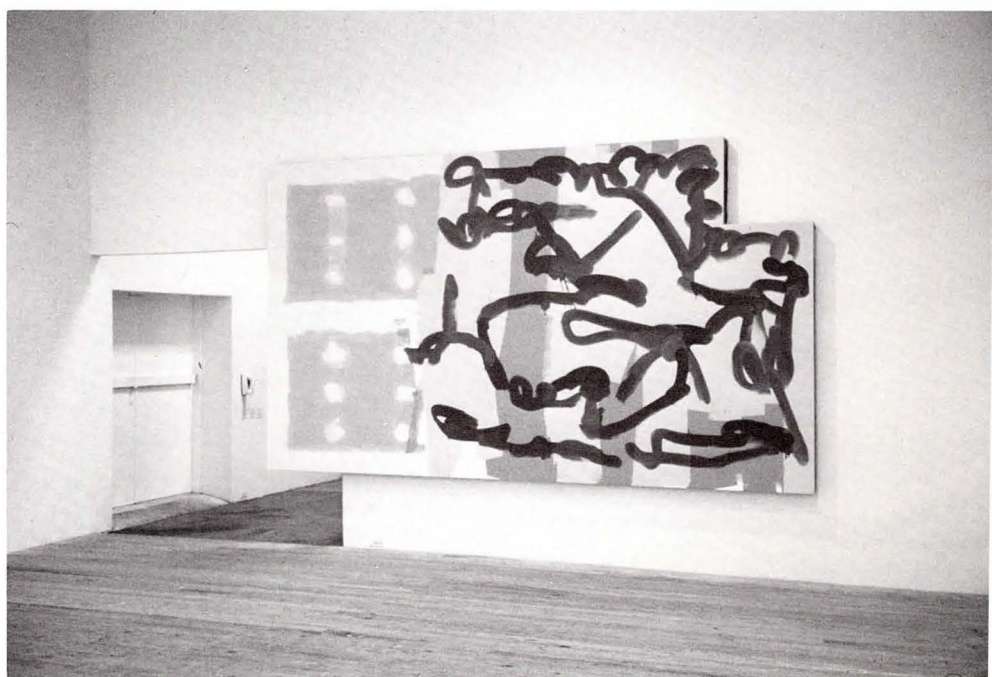
Since 1975, Moses has conducted an ongoing, if sporadic, restatement of the architecture of painting—its support. At the Texas Gallery in 1978, he hung two opposing walls with newly constructed panels. Framed with two-by-fours, covered with sheetrock, spackled and taped, each of Moses' panels was a scale model of the wall on which it was hung. Each was notched on one corner, echoing the room's entrances, and hung upside down so that the replicated passageway was diagonally across from its prototype. Part of each surface was primed and painted in decorator colors—one pink, the other turquoise. The rest was left obviously mudded. Over the finished half, with the tools with which it was painted—a roller and a paint pad—Moses added an awkward arabesque, a deliberately amateurish, meandering swirl. His swirl mimics and almost becomes graffiti, a mark that like the gesture states the identity of its maker along with its own identity as mark and act. The graffiti's message is that painting is partly painting out—defacing.

The first exhibition of the raw wood paintings—Moses' most recent works—coincided with the bicentennial exhibition at LACMA. With these, Moses substitutes raw mahogany sheeting for stretched canvas, a support with questionable allegiances and obvious familiarity. The new support has its roots in his Texas Gallery walls and, like them, is impermeable. The wood's visual and physical density and its strident identity deny the paint entrance, leaving it on the surface as, once again, an act.

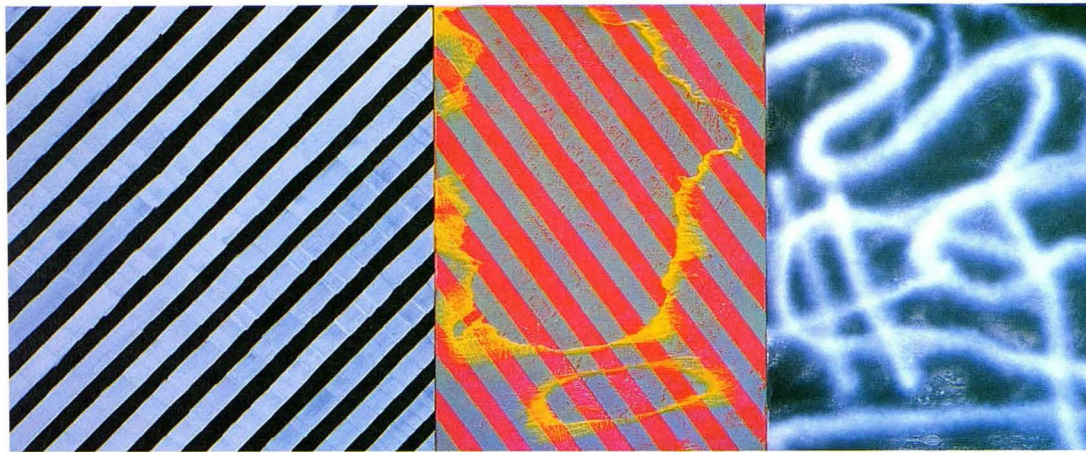
Like the four panel paintings, the raw wood paintings are a compendium of acts, only increasingly intricate. Worked individually, then joined, the panels are sprayed, sanded, spattered, overpainted and drybrushed. They recall earlier paintings that were masked, gridded and striped.



Wall pieces for Texas Gallery, 1978
acrylic and house paint on dry wall



You can actually make things that are perishable, that don't have to last forever. Wall paintings are the most powerful kind of natural tribal instinct by kids, territorially reacting and responding with viscious drawings on the walls. When they first put their graffiti on the walls, people were really mad. The kids were putting their mark down in a really primitive way. I'd like to make paintings that could hit that hard but I can't. I'm coming from a different angle; I'm not a primitive or a street person.



4C series, 1981
 acrylic on canvas
 11 x 11 inches

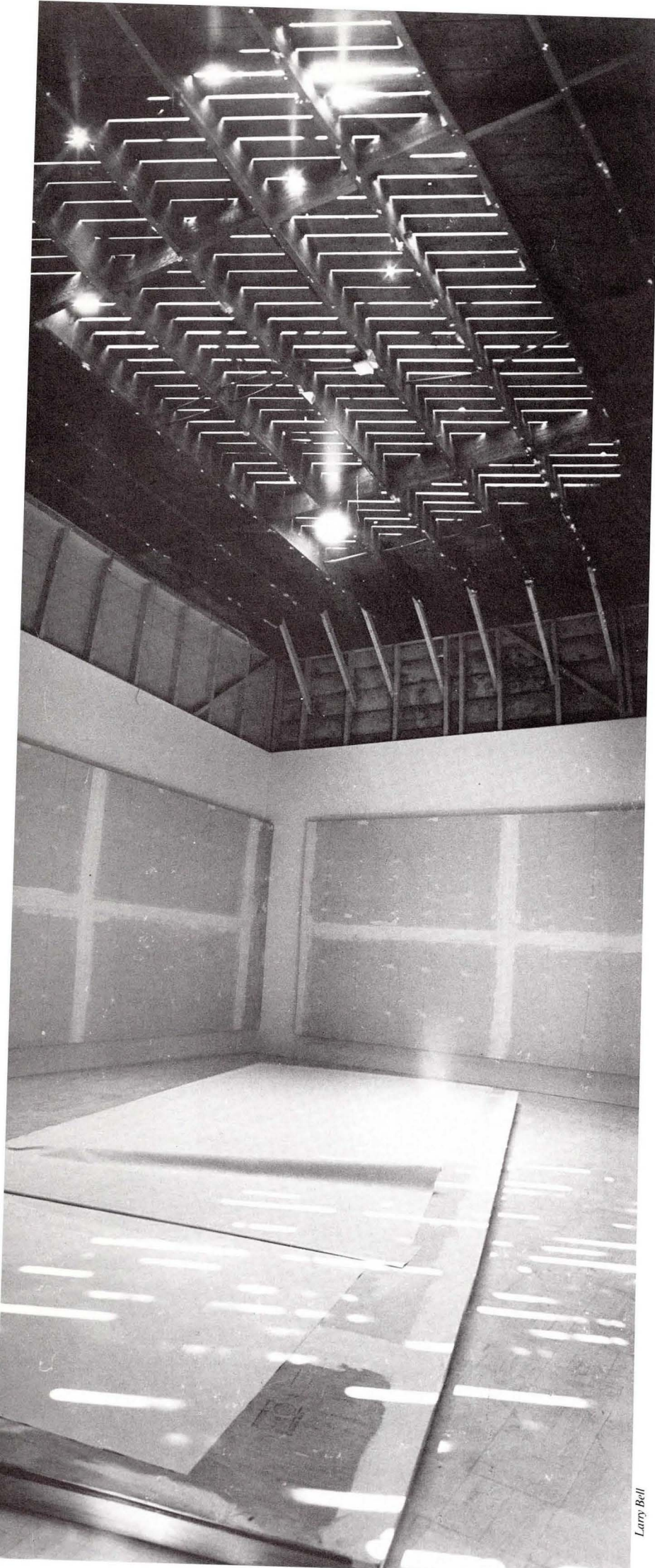
Photograph courtesy Innie Gallon, Los Angeles

However, unlike the investigative and polemical stance of the four panel paintings, the raw wood paintings are stately and elegant. Balanced and symmetrical, colored and “finished” to the wood’s rich tone, they recall medieval tapestries and patterns of Navajo blankets. They share both their handsomeness and reference to the past, to a ritual ordering.

Moses’ index of painting processes reads as a survey of accidents, the inadvertent residue of making something else. His wooden armature is the stuff of walls, floors and tables. It’s an arena of oversprayed shadows and leftover patterns of work long since removed, or accumulated: the quick dry strokes of an habitual act of painting paint out of a brush.

In the most recent of the raw wood paintings, Moses has temporarily settled on a centered and hierarchic five panel format with a particular mark. The middle panel is often processed—smearred, squeegeed or sanded. The outer panels are marked with an irregularly spaced and overlapping pattern of four long parallel stripes, an inch wide and an inch apart, anchored at the panel’s edge. The parallel bars are the residue of Moses’ stencil. He fashions them by painting strips of one inch lath, three dimensional wooden “things” that make their absence felt more clearly than masking tape. But the image he manufactures with them is an undeniable statement of presence—presence in the painting and presence in the world. In size, spacing and number, Moses’ parallel bars are fingers, and his mark is a handprint, a shared and perceptible symbol that still avoids overstatement. Moses’ hand is simply the act of manufacture; it stops short of manuscript. Acknowledging, even separating, it does not name.

Moses’ hand on the wall is tied not only to graffiti’s declaration of individuality in a public place, but to the crude figures on the cave walls of prehistory. The cave painter fashioned paintings which became spiritual and cultural bonds with future societies. The graffitist fashions painting as an immediate, uncontrollable, declaration of the individual. It is through his mark that Moses and his line are united. Neither out of place nor out of time, they reflect the central paradox of modernist thinking.



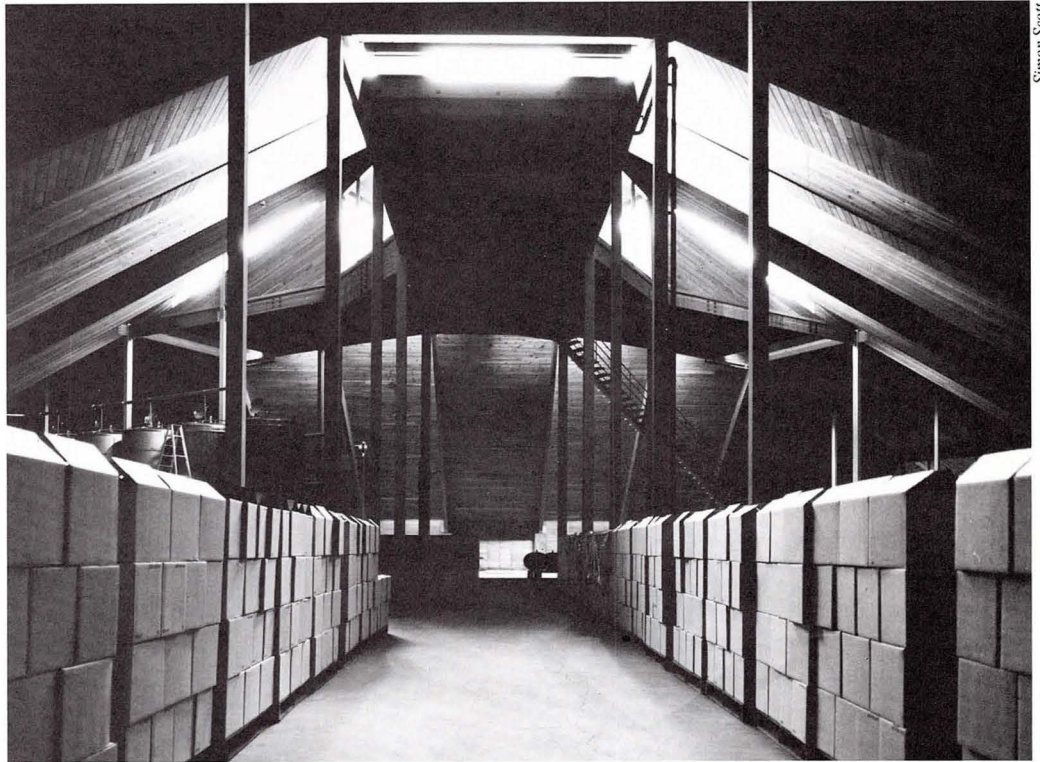
I decided I was going to make a “sky piece” in the Rico Mizuno Gallery. I wanted to make high walls that you would look through so the sky would be like a flat plane above. The gallery walls weren’t high enough, and the ceiling was pitched, so I pulled the ceiling out, exposing the raw wood above. Then I inserted new walls, redefining the space. When I took the first layer of tarpaper off, the light came through these slots and set up and described the space in a totally weird way. It was filled with light. I threw rice polishings up in the air, and they would stay suspended in the light rays for a long time. You could just walk through this forest of light rays; it was uncanny. When you would look up, if an airplane or a bird went by, the sky would take on a kind of volume and space that would recede then dissipate. It could be a flat plane of blue or blue grey, then it would shift when something came across and brought in a reality orientation.

The original concept for the winery was a sod covered volume, like a hill or a mound. Later, it became a three sided pyramid with the faces pulled apart covered with uncultivated, natural terrain. It sits in the valley, alien, but part of the landscape because of its covering. At the edges of the pyramid are slots coming down to three big doors made out of giant wine casks. When the doors open, you go in and floating at the apex of the pyramid is a glass cube, the wine-tasting room. Outside the room, two balconies face the vineyards, and one faces Lake Berryessa.



Henry Bowles

apallet Winery, St. Helena, California, 1969.
Designed by Jeffrey Lindsay, architect, and Ed Moses.
Sign consultant: Erickson/Massey.

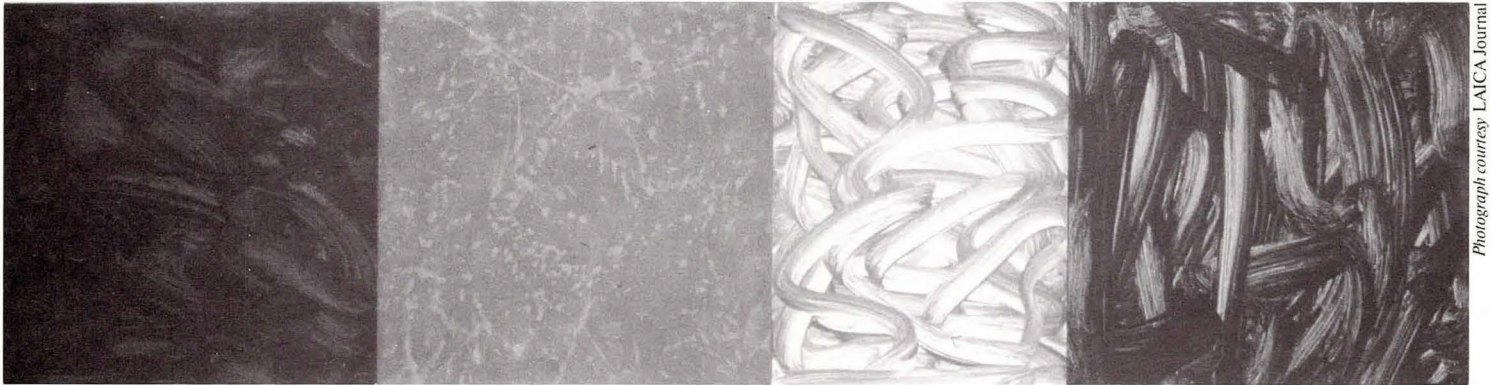


Simon Scott



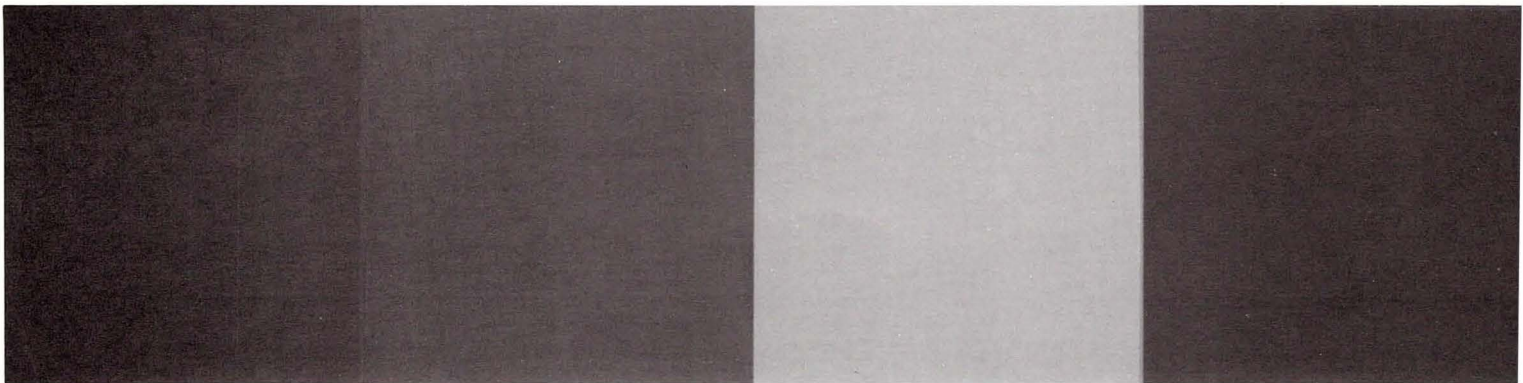
Henry Bowles

I rented a big billboard on Rose Avenue and Main Street in Venice and had it painted partly institutional green. It was plywood and had one notch cut out. I would take friends b and point it out. They'd look at it and say, "it sort of looks like one of your paintings," or something like that. That's all they'd say. It was a nice piece.

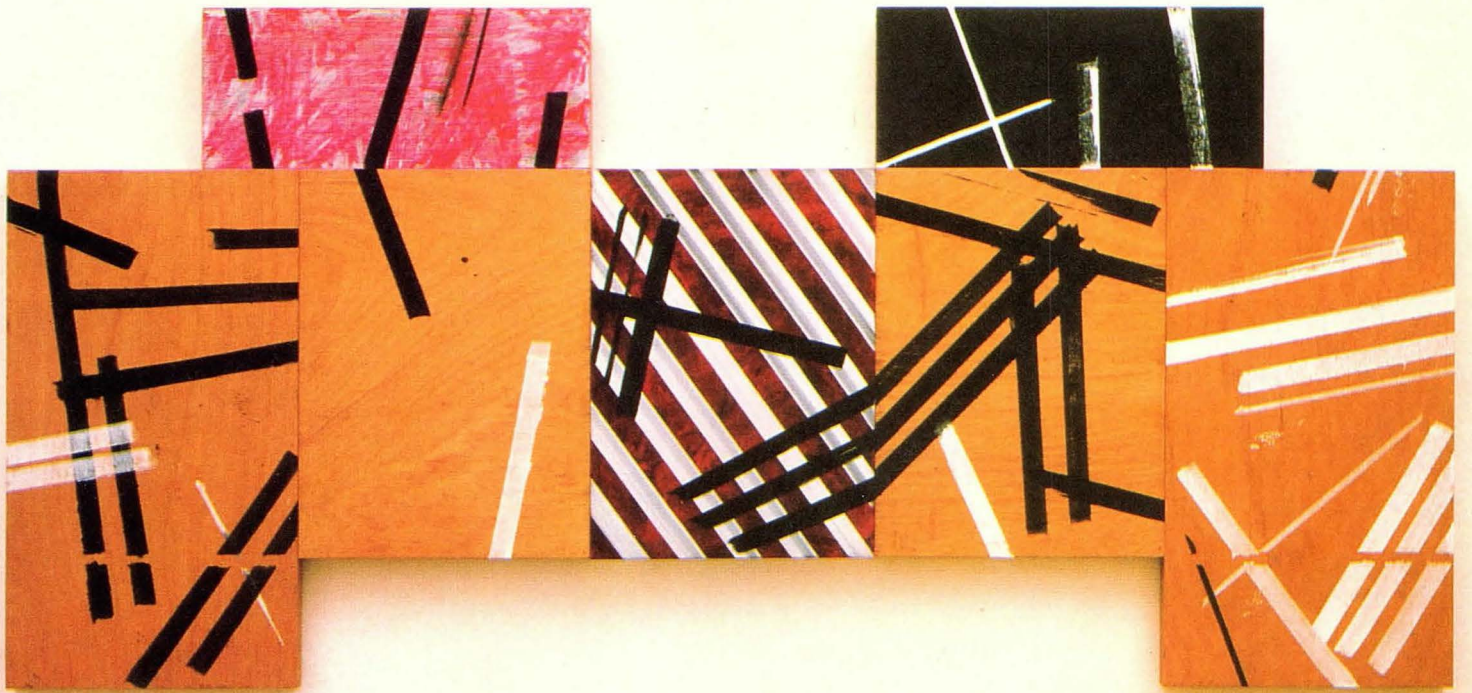


Photograph courtesy LAICA Journal

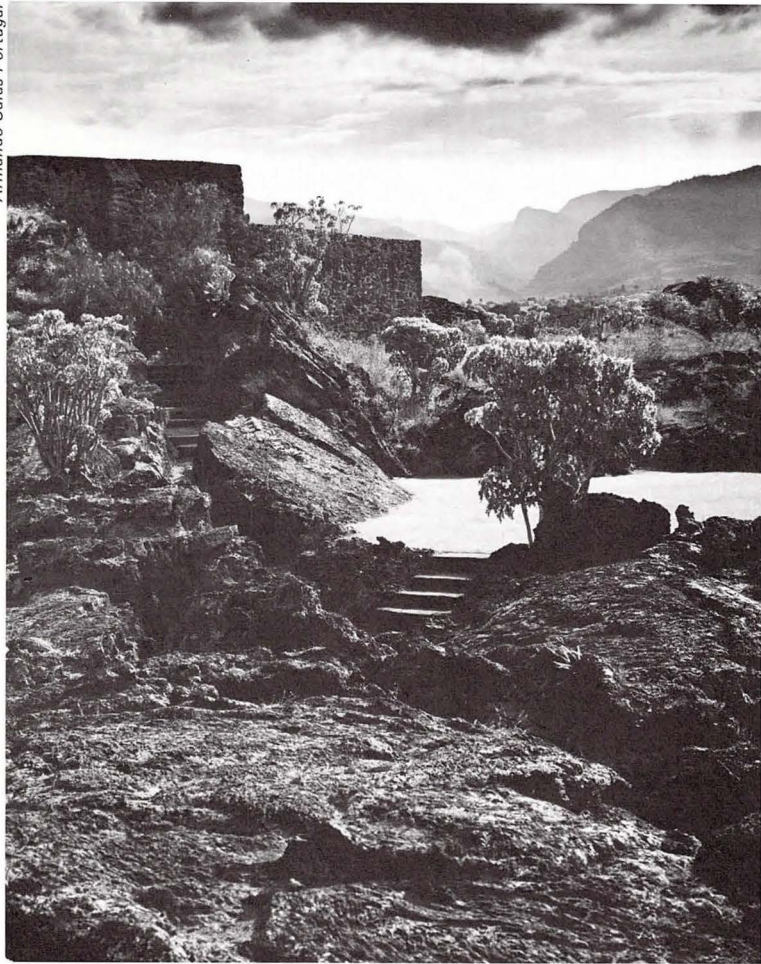
M-2, 1979
alkyd and oil on canvas
24 x 89 inches
collection of Inga and Larry Horner



R-O-IG-RR, 1979
alkyd and oil on canvas
24 x 96 inches



Armando Salas Portugal



El Pedregal, the residential subdivision designed by Luis Barragan.

The Death of Juan O'Gorman

by Esther McCoy

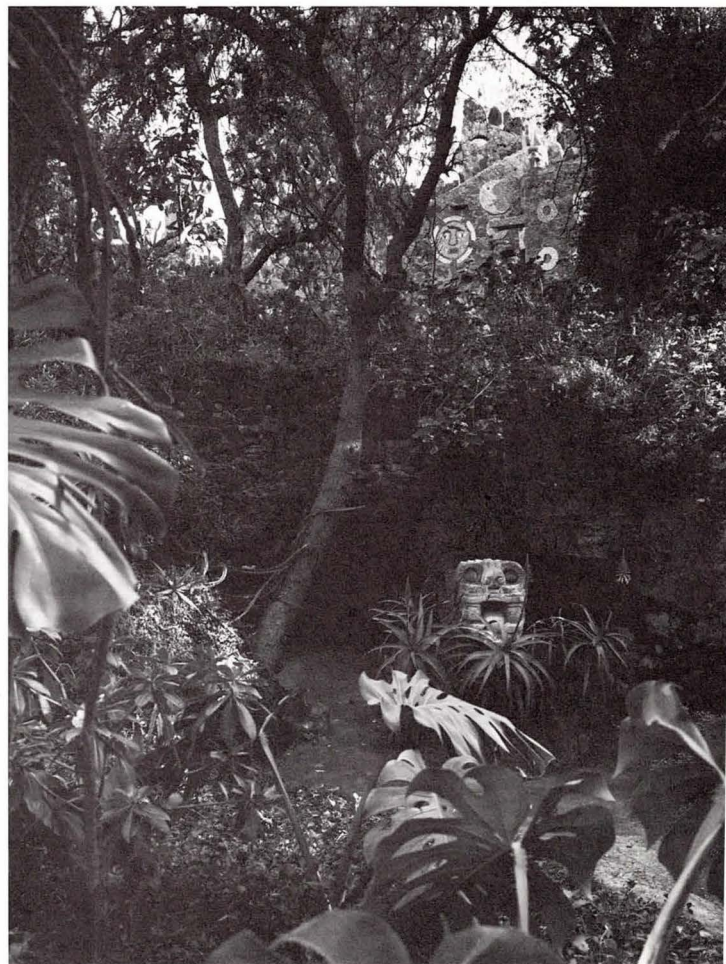
Photographs by Marvin Rand



Library, University of Mexico, designed by Juan O'Gorman.



Approach to the house.



is fitting to be writing a last story on Juan O’Gorman in *Arts & Architecture*, where my first one on him appeared in August 1951. The Mexican architect and artist, best known for his mosaic-covered library at the University of Mexico, died in January in San Angel. His fantasy house in the Pedregal was part of an issue on Mexican domestic architecture, which included a story on Luis Barragan’s land planning and landscaping for the new residential development, Los Jardines del Pedregal.

Barragan had seen the austere beauty in the ten-square-mile lava flow which had been left by the eruption of Xitle three thousand years before, and his program for the development attempted to safeguard it. Two thirds of the land was always to be in open space; homeowners could remove no more than 10 percent of the lava, and this from only the top cap of the 10-foot thick basaltic blanket. He specifically protected the tender green palo loco trees and other natives growing out of the fungus collected over the centuries in the crevices of the lava.

O’Gorman’s site in the Pedregal was at the edge of the development, near the road leading to the new campus of the University of Mexico. He had bought the most unlikely spot in all the Pedregal for his house. The back part was a stormy sea of lava, rising in waves as high as 20 feet; the middle part falling to deep declivities, rills and hollows. The only near level portion was at the front, where tradition required a gate house.

But O’Gorman had an x-ray eye, an eye tutored by the cross-sectional terrain of Guanajuato, the silver city where his father was chief engineer of the mines when Juan was a child; a city dramatically composed on many levels, with elegant neo-classical houses backed up against a high cliff, artisans’ shops growing out of rock, and streets like roller coasters; a city indeed in which the zero point in the elevation was ever in flux.

All of which may explain the layered compositions in many of O’Gorman’s murals and easel paintings.

The deep cave and natural grotto that O’Gorman found at the back of the two-acre site became two walls and part of the roof of the living room. The interior was lighted by French doors on two sides and a skylight over the grotto at the entrance. An opening on one wall was enlarged to make a fireplace. The top of the natural cave was extended to form roof and ceiling, the roof becoming a terrace off the second floor bedrooms.

The core of the plan was a spiral form which coiled up over the roof and terminated in a profile of the Rain God Chac, the inner surface of the spiral a winding stair whose treads cantilevered from the rock. From the second floor terrace were cantilevered steps leading to a detached studio for Helen O’Gorman, an artist and botanist who wrote and illustrated a book on Mexican native plants. From her studio the steps continued to O’Gorman’s studio above the bedrooms.

At the opposite end, the terrace wound up to a small cave, and near it steps had been cut into the rock to lead down the steep bank to the middle section of the lot. Later O’Gorman built a studio for himself there. He picked a low point which was protected from a road winding up to the house by a lusciously planted declivity.

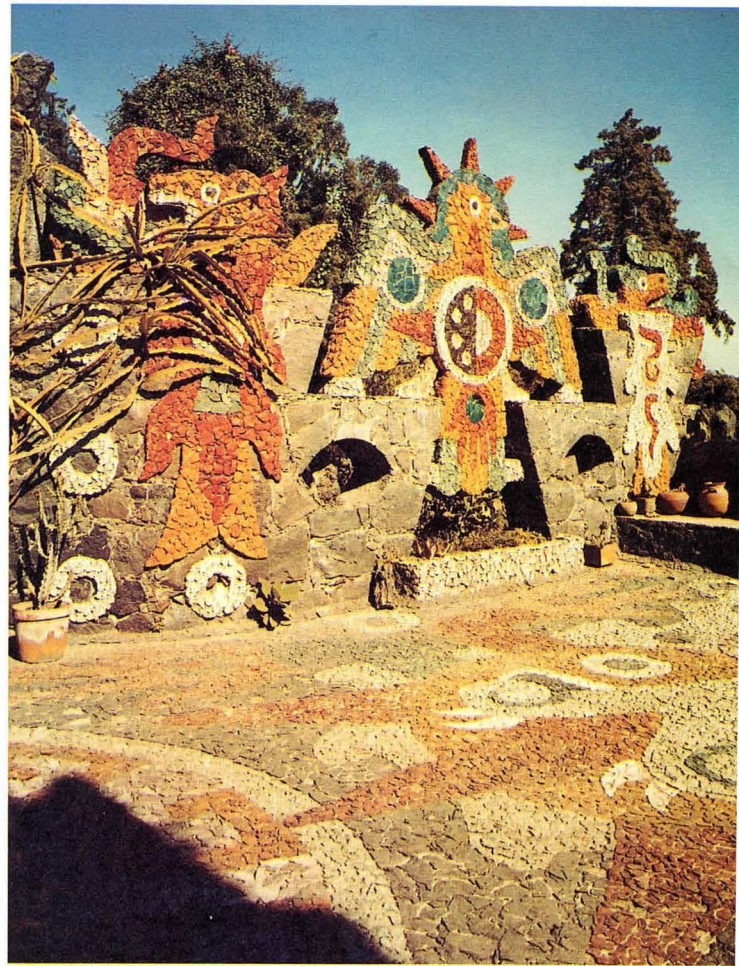
Most visitors came on foot from the entrance gate, and although the pebble-paved road to the house is short, the extraordinary planting, the curves and changes of level make it long and eventful. At first one sees nothing but the planting, then as the road rises one looks down into the declivity and sees an ancient Aztec sculpture enshrined in green; it is a moment before the eye continues to the lower point where O’Gorman’s studio is half hidden because of the reflection of trees in the glass of the top section of the catenary arch and the moss growing on the curved roof. It could be mistaken for a natural berm. Then the misty color at the end of the road strengthens and takes form. It is the house, completely covered with mosaics.

But in 1951 when I first saw it, many of the mosaics were lacking on the exterior—only the interiors were finished. The walls were the purple-black or gray of the lava, some of cut stone, others cast in place by nature’s baroque agent, Xitle. It was May third, the Day of the Masons, when all buildings under construction were decorated with a cross and garlands in tribute to Santa Cruz, patron saint of the masons, who protects the house from evil. The cross crowned the head of the rain god at the end of the spiral. It was magnificent as it was. Then I saw the mosaics on the wall of the grotto. The constant shift in scale was an act of poetry: a butterfly reigned over the dog, the dog outweighed the jaguar.

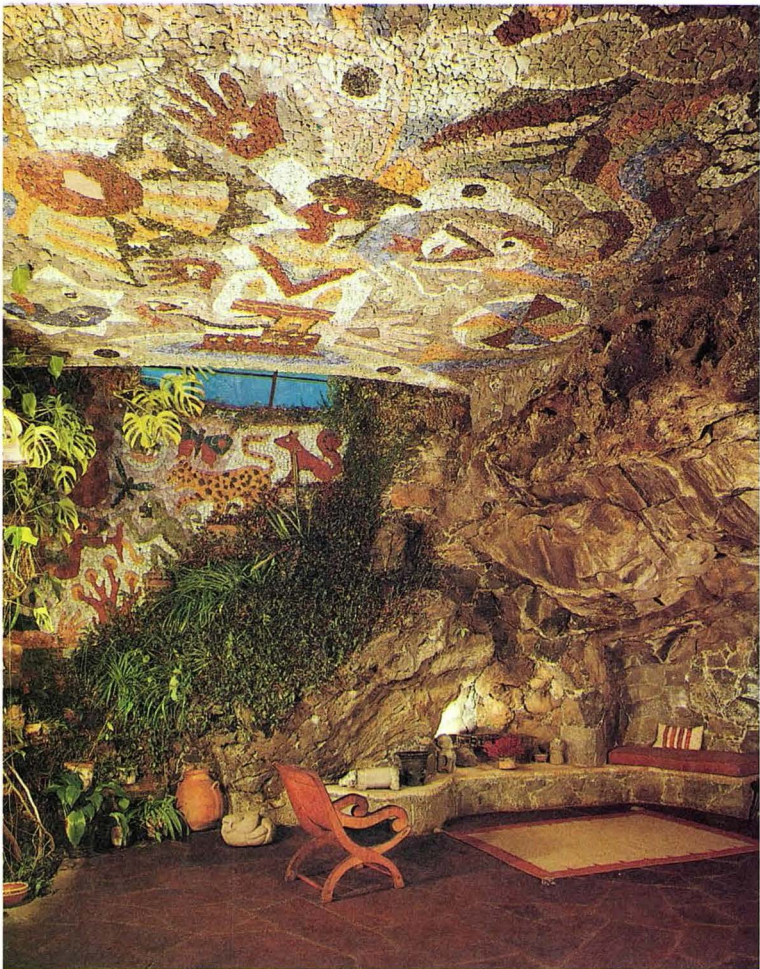
Each year when I returned more mosaics had been added to the exterior; on the parapet walls appeared parades of animals, of symbols from prehispanic cultures, figures from myth and the folk arts. The entrance became ceremonial: flanking it were two mosaic Judases, drawn from the papier-maché figures strung with fireworks, paraded and mocked and set afire in Mexican villages at the end of Easter Week. Above the French doors were glass areas in the shape of truncated pyramids; crowning these was the spread eagle on the parapet.

I often stayed in O’Gorman’s top floor studio when I was in Mexico, and on the first morning when I looked out of the two eye-shaped windows I saw that the studio had been oriented to the great volcanos, the Sleeping Woman and Popocatepetl, just as prehispanic and colonial buildings recognized their presence in the orientation. I noticed something else—in the foreground, between the volcanos (surely not by chance) was framed the mosaic-covered stacks of the library on the campus.



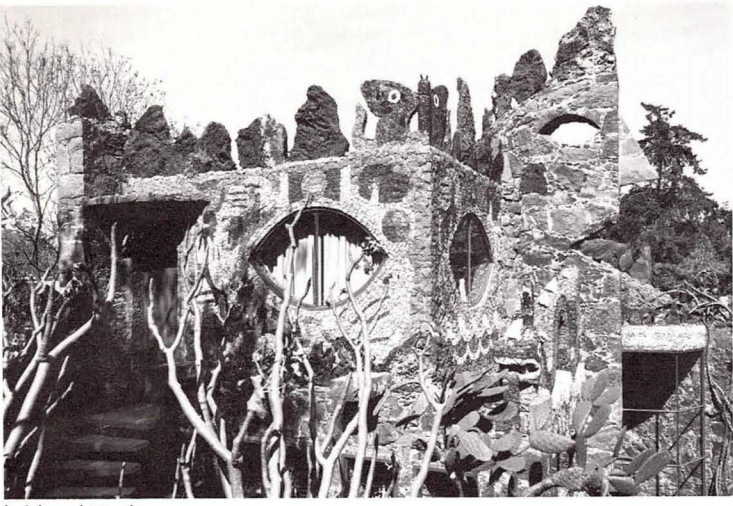


Terrace over living room.

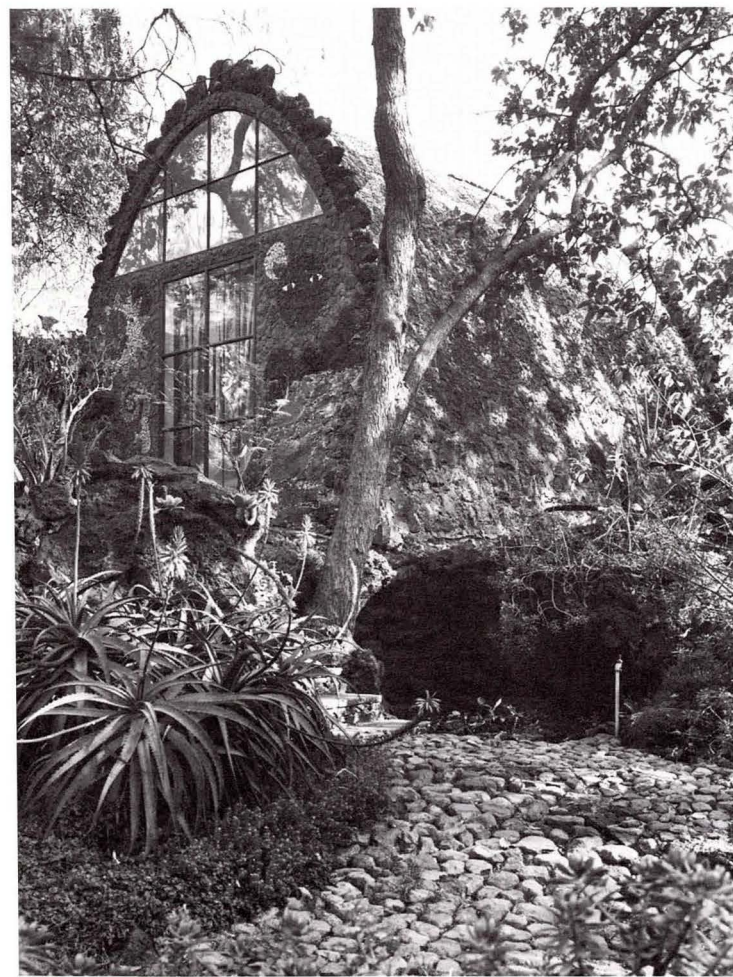
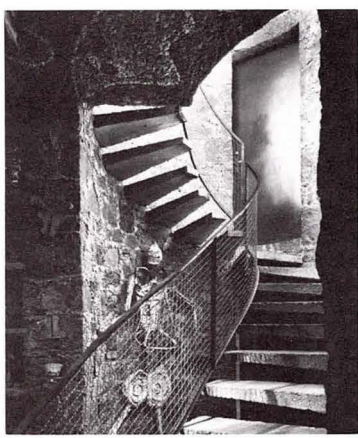


Living room.





bird level study.



orman's studio.

In the morning air the muted colors were part of the landscape. They were indeed landscape colors: O’Gorman had spent many months searching throughout Mexico for his palette for the mosaics, often traveling by burro to remote quarries. The nine colors he selected were from quarries all over Mexico—the only color not a volcanic or sedimentary rock was the mineral blue.

The house was more than a delicate exercise in fitting living and working spaces to a billowing site. It was a laboratory for testing color of the rocks and scale of the figures for the library walls.

O’Gorman was 45 before he executed his first stone mosaic murals, although at age 17 he had painted his first mural. He had learned painting from his father, Cecil Crawford O’Gorman, a Sunday painter born in Dublin and educated in England in mining and chemical engineering, who came to Mexico in the 1890s to visit an uncle. The uncle was an erstwhile consul to Mexico, who had married into a prominent Mexican family. Cecil O’Gorman followed in his steps. He married his uncle’s daughter, and they settled in the pleasant suburb of Coyoacan, where Juan, one of three children, was born.

Juan was promised to medicine, as his brother was to philosophy. But as Juan left his classes in anatomy he stopped to watch Diego Rivera and Jose Clemente Orozco painting murals on the courtyard walls. When he had learned all he could he found a *pulqueria* wall and painted his own mural. He broke the news to his father that he wanted to be a painter; Cecil O’Gorman made a pact with him: he could switch to architecture if after he finished his studies he would build him a house.

In architecture Juan fell under the spell of Le Corbusier, and upon his graduation built the first three modern houses in Mexico in 1930—one for his father, one for Diego Rivera and one for himself. In 1932 he was appointed by the Ministry of Public Education to direct the design and building of 30 public schools, all in the International Style.

He moved easily from architecture to mural painting to easel painting, doing panels for the Mexico City airport and walls for a Patzcuaro library. As he discovered Frank Lloyd Wright, and became steeped in prehispanic forms, he abandoned the International Style. (His first study for the library was a truncated pyramid in lava rock, and when it was rejected, he accepted the boxlike stacks on condition that he could cover the walls with murals.)

After the library came commissions for mosaics for walls of two public buildings, a wall in Taxco and then murals for Chapultepec Castle. But by 1965 the endless hours in cold and heat on scaffolds painting murals and correcting the color of mosaics had begun to affect his health. Reluctantly the O’Gormans decided to sell the house and move back to their small house in San Angel. By then the mosaic house in the Pedregal had become a national cultural asset; although not registered with the Secretaria del Patrimonio Nacional for preservation, its wide publication in books and periodicals brought thousands of foreign visitors.

The O’Gormans awaited a buyer who would preserve it and allow the public to view it. The “right” buyer miraculously appeared—Helen Escobedo, director of the art gallery at the school of architecture at the University of Mexico, whose father, an attorney, taught at the law school. She agreed verbally to preserve it, and the house changed hands in July 1969. By the end of the year most of it had been destroyed.

When I heard about it, I telephoned Juan. Outwardly he accepted the loss stoically in the tradition of the true Mexican who fraternizes with death, accepting disaster with brave jokes.



The mask cracked when he wrote me a month later, in January 1970: "I really have to tell someone in this world about it because it has caused me a trauma that I must get over. This house was, I consider, the only true creative work that I have done."

He recounted how he had been duped by Helen Escobedo. "She assured both Helen and me that she would not destroy the house. 'I am no barbarian,' she said. One week after she bought the house she started to demolish it . . . The demolition was done in such haste that she didn't wait for a permit. There is a six-story building being finished on the other side of the street and with the high wall and the noise of construction the demolition was well under way before the inspectors noticed. The city ordered her to stop and to file plans of intended building."

"After construction stopped and an outcry rose," Juan continued. "Helen Escobedo admitted that she had planned to build on the site a house 'to be designed by an architecture student as he went along . . . without plans.'" Helen Escobedo's father proved to be "a rough customer," pointing out that there was no written agreement to preserve the house. There were veiled threats that if the O'Gormans made trouble they would not be paid the balance of the agreed price.

Juan's postscript was a request for me to "send copies of whatever is published about the house so I can add them to the history of the events of my life."

After that, I heard little but sad news about Juan. His health continued to deteriorate until he had to give up painting the murals at the Chapultepec Castle, and finally even easel painting was difficult.

On January 8th this year Juan gave up the struggle. He took his life. Decisively. This time the mask would not crack. The act took place in the garden, so the benevolent spell the masons had put on the house in 1930 went unbroken.

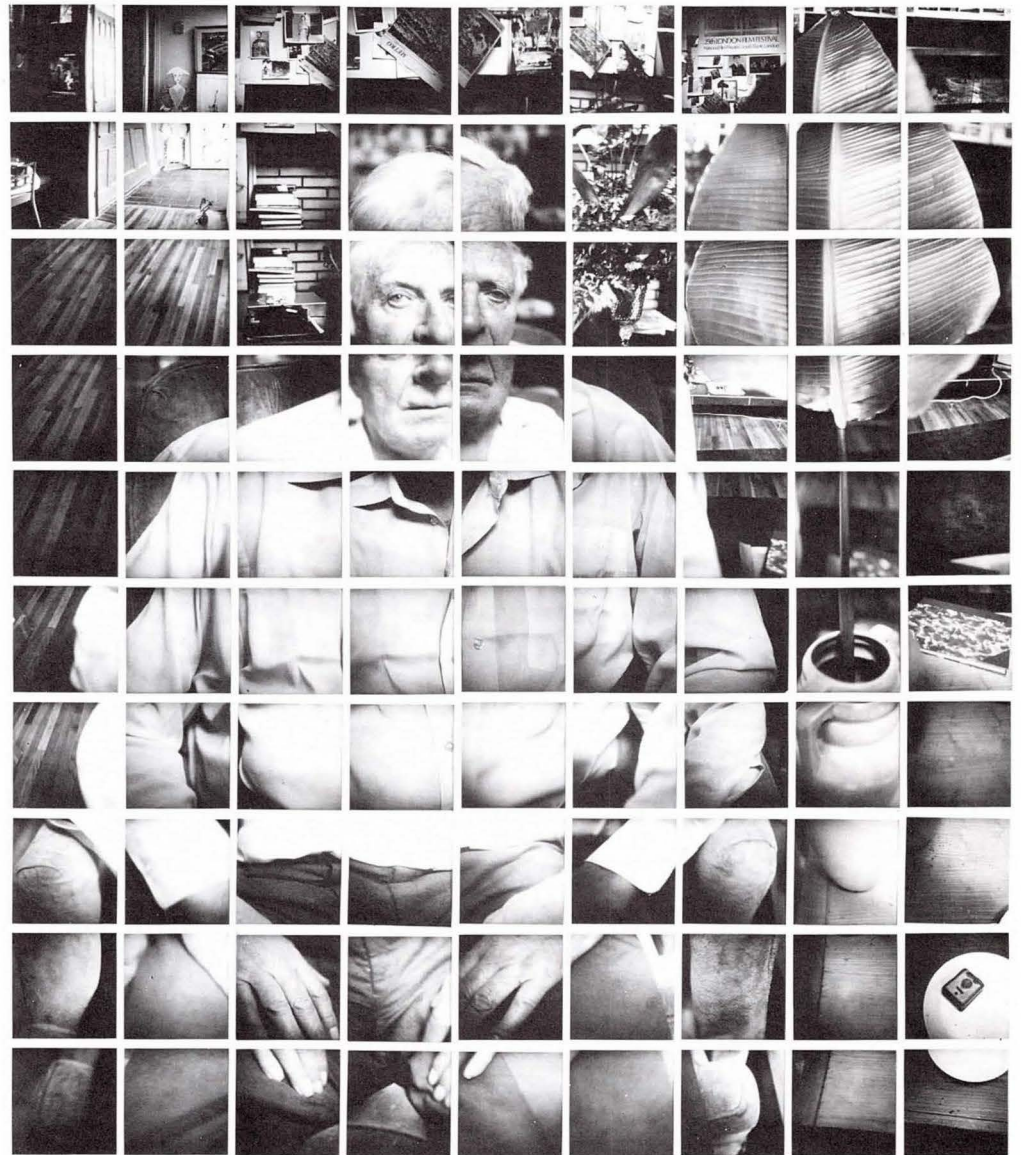
He lay in state in Belles Artes, whose walls over the years had accommodated a show of landscapes by Cecil O'Gorman, the watercolors of Helen O'Gorman's native Mexican flowers and plants, and the paintings of Juan—tender, sardonic, layered, mocking and filled with the wonder and bravery and bloodshed and anger of Mexico. But there was nothing in Juan's Mexico as evil and brutal as Helen Escobedo who, "with malignant and abandoned heart," as 18th century law books describe murderers did willfully destroy a living and unique work of art.

Esther McCoy is a Contributing Editor of Arts and Architecture. She has written extensively on California architecture and her publications include Five California Architects, Richard Neutra, and Vienna to Los Angeles: Two Journeys.



Drawing with a Camera:

From Today Photography Is Alive



Stephen Spender, April 9, 1982
35 x 30 inches

*Photographs by Tom Vinetz
works SX-70 Polaroid prints
direction of the artist*

**Recent Work
by
David Hockney**

In February, March and April of this year, David Hockney undertook a series of drawings using a Polaroid SX-70 Camera. At that time, he met with Fred Hoffman to discuss some of the ideas underlying these works. These comments are excerpted from their discussions.

*Albert and George Clark, April 14, 1982
35 x 30 inches*



Accompanying my exhibition, "Looking at Pictures in a Book," at the National Gallery of Art in London last July, I wrote an essay discussing why we take such delight in pictures, and why a reproduction may or may not give the same "buzz" we experience from a painting. As I noted, "the connection between the ideas that can be communicated in painting, experience that can be shared by paintings, things painting can do that other arts cannot do is what we delight in." When you look at a drawing of a seated figure, for instance, and there is distortion used, it doesn't read as distortion. Rather, you look at it and think that's how people sit—that it's true to life. So, in a sense, the distortion denies what I call one-eye fixity. Picasso had two eyes, he never bothered with the one-eye effect, never. That's what was marvelous about him. Even in his very naturalistic pictures, he did not use a one-eye viewpoint. This, to me, makes for a richer experience than photography, because it's magically closer to how we really see.

In the same essay I went on to suggest that photographs depicting illusionary space are more stylized than we think. We tend to think that what photographers depict is "true," the photographs tell us the truth. I suggested that we are being naive in believing this, that isn't the truth at all. The photograph has major flaws, especially the one-eye viewpoint. In another 50 or 100 years, photographs are bound to look stylized because we won't look at things in the same way. A traditional or, as I like to call it, "old fashioned" photograph doesn't tell us *how* we look. Drawing and painting tell us a great deal more, and certainly have since Cubism.

I have never asked photographers what they thought of Cubism; and until now it's never occurred to anyone that Cubism has had *no* influence on photography. Why didn't it have any influence? Because photographers could never escape their one-eye thinking. It all has to do with being there. There's nothing fixed at even the idea of something being beautiful in itself. Visual artists point this out, poets point it out first; and these verify that it's true. It is the process of looking that one finds beauty, not in the object we are looking at.

In putting these ideas into photographs, it amazed me what happened. It solved some problems and raised a lot more. First of all, I could get away from the idea that the one-eye photograph is true to our experience. My photographs are closer to what we experience when we look—which is what any picture must be about. It isn't about a real thing, it is about going beyond the surface of things. The moment we've broken the idea that the photograph, the same old picture, is not the truth, we've smashed a lot of other beliefs as well.

I'm beginning to think that the beauty of a thing is in the process of looking, not in what is seen. If you think about it, this has very complicated implications. Other artists, such as Van Gogh, have told us this. His subject matter could be anything. It was the process, not the

image, that was important. The image must be connected with the process in the sense that it makes you feel the process.

What I've essentially discovered, then, is that the camera is a medium, and, as such, the results one achieves have more to do with the mind, with how we see and think, than with the camera. This means that the medium has been put in its place and we are free to do what we want with it. In a sense, nobody has truly explored the medium, assuming that it was a fixed eye. Even I assumed this and therefore felt that there were many flaws. Well, you deal with the flaws only through the fixed eye. This is why I told Polaroid that you could do even more with a slightly smaller camera, about two-



Gregory, March 31, 1982
1/2 x 13 1/2 inches

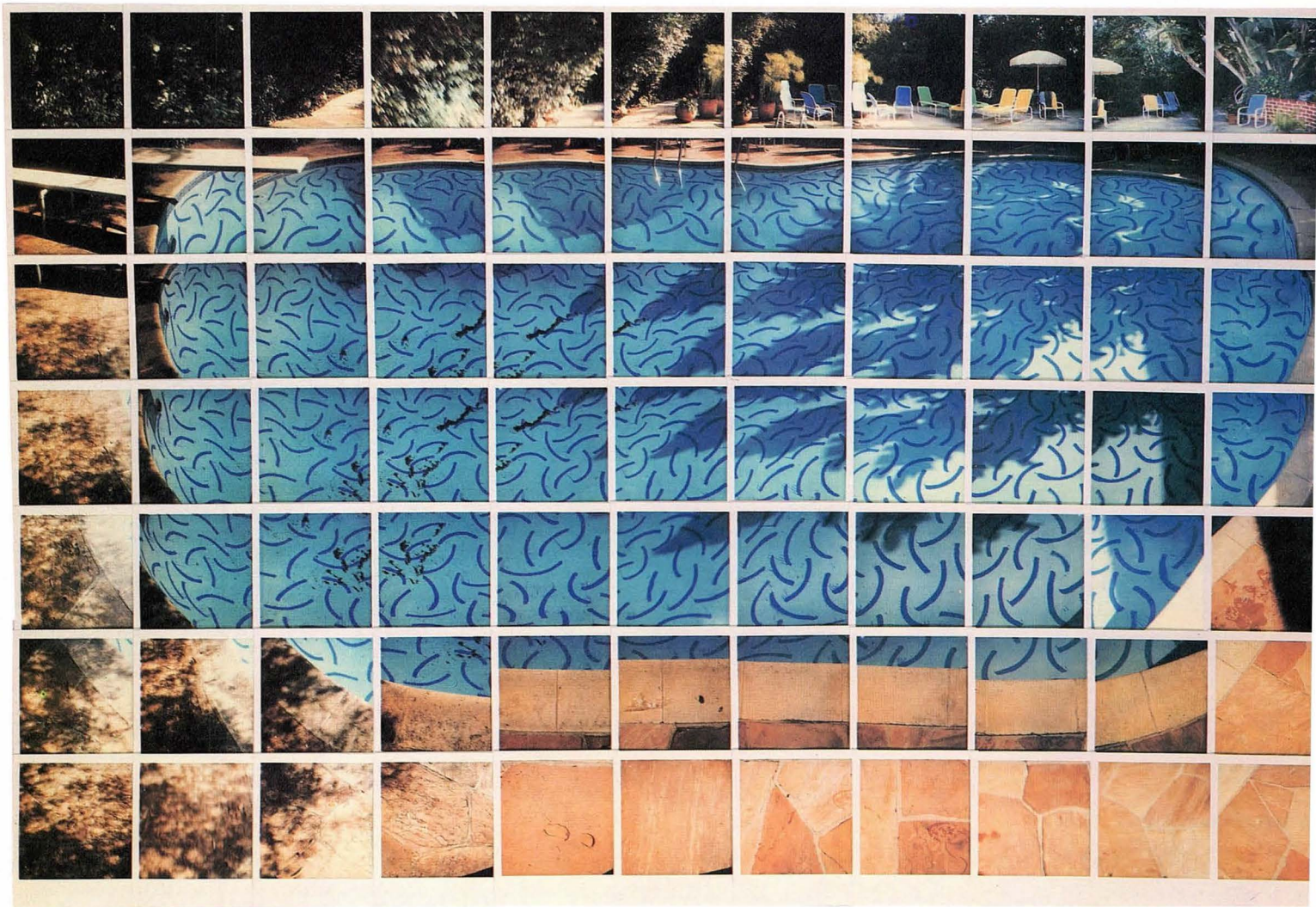


Celia, April 18, 1982
14 1/2 x 26 1/2 inches

thirds the image size, than the size the camera is now. Then you could get closer to the process of true seeing. It's an amusing paradox.

Another thing I realized in doing these works, especially the portraits, was how they related to drawing. The first few photographs were mostly of inside my house and outside at the pool. With the first portrait, I was very excited because there were many decisions to be made, and the more pictures there were, the more highly selective the process became. The choices multiplied. Then I realized that this was exactly like drawing where the choices of what to draw and how to depict something are enormous. These photographs are especially like drawing because I was making decisions about how to depict space, surfaces, textures, and many other things. This is all part of a bigger process of looking very hard at something, and thinking how to represent it: "Shall I emphasize the color, shall I emphasize the line, the texture, shall I focus here or there, etc." No matter what it is you're photographing, there are always ten things you could make out of it, and this is exactly like drawing. As a joke, I suggested that the title of these works should be "Drawing with a Camera." Then I suggested "From Today Photography Is Dead"; but now that I've thought about it I refer to them jokingly as "From Today Photography Is Alive." This is more to the point because it plays on a famous quotation about painting that we know wasn't true anyway.

**n beginning to think
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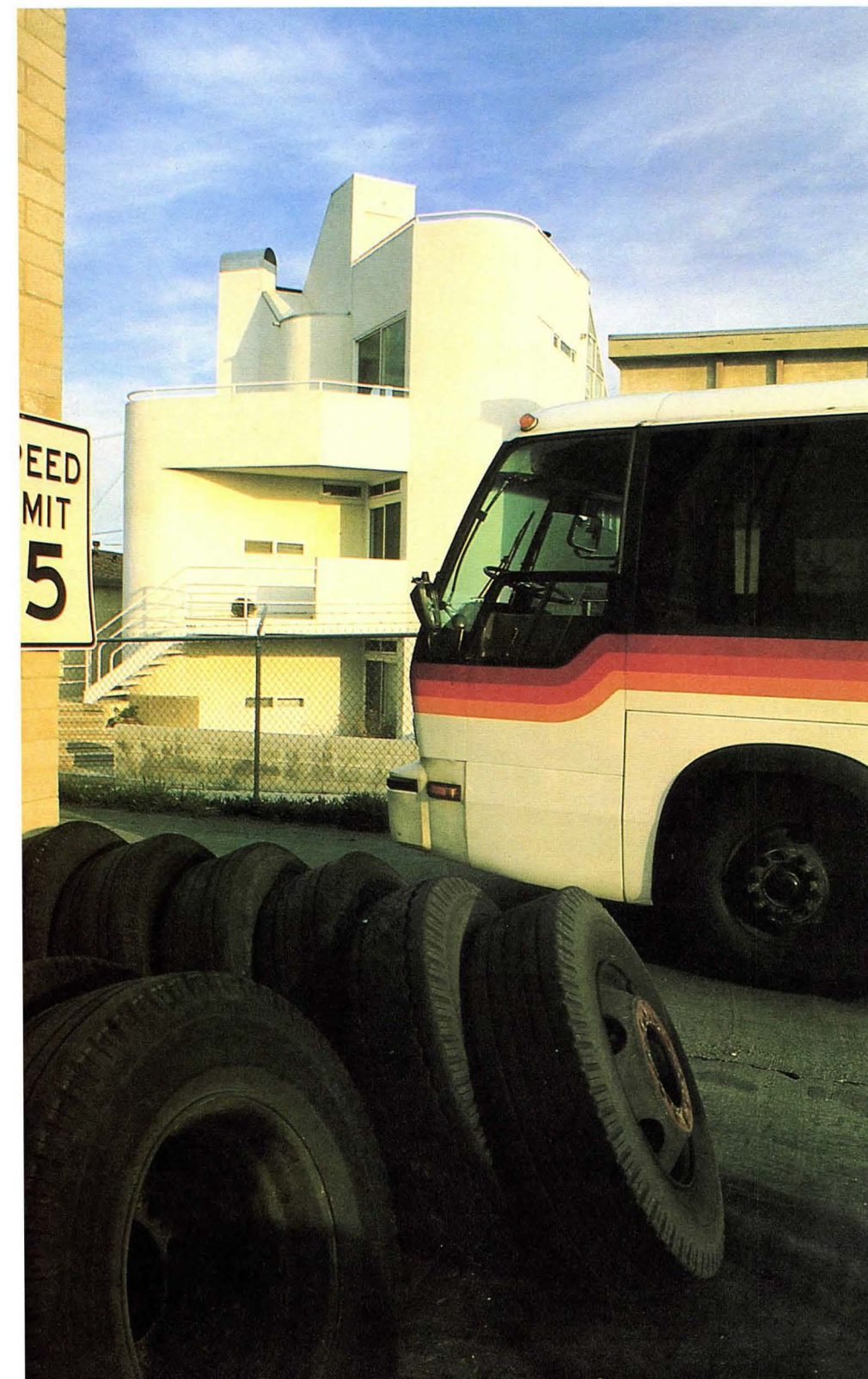
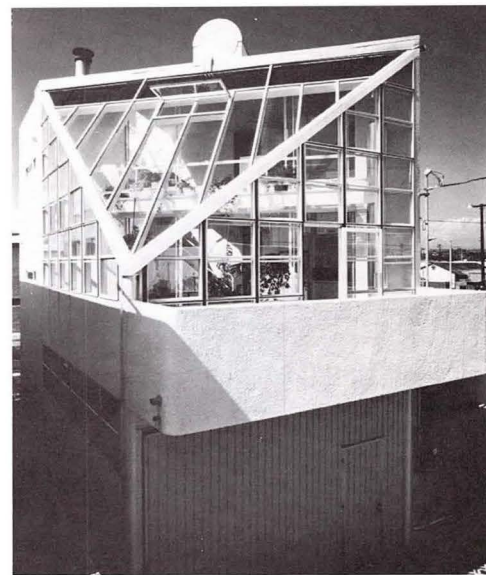


Sunday at the Pool, April 13, 1982
24½ x 36¼ inches

The Greenhouse

by Esther McCoy

photographs by Victoria Mihich



The number of women architects increases every year, but as relatively few have their own offices, it is not easy to determine the roles they play in the design process. In large offices, where many have jobs, their work is usually indistinguishable from that of the men. Unisex usually starts in school where women students want to be judged not as women but as architects, but as the only rule of judgment was set up by men, women suppress certain characteristics that are purely feminine.

"We are brainwashed in school," Ena Dubnoff (USC, 1960) said. "Women design more intuitively and emotionally, men more intellectually, and although the results may be similar, the process is different. Men think of windows intellectually in terms of view, the light coming in, and the patterns; women *experience* the view, the light and the patterns."

Milica Dedijer-Mihich recalled that when she came to USC in 1960 from the school of architecture at the University of Belgrade, where half her class was women, she had three strikes against her. "I was a woman, I had a foreign accent, and I was married." She tried to design boldly like her peers. It was a role she slipped out of often.

"For the third year design project for housing in the Hollywood Hills," she recalled, "I used poured-in-place concrete, with curves, to allow more sun in the apartments. All the men used steel. They were embarrassed when I put my drawings up. They averted their eyes. They were too polite to give me a crit." She laughed good humoredly as she finished the story.

Women seem to have been given greater responsibility in English and Italian offices, although the rare instance in which a woman was raised to a principal in the office is that of (Franco) Albini and (Franca) Helg. One encouraging straw in the wind came from a touching revelation in *Architectural Design's* issue on women in architecture that women took their babies to the office in their prams.

What a woman brings to a design is illustrated here in the most autobiographical of building types: a house for one's self. There is indeed the presence of a woman. You hear the voice of a woman in the program; it reads a little like a life support system for host and fetus. Dedijer charges the house to produce its own heat, to distill its own drinking water, to build a rain water reserve for the drip irrigation of vegetables grown in the two-story projecting greenhouse to feed a family of four. The children are aged five and seven. The father is architect Glen Small, widely known for his famous "Green Machine" megastructure and Biomorphic Biosphere.



A curved skylight at the top of the house admits sun to several interior levels.

Small and Dedijer have rarely worked together, although now they both teach at SCI-ARC. His office is on the ground level of the house and hers on a balcony above the kitchen. (A bit of symbolism.)

There was little discussion about who would design the house. By the time they could afford the 30 by 60 foot substandard city lot in Venice, overlooking the terminal (and graveyard) for city buses, the budget afforded little beyond basic shelter. There was very little chance that they would be able to get financing on the kind of universal systems design that Small was then engrossed in, so he deferred to Dedijer.

Dedijer spent more time in research than on the board; the heliodon tests to determine the orientation; model building to demonstrate to the city that the multi-layered space was only two stories; and of course the study of existing alternative energy systems, the adaptation of these to her purpose, or the design of new ones.

There were also studies of ways to close out the wretched views and take full advantage of the benevolent ones. The front of the house faces the bus terminal on the north, and to avoid this and reach out to the distant view of the Santa Monica Mountains required a deck at a high level of a house restricted to a 30 foot height. The result is almost as much square footage in decks as roof.

The north elevation seems at first glance Corbusian—the white skin, the pipe railings; but Dedijer is closer to the Corbusian ideal of the silo, the ocean liner, the suspension bridge—*“l'esthétique de la vie moderne.”* She blends the curve into the right angular line or surface as if she were bringing the yin and the yang into equilibrium. There are subtle retards and accelerations, an effortless change of time and key as she moves from clear to liquid, from cerebral *fugue* to emotional *lied*—and all in a small composition, not designed for the full orchestra, more a chamber ensemble.

An image that flitted in and out of her mind as she was designing the house was her great-aunt's miniscule Palladian villa in Belgrade, with its oval entry hall echoing in living room and the shape of the terrace facing the river. Dedijer had worked for several years on her own projects and Bernard Judge's in his office in the Schindler house, and she paid certain tributes in the design to Schindler. She spoke of his way of putting an elegant bathroom in a lowcost house. (Her bathrooms have curved walls, are lighted from two sides and have round tubs 6 feet in diameter.)

She and Small had owned and restored one of the Horatio West beach cottages designed by Irving Gill in 1919 as a workmen's court. “I had a reverence for his humble spaces,” she said. (She followed Gill's habit of raising the closet floors to keep out the dust.)

These things all lay in her mind. She drew from them intuitively. In the end she achieved a conceptual house in which there are rich intuitions.

The focal point of the house is the two-story greenhouse on the south, attached like a papoose to the parent structure. The major purpose is for the growing of food, but equally important are the south light, the air and the view it gives the major rooms. The central high space in the house is not the living room but the dining room, and pointed toward this, like horizontally staggered boxes at the theater, are Dedijer's office on the east, and the living room on the west. The kitchen, below Dedijer's office, is close to the food supply in the greenhouse.

The living room, the highest point in the house, is an evening room where the family and guests gather. During the day the meeting place is the sunny dining room. Small in area, low and sheltering, the living room is released from the rectangle by a big-radius curve joining two sides; the room is open to the high space of the dining room, and glass doors lead to the north deck. A low concrete platform, extending around the curve and the dining room side, is covered with continuous comfortable seating; the one break is for a low roundbellied stove which rests on the platform.

Food production in the greenhouse is not yet in operation, but the floor is stressed to take the load of 14"-deep growing trays, triangular in shape to accommodate to the triangular plan. From the heavy beams will hang more plants, and under the high windows off the dining room is a balcony which will take care of still more.

Delays in construction threw off the schedule. The biggest delay grew out of the estimate of \$16,000 for the greenhouse. Dedijer had resisted timber construction because the size of the members would cut into the view. Small urged her not to give up. She didn't. She had been contracting the house herself, and now she ordered the steel and got the name of a welder from the Yellow Pages. That brought the cost down to \$6,000.

There are a number of things in the house that seem to me to come from the sensitivity of a woman. The dining room has been raised in the hierarchy of spaces to surpass the living room. In the 1940s the dining room was swallowed up by the living room,

and Dedijer returns it to some of its importance. The dining room is the crossroads at which one passes to reach all other rooms except the bedrooms—she calls it “a courtyard.”

The more obvious references are the cylindrical forms, the curved walls of halls, living room, bedrooms and baths, and the bulk of the greenhouse. But it is the nurturing attitude of the program which unmistakably makes this the work of a woman, an affirmative one. There is more laughter and affirmation in this house than heroics.

In speaking of the house, Dubnoff says “Women understand and deal with complex ties better than men. They are good at balancing complicated equal parts. Milica is like most women in that she is more concerned with process than with ego. Women seldom fight for any one big idea. They balance the smaller ones, as Milica balances the smaller spaces here.”

(For specific information on the greenhouse see Marsha Zilles' roundup of Alternative Energy Systems on page 50.)

Esther McCoy has written extensively on California architecture and her publications include Five California Architects, Richard Neutra, and Vienna to Los Angeles: Two Journeys.

Architect:
Milica Dedijer-Mihich

Energy Systems Design Consultant:
Terry Rainey

Mechanical Engineer:
Jerry Sullivan

Structural Engineers:
Frank Lucas and Leslie Fejes

Electrical Consultant:
Saul Goldin

Food Production Analyst:
Debi Strozier

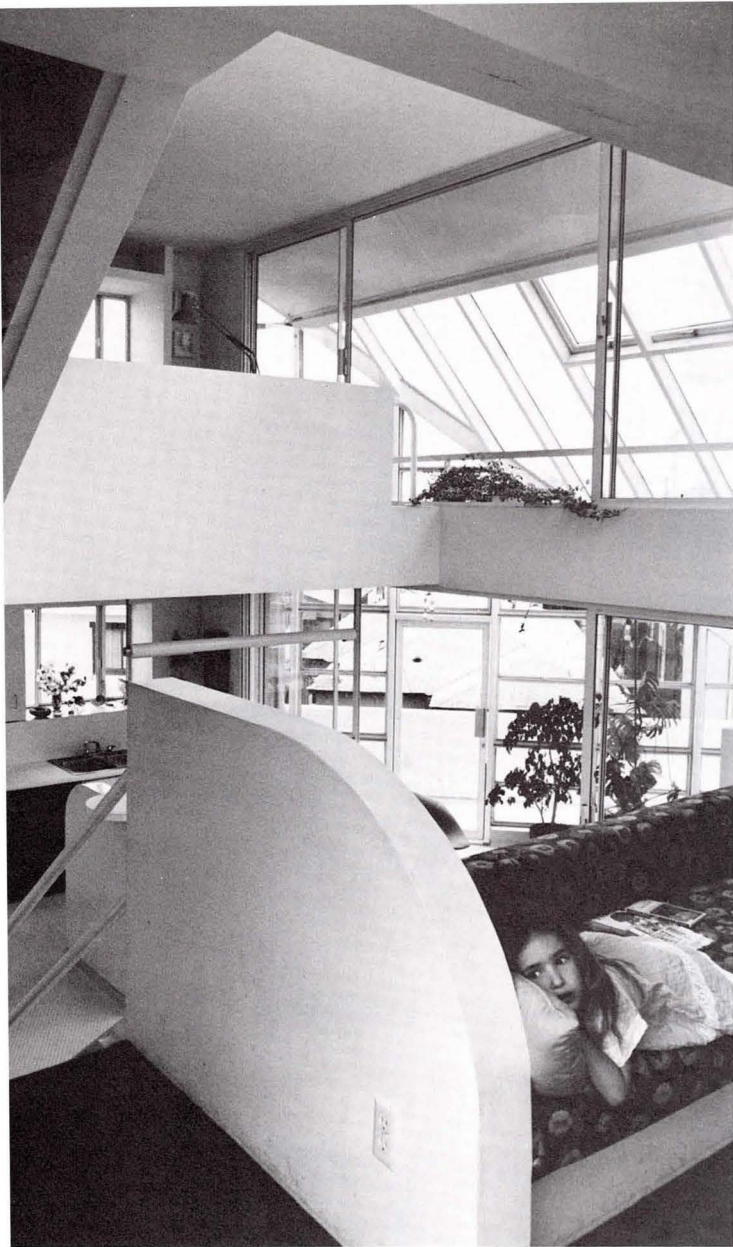
General Contractors:
Milica Dedijer-Mihich and Roland Tso, AIA

Greenhouse Welder:
Jim Johnson, Associated Welding

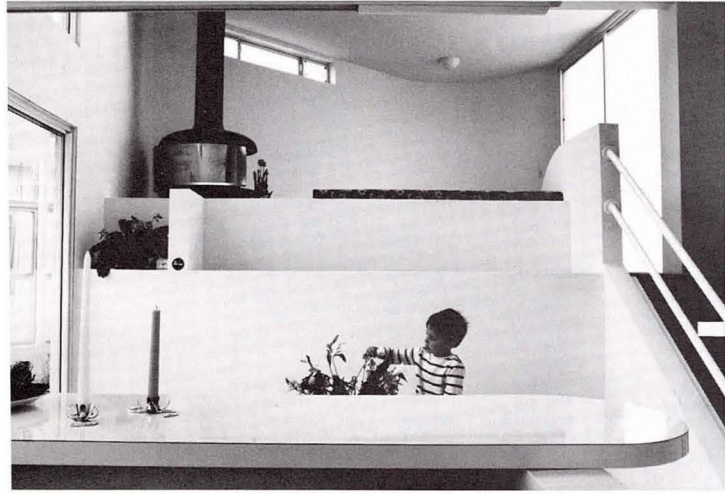
Waste Disposal System:
Carousel model by Evroscope

Water Distiller:
New World Distillers

Solar flat plate collector components:
Phelps Dodge



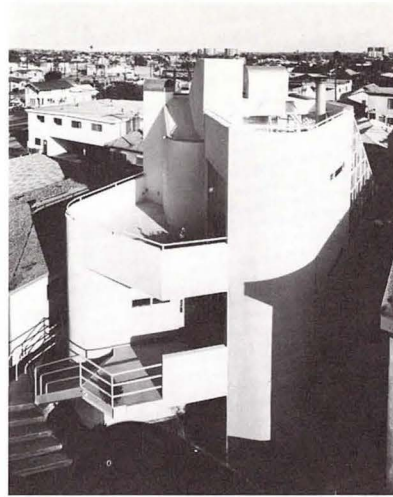
Above: A view from the living area across to the studio shows the generous space at the heart of the house. Right: View from the greenhouse into the dining area. Below left: A view from the kitchen to the living area above. Below right: The dining area joins the kitchen and the greenhouse.





Curved walls envelop circular tubs in both bathrooms.

The greenhouse provides the house with solar heating, extra floor space and an area for growing food.

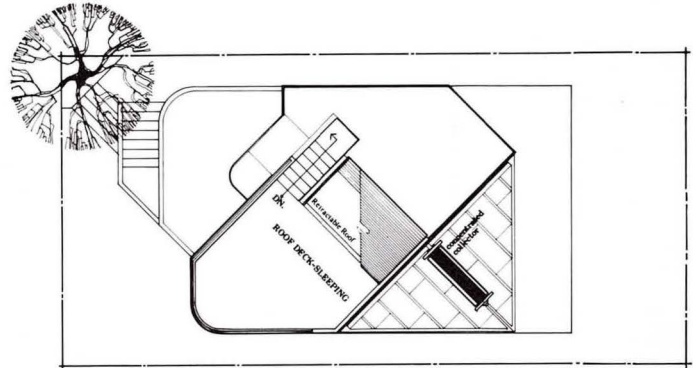
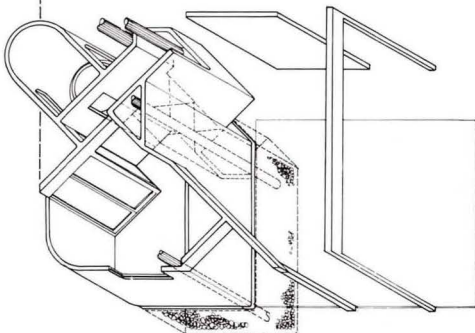
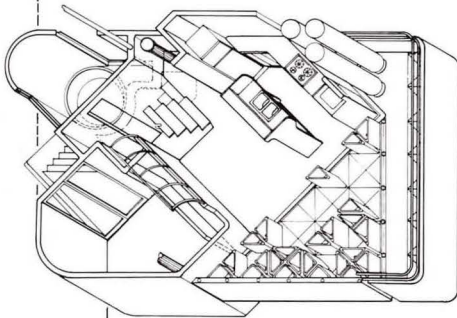
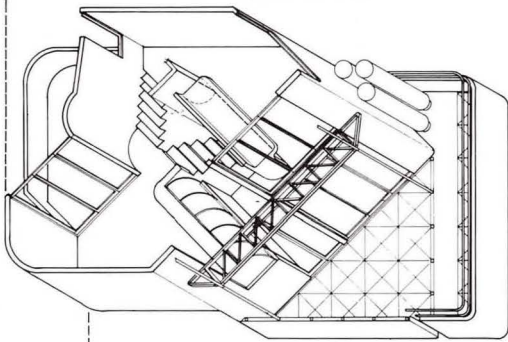
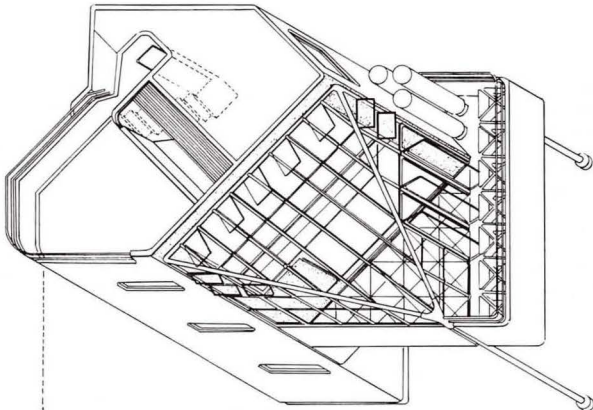


The house from an adjacent rooftop shows it in context with the neighborhood.

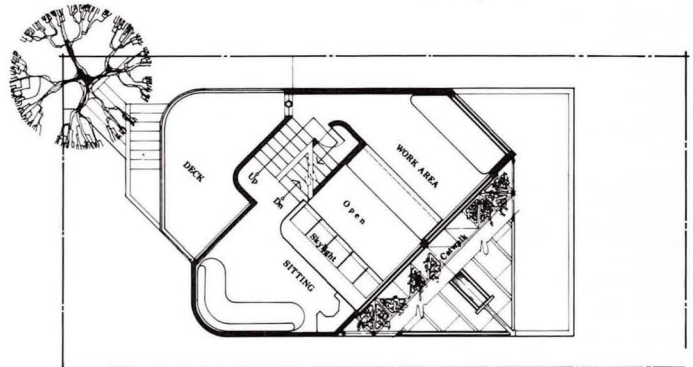


The stairway walls are washed with blue, reflected from the carpeting.

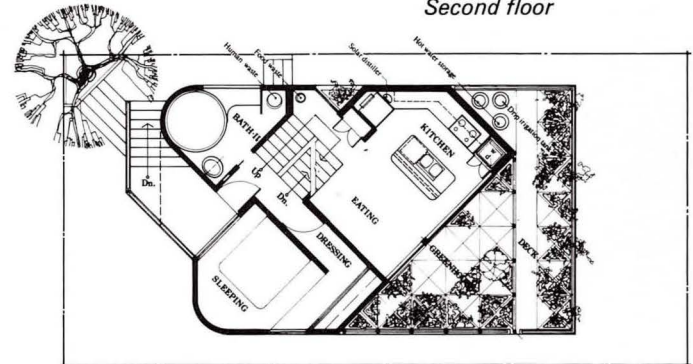




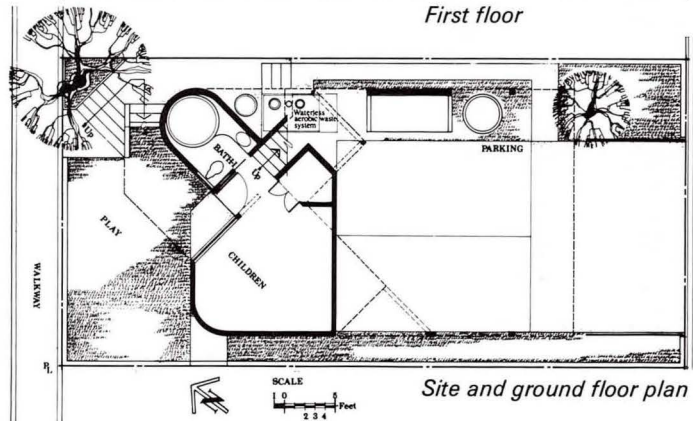
Roof plan



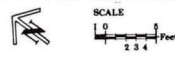
Second floor



First floor



Site and ground floor plan



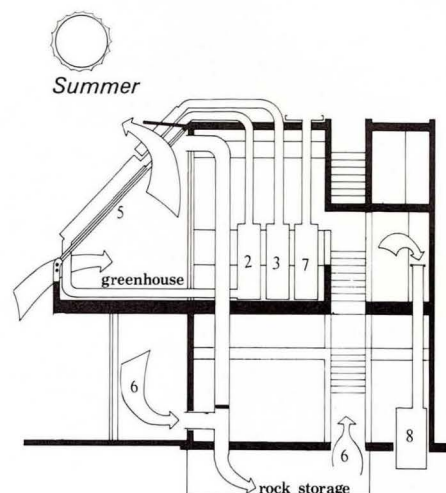
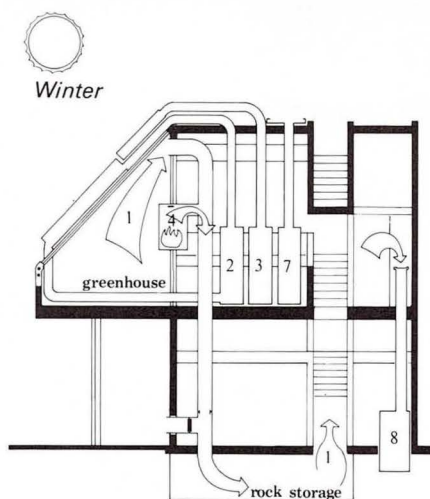
ALSTON

Alternative Energy Systems

by Marsha Zilles

Energy Systems

- 1 Greenhouse heat gain
- 2 Solar hot water system
- 3 Solar water distiller
- 4 Backup-gas or wood
- 5 Nursery fabric sun screen
- 6 Cool ambient air
- 7 Rain water collection
- 8 Aerobic waste system



The architect's intention was to "investigate the responsiveness of the individual living unit towards the basic life support systems (sun, water, air, nutrients and waste)" and to "minimize dependency on the existing urban energy systems such as municipal water, sewage and drainage, as well as electrical power, natural gas and food supply."

Solar Design Research:

An initial design decision was made to use solar energy to accommodate the space heating, domestic hot water, water purification and food production needs of the house. It was decided that a greenhouse would be the most appropriate structure to respond to all of these requirements. The greenhouse could act as a heating plenum for the space heating, as a framework support for the solar collector in domestic water heating, as a support for the photovoltaic cells for water purification, and as the volume within which food production would take place.

Research then began in order to find the plan of maximum solar exposure on this substandard 30' x 60' site. A heliodon test was conducted by erecting a 1/8" scale model of the proposed building mass including the surrounding tightly packed homes. The sun's yearly path was duplicated, and the results of the tests established the maximum solar exposure plane to be 18' above ground level with the ideal orientation at the southeast property line off the rear alley. The greenhouse was located beneath this plane. The greenhouse plan is a right angle isosceles triangle with the right angle facing approximately true south.

Space Heating System:

Passive: There is direct solar gain through the greenhouse to the main living areas during the day.

Semi-passive: There are cylindrical return and supply duct stacks located at the base angles of the greenhouse. The return air duct sucks hot air from the top by means of a counterflow fan from the back-up furnace down to the 310 sq. ft. rock storage area underneath the ground floor of the house. The air heats the rocks and is then returned to the greenhouse floor by the supply duct located at the opposite angle from the return duct.

Space Heating Controls:

Heat Storage Mode: A differential thermostat activates the downflow furnace fan when the temperature in the rock storage area is less than the upper portion of the greenhouse.

Space Heating Mode: A two-stage room thermostat senses the room temperature in the house. Upon a call for heating, the first

stage of the thermostat closes the greenhouse rock storage duct circulation system and opens the residence duct circulation system. This extracts the heat stored in the rocks, distributing the hot air through the small ducts leading to the upper level rooms. If there is inadequate heat in the storage system, the room thermostat turns on the back-up gas furnace required by local building codes. During the 1981-82 winter, the only back-up heat required was supplied by the wood-burning Fire Drum II fireplace in the sitting area at night. The average monthly electrical bill was six dollars for operating the counterflow furnace fan.

The space heating system has several built-in options including a motorized louvered damper which can bypass the bottom of the rock storage and channel the heat gain from the greenhouse across the top of the rock storage directly beneath the top concrete floor slab, and a separate air return connected from the highest portion of the interior of the house to the main rock storage area. This is operated by two motorized dampers facilitating air circulation when the temperature of the rock storage is higher than the temperature of the upper portion of the house. All windows except south facing are double-glazed.

Space Cooling:

All the main living rooms are cross-ventilated. The greenhouse is equipped with a top projecting vent on the roof slope and double hung windows on the side wall, oriented to catch prevailing ocean breezes. The sloping roof area of the greenhouse will be shaded with suspended nursery fabric to reduce glare. The greenhouse catwalk acts as a sunshade for the kitchen-dining area during the summer; and the solar flat plate collector acts as a sunshade for the study and sitting areas.

Solar Hot Water Heating System:

A conventional 60 sq. ft. flat plate collector was integrated into the top portion of the greenhouse. An 80 gallon hot water storage tank is located on the roof just above the collector plate. The hot water from the collector plate is thermo-siphoned up to the storage tank which is placed horizontally and gravity feeds the water to the house. There is a back-up gas heater to assist the system if necessary.

Water Purification:

An electrically operated distilling unit will purify drinking water for the house. All the necessary low voltage wiring and water supply lines have been installed in the main chase. The unit will be run by photo-voltaic cells; and it has been calculated that the cost of install-

ing the cells and distilling unit will be amortized in two years based on the present cost of bottled water.

Water Conservation:

An aerobic waste disposal system is planned to minimize the dependency of the house on municipal sewage and water systems. This will be a waterless digester of food and human waste. The traditional tank top toilet uses four or five gallons per flush. The digester toilet utilizes a vacuum to pull the wastes into a composter/digester. The wastes are broken down into fertilizer. The minimum amount of heat necessary for digestion of organic material is supplied by the space heating system. A regular tank-top toilet is also installed to comply with municipal occupancy codes. All the necessary framing and plumbing is installed but the composter unit has not yet been purchased.

A rainfall storage system is in place between the 3' wide built-up planter walls on the sides of the property. The terraces serve as collectors and distributors of rainfall into the storage system. This water can then be used for food growing and landscaping. In desert like climates such as this, potable water can become scarce, so a rainwater storage system is important.

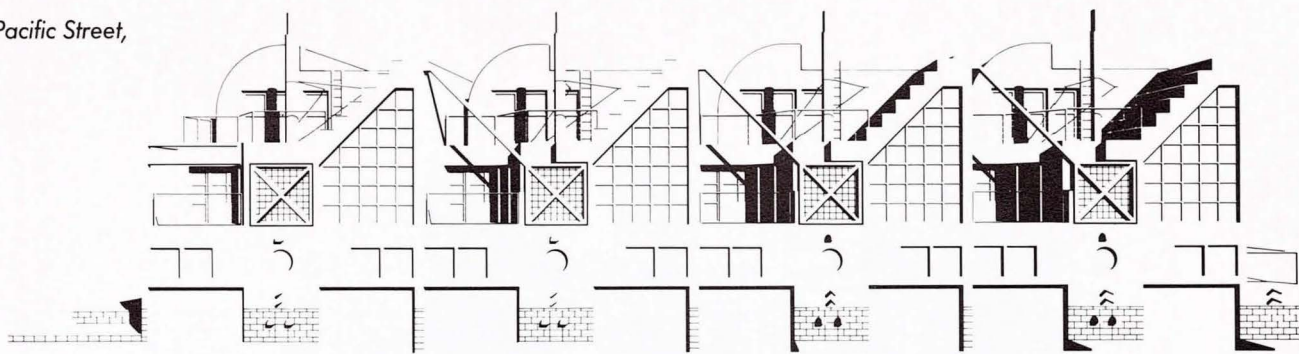
A turf-block material in the driveway catches water run-off and uses it to grow ground cover.

Food Production:

The greenhouse floor, walls and sloping roof members as well as the terraces have been structurally reinforced to support the weight of large triangular planters which should supply the nutritional needs for a family of four. All the terraces have water supply for easy maintenance. Proposed landscaping for the exterior ground level consists of assorted fruit-producing trees appropriate to the coastal zone.

Marsha Zilles, a senior draftsman in the office of Welton Becket Associates, formerly designed and built solar greenhouses for the New Alchemy Institute.

levation drawing, 116 Pacific Street,
tafford-Binder.



Typecasting Style

y John Chase



Since 1976, a distinctive genre of townhouse condominium has appeared in Santa Monica, California. Designed by a group of like-minded young architects, these buildings combine architectural exuberance with a pragmatic accommodation of code requirements and market forces. Their designers show a casual lack of concern for the intellectual issues of architecture, freely borrowing from and reinterpreting the imagery of the Modern Movement while dispensing with much of its ideological content. Like the anonymous designers of vernacular buildings, these architects seem unaware of the more profound connotations of the stylistic elements they employ or the rationale behind their selection and composition. This attitude is fairly typical of Southern California which has bred many skilled architectural stylists over the years.

The condominiums' pop/futuristic shapes and eye-catching colors make them a loosely matched set of place markers in their neighborhood. Their use of color reflects contemporary Los Angeles fashion in the decorative arts, while their expressionism represents a continuing local tradition of experimentation with a popularized vocabulary of modern architecture.

The use of the relatively adventurous language of modernism for speculative buildings was encouraged by three main factors: the free-spirited cultural climate of Los Angeles that has long encouraged new ideas; the realized market potential of younger, well-educated buyers with careers in the arts and professions; and the design leeway allowed by the architects financing and contracting their own buildings. Many of the architects chose to act as their own developers in order to gain design control over their projects and a larger portion of the profits.

The floor plans of all the 1500-1800 square foot townhouses are similar. Typically, there are two bedrooms and bathrooms on the ground floor, and a double height living room/dining room area on the second floor, with an open loft level on the third floor overlooking all. The second and third level spaces are bright and airy, lit by clerestory windows and skylights. The interiors are simple, punctuated by exposed metal ducts, pipe rails, and fireplaces.

The inclusion of a loft level is typical of the designers' dual concern with meeting zoning requirements and satisfying the housing market. Santa Monica zoning prohibits the construction of bathrooms on the third floor, and this level can be no greater than one-third the size of the second floor. The designers used this restriction to their advantage by creating an open loft. This gives the townhouses a desirable amount of flexibility, as both the loft and downstairs bedroom are easily adapted for use as home office space, an important consideration for many of the buyers.

A code requirement for fire access was responsible for another feature common to the condominiums—second and third floor roof decks. The designers took advantage of this constraint to create a romantic Corbusian modern landscape. Level changes, bridges, metal staircases, and pipe railings give the decks qualities of a jungle gym, as though they were intended for open air calisthenics. This vocabulary also echoes earlier modernist concerns for health and cleanliness as evidenced in buildings such as Richard Neutra's 1929 Lovell house in Los Angeles.

The designers of these condominiums are a group of young Southern California architects who have worked in a shifting series of collaborations. Many of them attended the Southern California Institute of Architecture (SCI-ARC), and have studied or worked with Eric Moss, whose techno-pop influence is evident in their work. Santa Monica was the logical location for them to build: most of the architects live in or near this area which occupies a highly sought-after position at the ocean edge of the fashionable Los Angeles West Side. Furthermore, the steep rise in land prices experienced throughout the area in the 1970s was especially dramatic in Santa Monica, making it an attractive venue for further real-estate speculation.

Steve Andre of Urban Forms was motivated to become a developer-architect because architects have very little influence on most projects: "The developer's lawyer, or his framer, is far more important to him than the architect. The developer's potential profits are huge. I went after his piece of the pie." Andre began his independent architectural practice by buying a





116 Pacific Street

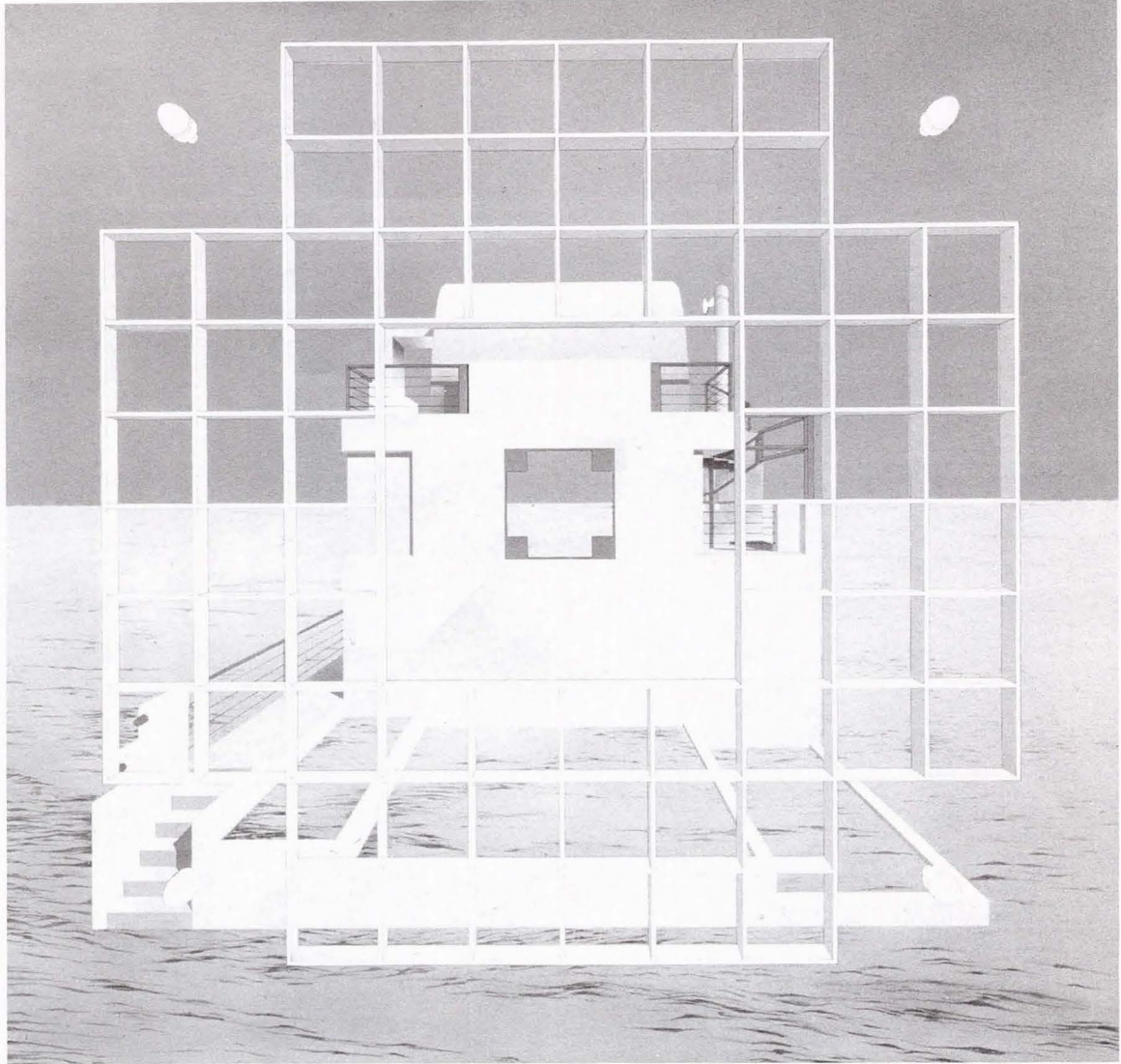
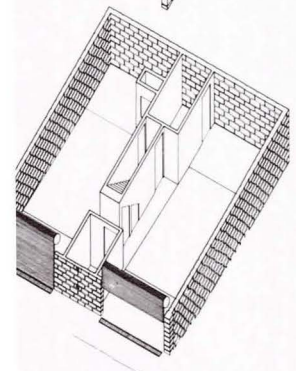
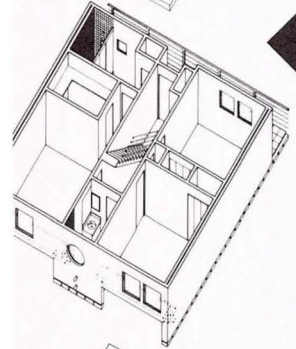
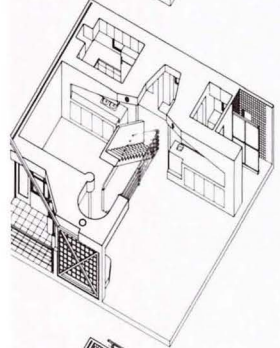
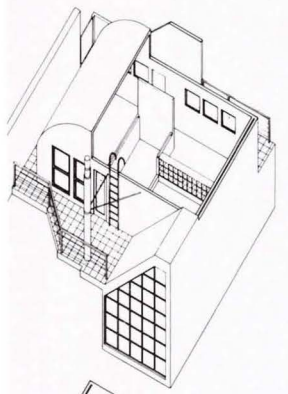
Stafford-Binder, 1982

Photograph: Alley facade.

Photograph: Marvin Rand

Diagram: Conceptual perspective.

Diagram: Exploded axonometric, section by floor.



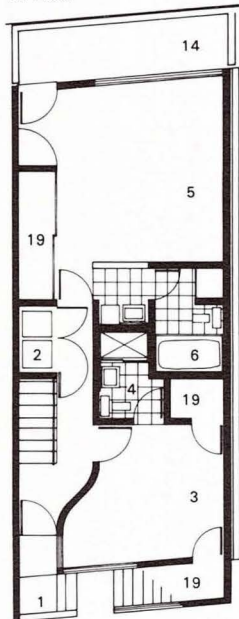
single lot and building a house on speculation. Working rapidly in order to recoup his investment, he completed the design and working drawings in one week. After the first house, he went on to build a five unit condominium at 1017 Pearl Street, designed in collaboration with Allan Tossman. Since then, Andre has acted as architect and developer on six projects, although his future as a developer is presently in doubt because of the current collapse of the housing market.

The 1981-2 condominiums at 116 Pacific Street in Santa Monica by Stafford-Binder treat parking areas in the opposite manner. While other condominiums have their garages hidden behind berms or sunk partially into the ground, the concrete block garage of the Stafford-Binder condominiums is exposed, creating a plinth for the building. Because this "rusticated" concrete block base is symmetrical, as is the X-motif which crosses the second and third story, the building has a strong, ordered division into parts. The X-motif and the terraces which are cut into one edge of each unit help define the condominiums as thirty-foot cubes. This definition is also expressed in the plan, where most elements are symmetrically disposed around a central stair hall.

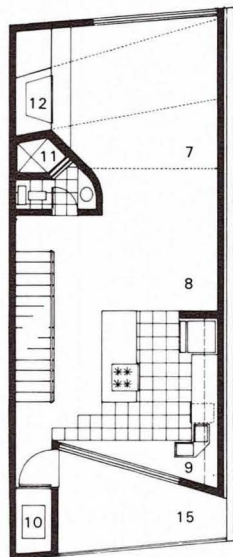
The modern style which the condominium architects chose to adopt is the modernism of 1920s Europe, particularly the work of Le Corbusier. However, while there was often a polemical element in early heroic modernism, this is usually lacking in the work of these young architects. Whereas Le Corbusier used a set of ideas to propose an architectural principle, such as the free plan generated by the column and slab system at the Maison Dom-ino, these architects have simply appropriated his use of details such as pipe rails and steel-framed windows. This revival of modernist imagery was first seen in the work of the New York Five, who used a Corbusian language in the 1960s and 70s to bolster their campaign for abstract formalism. In Santa Monica, this interest in abstraction has been further simplified to a Sunbelt code of playful composition and decoration.



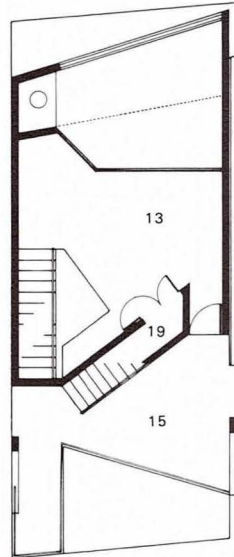
1st Floor



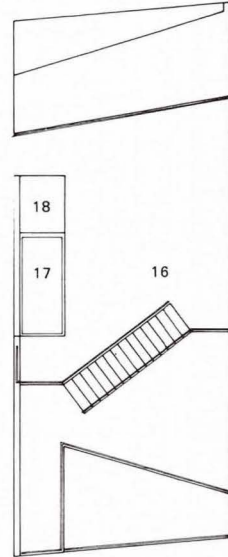
2nd Floor



Mezzanine



Roof



831 Pacific Street.
A Design Group.

- 1 Entry
- 2 Laundry Area
- 3 Bedroom
- 4 Bath
- 5 Master Suite
- 6 Master Bath
- 7 Living Area
- 8 Dining Area
- 9 Kitchen
- 10 F.A.U.
- 11 Bath
- 12 Fireplace
- 13 Mezzanine
- 14 Patio
- 15 Deck
- 16 Roof Deck
- 17 Skylight
- 18 Storage
- 19 Closet



terior, 831 Pacific.

The revivalist style of the condominium architects is eclectic rather than dogmatic, and besides Corbusian modernism, there are other influences on current architectural taste at work in these buildings. The screen walls of the 1981 Tossman/Day condominiums at 835 Grant Street, for example, seem simultaneously indebted to Charles Moore and the New York Five; and the primary forms of recent European rationalism crop up in the Stafford-Binder condominiums of 1982.

However, the condominium architects are generally uncomfortable when the notion of style is applied to their buildings. They view their choice of forms as naturally appropriate to the buildings' function and locale, and consequently styleless. In fact, the condominiums belong to that most ephemeral aspect of style—to fashion—and the fashion they follow most is high-tech, the media-propagated decorating fad in which objects are valued for their drop-dead cool/industrial associations. The hardware of the condominiums is perhaps their most symbolically important decorative feature. Red pipe railings, gridded formica and exposed bulb fixtures in wire cages are seen as indicators of progressive cultural aspirations, and of professional class social status.

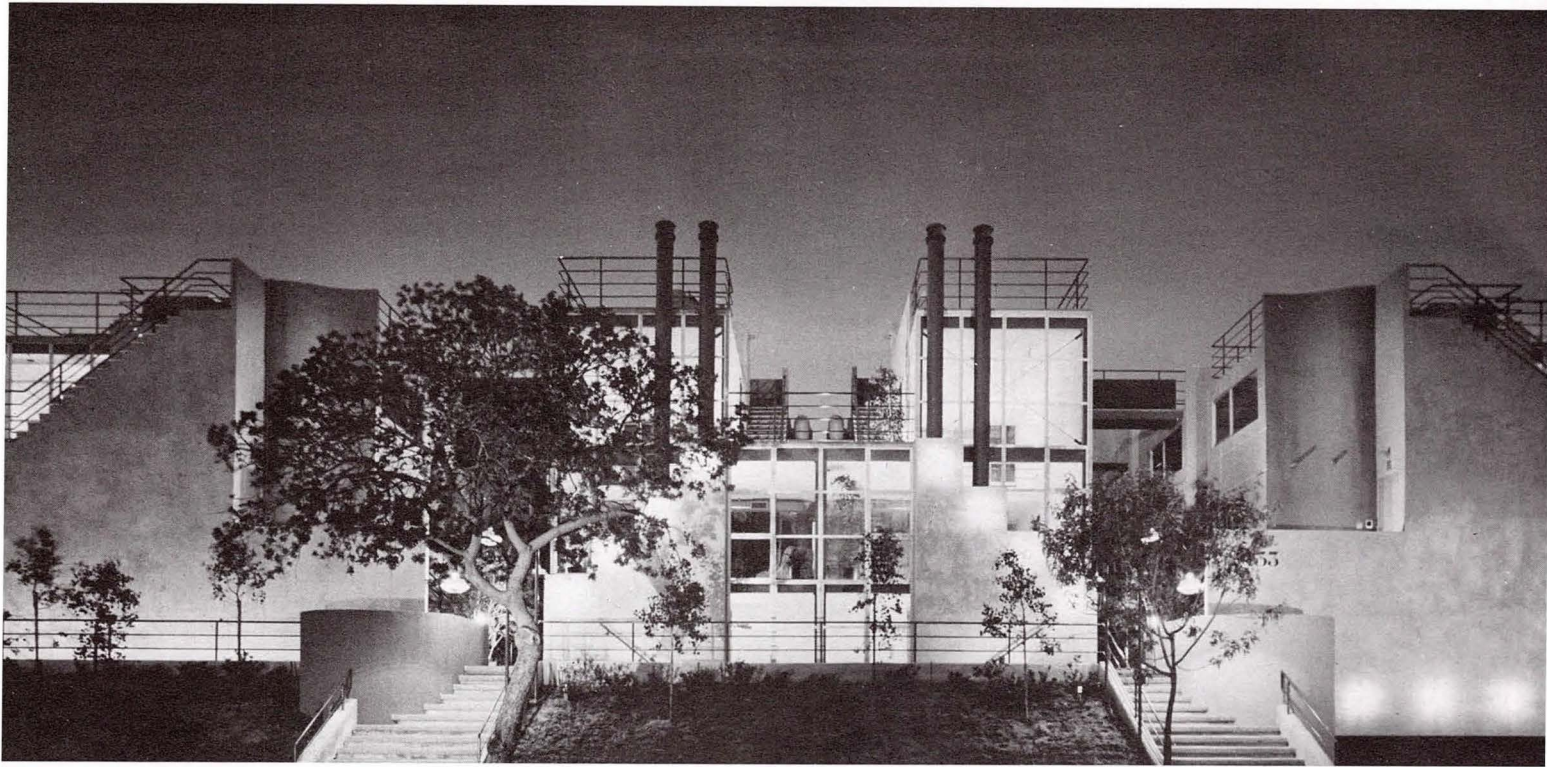


Townhouse condominiums began to appear in Santa Monica around 1973; and one of the first to employ aggressively modern imagery was 632 Pacific Street, designed in 1976 by Michael Folonis of A Design Group while he was still a student at SCI-ARC. This building differs from later condominiums in two respects: it is finished in wood, rather than stucco, and the bedrooms are located on the second floor, rather than the currently favored first. The project won a Los Angeles AIA award in 1977, and was followed with a succession of condominium projects designed by Folonis in conjunction with his partner, David Cooper.

● 821 Bay Street. A Design Group and Jannotta Breska.



● 632 Pacific Street. Michael Folonis, 1976.



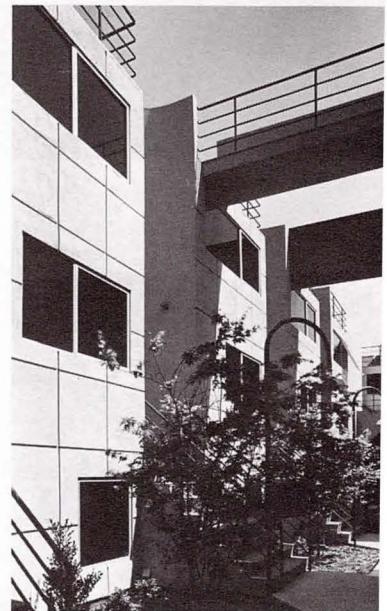
Sun-Tech Townhomes
David Van Hoy and Steve
Andre, Urban Forms, 1981
Photos: Glen Allison

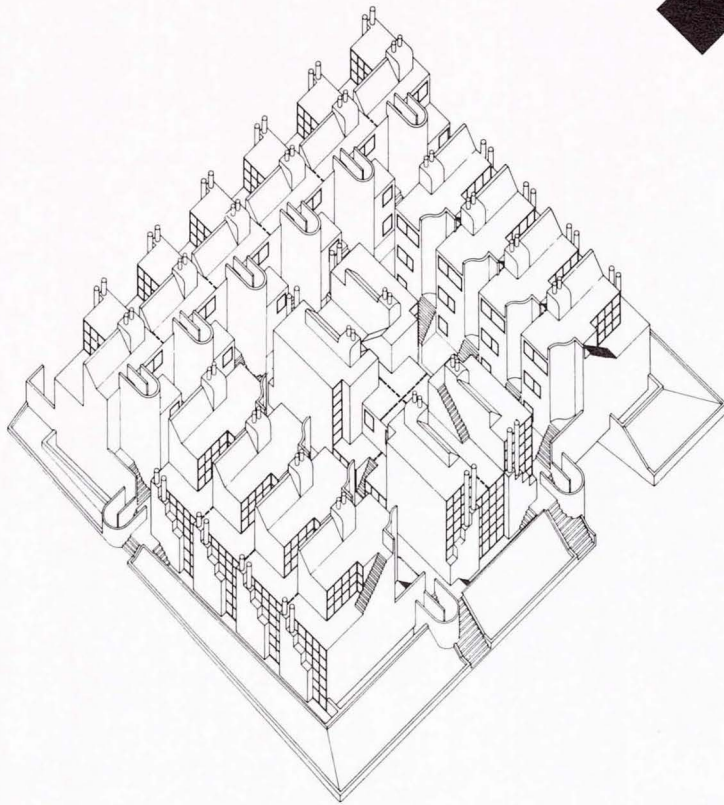
Above: 28th Street facade.

Left: Dining area.

Right: Courtyard walkway.

Below: Living area, over-
looked by loft.



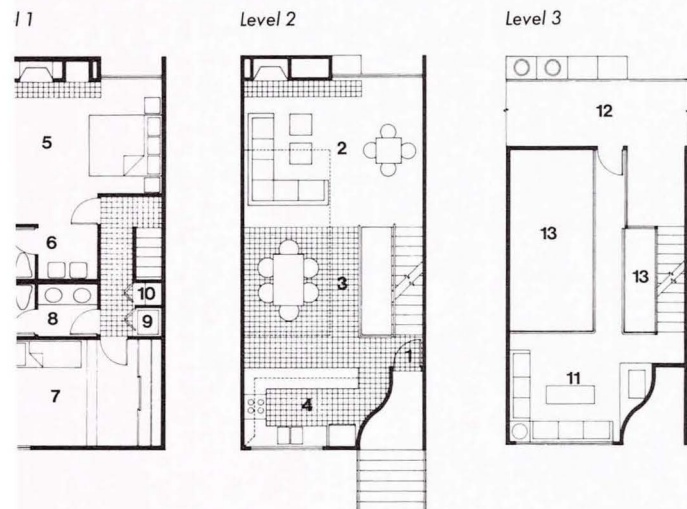
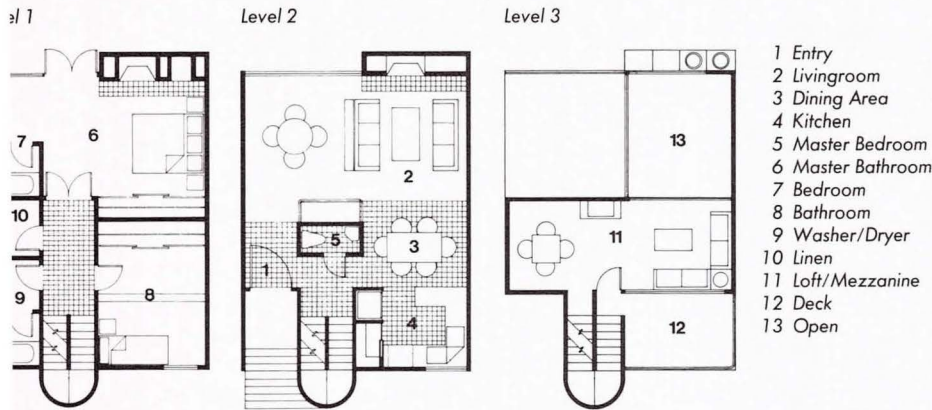


Largest and best planned of the condominiums is the Sun-Tech Townhomes, also the recipient of a Los Angeles AIA award, designed by David Van Hoy and Steve Andre of Urban Forms and built in 1981 at 2433 Pearl Street. Sun-Tech has three plan types, volumetrically expressed as alternate arrangements, made up of the same block-like components. The tightness of the narrow passageways between the townhouses and the repetition of forms create the appearance of an urban village. A simple, orthogonal site plan at Sun-Tech attempts to foster a sense of community among its residents, in contrast to recent residential construction in Southern California which has often produced the opposite effect. Unlike many new townhouses in Los Angeles, with their individual entrances directly off subterranean garages, the staircases at Sun-Tech lead to communal pathways. Residents enter their houses via stoops which step up a half level to the second story; so that exits and entrances, like in nineteenth century rowhouses, become a public event. The project's roof decks, joined together by catwalks, are also part of the communal space.

ical floorplans,
1-Tech Townhomes.

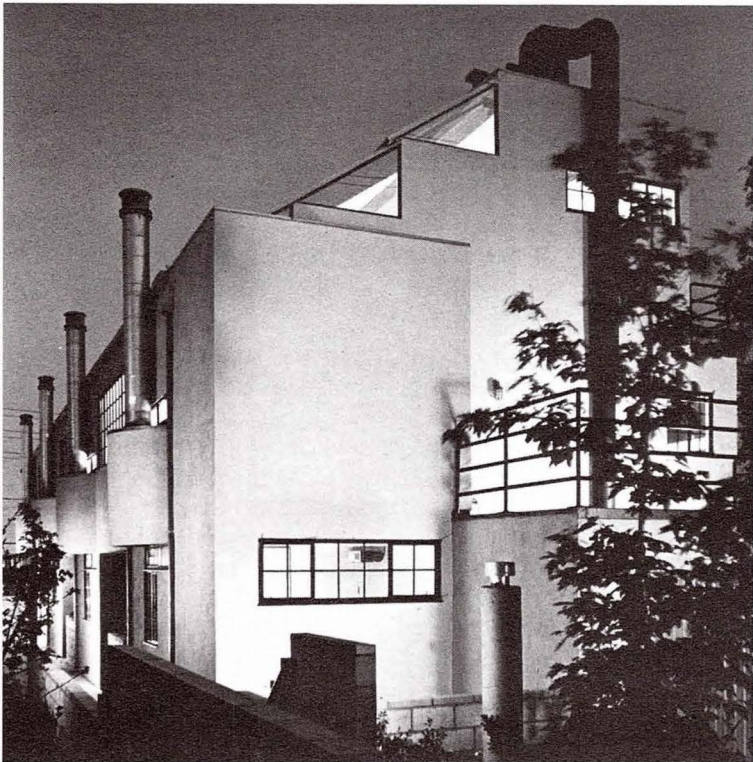
The downstairs bedrooms that face onto walkways are the least attractive feature of Sun-Tech. The first floor location, and the nearness to the walkways, is inimical to the concept of privacy necessary for a bedroom. The bedrooms are dark, as well, because their gloomy position at the bottom of the building is made gloomier still by an earth berm placed over the parking garage as a nod to landscaping. This gives some ground-floor rooms the feeling of a basement.

Social acceptance of the luxury townhouse spread in Southern California during the 1970s because, fitting on a small 50 x 150 foot lot, it is the only type of new development possible in existing urbanized areas in which each unit retains a separately defined identity. The condominiums are usually arranged as bands of rowhouses, one unit deep, thereby retaining the personal scale characteristic of earlier solutions to this problem, such as the bungalow court or the duplex. Development of this kind made up a large part of Los Angeles' new multiple unit housing between the first and second World Wars. Some of these buildings were clothed in the Moderne style, a popularized vocabulary of modern forms which bears a relationship to more sober high art modernism much like that of the Santa Monica condominiums.



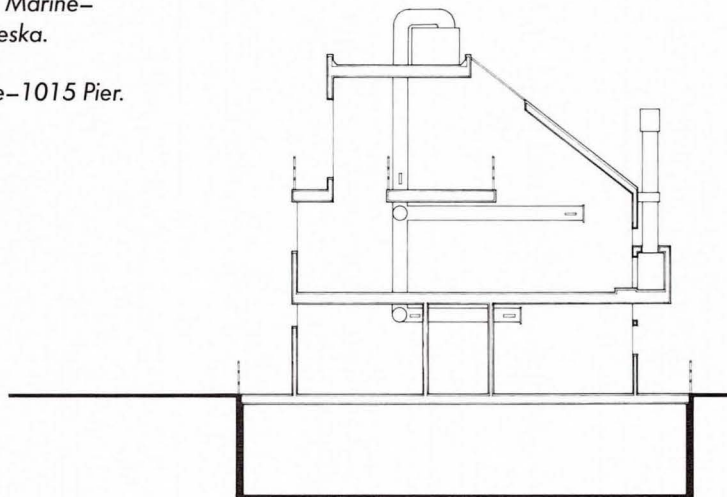


● 835 Grant Avenue. Tossman-Day, 1981.



● Condominiums, 1016 Marine-1015 Pier, Janotta Breska.

● Section, 1016 Marine-1015 Pier.



Glen Allison



However, it seems unlikely that the pop-mode rowhouse will become so widespread in Los Angeles that it will be the housing type that symbolizes the 1980s in the same way that the stucco box apartment house dominated the 1950s or the bungalow dominated the teens. High prices and financing costs, a city moratorium on condominium construction, and a continued popular taste for period revival imagery all conspire to make investment in the modern condominiums risky, if not impossible. Land zoned for condominiums in Santa Monica is expensive, averaging 50 to 60 dollars per square foot, compared to 15 to 20 dollars per square foot in an area such as the West San Gabriel Valley. The Santa Monica condominiums cost another 50 to 60 dollars per square foot to build, and the finished product will cost its new owner 200 to 250 thousand dollars, well above the Los Angeles median house price of 114 thousand dollars. The housing market collapsed just as the building of modern condominiums peaked in Santa Monica—the 1980 census revealed that almost one quarter of the city's condo units were vacant.

Consumer preference for period revival style has also acted to keep the number of condominiums employing modern imagery to a minimum. One hundred and fifteen condominiums were given their first approval by Santa Monica in 1979; of these only a handful actually employed overtly modern forms. The adoption of those forms is, of course, no guarantee of aesthetic integrity, as developments that appear to be simplified and poorly realized versions of this prototype have already appeared.

Currently, there is a city-wide moratorium on any condominium construction, imposed in March of last year, while Santa Monica reviews its zoning policies. This is only the latest in a series of moratoriums which began in May of 1979, shortly after a new pro-rent control, anti-development city council took office. When and if condominium building resumes in Santa Monica it will do so burdened with yet another layer of regulations and conditions levied, such as mandatory inclusion of low-income units.

Given the constraints of government policy, an uncertain economy, and the vagaries of popular taste, it remains to be seen what role the pop-modern speculative condominium will play in the Southern California cityscape. This genre of building may colonize other, less expensive sections of the region, while it is equally possible that they will become instant period pieces of the late 1970s and early 80s.

John Chase is the author of "The Sidewalk Companion to Santa Cruz Architecture" and "Exterior Decoration: Hollywood's Inside-out Houses."

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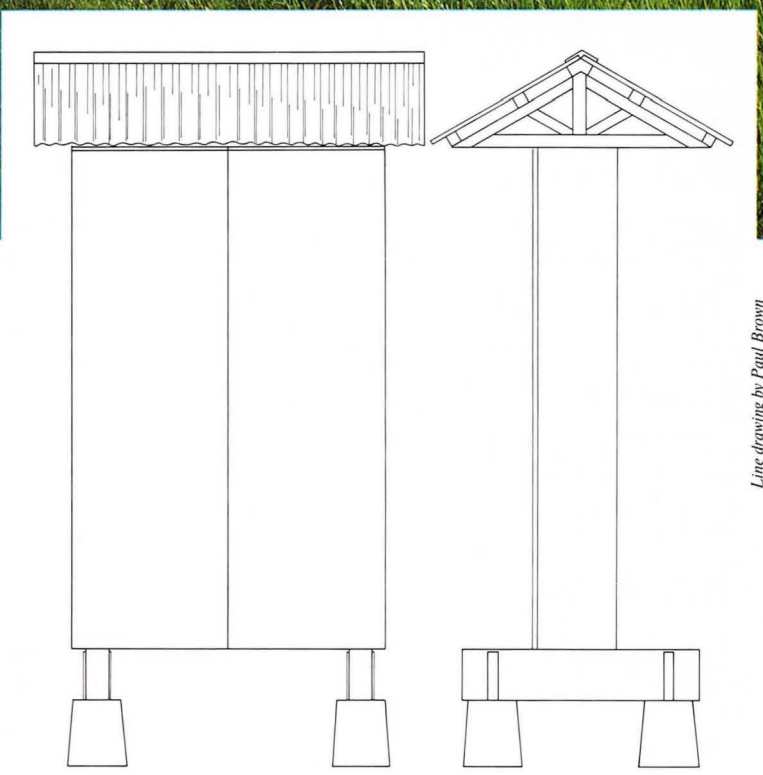


Mexican Bauhaus

Artwork by Peter Shire

Deborah Perrin

► “Mexican Bauhaus” is the name that Peter Shire gives his style, working in an additive process that brings together forms, colors and materials with utter disregard for traditional combinations. A ceramic teapot has a re-bar handle held on with cotter pins; a plywood storage cabinet perches on cement pilings under the shelter of a fiberglass roof. His ceramics are without the plasticity that seemed inherent in the medium until he laid hands on it; his furniture marries ephemeral paint to eternal concrete. Somehow, these



Line drawing by Paul Brown

FUNCTIONAL ART

surprising unions emphasize the intrinsic qualities of each element.

► The pieces miraculously retain function in the midst of these kaleidoscopic patterns of form and color. Like a happy child at play in a scrap box, Shire includes all the possibilities along the way to the finished product. "I can't stand to have two elements alike. If I'm eating out and someone in the group orders the same dish as me, I have to change my order so that there won't be two of the same on the table."

► There are similarities between Shire's work and that of Italian designers, most notably Ettore Sottsass, but their work evolved independently. "I'd seen their work in magazines, but not really known it. I can't read Italian and the stuff wasn't here to look at. I loved the mystery of it in photos. Crazy camera angles, whacky pieces—you didn't know what you were looking at. I wanted my pieces to have that quality of puzzlement."

► Although he worked with stoneware and porcelain in the 1960s, they denied him the color he sought. After college, Shire returned to the low-fire clay and

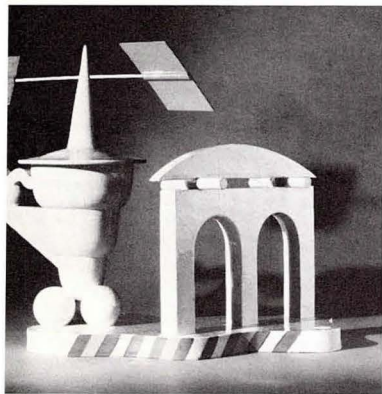
glazes that he had worked with in high school. "I bought an old high-fire kiln, but it fell off the truck and that was it for me and high-fire."

► The recent expansion into furniture was easy. "My dad was a cabinetmaker so I've always been around that process of fabrication. And since my pieces have never meshed together, since they've always been groups of shapes that are sort of bolted together, the transition to other materials came naturally." A trip to Italy in 1980 brought Shire into contact with Sottsass and his design crowd. Six months later, the newly formed Memphis group asked him to design some pieces for the 1981 Milan furniture market week. While visions of furniture danced in his head, Shire also produced some one-of-a-kinds for exhibition at his Los Angeles gallery.

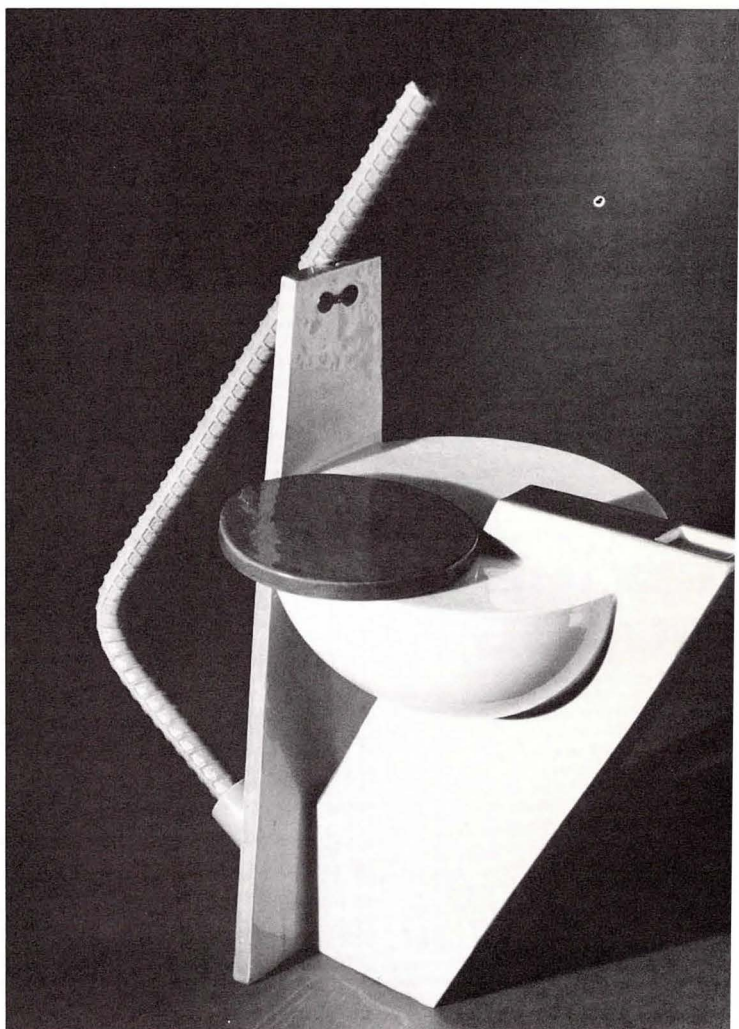
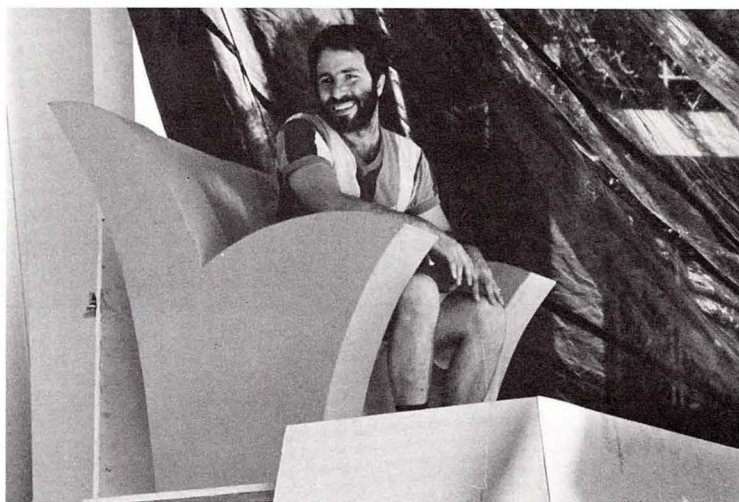
► The creation of a set for the production of Stravinsky's operatorio "Oedipus Rex" at the Hollywood Bowl is another recent Shire project. "I made a city with only the monuments," says Shire. His geometric elements assume additional meaning as they symbolize the ancient Greek city of Thebes. A pink sphere turns to reveal itself as a cache for the narrator; a lilac pyramid becomes a throne as Oedipus rises through the top; both palace and temple are represented by a mauve ziggurat; and heroically scaled crescents, dots and squiggles climb the arch of the Bowl, becoming the sun, moon and air of Thebes.

► Currently, the cheerful constructivist has returned to an ongoing exploration of the teapot that he began in 1968. Peter Shire's insatiable delight in variety and joyful indulgence of whim continue to create objects that make you smile while they get the job done.

Deborah Perrin is Managing Editor of Arts and Architecture magazine.



Photographs by Gerry Cappel





Michael Webb

If the Chinese were to update their calendar, this would be the Year, not of the Dog but of Neon. Two major movies, a new museum in Los Angeles, and a preservation society in San Diego celebrate a medium whose resources are being steadily enriched by artists and designers nationwide, but especially in Southern California.

In Coppola's *One from the Heart*, neon illuminates, colors and defines a Las Vegas of fantasy, capturing its brittle gaiety, its surface masquerade. It is used to reproduce the downtown casinos, revive past signs, invent new effects and play tricks with scale. It makes believable a world in which a girl can emerge from a flashing sign, walk a high wire over a surreal junk-

yard, and frolic in a cocktail glass. By contrast, Ridley Scott's *Blade Runner* is a dark fantasy, a nightmare city of the future that is lit by neon as though it were hellfire. The bazaars of Hong Kong, the cartoons of *Heavy Metal*, and Times Square sex shops

inspired a world that is strange, yet disturbingly familiar. Neon is the link.

In May, Lili Lakich and Richard Jenkins opened the Museum of Neon Art (MoNA) in downtown Los Angeles. She is a 17-year veteran of the medium, and the museum (temporarily housed in her studio) is a labor of love, a place to show restored signs and innovative art works. Two of her major works—*Blessed Oblivion* and *Love in Vain*—appeared in the opening show. Both are large allegorical panels that exploit the dramatic linearity of neon—its magic crayon property—and its potential to illuminate such additions as silk-screened photos and a

bunch of paper flowers. Lakich has also created inventive commercial signs and is an accomplished art director.

Another featured artist, Larry Albright, began by making mad-scientist assemblages, and he still has a touch of Dr. Frankenstein. Electrical charges of 20,000 volts are fed through glass spheres and cylinders filled with neon or krypton gas. The effects are dazzling: lazy wreaths of light, pulsating tendrils, flailing bolts of lightning. One such piece was featured in *Battle Beyond the Stars* to simulate the ultimate weapon; others are displayed at Disney's experimental city in Florida (EPCOT) to symbolize the fusion of art and technology. Albright worked on *Close Encounters*, and fabricated the title and miniature casino signs used for the credits of *One from the Heart*.

Eric Zimmerman is represented at MoNA by the neon-trimmed birthday cake he created to celebrate LA's Bicentennial. It is an uncharacteristic flight of fancy; most of his work is severely abstract. Through the use of mirrors and computer programs, he transforms simple geometric shapes into beguiling illusions of depth and motion. His large-scale pieces are located in shopping centers in National City and Las Vegas, and in a lounge of the Sheraton La Reina, at LA International Airport.

In San Diego, three artists have established the "Save Our Neon" organization to rescue the once-rich heritage of a city whose council, afflicted with a new-found sense of propriety, is busy forbidding its continued display. Gloria Poore, Juliet Mondot and Greg Calvert have rescued a score of signs, restored several, and are currently seeking a good home for two orphaned movie marquees.



The Ladd Company

All this activity demonstrates that neon, having gone through its first life cycle, is now embarked on another. The first began as novelty (LA's first sign, in 1923, stopped traffic), became glamorous (in Warner Bros. musicals of the early '30s, Busby Berkeley wired chorines, violins, pianos and bathtubs to create moving tapestries of neon), peaked in the late '40s and sank into disrepute in the '50s, as maintenance declined and plastic advanced. Artists began to exploit the medium in the mid-'60s; today, old signs are being recycled, new work created.

There is a special pleasure in seeking out the old signs that have survived. Line and lettering are expressive of period: geometrical deco of the late '30s, baroque curves of the '40s, spiky mannerisms of the '50s. Pictures are equally revealing: a tubular bellhop (for a suburban motel!), Astaire and Rogers entwined above a dance studio, a muffler-shop rocket, a flying saucer cafe.

New wave signs are as eclectic and self-mocking as their titles would suggest: Cadillac Ranch, Vinyl Fetish, China Club, and Jazz are a few of the gems on or near LA's Melrose Avenue. A vintage clothing store features a jitterbugging couple; and the now defunct Flipper's Roller Boogie Palace suggested a deco movie marquee. Neon is used as an accent in a window display or billboard, to light an artist's studio and to create a cloudscape in a television commercial.

Neon in its purest form has the quality that distinguishes vintage Chuck Jones from the assembly-line cartoons of Saturday morning television. It is hand-drawn, not stamped out. A suggestive outline by day, at night it can appear as a line of liquid fire or as a sinuous trickle of candy sugar. Its repertoire includes cocktail glasses, sombreros and shoes, alongside such intricate performance pieces as dripping faucets, fire-breathing dragons and girls diving into swimming pools.

Neon has long been used to outline buildings at night—for example, the Eiffel Tower at the 1937 Paris World's Fair, and government buildings in pre-revolutionary Iran. It still adorns the pagodas of Chinatown and the roadside shrines of Mexico City. It highlights the tower of the Pacific Design Center, the escalators of the Beverly Center—both in Los Angeles—and Fat City restaurant in San Diego.

Few people have achieved a better integration of light and architecture than Michael Hayden. Over the past decade, in his native Canada and more recently in Los Angeles, he has combined the sensuous appeal of argon (in custom-colored tubing) with increasingly sophisticated computer technology.

In outdoor light sculptures for the Ontario and Winnipeg Art Museums, Hayden created a modest cluster of geometric shapes magnified and extended by reflective surfaces. In Toronto, he created a 570-foot long rainbow within the glass-vaulted atrium of a subway station: a beacon to passing motorists, an illusion of stained glass windows for the passengers on the concourse beneath.

This spectacle is rivaled by his latest work, *Generators of the Cylinder*, a 270-foot long ceiling sculpture over the pedestrian arcade of the International Jewelry Exchange in downtown LA. Three groups of nine acrylic semi-cylinders are set into a reflective ceiling. Each group is a geometric series: one emerges from the surface; another twists on the axis; the third becomes progressively thinner in section. Each cylinder contains two curved argon-filled tubes in a spectrum of colors. Back and forwards the lights surge, animated by up to 10,000 different computer programs to achieve different speeds and combinations of movement. As if this were not enough, heat sensors cause the lights to flutter whenever a pedestrian or a bus passes by. A holographic surface on the cylinders refracts the light—by night and day.

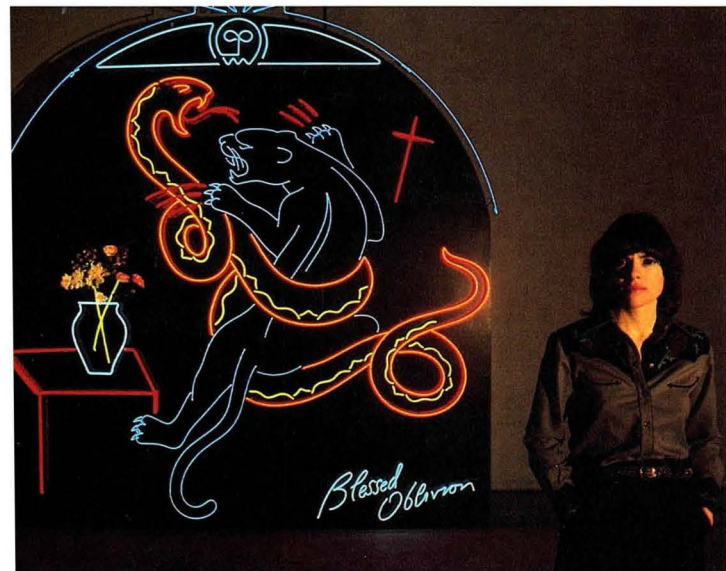
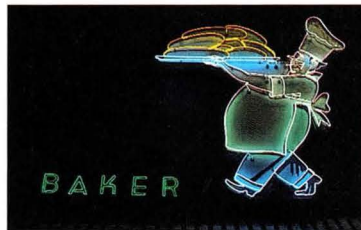
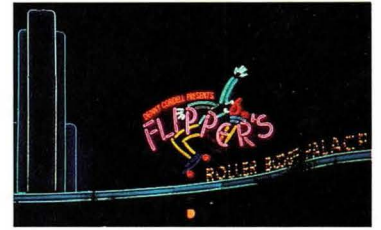
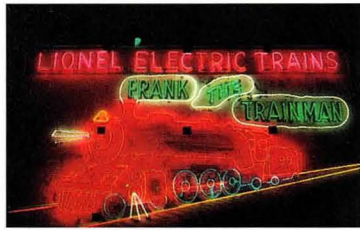
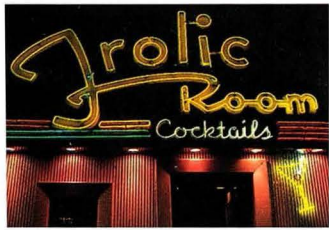
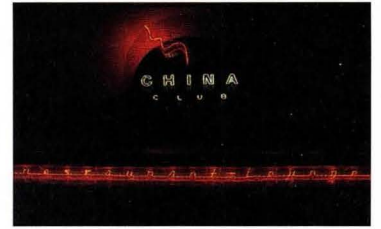
Back in 1973, when the lights were being turned off all over America, art critic William Wilson wrote nostalgically of neon as “the magic wand that gives downtown its nervous boogie-woogie spirit, etching edges of buildings, embroidering tapestries of light.” That's the way it is in Las Vegas, on a few fortunate streets elsewhere, and now—thanks to Hayden—on Pershing Square, across from the Biltmore. With luck, others will be inspired to restore light and life to now-darkened downtowns.

Neon is one of several inert gases (argon, krypton, xenon, and helium are others) that yield different colors and intensities of light when charged with high voltage current in a tube of clear, phosphor-coated or painted glass. Mercury is usually combined with argon to increase its brightness. “Neon” is commonly used to designate any or all of these gases.

Neon pieces are generally the result of a collaboration between the artist/designer and the glazier. Nearly all of the projects described above were fabricated by one company, American Neon and Graphics. It is one of the few that is able to produce large commercial signs (notably the ten miles of neon in One from the Heart), to accommodate the special requirements of such artists as Hayden, Lakich and Zimmerman.

All photos by Michael Webb, except where specified. The Museum of Neon Art is located at 704 Traction Avenue, Los Angeles 90013. Collaborations in neon design are conducted by Lakich and Jenkins at MoNA and through UCLA Extension. For information on “Save Our Neon” write to: Gloria Poore, Grade, 701 Island Avenue, San Diego 92101.

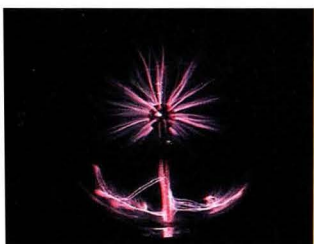
Michael Webb, a Contributing Editor of Arts and Architecture, is a writer and a photographer. A traveling exhibition of his neon photographs has been commissioned by the Smithsonian Institution.



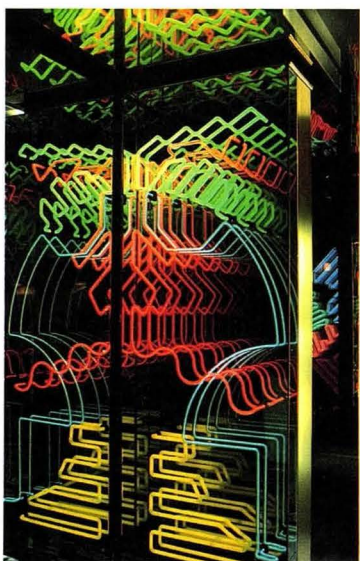
Work with her art work, *Blessed Oblivion*.



Generators of the Cylinder, neon art by Michael Hayden at the International Jewelry Exchange.



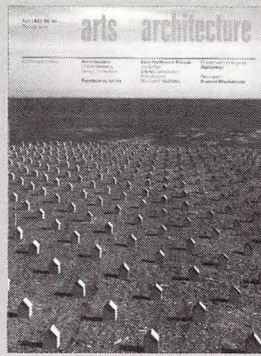
Sphere created by Larry Albright.



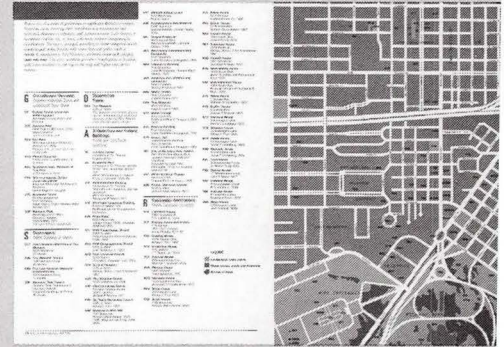
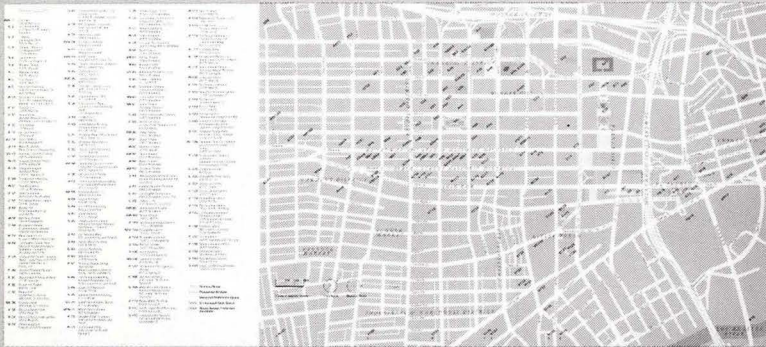
Kinetic neon art work by Eric Zimmerman.

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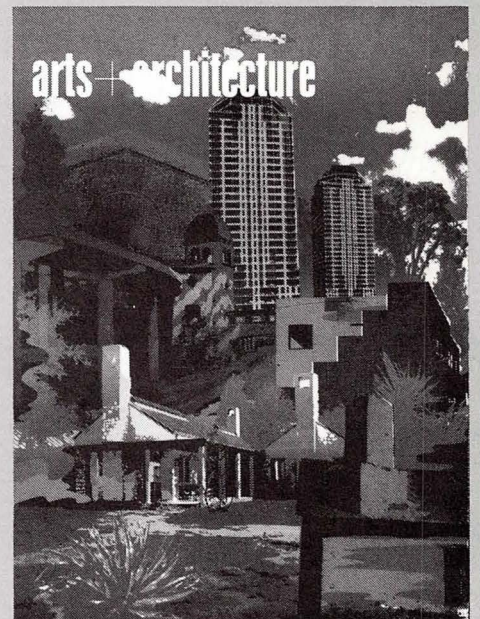
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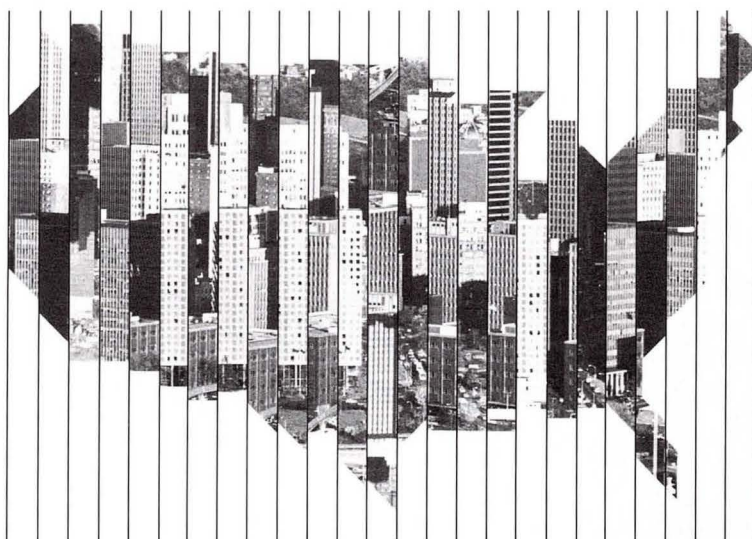
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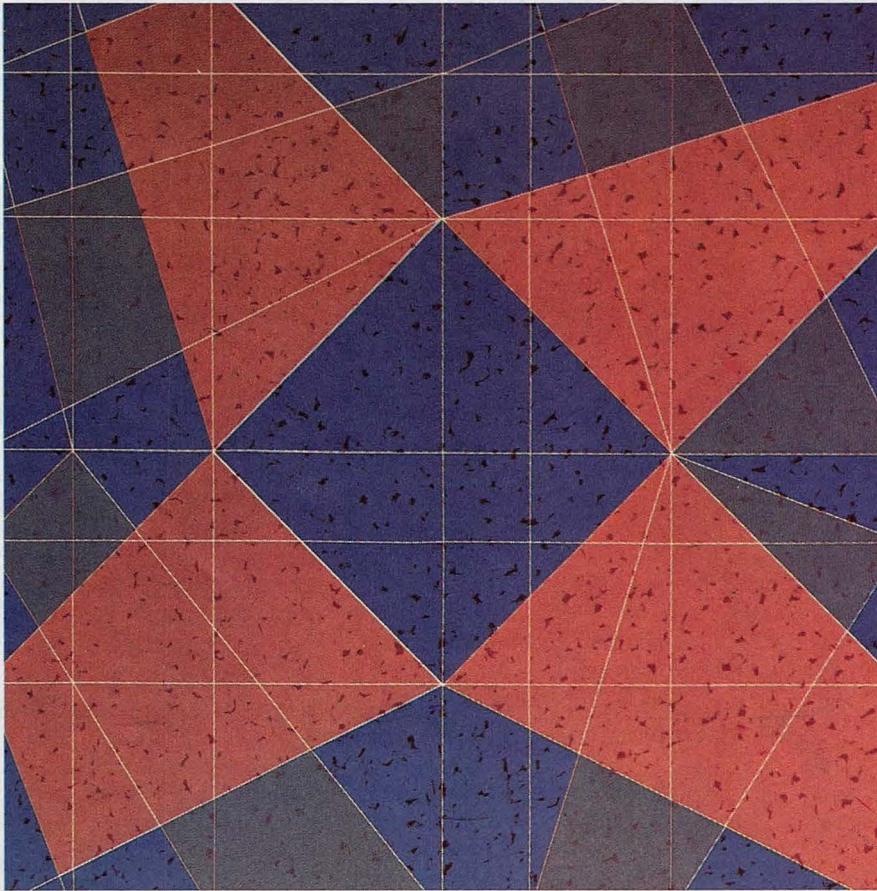
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