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MUSIC

SILENCE by John Cage

A man by whose side time stood still and would not let him rest. Looking back from posterity, that marks the difference. How can anyone speak for posterity? When he foresees the future in the present and knows what he sees.

How does one know? What does anyone know about the future? Not by any single work or action: by seeing the future in its present setting as a work done in the present. What is the setting? It is the developing predication of a single artist’s workmanship.

Time has stood still beside John Cage and has not let him rest. Intellectual? Not in that meaning. He thinks about music; thinking about music has made him a composer, that is his business. Thinking about music has also made him a lecturer. His lectures are compositions no less than his music. In his book Silence he has gathered some of these lectures. Among the lectures, where space allows them, he has collected stories of personal experience. Each of the little stories is a composition, a prose spoken lyric, as he has spoken 90 of them in his 90-minute composition Indeterminacy, recorded as an album by Folkways.

The book is substantial, handsome, and worth more to anyone who cares to think about music, composition, and posterity than the $5.75 charged by its publishers, Wesleyan University Press, Middletown, Connecticut.

The mind of a man by whose side time stands still is indwelling and concerned with what is real. When such a mind concerning itself with events it produces art or philosophy; when it concerns itself with finalities it produces art or religion. The mind is in any case meditative. It contemplates, ponders, dwells in thought, muses, reflects, cogitates, as the dictionary says. Cage’s prose speaks with his voice, a clear fertilizing culture for ideas. Do ideas exist in reality if they are not based on facts? What are facts? They are to be sought for hardly among the multifarious headlined presumptions we accept as substitutes for facts.

Cage’s lectures are sometimes contrapuntal, on the model of Where Are We Going? And What Are We Doing? in four parts, one part spoken by the speaker and three by loudspeakers from tapes. All four speak together. I had thought how well he could present an argument in this way, a prefabricated cultural debate, designed to let the speaker argue with himself as Dryden did in prose about poetry. That would be like the accepted debate, designed to let the speaker argue with himself as Dryden could present an argument in this way, a prefabricated cultural debate, designed to let the speaker argue with himself as Dryden did in prose about poetry. That would be like the accepted debate, designed to let the speaker argue with himself as Dryden could present an argument in this way, a prefabricated cultural debate, designed to let the speaker argue with himself as Dryden did in prose about poetry.

Cage puts the matter more abrasively at the start of his Lecture on Something about the music of Morton Feldman: he lets the matter be more difficult to expose the difficulty. People who see the difficulty exposed in a work of art or an argument point to it and say, That is the difficulty, as if that were what is wrong. It is the difficulty, it is the necessary resistance of the subject in the content, it is what is there exposed to be reacted to as lubricating or abrasive. "For instance: someone said, 'Art should come from within; then it is profound.' But it seems to me Art goes within, and I don’t see the need for ‘should’ or ‘then’ or ‘it’ or ‘profound.' When Art comes from within, which is what it was for so long doing, it became a thing which seemed to elevate the man who made it above those who observed it or heard it and the artist was considered a genius or given a rating, until finally riding in a bus or subway: so proudly he sings his work like a manufacturer. But since everything’s changing, Art’s now going in and it is of the utmost importance not to make a thing but rather to make nothing. And how is this done? Done by making something which then goes in and reminds us of nothing. It is important that something be just something, finitely something; then very simply it goes in and becomes infinitely nothing. It seems we are living. Understanding of what is nourishing is changing. Of course, it is always changing, so that the people either agree or they don’t and the differences of opinion are clearer.

From the precedent Lecture on Nothing: "Read me that part again where I disinherit everybody: The twelve-tone row is a method; a method is a control of each single note. There is too much there there. There is not enough of nothing in it. A structure is like a bridge from nowhere to nowhere and anyone may go on it: noises or tones, corn or wheat. Does it matter which?"

"Or can we fly from here to where?" That is as beautiful as haiku but in English. "Not ideas but facts."

"M. C. Richards and David Tudor invited several friends to dinner. I was there and it was a pleasure. After dinner we were sitting around talking. David Tudor began doing some paper work in a corner, perhaps something to do with music, though I’m not sure. After a while there was a pause in the conversation, and someone said to David Tudor, 'Why don’t you join the party?’ He said, ‘I haven’t left it. This is how I keep you entertained.’"

- Art present in the auditorium or the record or on the page rouses nascent art in the listener or reader. Or rouses any other response the recipient prefers, whether he can control himself or must be in response to any art. In music the composer composes what he pleases; the performer who may be anybody makes of it what he pleases, though there is reason to suppose he is already on the way of making of it what he pleases. If, that is, the performer does not get in the way of making of it anything he pleases. That is usually the case. The listener at least believes that he is making of it what he pleases, though there is reason to suppose he is already on the way of making of it what Cage pleases. "Painting relates to both art and life. Neither can be made. (I try to act in that gap between the two.)" That is John Cage quoting Robert Rauschenberg (On Robert Rauschenberg, Artist, and His Work). "If you do not change your mind about something when you confront a picture you have not seen before, you are either a stubborn fool or the painting is not very good."

The book is substantial, handsome, and worth more to anyone who makes of it what he pleases, though there is reason to suppose he is already on the way of making of it what he pleases.
whether he cannot, or what he can't help. Art present also rouses resistance to art, which may be lively. John Cage is accused of having left music. The ways he does so are how he keeps the critic entertained. If he didn't, there would be no criticism.

Cathy Berio told me she performed John Cage's Fontana Mix, as he reorganized it for her, for many audiences in Europe and America. Though the critic declares that the composer nowadays has lost touch with his public, more audiences than ever are still being entertained. The audience responds to Fontana Mix with noise and laughter, and that makes it fun for everybody. Only once, before an audience of ladies' hats at an afternoon performance in Milan, nobody responded; then she was miserable. This would be an audience that could not respond to music but by habit. Fontana Mix is a virtuoso composition of noises including the recorded voice of Mussolini; the vocal solo is to be performed in five languages and eleven vocal styles, barking dog to coloratura. Like the Mad Scene of Lucia di Lammermoor it exhibits what the voice can do and has the advantage of not requiring one to listen to the music of Lucia.

Somebody says there is no emotion in John Cage's compositions. I have heard differing descriptions of a Sonata for piano. Otto Luening who first told me of it was still angry when he was telling about it a year later. A big audience gathered in the auditorium of the New School to hear a program of new experimental music. (Some experimental composers declare they are not playing experimental music: that is what would be wrong with it, if they knew all the rules and the outcome in advance.) During the program the pianist David Tudor came out on the stage. David Tudor is famous for playing new experimental compositions that nobody else can figure out how to play. He sat at the piano and lowered the lid over the keys: first movement. He sat there silently a fixed time, then raised the lid; sat there silently another exact time, then lowered the lid; sat there, raised the lid. Stood up, bowed to the audience and made his exit. As much emotion was generated in that audience during those few silent minutes as Toscanini could have generated with the Ninth Symphony. A perfect composition, formed in time, shaped in the emotions of the audience, romantically silent, arresting in display.

Why was the audience angry? No more was taken from them than by a duller composition. Nobody could say he was not being entertained. The audience, as often at concerts of new music, laid come prepared to be shocked but not to be damaged. They were habituated to new music, to distinguishing a kind of originality that would seem new but not be it; they were not seriously prepared to be astonished and delighted, so they were dismayed. When Otto Luening first told me of it I was astonished and delighted, and every time the thought of it comes in me I am delighted yet. It is not more astonishing than Beethoven's Diabelli Variations, which Busoni could never make up his mind to dare play in public. Audiences do hear jokes but seldom comedy in music.

Persons who think seriously about John Cage often say, like Luciano Berio, he is not a composer. Persons who do not think seriously about John Cage, and some who have not learned to think seriously or to think about music except to respond to the seriousness they have convinced themselves is in it, often ask whether he is to be taken seriously or else say that he is not. If he is not to be taken seriously, why do they concern themselves? They do not concern themselves about the composers temporarily successful who are genuinely not to be taken seriously. If he is to be taken seriously, he is a composer, and whatever he composes is to be taken as seriously whether anyone approves of it or not. I say that in music comedy is the most that is why the art of Haydn is still underestimated. In what way is anyone a composer that John Cage is not? There are ways in which he is a composer that Luciano Berio is not.

Schubert could appreciate Beethoven but not to be him, why should he? Schumann could appreciate Beethoven as much as he was himself; Brahms could appreciate Beethoven but not quite bring it off; Schoenberg could appreciate Beethoven and Schubert and Brahms at the same time and bring it off, which enforced the making of a very different music but not more difficult than Beethoven when Beethoven wished to be difficult, after appreciating Mozart, Haydn, Clementi, Handel, and Cherubini, and then adding Bach. Cage, being aware that Schoenberg had summed up the German job, went to Satie and the gamelan and the ragas, inviting in sounds and noises which are not accustomed to dividing themselves up into twelve notes in the octave. He did not like any composer try to be correct and modern and original at once, or commit the up-to-date Japanese error of mixing media to have the most obvious of both; he took whatever he wanted to compose with, and no one can question the fact of his composing but only What has he done with what he has done with? "Not ideas but facts."

In Forerunners of Modern Music in his book Cage tells first The purpose of music: "Music is edifying, for from time to time it sets the soul in operation. The soul is the gatherer-together of the disparate elements (Meister Eckhart), and its work fills one with peace and love." To think joyously like that is to think as Bach did of the Holy Ghost.

He then gives definitions: "Structure in music is its divisibility into successive parts from phrases to long sections. Form is content, the continuity. Method is the means of controlling the continuity from note to note. The material of music is sound and silence. Integrating these is composing." Any objections? Does that satisfy Beethoven? It does.

Cage observes: "Structure is properly mind-controlled ... Whereas form wants only freedom to be." Between these two sentences he inserts another that belongs to each: "Both delight in precision, clarity, and the observance of rules." He goes on: "(Form) belongs to the heart; and the law it observes, if indeed it submits to any, has never been and never will be written." Here he explains in a footnote: "Any attempt to exclude the 'irrational' is irrational. Any composing strategy which is wholly 'rational' is irrational in the extreme." Most composers of substance would agree with him.

N. K. Chadwick writes in Poetry and Prophecy: "The process by which the knowledge has been revealed to the seer is transmitted to his fellow men as 'prophecy', i.e. inspired speech . . . This connection is clearly very ancient. The Greek word for the

(Continued on page 7)
This is roughly the middle of the New York exhibition season—a good time to look back at shows which have withstood the floodtides that mercifully sweep away so many meaningless images.

An artist who has ridden out the tides of more than a few art seasons is Richard Lindner whose show at the Cordier-Warren Gallery in October was a review of ten years’ work. Lindner is an anomaly in American painting, with his durable amalgam of European and American attributes. In transporting his native German culture to the United States, he sacrificed little but gained much. Lindner forged a style that capitalizes on Neue Sachlichkeit boldness of statement while at the same time, exploits the broad, often farcical whimsy that is more American than European in spirit.

Lindner was an art student in 1925 when the first Neue Sachlichkeit, (or New Objectivity as it is translated in English) show was held. There can be no question that Dix, Grosz and Beckmann played an intimate part in his formation. He absorbed their examples, particularly the lean, hard, modeled technique they shared at the time. But he is a tough-minded man and took only what suited his purposes which, it turns out, are uniquely his own.

If his references to the New Objectivity school are archaic, they are consciously so. Lindner calculatedly refers to the past—ancient and renaissance as well as 20th century—in order to give shock-value to his allusions to the present. He is European in his way of referring to obviously sordid phenomena. His streetwalkers, for example, are not the bathetic creatures drawn by Reginald Marsh and the other sentimentalists of the American 30s. He makes no sociological or emotional excuses for them. They are what they are—that is, what they seem to Lindner, vapid dolls armored to do battle with just as vapid men.

In carrying over the techniques and thematic preoccupations of his youth Lindner brings a current division to bear on the present. For him villains do not change very much. Authority, hated but almost respected, appeared once in the soldier, then the policeman, finally the G-man. Dick Tracy and police academy but almost respected, appeared once in the soldier, then the streetwalkers, for example, are not the bathetic creatures drawn by Reginald Marsh and the other sentimentalists of the American 30s. He makes no sociological or emotional excuses for them. They are what they are—that is, what they seem to Lindner, vapid dolls armored to do battle with just as vapid men.

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When I say that Lindner is tough-minded, I do not mean to suggest that his is an intellectualized art. He has his obsessions and they are quite unlike anyone else’s. The girl with the steel corset and medieval gauntlets, buckled and invincible, is Lindner’s very own Coney-Island baby. Similarly, the G-man hatted figures, his cloak rent by black cracks and his body traversed by heraldic-seeming signs, come directly from Lindner’s obsessional universe.

Lindner’s intelligence for I think the fragments of geometric abstract forms consigned specific places in modest compartments. The central vertical contains carefully chosen objects, events and their two wings of white space Hank a central shaft. The whites of sharp and soft shapes, harsh and gentle color. The bands that confine the horde of images are generally rigid, sometimes striped in wildly dissonant colors (gayety is not the least of Schapiro’s distinctions). But the egg, moon and organically suggestive shapes within, or overflowing into the white voids, are often tissue-like in texture, blurred as in a rapid dream. In “The Law,” modulated whites and grays—pale echoes of the confined forms—suggest the nuances of experience while the central band is emphatic in its constraining role. Occasionally, she overemphasizes the decisive vertical lines so that they become ornamental.

Her paintings are meant to be read symbolically. In most of them two wings of white space flank a central shaft. The whites symbolize all that is deemed by the artist as outside her compass. The central vertical contains carefully chosen objects, events and abstract forms consigned specific places in modest compartments. Although the ordered images within the band of immediate experience delineated by Schapiro are deliberately contained, the artist knows the futility of category and, in most of her compositions, ventures impulsively into the blankness at either side of her center. It is this spilling over into the unknown, this surabundance of emotion that gives the paintings their convincing symbolic character. Each painting, in this sense, is a parable of life and a search for definition.

The variety of inner experience is conveyed by juxtapositions of sharp and soft shapes, harsh and gentle color. The bands that confine the horde of images are generally rigid, sometimes striped in wildly dissonant colors (gayety is not the least of Schapiro’s distinctions). But the egg, moon and organically suggestive shapes within, or overflowing into the white voids, are often tissue-like in texture, blurred as in a rapid dream. In “The Law,” modulated whites and grays—pale echoes of the confined forms—suggest the nuances of experience while the central band is emphatic in its constraining role. Occasionally, she overemphasizes the decisive vertical lines so that they become ornamental.

The egg, window, pendulum and “X” motifs are not merely plastic devices. They are the signs that Paul Klee spoke of as hieroglyphs of the cosmos. It is true that in Schapiro’s paintings, there is considerable emphasis on the picture-pattern and linear structure. But the pattern itself is expressive of her point of view; it is in fact metaphorical, and distinguishes itself from other superficially similar works by artists of her generation in its insistently symbolic intent.

Edward Dugmore’s show at the Howard Wise Gallery left a rugged impression. Dugmore’s is a collier’s vision, somber and cryptic, pierced by light only rarely, and stubbornly insistent on paintings one is apt to pass over the means he uses to achieve this feeling. I was impressed with Lindner’s more recent paintings in which he plays expertly with dislocated forms and spaces which seem to rend the composition. Telescoping several planes, Lindner gives a double illusion of flatness and depth. He uses both color and drawing to give the curious spatial references that make of his paintings genuinely mystifying works.

Of the exhibitions by younger artists, I look back respectfully to the Miriam Schapiro show at Emmerich’s. With evident seriousness, she has set about to establish the limitations of her realm. The decisions and disavowals a task like this requires are so often beyond the capacity of a young artist that Schapiro is in many ways exceptional.

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the grandeur of its subterranean scope. The main image in his best paintings was a large taut form stretched irregularly on a light ground. Everything that happens, happens from up to down in geographers’ levels. Rivers, streams, promontories and shafts of dim light traverse the surface of the dominant flat, all schematically.

As a rare exception to Dugmore’s favored blacks and browns, a bold light painting on unprimed canvas was like a record of Moroccan light with rills of yellow moving airily through knifed-on whites. Like the major dark paintings, this is unconfused and rugged in execution. When Dugmore gets involved with impastos and multiple colors, he tends to lose his way, letting too many unsure colors and forms reduce the scale of his compositions.

I thought Hedda Sterne’s exhibition at the Betty Parsons Gallery her best to date, and an extraordinarily sensitive abstract rendering of landscape experiences. Her themes and approach are modest, her technique quiet and contemplative.

Most of the canvases were vertical with horizontal motifs. They nearly always suggested the sea and the false horizons that linger over it in the odd hours between morning and day or evening and night. Using mainly mixed tones of taupe, gray, mauve and scumbled whites, Sterne achieved key moods in her paintings that suggested a long, thoughtful preamble. The convincing qualities of layered encounters with a familiar but always elusive phenomenon distinguished Sterne’s paintings from so many others where experience seems hastily remarked and poorly translated. Her maturity tells in her reticence.

Last among the painters is Robert Beauchamp whose spoof of German expressionism at the Green Gallery amused me. His noo-noo humor which makes his pink-assest baboons and squatting witches and Egyptian-headed nudes so banal and outright funny doesn’t carry far, but it is worth noting none the less. Expressionist brushwork, mock-serious allegory and excursions into parody characterize Beauchamp’s work, and there is too little of this kind of leg-pulling around.

David Smith is still a great signalman worthy of the best Casey Jones tradition (get into the roundhouse David, they can’t corner you there). His exhibition at the Gerson Gallery showed him in his usual exuberant capricious vein, mixing his metaphors and flexing his muscles with Gargantuan disdain for conventions. And because Smith is who he is, in most cases, it worked.

His latest gambit is colored sculpture. But not color in the neat, clean way that constructivist sculptors have used it, or the ornamental way Leger used it, but color sickly and mottled, clinging to the unyielding surfaces of steel sculptures most uncomfortably. But if the modeled paint surfaces (and they are modeled classically from dark to light) go counter to the barebones steel surfaces, and if they produce uncomfortable double illusions, they are nevertheless arresting and rather typically iconoclastic as Smith is wont to be. One may well ask what the hell he means by those baby-blue and daisy-yellow planes breaking into the harmony of an essentially geometric piece. Or what he means by the surrealist overtones the face on one of the tank totems thruts upon us. Or why the mottled blue doorknob appears on another tank totem. But Smith has his reasons, and in the very strongest pieces, they emerge as the same old impulse to swallow up every visual means possible and give them out in a burst of energy.

The signals and semaphores stand as his strongest works and no color would be necessary to emphasize their superiority over anything being welded today in the United States.

Young for a sculptor—he was born in 1921—Dimitri Hadzi has been working for a long time and waiting for a long time before he ventured into the public arena in the Radich Gallery. His forebearance has borne good fruits. The sculptures—nearly all bronzes—show a firm modellier’s hand moving slowly toward monumentalcy. While his earlier work indicated for furred baroque forms and profusions of lapidary detail, the most recent pieces are conceived in large, poised volumes—billoving cupola shapes contrasted with slender verticals; large shield-like forms balanced against carefully delineated interior voids.

There are references to classical sculpture (even classical modern, as in “Marathon” which recalls Boccioni) and there is respect for conventional technique in Hadzi’s work. But there is also a thrust that is entirely contemporary; a pulling apart of forms that yearn to move together and a creation of tension through abrupt breaks. I found his most recent compositions most satisfying in their balance of elements—both formal and spiritual.

MUSIC

(Continued from page 5)

The oracular voice of a deity is identical with our word song. Modern non-academic opinion of music retains a strong element of this ancient belief, but the modern practice is a weed from verbalizing superstition rather than from faith. The term for such belief and practice is “mantic”. In ancient practice it is a condition resembling trance by which the mind puts aside its ordinary surroundings and, helped by ritual or music, becomes concentrated within itself and directed towards some type of inspiration, expressed as traditional knowledge, or knowledge indigenous of the present, or knowledge prophetic for the future. Most of us accept this mantic experience as peculiar to what we recognize to be the indwelling creative genius, but we deny it in practice by trying to shape preconceived rules for it. The rules may induce the experience in some instances or in others guide it; such use of the traditional rule is ritualistic and unexceptionable. The rule does not make or become the experience. Thus one can grasp Cage’s assertion, “form wants only freedom to be.” He wishes to restore the mantic condition in a cultural setting where it is very difficult to put aside the ordinary surroundings. The common medium resists the experience, so does the audience.

The common way within the common experience is to try for what is called “originality.” Cage remakes the medium so that it is no longer common, using strict mathematical proportioning or chance or what he calls “random operations” to shape a body of sound in such a way that within the purview of the common medium it appears to be shapeless in the written score, not on paper. Lately we have been learning to look at blots on paper with a fresh interest, psychologically, conceptually, therefore creatively.

Beethoven went out to walk in the fields. Schoenberg practiced composition every day. Stravinsky feels musical ideas as intervals in his fingers at the keyboard. Improvising in relation to certain determinants supplies the basis of all music. The determinants are not the music, nor do they provide or control it; they are not rules, pillars, or graph. They are there, and the music may use them or not as the occasion pleases. When the determinants are changed deliberately, the resulting music will at first take strict account of them. Afterwards they may be implied or assumed. Schoenberg altered the determinants of harmony and form by the emancipation of the dissonance. Each of Cage’s creative moves has carried forward from this. When we understand that there is no law against changing the determinants, we may feel more comfortable in thinking of music as creative fact what has been done. The whole of European musical history has evolved by lesser and larger changes of the determinants. The changes initiated by Schoenberg and carried forward by Cage have been perhaps the most far-reaching since those initiated by the eruption of vertical harmony in the later sixteenth century.

After that there is the composition, the record of the experience, which is by no means final. Music is not architecture; architecture remains, music occurs again. The composition is

(Continued on page 32)
PAINTING IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY by Werner Haftmann (Frederick A. Praeger $42.00)

This prodigious two-volume work runs to 969 pages with 499 illustrations of which 55 are in color. It includes in its scope not only painting in the past sixty years, but reaches back to discuss the forerunners of Modern Art: Cezanne, Gauguin, Seurat, Van Gogh, Toulouse-Lautrec, Ensor and Munch, Monet, Renoir and Bonnard to delineate the far reaching influences, particularly of certain aspects of Impressionism and Post-Impressionism upon later schools and movements. With the emergence of the autonomous painting, where art is no longer nature but nature transformed metaphorically in statements of color, form and composition, to visibly express transfiguration of world and self, came radical breaks with tradition persisting since the Renaissance. "Modern art began with a revolutionary change in the artist's attitude towards reality—the realization that the visible is merely the surface of reality, that the outside world can be defined with reference to man's inner world, and that this inner world is as tangibly real as the other."

One would do well, I believe, to read volume two first, where the reproductions are accompanied by a brief running text, to give insight and perspective into the mutations which occurred early in the century. These changes are not shown in strict chronology, but rather as a pattern of links in a changing chain; the correlationship of artists; the effects and movements upon the other; the simultaneous arrival of similar esthetic ideas in different parts of the world.

The pictorial survey offered in the plate volume covers the ground starting from the Originators to Mattise and Fauvism, German Expressionists, Cubism, Orphism, The Blaue Reiter, Concrete Art, the Naive Painters, Metaphysical Painting, French, German and Italian Painting between Two Wars. This volume requires more work: the material often full of ambiguities; the many semantic problems; the "realities" difficult to define; Dr. Haftmann's analysis exhaustive. The transition from the reproduction of the visible world to the plastic image of the inner world is often difficult for the viewer to make, particularly if his antennae came out of the 18th and 19th centuries. While the artist is always of his time, most of us follow a bit behind, hampered by residues of the past. Cultural lag is greater as the period is more complex, marked by the rapid advance of science, sudden social change, confusion, upheaval and chaos. The creations of the artists reflect these changes and complexities almost before they occur. It is then the job of the historian to pull together and relate the sum total of the ideas in the given area he chooses to work. Dr. Haftmann has drawn upon the many sources at his command: the writings and words, as well as the works of the artists; the documents of other historians and writers. His method may well be definitive. It will at least give the reader who is willing to work with it far greater empathy than he had before.

THE ARTIST & THE BOOK: 1860-1960 (Museum of Fine Arts, Boston $10.00)

Philip Hofer, in his introduction to this handsome catalogue, explains the intentions of the exhibit at the Museum of Fine Arts by showing what the major artists of Western Europe and the United States have contributed to book form during the past hundred years, and demonstrates how the book has become a major vehicle of artistic expression.

In recognizing that the book has become a flexible device for the artist to offer original work in durable format more cheaply to the public, Mr. Hofer points out the difference between the classical tradition of illustration and the newer freedom for the artist as inspired by Vollard, Kahnweiler and others. There can be no doubt as to the value of "les livres de peintres" (books containing original graphic works) to the connoisseur or even the casual collector. In many cases, single plates from the books are bringing nearly as much as the original cost of the entire volume. While this practice of plate grabbing can be regarded as vandalism, it does give the wealthy collector the opportunity of possessing a Bonnard, Picasso, Miro, Vollon, Matisse, Chagall or what he will.

As a reference and guide for collectors this catalogue will prove invaluable and is complete with an excellent bibliography. Mr. Carl Zahn is to be congratulated for the design and format. It should easily be among the fifty best books of the year.

LETTERA 2 by Armin Haab and Walter Haettenschweiler (Hastings House, Publishers $9.50)

A collection of 27 newly created alphabets plus 8 others "rescued from oblivion" along with some illustrated page specimens make up what is erroneously called a standard book of fine lettering. Most of it, far from "standard" and little of it "fine," gives the impression that in the scramble for newness the editors have mistaken playful experimentation for successful form. Most of the designers chosen for the job seem to have run out of good taste, creating aberrant forms far from useful to the graphic designer. Mr. Haab and Mr. Haettenschweiler, on the other hand, have introduced two notched types (a corroded italic and a pickled pica) quite suitable as display faces for short words. Albert Hollenstein of Paris has contributed Brasilia demi-gras, an elegant sans-serif display type which could be of considerable use architecturally. Notable also is the Neue Haas-Grotesk of Max Miedinger. The index provides a directory of designers and type foundries. Type designers please note: send useful material to Mr. Haab for possible use in LETTERA 3.


This hardy perennial of the reviews of the graphic arts is always a welcome addition each year. Its editors have always been chosen with care and it has survived almost without interruption—save for the two wars—since 1856. It comes without the fanfare accorded its more flashy contemporaries, yet it has greater shelf life than any. A highly selective survey, it offers significant material to the production man, editor, printer, typographer and general reader as well. It records not only technical developments but also trends in design and typography throughout the world from Italy to India. Paul A. Bennett of the Mergenthaler Linotype Company writes of American book designers and (Continued on page 32)
Only one course is now open to us: to retrace our steps and seek a human way out. What, then, does it mean to be human? To be human is to recognize, as even the most primitive tribes recognize, that we are all part of a cosmic process that encompasses and outlasts our little lives. As living organisms we are members of a complex, co-operative society that includes species at every level of development, from the viruses and bacteria to the most fully developed human personalities, a Confucius or an Emerson, an Aristotle or an Einstein. As families or nations we live not alone or on our own exclusive terms, but with the constant help of countless other species. Wantonly to break apart this complex web of organic life and human culture at any point is to assault the foundations of our own existence. Our security and our welfare rest upon mutual aid and mutual tolerance. And when we are fully human, the entire human past and future are constantly present in our consciousness, to deliver us from insolent fantasies based on the prejudices of our tribe and the discoveries of a single generation.

To be human, by the same token, is to recognize with humility our own inherent imperfections and limitations. At every moment, as Christian doctrine has always stressed, men are prone to sin and error, to hallucinations, self-deception and headstrong pride. All men individually, and all nations collectively, are finite and fallible beings; and they are never more open to flagrant error than when they feel smugly self-righteous and immune to any possible criticism. Traditional wisdom warns us against these flattering illusions. Though we may make our little daily decisions alone, knowing that our mistakes will hurt only ourselves, now that our leaders persist in committing us to policies that might eventually bring disaster to all mankind, we must recall them to their human conditions: they need the historic wisdom of the race, and the criticism and correction of all other peoples, and above all they need to restore their own balance by bringing back into the picture the human factors they have blindly ignored.

Only if we operate once more from a humble base will the problems that now seem insuperable become open, step by step, to a human solution. There are many alternatives to the course that the Western nations have been following these last 16 years: there is still an abundance of open choices, accommodations and compromises, midway between the hateful extremes of one-sided surrender and mutual extermination. But the time is late, and the dangers multiply day by day.

Since only the human way out remains, the most imperative task for us as Americans is to summon forth and patiently cultivate sufficient friendly human feeling in ourselves to evoke a similar response in our opponents. The belated proposals that both the Russian and the American governments have made towards total disarmament will not move an inch toward realization whilst our governments meet each other, filled with hostility, suspicion, and bravado, poisonous qualities that derive directly from their confidence in the very weapons that must now be destroyed. The human break-through must preface very serious governmental effort; and the first change in the atmosphere, the first melting of inflexible power into supple wisdom and humanity, must be made by each of us, opening our hearts as well as our minds, and speaking freely, as I have been speaking to you.

Let us speak truth to the power that can only will its own destruction. Let us tell our leaders that this is not a time to threaten desperate, irretrievable acts, but to utter disarming words: words that will sympathize, conciliate, heal, embrace: words that will pave the way to honorable compromises, and eventually, passing beyond the assurance of coexistence, will bring about positive co-operations. At this point, only the quick therapy of words, meaningful words, openly and honestly exchanged, as in a direct face to face relation, can free us from the grim tensions and compulsions that now have us in their grip. "The weight of this sad time we must obey." Yes, the time has come to speak, and to say what we feel; for what we feel in the depths of our being is precisely what we ought to say: we have no commitment to catastrophe.

Excerpts from an address given by Mr. Lewis Mumford at the University of California, September 28, 1961
AN INDUSTRIAL TOWER

Since the rise of its enormous building yard the "Centro Pirelli" has gradually become the most representative building of the new directional center of Milan. In this urban setting the architectonic validity of the "Centro Pirelli" is to be found in its immediate surroundings. The designers aimed at a figure which would be complete in itself, with a lenticular plan tapering towards the ends. Perspective gives the building a slender look, the effect of which is enhanced by the height and tapering of the two ends.

A clean-cut volume rises above a large square which, with its crossing streets, will provide parking space for 800 cars for an average of ½ hour each during an 8-hour working day. With respect to the articulation of the

(Continued on page 28)
ARCHITECTS AND ENGINEERS: PONTI, FORNAROLI, ROSSELLI and VALTOLINA, DELL'ORTO

STRUCTURAL ENGINEERS: PIER LUIGI NERVI, ARTURO DANUSSO
This 6,000 sq. ft. building was designed for a firm which employs approximately 40 technical artists, writers, production, and administrative personnel. The functional relationships within the firm were complex for the amount of space available. The client desired a building which would both promote efficient operations and present a visual impression of precision and sophistication within a limited budget.

Economy was achieved by simplification of form and construction. The building is essentially a masonry rectangle, with steel beams on 17'-6" centers and wood rafters spanning between beams. Interior partitions are non-bearing for complete flexibility. The front wall is faced with travertine veneer, side and rear walls are painted brick. Dark anodized aluminum storefront material is used at the entrance lobby, with oak stripping at the entry ceiling. A dropped luminous ceiling illuminates the lobby. The remaining ceilings are of acoustical tile. Partitions are a combination of fully glazed obscure glass, ½ glazed clear glass, painted drywall, and wood paneling on wood studs. Interior surfaces of brick wall are left exposed and painted. Floors are resilient tile and carpet. The building is air conditioned throughout. Due to the exacting nature of the work done by personnel involved in illustration and production, the requirements for illumination were demanding. An average intensity of 180 foot candles was provided in work areas. Considerable refinement in detailing was accomplished both inside and out in spite of budget restrictions.
PHOTOGRAPH BY A. SIEKIND

PORTRAITS OF MIES
Hugo Weber, a painter, undertook during the summer of 1961 a series of portraits of his friend, Mies van der Rohe, in commemoration of the 75th birthday of the great architect. The portraits were on view at the Holland Gallery, in Chicago, last December and January.

To do a portrait of anybody is a challenge. In principle you do have to concentrate on a person other than yourself. But of course you can't dismiss your own personality, whatever it may be.

For Mies van der Rohe I have great esteem, as an architect and as a person. I had wanted to do a portrait of him for ten years, and finally I got around to doing it.

It turned out to be a series of interpretations. But what else has portraiture ever been?

Mies liked the idea that I should go to work in my own way. Rigid though he is often made out to be, he has a grasp of essentials which blends with a sense of humor, and therefore surprising flexibility.

I asked around among learned people what portraits of architects they remembered. I said "Pheidias" and there was a blank, I said "Palladio" and there was a blank, I said "Schinkel" and it was a blank, "I said "Sullivan" and it was a blank, and I said "Frank Lloyd Wright" and it was a blank. Of course there are portraits of them, but they do not come easily to anyone's mind.

Alfred Loos had a portrait done by Kokoschka, and I remember Bourdelle's bust of Auguste Perret, but by and large architects appear to be doomed to anonymity, as far as their portraits are concerned.

Little can be said about Mies as an architect that has not already been said before, since Theo van Doesburg called him a "skin and bone architect" in the twenties.

Mies obviously made a mark. He did change skylines. He had a great influence, and still has.

I would say that he is a conservative revolutionary.

* * *

And we wish him a happy seventy-fifth birthday and many more to come.

HUGO WEBER—October 29, 1961, New York City
In November of 1961 the Graham Foundation for Advanced Studies in the Fine Arts brought to the campus of the Illinois Institute of Technology an architectural panel for the purpose of attempting a blueprint for the modern city, which at least succeeded in viewing these megalopolises with a splendid alarm. Their observations, necessarily limited to one evening, were of considerable importance, however, in view of the multibillions that will be spent in construction and reconstruction of the urban environment whether or not we might consider the solutions entirely livable. The Panel was composed of Philip Johnson, Former Director, Department of Architecture, Museum of Modern Art, and co-architect of the Seagram Building; Ulrich Franzen, architect and critic; Paul Rudolph, Chairman of the School of Art and Architecture, Yale University; Peter Blake, Managing Editor of the Architectural Forum; the moderator was William H. Jordy, Professor, Department of Art, Brown University. What follows is a necessarily abridged report of the discussion of the evening.

Jordy: The topic tonight is most timely. The most incredible aspect of urbanism today is that there is so much rebuilding. Who at the end of World War II, for example, would have imagined that the entire South Side of Chicago would have been virtually demolished and rebuilt? (Sic.) And the same is true of the downtown of New Haven, Hartford, the point of Pittsburgh, the center of Philadelphia and so on. Yet for all this opportunity in urban design there is very little that is very exciting. Why is this? Creative architects have been insufficiently consulted. The comfortable ideals of the European international style of the '20s and the American international style of the '50s, which seemed to promise so much for urban redesign, have proved to be disappointing. There is also confusion in planning ideals at the present time; the tenets of the satellite cities with their green belts, the Corbusian skyscrapers surrounded by great areas of open space—these tenets are being challenged at the present time by a number of theorists. For instance, Kevin Lynch and Jane Jacobs would work more with the existing city rather than with theoretical conceptions for rebuilt cities such as earlier planners recommended. Both theorists suggest developments in Abstract Expressionism or Action painting. And Mrs. Jacobs suggests in her interest in the urban college and the urban ready-made that these enthusiasms for Abstract Expressionism have at last infected urban planning theory.

It is at this moment of opportunity, of disappointment, and of confusion that I am going to ask our panel to talk on their particular view of modern architecture and redevelopment today. Mr. Johnson.

Johnson: The last time that so many Eastern architects invaded the raw land of the Midwest was in 1893. And look what happened. Here we are tonight to create the same problems but not, perhaps, the same results. But I must say coming from the East and seeing a Chicago that is being torn down and rebuilt so fast—there is no way that mere visitors can keep track.

(Mr. Johnson wagged a finger at the confusion of contemporary architects, including the panelists. There is Ed Stone with his South land grilles; Bill Wurster and his disposable wooden cottages; Sert and his Chandigarh shadows; Lou Kahn with his San Gemignano towers; Blake and Franzen—too much affected by the Academy; and Rudolph-concrete-box-on-Rudolph.)

Best of all, and by far the best, is Mies in Chicago, the Academy of today led by those great conservative firms of Skidmore, Owings and Merrill, and Naess and Murphy. Here in this city you have the only large body of consistent contemporary design being done anywhere in the world. The term “Chicago school” which we in the East in our provincial way think of as referring to the '30s and '90s—even the meaning of that phrase is going to have to change.

And what is the outcome of this mess? More mess, more jungle, more chaos. It is of course natural to the ego of each of us artists to think that he has the key to the future. He hasn't. Mies, of course, had—and still has. His vision fitted his epoch. But now we are in chaos. For me anyhow, a lovely, creative, de-
MODERN ARCHITECTURE AND THE REBUILDING OF CITIES

A Panel Discussion, the Second of a Series Sponsored by the Graham Foundation for Advanced Studies in the Fine Arts—Chicago, 1961

licious chaos where I feel at home and content. To switch it quickly to city planning—that other dull subject we are to talk about tonight—the cities dearest to my heart now from a city planning point of view are Sao Paulo, Brazil and Tokyo, Japan and if you know what I mean they’re in a real mess.

The city today is of more interest to idealists, do-gooders, real estate speculators, lovers of the automobile than it is to any artist. Since Daniel Burnham no architect has been allowed near the problem. It is in the hands of statisticians and road builders, neither of whom are crazy about art. Cities are torn down in order that Roger Stevens and Bill Zeckendorf can build new and bigger buildings on the ruins. Urban renewal we call “urban removal.” I got lost in what used to be Philadelphia. San Francisco has choked itself by putting a ring of high speed highways between it and its bay. One third of Los Angeles is composed of parking lots, parking garages and highways. Lewis Mumford cries wo. You remember, of course, that wonderful quote that he made from Dante: “Come, hangman, come, vulture.” In other words, he’s given up and we’re all going to the devil quickly. Mrs. Jacobs says that we should be even more scientific and imitate the life sciences in complexity. I couldn’t agree less. It seems to me that what the cities need is more art. Mies could build cities. The first plan of IIT with its beautiful projecting fan-shaped units that made the space so enclosing in the south end. Saarinen’s plan for the new colleges at Yale. How wonderful the Air Force Academy! What a metropolis! Alvar Aalto did a plan for my own Lincoln Center, before it was ruined by the interests, that was a cashah, an enormous wall through which you crawled into a cultural play place tucked inside this terrible city. Of course architects can build cities.

But Americans actually enjoy the strangulation of their cities. Otherwise why do they let it happen? Why do we spend the most billions a year—next to armaments—on roads if we didn’t like it? We build the roads so that we can go very fast in order to get to the next strangulated area. The Romans had a better idea. They said there will be no wheeled vehicles in the city in daytime. It was a wonderful solution, the problem was at night you couldn’t sleep. Meanwhile, let us artists get what we can—which is very little. Not much has happened since 1893. In those days they could lay out a world’s fair with attractive and beautiful white buildings and lagoons. What an experience to walk into a white city! What are you and you and you going to look at in New York in 1964? The image of Robert Moses everywhere stamped on every lousy little building. We’re not even as good as in the ‘50s and we talk about progress! So we can’t do it the way the great Burnham did it. So let’s make little ones. After all, we can content ourselves that even Michelangelo’s square in Rome is very small. We can make small plans. Bernini and Le Notre can come later.

Blake: I am delighted to find that Philip Johnson thinks the chaos of cities is delicious. I also note that he lives in splendid isolation in the middle of a forest about 50 miles from New York, where I happen to live. As a matter of fact, about 70 per cent of all Americans today live in towns and cities. They live there in environments that are so squalid, so offensive, so foul as to constitute a national disgrace. There are a great many political and economic factors that have contributed to the squalor. There is, for example, the fact that we have never developed a consistent land policy. Unlike water and air, land is privately owned and subject to wild and unrestricted speculation. As a result, no builder of an office building or an apartment house can afford not to cover every square inch of the site with great blobs of steel and concrete, without regard to neighboring structures and other people’s needs for open space. There is also the fact that buildings have become machines for making money, and quite legally so. This, I believe, is the first time in the history of mankind that the criterion for success of a building has been its financial return. No civilization has ever been created that way, and no civilization ever will be. And there is finally the fact that the kind of power which built Paris and Florence has passed. Political power has been diluted by popular democracy and economic power by the income tax.

So as we face the prospect of vast super cities, extending uninterrupted from Boston to Washington, from San Francisco to Los Angeles, we have planning commissions without a shred of authority—and this may be a fine thing. We have building created merely because there is a bigger profit in making buildings than in making buttons. And we have architecture being shaped not by architects but by tax accountants and mortgage bankers. All this I think is true more or less. But we are concerned tonight with architecture and so I want to ignore these depressing facts and talk about what architecture could, but does not always do, to improve this mess in which we live.

If architecture is anything at all, then I think it is order. If architects were responsible to the crisis of chaos then they would be talking and practicing order above all else. Alas, a good many of them are doing nothing of the sort. Instead of practicing order, they’re playing with mud pies; they’re creating splinter groups and splinter groups within splinter groups; they’re practicing hucksterism. Just look for a moment at all the big and little movements we’ve had in architecture since 1945. We’ve had New Empiricism, Regionalism, Romanticism. Neo-classicism, Brutalism and even Chaoticism. We have grilles, and shells and domes and vaults and arches and zigzags. We’ve had action architecture and symbolism—and what symbolism! There have been oysters and eggs and whales and turtles—and some of them exhibited even at the Museum of Modern Art. And we now have a whole new repertory of symbols which I, for one, will not discuss in mixed company. In short, a great many of the best known architects have been concerned primarily not with statements about order or with the creation of lasting values. They’ve been concerned instead with making statements about themselves and with being different. And they’ve been most concerned with being different before any of their competitors could beat them to it by being even more different.

The result is that the image presented by (Continued on page 30)
Plans and details of the St. John's Abbey Church were based upon a meticulously re-examined liturgical tradition. To crystallize this tradition was a vital contribution of the devoted monastic community to the building.

Although the church may be a new sensation to the eye, its architectural concepts resemble in some ways those of religious buildings in the Middle Ages and the Classic period. Whether stone lintels on stone columns, whether Roman or Gothic arches, whether dome, barrel vault, or folded plates of concrete are employed, church architecture at its best is always identical with the structural logic of the enclosure. This identity is basic, dominating, and it is visually so obvious that it almost appears simple though including infinite subtleties. The rhythm of space is that of its structure despite important differences of technology and form: in the old days, stone on stone held in place by the weight of the parts; now, one flowing line of concrete held in place by the continuity of integral steel bars.

How much we will be affected by the building, how much it will signify its reverent purpose will depend on the courage it manifests in facing the ancient task: to defeat gravity and to lift the material to great heights over great spans; to render the enclosed space a part of infinite space. There the structure stands, its story told by the eternal laws of geometry, gravity, space. This is also true for its bell banner—a slender cantilevered slab on parabolic supports. This form, or symbol, is made possible by our technology, by new building methods, new materials, and modern engineering. Still, it is ruled by the same eternal laws of geometry, gravity, space.

—MARCEL BREUER

ST. JOHN'S ABBEY—A MASTER PLAN

To carry out this planning project, an intensive program of fact-finding, analysis, and evaluation was inaugurated in collaboration with the monks of this religious community. Out of this study evolved a forecast of immediate and long-range building needs, spanning a period of 100 years.

Replacement of old buildings past usefulness would be accomplished gently through a system of "shadow-building" devised by Breuer. This process is analogous to changing the bed of a river: a new water course is created parallel to the old, the stream is diverted to the new bed, and only then is the original course altered. Existing and essential communications are, therefore, never interrupted.

Three buildings—the monastery, the student dormitory and the church—have been completed.

The church at St. John's was designed and built for a community of Benedictine priests, clerics, and brothers, for students enrolled in their university and preparatory school, and also for parishioners living on neighboring farms. Each of these three groups had special requirements to be met in planning.

The program for the monastic church called for: a large choir for almost two hundred priests, augmented on occasion by the brothers' choir of
BY MARCEL BREUER, ARCHITECT
eighty; thirty-four small chapels to be used for private devotions required of each priest daily; an unusually spacious sanctuary for ceremonies of investiture; a separate chapel for the brothers who chant their services in English (the monks adhere to Latin); and a chapter house seating 150 where the monks meet in congress to decide secular matters. The university's program need was seating capacity in the main church for 1,600 college students. The preparatory school program called for a separate chapel seating about four hundred to be used by students and also by parishioners. In addition, the parish required a pastor's office and a baptistery.

Three significant liturgical ideas proposed by the monks as fundamentally affecting their use of the new church are reflected in its plan-shape. They requested the following:

1. The high altar should be separated from the reredos and ciborium and relocated as a central free-standing element so as not to seem remote to either the congregation or the monastic choir.

2. The monastic choir should be visible to the congregation, should not be concealed in traditional transepts or behind screened enclosures, and should be separated into equal halves as required for the musical dialogue of the Benedictine plain song in which daily offices are chanted.

3. The significant liturgical elements—baptismal font, church doorway, confessionals, communion tables, altar, and throne—should be ordered for symbolic and visual reasons in a sequence along the central axis of the building. Thus, one should enter the church through the baptistery and immediately find the confessionals. Proceeding down the central aisle, one should find the altar, balanced by communion tables. Beyond these should be the symmetrical halves of the choir and, at the termination of the axis, the Abbot's throne.

The first two ideas led to the bell-shaped plan. The large sanctuary, surrounding the altar, and the two halves of the choir fill the throat of the bell. The nave, therefore, the mouth of the bell and is, therefore, broad rather than deep. In order to realize as fully as possible the aim of having the entire congregation close to the sanctuary, a free-standing balcony, cantilevered from only four legs, was designed over the nave in preference to the usual lengthening of the body of the church. The bell-shaped plan, in turn, fostered an interesting and useful spatial phenomenon. From the viewpoint of the monastic choir, the length of the nave seems foreshortened. The converging effect of perspective is counteracted by the diverging sides of the building. The result makes the whole interior visually approachable to the choir even during pre-dawn services when the church is otherwise empty.

The third idea led to the design of a low entrance structure in front of the main mass of the church, reminiscent of the ancient atrium. In recognition of Minnesota climate, glazed skylights in the center of the roof replace the open court. Directly beneath this natural light source on the central axis is the baptismal font surrounded by low parapet walls. In a liturgical sense, the symbolic doorway to the church proper is not the outside opening in the atrium but is the entry following the baptistery. Thus, entrance to the church is gained via the font-area and, in the case of a newly baptized child, directly through it. The entrance doors swing between wide granite jambs in a wall which contains the confessionals within its thickness.

Paralleling in importance the three liturgical ideas which gave rise to the building plan-shape were the following three architectural convictions developed by Marcel Breuer. These gave the building its basic form.

1. The means of construction by which the large space is framed and roofed-over must be shown as the dominant visual fact of both the interior and exterior and must grow out of contemporary building technology.

2. The interior space of the church should not be limited to that area covered by the roof but should extend to adjacent outdoor spaces, confined and controlled by architectural order.

3. The traditional bell tower could be resurrected in new forms to fulfill contemporary needs. It could serve as an immense reflector of the southern sky, enlivening the otherwise shadowless northern entrance exposure and at the same time directing natural light deep into the interior of the church. It could form a monumental gateway to the church, sheltering an assembly-terrace before the doors. The free-standing concrete slab, cantilevered upward from its foundations, could become a form symbolic of our time.

The first architectural conviction led to the use of a concrete folded plate construction on side walls and roof. Folded plate describes a system of building in which structural stiffness and the capacity to span long distances is derived from a repetitive pleating or corrugating of the concrete surfaces.
The project is located in the southeastern part of California in an area very dry and desert in character with a large inland sea, the Salton Sea, which has been developed as a recreation area. The yacht club was planned as the focal point of a commercial center and is the first phase of a future 150-room hotel. The initial usage is for a yacht club.

The building is circular in form with the roof structure framed from glulam beams with a maximum span of 30 ft. The diameter of the existing structure is 50 ft. which will be enlarged to 62 ft. in the final stage. The kitchen, air conditioning, and other facilities have been sized for the total expansion. The large entry court will be turned into a coffee shop. A lagoon has been dredged adjacent to the building for boat anchorage. It is contemplated that the lagoon-harbor will hold approximately 200 boats at its completion and construction is already under way on these facilities. The lagoon is also adjacent to a series of finger canals which connect the seaside property with individual dock accommodations.

The structure is of 16 equally spaced glulam beams framed between with a folded plate type roof. The construction is very simple with 2 x 6’s at 16” o.c. framing to a peak at the top with blown plaster underneath. The dining room overlooks both the lagoon and the sea to the east. A focal point of the structure is the second-level bar, circular in form, overlooking the dining room and having visibility to the water. A central circular stairway leads up to the bar area over a large reflecting pool.

Materials are stud and plaster, glulam beams, concrete foundation, with redwood and blown plaster exterior. Interior paneling is redwood.
HOUSE BY THORNTON M. ABELL, ARCHITECT
Some preliminary sketches for this project appeared in the September 1960 issue of *Arts & Architecture*. With a few minor changes, the design has remained the same.

The site was developed from an avocado orchard that had been a part of an old estate. As many trees were saved as was possible. It is not a view site, so the development turned inward toward garden and patio. The house is designed for a family of two, to provide very spacious and flexible surroundings for entertaining, display of paintings and sculpture, and accommodation and facilities for very personal living. The guest and living area are actually one space, including entry, patio, living and dining. Breakfast and laundry areas are integrated with the kitchen, which is skylighted. Adjoining the service area are quarters for the housekeeper. The owners' suite includes two bedrooms, dressing rooms and baths, with specially designed and generous storage facilities. The garden terrace is large enough to be used for entertaining, and there is a small swimming pool. With the existing trees, new specimen trees and shrubs, the landscaping has achieved a well established appearance even though it was recently done.

The basic colors are light and closely related. Brick is buff white, exterior walls and trim are oyster cream. Interior colors in the guest-living area are oyster cream, including textured wall covering, except for one wall of the dining area, which is deep yellow. Curtains are light yellow and carpet is deep oyster. In contrast, the wood of the furniture is dark walnut, and paintings are a variety of strong deep colors. Colors in the kitchen area are tobacco brown, light yellow and white, with white vinyl floor; equipment is stainless steel. The bedrooms in the owners' suite are celadon gray and warm gray, with yellow and white in bath and dressing areas. Paintings are lighted by natural light and by wall-washing recessed electric fixtures. All plastic skylights include fluorescent lights in the wells with plexiglas ceiling panel diffusers.

Construction is wood frame, with cement plaster exterior, and drywall, with wall covering, interior. Masonry walls inside and out are warm white brick, including garden walls and the divisions in the concrete paving, which is stained tobacco brown. Roof construction is wood frame with composition roof and double drywall ceilings. Exterior columns are steel tube. Floor construction is wood joists with plywood sub-floor, and vinyl or carpet finish. Counters are Formica, tile and glass. Sliding doors are steel with stainless steel sills. Fixed and louvered windows have aluminum frames, with all louver and certain fixed panels of white obscure glass. Wood fences are of redwood grape stake.
STAIRS

FROM AN EXHIBITION AT THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, SELECTED AND DESIGNED BY
BERNARD RUDOFSKY, ARCHITECT

Ascending or descending a flight of stairs once called for a display of
grace unmarred by any sign of physical exertion, while steps leading to
altars or thrones imposed a veritable ritual of movement. The towers of
Biblical times, ziggurats, stepped pyramids and hanging gardens, were
architecture made almost entirely of stairs. In the so-called Tower of Babel—
probably the most venturesome construction ever undertaken—stairs and
ramps reached their most exalted station. But since man failed to go to
heaven by way of stairs, their importance declined. The space problems
and seemingly unlimited variations according to which steps can be ar-
ranged have fascinated architects and craftsmen of all times.
—BERNARD RUDOFSKY

Included in this exhibition are ziggurats, church stairs, outdoor staircases,
house stairs, both inside and out, ramps, stairs with banisters and without,
spiral stairs, theater stairs, stairs used as astronomical instruments, and
stairs which form paths and streets. Rome boasted veritable "stairscapes." The
situation of the city on seven hills led to the construction of staircases
in every phase of Roman history. Some stairs are dominated by their rails
and banisters; others serve uses for which they are not intended. In Delhi
and Jaipur gigantic flights of steps, leading nowhere, serve as the world's
largest equinoctial sundials. With the birth of modern architecture came
an interest on the part of architects in flights of steps unlike any they had
ever known: irregular height, width or depth; or meandering, curving
erratically.
1. HEWN LOG, 1670 NORWEGIAN BARN
2. MACHU PICCHU RUINS, PERU
3. SENATE, CAMPOIDOGLIO, ROME, ITALY
4. NORTH BRIDGE FOOT RAMP, DUSSELDORF, GERMANY
5. FARNsworth HOUSE, ILLINOIS, MIES VAN DER ROHE, ARCHITECT
6. STAIRCASE IN DEPARTMENT STORE DUFAYEL, PARIS, FRANCE
7. LE CORBUSIER’S OWN APARTMENT AT LA PORTE MOLITOR
8. LUIS BARRAGAN’S OWN HOUSE, TACUBAYA, MEXICO
9. ST. KNUD LAVARD CHURCH SPIRAL STAIRCASE, NEAR COPENHAGEN, DENMARK
The site, in a builder’s subdivision, in Houston, Texas, is a small corner lot with set-back restrictions on two sides. The resulting area on which to build was so small that it became almost mandatory that the living quarters and bedrooms be located on the west which in this particular climate is usually considered undesirable. However, a satisfactory solution is achieved by screening vertically with magnolia trees off the living room and horizontally with a bamboo overhang-pergola over the bedrooms.

Basically the house is one great room which includes living areas, dining and kitchen. The other area of the house contain two bedrooms, one with a dressing room, and another large one which is also useful as a study. The small third bedroom serves as a dressing room for the pool.

Heavy timbers form the frame; the exterior walls to the street are painted common brick; the floor of the great room is bleached pine and the cabinets are of magnolia wood. The restrictions of the site dictated an almost Japenese type of little courts on the side front, in the back and on the west. The architects were particularly concerned that the view from the living area and the bedrooms not look out directly to the pool. The west court was, therefore, divided so that the living section looks out on its own visual court throughout the magnolias, with the bedrooms opening directly off the pool.
The concept of Total Design in architecture has created its own problems. There are many architects who believe that, after the building has been designed, it is only fitting that the same firm should also design or design-control graphics, signings, ash trays, letter-heads, match books and other artistic and functional embellishments. Total Design implies Total Control—aconsummation devoutly to be wished.

It is quite usual for clients to expect their architects to make suggestions for the creation of internal atmosphere and external accents. This frequently involves designing dimensional wall treatments and both interior and exterior signing. Most architects would like to do this but relatively few have the proper facilities to implement these and other expressions of Total Design. And yet there is a general desire in the profession to avoid having basic architectural productivity profaned by collateral decorative accents at war with the structural theme and philosophy.

It is very distressing when dimensional graphics and signing, are well-conceived but crudely fabricated and installed. The onus has a nasty way of rubbing off on architects. Some design their own graphics and signing. They are faced with the problem of finding people who can satisfactorily interpret their designs, put them into production, and subsequently make the proper type of installation.

Can this be entrusted to woodworkers, carpenters, metal shops, sign makers, or display companies? Usually not. After devoting considerable time to codperation of such projects, architects frequently find the results disappointing. Several problems emerge. Workmanship rarely has finesse. Mis-spacing and improper proportions mar the desired effect. Colors are not accurately achieved. Installations are often late.

Brand-Worth & Associates in Gardena, a suburb of Los Angeles, is a firm which has made important strides in solving these vexing problems for architects. It operates in a 30,000 sq. ft. plant and has some 50 employees. The art director heads a staff of artists and designers who specialize in the creation of dimensional graphics and signing. Many of the artisans who do the fabricating are European trained in the tradition of Old World craftsmanship. Crews fly to all parts of the country to make installations under the personal supervision of either Tom Worth or Bill Brand.

Some architects who create their own graphic and signing rely on this firm to round out for them these excursions into the realm of Total Design. In the Los Angeles International Airport Brand-Worth was asked to fabricate and install interior directional signs for United, TWA, and American Airlines. Many clients are architects who don't design their own graphics or signing but depend upon this company's specialists to do it. But, whether they do or don't design their own, there seems to be general agreement in the profession that dimensional accents are a very vital growing trend.

Graphics and signing programs have definite motivating philosophies. Sometimes they create a theme in a room or building. They frequently help to project a desired atmosphere. In existing structures they are called upon to upgrade interiors and even to camouflage defects. It is necessary to research the client's needs, tastes, competition, and business philosophy. The scale, weights, and balance of dimensional graphics in relation to architecture are always carefully deliberated by their designers and consultants. Proper utilization of focal point, key, and accent walls become very important.

The firm creates and installs metal sculpture, cut-out graphic symbols, raised letters, painted murals combined with dimensional effects, dividers and screens, thin sheet brass laminated to wood, and cut-out plaques. Silk, burlap, felt, cotton, and even cork are laminated on plywood to achieve dimensional effects.

ST. JOHN'S ABBEY—Marcel Breuer
(Continued from page 20)

The length of the church is divided into twelve pleated folds which increase in all dimensions—width, depth, and wall-thickness—as they cross successively broader segments of the bell-shaped plan. The longest fold accomplishes a clear span over 135 feet, measures almost 15 feet top to bottom, and has walls which vary between 6 and 8 inches in thickness. The twelve folds are made up of both wall and roof members in a structurally continuous and visually related system. They are essential to the building—as structure, as enclosure, as interior finish. Also, these folds create an architectural dominant and expressive form.

The folds have less visible uses as well. In the roof construction a concrete deck has been laid across the ridges of the folded members making each pleat a closed pipe, triangular in cross section. These pipes contain much of the equipment needed to illuminate and ventilate the church. For ease in servicing this equipment, the pipes are connected to one another by a narrow central footbridge. Finally, the deep projection of the folds with their many-angled surfaces into the interior space contributes acoustically by promoting a general diffusion of reflected sound instead of permitting uneven, echo-producing concentrations.
The second architectural conviction caused the folded plate construction to be raised clear of the ground and supported on concrete buttress-piers. The interior space extends freely between and beyond these piers and includes the enclosed cloister gardens. The transfer of loads from the superstructure to the piers is accomplished through an edge beam. This beam is hollow to contain concealed up-lights which illuminate interior walls and roof.

From the third architectural conviction developed the form of the bell banner and the correlated north wall of the church proper.

The structure is built almost wholly of reinforced architectural concrete which is allowed to remain entirely untreated and unadorned as the interior finish. Most exterior wall surfaces are sheathed with granite. Floors are of brick, and partition walls around the separate areas on the crypt level are of concrete block. Wood seating and cabinet work are of oak, stained very dark brown—nearly black. This insistence on the simple strong statement led to the discreet use of religious artifacts.

Breuer believes that the special quality of a devotional space depends to a considerable extent on spatial amplitude, and that architectural dignity and solemnity are enhanced by generous height and breadth. These qualities, of course, cannot be reduced simply to a matter of dimension. However, it is interesting to note that the concrete shell of St. John's church encloses a volume of more than a million cubic feet, the maximum interior clear height under the lantern in the roof is over 65 feet, and the overall width of the building on the entrance side is 165 feet—a dimension somewhat greater than the west facade of Notre Dame in Paris.

Architectural concrete differs from other concrete not so much in its mixture as in the care which is exercised in its design, forming, and placement. The surface texture of the hardened concrete comes from the imprint of the form board into which the wet mix is poured. This means architectural drawings must indicate size and direction of the boards used in the formwork. Their purpose is to transform into a conscious modulation of the surface, the texture, color, and planar differences which occur between successive pourings or at expansion joints. Thus, the unpolished overall texture of the form boards assimilates the unavoidable irregularities and imperfections in concrete work and provides a complication which weathers gracefully like that of native stone.

The new monastery wing reveals on its two long facades the organization of interior space. Essentially the building is devoted to private cells for fifty-six priests, with dormitory, study, and recreation rooms on the third floor for sixty clerics and novices. This internal use of space is revealed on the exterior by the shape and spacing of the concrete structural members designed to project beyond the enclosure to form sunshades over the windows.

Concrete was chosen for several reasons. Its plasticity lends itself to expressive use. Its weight and inertia make for a quiet building, resistant to the transmission of footfalls and other sounds. Then too, its unpolished qualities of face and surface, previously described, reflect monastic ideals. Other building materials were selected for natural color and texture: granite block in a random mixture of grays for exterior panels beneath the windows; waxed red paving brick for floors in public spaces; oak flooring in private rooms; concrete block, painted white, for partitions throughout. The woodwork and doors are also of oak and, like the floors, are stained a black-brown color.

The monastery wing was the first building completed in terms of the master plan. Design began later on a new student dormitory the following spring, and actual building began a year later. Economy was a key factor in design and planning. Like the monastery wing, all floor and roof slabs are of concrete flat-slab construction. However, unlike the earlier building, these slabs are carried not on columns but on bearing walls of concrete block. The completely consistent division of space into semi-private rooms on all floors made this simple, direct, and economical system possible. These block bearing walls project, as do their column counterparts in the monastery, beyond the enclosure walls and create the strong and unifying visual discipline of the exterior. Again, they function as horizontal sunshading and as lateral protection to window areas they frame.

The university library is completely designed. Working drawings and specifications have been prepared, and the project is ready for construction. The proposed building is to accommodate 600 library patrons and provide space for 300,000 volumes. It will have audio-visual and seminar rooms seating an additional 300 persons.

The faculty of St. John's University asked for an open-stack library inviting easy and natural contact with as many books as possible. The librarian also requested a degree of flexibility in layout which would permit groupings of both book stacks and reading tables by subject classification.

The building design developed by Marcel Breuer in response to these program requirements is distinguished by almost complete freedom from columns on the main floor. The concrete waffle-grid roof slab, 204 feet long and 124 feet wide, is carried on only two interior supports. Each support is a concrete tree having branches which spread symmetrically to brace eight points on the roof.

The perimeter structure consists of a single file of widely spaced piers with their long dimension perpendicular to the exterior wall so as to give lateral stiffness to the entire roof system. At the third point of their height above the floor, the piers are bridged by an intermediate slab. The alcoves thus created below provide for special functions such as carrels, stairs, and typing niches, thus further freeing the primary floor area for readers and books. Clerestory windows fill the space above the intermediate slab. These are drawn in over the alcoves to gain protection of the roof which projects outward the full depth of the piers.

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modem architecture today—and you can see I'm beginning to
slip into huckster language myself—is an image of chaos. Archi-
tecture is not, as it should be, the public conscience of our
cities. I don't believe we should really blame the architects for
becoming so greatly concerned with being the fastest with the
most. They're not the only ones. Painters who still paint like
the late Jackson Pollock are considered passe; after all, he used

picturesqueness and new kind of eclecticism—one kind of archi-
tecture and the third, which grows directly from the thinking
of the '20s, I would call civic architecture.

Mood architecture is beginning to be apparent on all sides.
Such architecture wants to be a good neighbor and sometimes
gives lip service to a subservient role. This attitude is admirable,
but extremely difficult, patently dangerous, and often leads to a
picturesqueness and new kind of eclecticism—one kind of archi-
tecture for a pseudo Gothic environment, another for a Georgian
environment, and so on. This is, of course, a 19th century version
of eclecticism wherein one changes the approach according to
the site rather than the type of building.

Universal space architects work in concert with industry,
which of course is fine. But the environmental relationships are
usually ignored. It follows naturally that apartment houses look
like office buildings, institutions like factories and so forth. Of
course by such means every man can have his grille, curtain
walls, wall-to-wall lighting, even hyperbolic parabolas. Each
prefabricated element taken individually is often valid, but in-
dustrialized structure is merely another kind of brick. The
question is: how are they used? The cosmetic treatment of
buildings with curtain walls has become the popular symbol
of machine-made architecture. However, these buildings seldom
become background structures. They are usually the most
demanding on the block. It is inevitable that this approach
leads to mannerism. The accepted concept of universal space
buildings is to throw them on the block in as haphazard manner
as possible.

And so we come to civic architecture, the grand omission for
half a century. In its most simple terms civic architecture means
assigning a proper role to each building so it works in concert
with its neighbors, thereby creating a comprehensible whole.
This is the opposite of the Madison Avenue view, which thinks of
each building as a billboard for its owner. It means that there
must be the focal building, the foreground and supporting build-
ings, the building that acts as a base for the important building,
building that acts as a pivot, the gateway building, the transi-
tional building, etc. Architects have abdicated from the tradi-
tional role they played in large-scale, three-dimensional design.
We mistakenly thought that the planners were civic designers.
They are not now, and never will be.

Our cities need to be broken down into comprehensible parts,
I believe, each with its own specific character because they have
become so huge. For instance, the wonderful honky-tonk quality
of Times Square should not penetrate beyond. The highway
belt around Manhattan, which has cut off its people from the
waterfront need not be, for land values—not architects—are
forcing construction of apartments off and over the throughways,
so that they will again be in contact with the world. We do not
yet know how to join the architecture of high speed transit to
that of people. One is reminded of the bridge at Florence where
the two have been so joyously joined. And so the civic architect
can bring order only by seeing that the individual building will
have played a part in the whole—and indeed in time. One thing
is certain: our cities constantly change. This suggests that those
buildings which form the bulk of our cities—office, housing and
commercial buildings—should be open-ended, so to speak, and
capable of modifications, expansions and conversions. On the
other hand the dominant buildings, which are for all the people,
such as governmental complexes, the place of worship, the
gateway to the city, should be complete within themselves,
should be dominant and nursed through their advancing years until they become monuments in the true sense of the word.

Franzen: I must confess that it is a very difficult thing for me to be in Chicago because I am intimidated by the presence of Mies' work. Some of the panel members used to be impressed or even intimidated; I'm not so sure any of them are any more. Peter Blake cannot be impressed, for in his recent book he assigns Mies and his followers the job of designing the urban backdrop for the foreground designs of Yamasaki, Max Abramowitz and, I believe, Paul Rudolph.

In viewing the vast number of rebuilding projects that are planned or under way in this country modern architecture does not exist as a significant ingredient. In fact, it is an accidental by-product. There are no Chandigarhs or Brasillas in the discouraging panorama of building for our mass society. There are many reasons why this is so.

If you have not noticed, please look at the rebuilding of Philadelphia. The planning miracle of Philadelphia, as it has been called, has not produced a single urban space that touches the heart—as does the lakefront in Chicago, for instance. And its monument at the core is a cheap, speculative skyscraper. The magnificent financial and political tools for urban renewal have combined in New Haven, for instance, to bulldoze its old, commercial area into oblivion. The city has been sliced in half by superhighways dropping the unsuspecting motorist into tree-lined residential streets or vacant lots. It has brought about vast open spaces punctuated by haphazardly situated skyscrapers clad in green enamel. There is no coherent sequence of spaces, no gateways. What at one time was a very effective progression, upon arriving or moving from the railroad station through the dense layers of an old part of town to the sudden and climactic arrival at the Green has been replaced by a disorienting exercise in nihilism. The same methods which have proved so disappointing to New Haven and apparently Philadelphia have recently been applied to Boston and I'm sure to many other cities.

Why do we proceed in this upside-down manner? Is it not possible to decide first things first? The answer is no. It is neither possible under present-day procedures, nor it is legal.

The planning technician—and with him countless agencies—has pre-empted the historic role of the architect. All decisions of consequence as regards urban architecture are made before the architect has a chance. The economic analysis of the problem in terms of land use, density, traffic flow and building volumes is completed, stamped and sealed before the architect is permitted to add some decorating. And even when he does, the chorus of technicians can be heard chanting, "total environment, overall planning, don't be a prima donna, think in urban patterns"—afraid that an architectural idea might be born that would subvert life for statistical order. And this is the cause of the death of the city. Please understand that I do not want to belittle the tremendous contribution of the planner, but his skill must be applied after the conceptual thinking. However, the separation of planning and architecture is complete today. It begins with the training of planners as entities apart from architects and ends with the legal device that has recently made the separation a legal divorce in all states. The first edit of the new Urban Renewal Administrator was that the planner of a renewal project may not participate in the project as an architect of buildings.

The reason: a conflict of interests. Until the upside-down methods of today can be reversed, the rebuilding of cities will be more like the sacking of cities. The evidence is there for all to see. If the modern architect is ever to evolve a truly new language of urban architecture—and no one else will—we must clear the air of a number of other misconceptions.

One of these was created when modern architecture was introduced in America and an attempt was made to sell its importance in the name of functionalism. Of course we have all sinned here. (In my Harvard days, I recall everyone—including Paul Rudolph—carefully backing up plumbing and locating a window over every kitchen sink to permit the Bauhaus Frau to watch over her brood. Often I find it difficult to steer a client away from the endless discussion of efficiency and function. The words "truth, quality, and beauty" are dirty words not used in the architectural marketplace.

Of course functionalism has never been a dogma for the serious designer. But it did become the propaganda slogan for modern architecture in this country. It was eagerly pounced upon by the planner. He still uses it today as the means of keeping the architect timid and covering. It has also become the raison d'être of the large business organization doing architecture today, thereby contributing unwittingly to the final corrosion of the architect's true mission as a member of a broad intellectual front reaching, as all artists must, for new statements that will remake society's scale of values into the image of his solitary vision. Recently, the president of the American Institute of Architects wrote in the Institute's journal: "... the client's appetite for technological progress and functional efficiency has so multiplied in the last few years that only the large package firms could satisfy his hunger." Do not our planners realize that for 40 years they have been mesmerized by the solitary vision of Corbusier's Radiant City? Do they not get tired of holding San Marco Square in benediction? With the consequence that we get schemes for medieval piazzas in soot-laden, mid-town Manhattan.

If modern architecture is to play a role in the rebuilding of our cities, the architect must be restored to the pre-eminent role he played when the Burnham-Bennett plan for Chicago was proposed and enthusiastically adopted by the City Council. A planning commission was appointed only after the great vision had ignited the community. And its task was the implementation of the plan. This must be the sequence. We are on the verge of a great breakthrough in achieving the financial and political means for a new urbanism, but unfortunately without the ideals to share our means with an urban art and without a captain to steer the ship.

Jordy: Well, out of the chaos comes Daniel Burnham. You were warned that Eastern architects coming to Chicago would bring about this result. I wonder how we can reconcile the vitality of our chaos that Mr. Johnson has called for with the discipline of order that Mr. Blake has called for and with the large, over-all urban design for which Mr. Rudolph and Mr. Franzen call.

Johnson: I'm for chaos and small plans. But I imagine it's a matter of age. Ricky Franzen could be my son, you see, and youth is always hopeful. I remember thinking I was going to reform the world. Now I think it would be a miracle to create little islands in our cities. And we don't have any chief, any Dan Burnham. We're not as advanced as Chicago was in the '90s. But that doesn't mean that architects have lost their role. I have
fun doing little towns that don’t get built. I have a master plan for Yale University that amuses me. I have a mausoleum for Chicago that is a veritable underground city; it gives me as great a pleasure as a macrocosm could. Sooner or later someone will see this mausoleum and then, of course, light will dawn. Every artist has this illusion. Unfortunately our present setup doesn’t allow an Haussman of Paris or a Costa of Brasilia. And I agree that the shape has to be given by the architect. Very soon Brasilia will be like Mrs. Jacobs’ city with its accretions of lovely little advertising things and garbage piles. It will happen, so it’s best to wait a generation before visiting Brasilia.

It’s the planners who are in trouble, not the architects. We can’t complain. There isn’t an architect in this country who can complain of lack of places to make shapes. It’s the poor planners I’m sorry for. Poor Ed Bacon in Philadelphia. How will he ever put that place together again? Poor Mayor Lee in New Haven. Mr. Franzen described it beautifully. Architects should be happy. We have our lovely, chaotic way to go. (To Mr. Franzen): And what gives you the idea that anybody is going to substitute Burnham and his team for the highway engineers and statisticians? You think that can be changed in your generation? All I can say is I hope so. So let’s bring little order to little places to give them something to go by while we’re still here.

Jordan: There is the architect as an individual practitioner, there is the planner and there is the urban designer somewhere in between these two. Let’s hear from one of you who is in favor of the architect as urban designer. Perhaps Mr. Franzen?

Franzen: I think an urban designer is a misnomer. He is a guilty planner who studies architecture. I don’t see why the architect shouldn’t be the urban designer. Any architect who runs a job of any size and sets a theme and orchestrates an entire operation—he knows how to work with consultants and meet with committees.

Jordan: Burnham has come up several times. But he was really an organizer and not a designer at all, so that the plan for Chicago depended upon this organizer who could bring together the designers. Rudolph: I think we are being unfair to the planners. They carry out the organization—the legal, financial and political aspects of large-scale developments which bore creative men; they don’t have the patience to live through all of this. I think the breakdown in urban renewal has been the architects’, not the planners’.

Jordan: What should urban design be? Mr. Rudolph’s notion is a hierarchy of buildings with the contained building, the gate building, the background building etc.

(Rudolph added that traditionally the church or palace or government building had the most money to spend, but today it’s commerce.)

Rudolph: But size and the dominating element shouldn’t necessarily be synonymous. It’s the way you handle it.

Johnson: Nevertheless it works that way, and you can’t change it. The UN building is not the dominant building in New York. The office building is. Why isn’t the hierarchy of today going to stay that way? We’re never going to make churches the chief thing in our city.

Jordan: What about spaces today? When Burnham created his plan there was a hierarchy of space for the entire city and he did have that advantage over the architect of today. All of his streets came into this abstract dome which was the civic center. And an access ran down to the lakefront to a cultural center which was isolated from the rest of Chicago.

Blake: One of the problems with city planning is not only that we tend to segregate different functions of the city into different areas, but we also segregate different parts of planning and allocate them to different departments. I believe that the man in charge of planning New York City’s highways has never talked to the Planning Commissioner of New York City so that there is a vast highway program which is about to string spaghetti all around City Hall, and the Planning Commissioner has never looked at it. This will surround a great complex of new buildings for which there is no master plan. So you have not only a great number of planners, you’ve got all kinds of planning specialists all fighting their own little battles—one building highways to make it impossible to see the waterfront, another one building plazas which no one can reach without getting run down, and someone else building apartment houses with great recreation areas in which children get waylaid.

Jordan: One last question. What do you think has been done recently that is of creative import to urban design?

Blake: They’ve shortened the cars and made them fall apart faster.

**BOOKS**
(Continued from page 8)

printers in the trade book field of the past five years; Beatrice Warde in homage to Walt Kelly shows this artist’s contribution to pictured conversation; Paul Hogarth points up the importance of the artist as reporter even in this era of the camera; S. L. Hartz sketches the trends in Dutch typography. These contents plus articles of more technical nature are combined into a handsome volume in the best of taste. An example of good bookmaking and printing.

**BOOKS RECEIVED**
IKEBANA, The Japanese Art of Flower Arrangement by Hiroshi Ohbe (Hastings House, Publishers)
DADA, Monograph of a Movement edited by Willy Verkauf, 2nd edition (Hastings House, Publishers $6.50)
CONTEMPORARY SCULPTURE, An Evolution in Volume and Space—A revised and enlarged edition by Cora Ciedien-Welcker (George Wittenborn, Inc. $16.50)

**MUSIC**
(Continued from page 7)

neither a performance nor a recording. The composition sets limits to the experience of which it consists; the performer tries to fulfill these limits or, more rightly, if he has that rarer power, finds them fulfilling. A record preserves one such event, and that may be fulfilling but not when too often or too soon repeated. Musical literature is like any literature, to be read; and if we cannot read it for ourselves we look to someone else to read it for us. In perceiving form most of us know ourselves to be illiterates. So we substitute immodestly our habituation to some types of form for our knowledge of form, our ability to discern it. John Cage’s “blots” are forms we may learn to read; if we do not perceive them, that is not a necessary criticism of them as forms.

A composition is never final in a performance; no habitual form can be final only in the shape that we have learned to recognize. Yet expert listening, by which I do not mean listening by an expert, can fulfill itself many times by means of one fulfilling performance. In receiving forms to which one is not yet habituated one may have to wait for the fulfillment. This applies as strictly to our discovery of the forms in, say, the Fitzwilliam Virginal Book as to any previously unheard music. Or the mind may strike boldly towards the perceiving of each unique form as it has been made.

Music by chance or random operations has form as one might say that a blot on paper has form but not ink spilled on a mahogany table. Or if that is to be the form, the other is not. Cage determines circumstances to control the continuity which will sustain the content, his character, his evolving esthetic continuity. If the notes or sounds are random, the determining circumstances are not; these utter the esthetic continuity. If the determining circumstances are random, the notes or sounds are not.

Any music is music if it continues to be fulfilling, for you if not for me. Any music becomes music as it becomes fulfilling, for me if not yet for you. That is the root of the experience. The fault is to substitute the thing, the object, for the experi-
ence, the fulfilling. Or to measure the fulfilling by no more than a temporary stirring of the emotions. Any one of us may bring enough emotion to satisfy temporarily an inadequate object.

Let me point out that art does not belong to anyone who believes he owns it. It belongs to him who releases it and to him who mediates upon it. Whoever gives a work of art to be a common possession should know it is the end of that for him. It seldom is, because the artist clings to his art and eats by it.

The second of the common possession art may become; will it be better if nobody waits for it? Nobody who is in the present will wish to wait for it, if he can have it now; nobody who has not yet learned what it is that he can have to try to have it, to compose it on the spot as he might have it but cy, but will savagely defend his lack, as the savage defends his wilderness. Anyone has it when everyone is ready. If it is not worth having, anybody may assert the contrary, but it will not be worth having if it is not. Any single person can try to be posterity in the present, then he need not wait. Yet it will not come to him always so easily, so that he may have to wait. He waits as the artist, waiting for his moment, has learned to wait. It is true also that anybody can write music or listen to it as he pleases.

The contemporary taste in music may be divided between those who admire the uniform prestidigitation efficiency of the late Walter Gieseking's recordings of the solo piano music by Mozart and those who are aware that playing of this sort more represents the spirit of the very best eighteenth century music box than Mozart. The composer of the first persuasion dreams of being the best Ferrari driver on the Grand F1x team, the other in essential matters prefers devising his own locomotion. John Cage devotes to mushrooms the same passionate intensity he gives to all necessary facts. Are mushrooms necessary? They are facts. In Silence, for those who do not care to think of mushrooms, there are not many mushrooms, but they are there.

I suppose I may as well come around to the point and say, it is the genuine presence of the artist makes art necessary. There is no substitute. His interests, peculiarities, the concentrated essence of his spirit. Of all the company of nineteenth century French painters there is no substitute. His interests, peculiarities, the concentrated essence of his spirit. Of all the company of nineteenth century French painters there is no substitute. His interests, peculiarities, the concentrated essence of his spirit. Of all the company of nineteenth century French painters there is no substitute. His interests, peculiarities, the concentrated essence of his spirit. Of all the company of nineteenth century French painters there is no substitute. His interests, peculiarities, the concentrated essence of his spirit.

That is the question. The critic who fails to work towards answering it wastes his time. He cannot answer it immediately; to answer it correctly he must observe and wait. Does he need to be a critic? As much as John Cage needs to be. That is how the contemporary taste in music may be divided between those who admire the uniform prestidigitation efficiency of the late Walter Gieseking's recordings of the solo piano music by Mozart and those who are aware that playing of this sort more represents the spirit of the very best eighteenth century music box than Mozart. The composer of the first persuasion dreams of being the best Ferrari driver on the Grand F1x team, the other in essential matters prefers devising his own locomotion. John Cage devotes to mushrooms the same passionate intensity he gives to all necessary facts. Are mushrooms necessary? They are facts. In Silence, for those who do not care to think of mushrooms, there are not many mushrooms, but they are there.

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