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A LONG ROUND TRIP—2

During my trips around the country I manage to get in so much that I am distressed I cannot do more. Attending the rehearsal of Gunther Schuller’s orchestra on the only free afternoon of my first week in New York cost me the chance of seeing the great show of sculpture at the Guggenheim Museum, which closed that weekend. But if I had done the opposite I should have been stricken with conscience.

I did have just time enough that week to visit the Museum of Primitive Art in the one square block of New York I always return to, where the Whitney Museum and the Museum of Modern Art stand back-to-back, and across the street one of the most humane public libraries I know. It is a library built not for research but for casual reading, for dropping in, weary of the city, to sit comfort­ably and reach a book from the shelf.

There is another such library at Racine, Wisconsin, which I entered with such goodwill as I have seldom felt for a building. Driving into Racine, I was told, “Here is a city where there are not three people who would understand what you and I have been talking about.”

The library denied that judgment. Large windows by the sidewalk invited me to glance in; only then did I know it was a public library. Within, by the same windows, I saw a reading room with the usual tables but upholstered, comfortable chairs. Going in under a sheltered alcove I recognized the inviting area to be a periodical reading room, divided from the entrance by no more than a railing—no glare. The stacks are open to the public, as they should be, as there is another such library at Racine, Wisconsin, which I entered with such goodwill as I have seldom felt for a building.

How much weary walking one has to do at the National Gallery merely to overcome space. When I came there this visit, the rotunda had been roped round confusingly to guide pilgrims to the Mona Lisa. Entering out of a sudden snowfall we looked down a long empty gallery, where a clump of folk stood at one end, and there she was, the unmistakable greenish glow vivid as a jewel. Later, reading in the newspaper, I learned that the greenish glow resulted from the green-tinted bulletproof glass over the painting.

We shed our coats and, returning to the rotunda, tangled ourselves in the roped circles and went off in the wrong direction, to the modern instead of the ancient wing, encountering in one room, set apart as if in a small chapel, the Last Supper by Salvador Dali, an exhibit as vulgarly popular and for the same reasons as the “art” at Forest Lawn. In every generation there is a type of obviousness, a seeming clarity that is in reality a total abnegation of values, which appeals as by a sentimental reminiscence of the departed meaning, in the same manner as much sacred statuary, or the limned portrait of executive or lady that looks like and is not. One turns from this to the simple primitive, that is, whatever it may look like.

(Elsewhere, on another occasion, I opened a mahogany container, like a large jewel-box, and saw within, reclining on dove-grey satin, an ornamental naked babe, which elevated itself by clockwork and extended a hand, with two fingers raised as if in benediction, while a music box played. While I was laughing, not altogether in amusement, a blessed friend came by and whispered: “We keep that here to test your religious responses.”)

Reorienting ourselves to the rotunda we joined the group in front of Mona Lisa but quickly gave up any effort to see the painting. Because of reflected light, it was less visible at ten paces than from fifty yards. We were fortunate enough, however, to arrive at the time of the changing of the guard. Two spruce Marines carrying rifles with bayonets fixed pushed through the onlookers to replace two others standing stiffly at ease. The four guards sprang to attention, an officer by no means so spruce lounged over from the wall to dismiss the old guard and set the new, by a whispered order, in the position known as “At ease”, and they stood there stiff and staring.

On each of the occasions when I passed before Mona Lisa or through the room used for an exit, a room glorious with the presence of a dozen major Rembrandt paintings, including the best-known of the self-portraits, I observed that scarcely anyone paused to look at them but went on, following the circuit, as if the room had been an empty anteroom. (A month or so earlier, in New York, crowds in hundreds of thousands had trooped before the newly purchased, famously expensive painting by Rembrandt, viewing it as these looked at Mona Lisa—as one sees a headline. So much for our polls, our rating systems, our quantitative standards that...
measure worth by popularity.) All day long and into the evening the pilgrimage went on, bringing successive companies of school-children, stacked up waiting in rooms along one side, among paintings they did not see, about which—for all these children knew—one was expected to care nothing, and ceaseless platoons of tourists into the presence of the visiting Gioconda. She had crossed the Alps on a mule-back in company with Leonardo. She had hung smiling above the bed-antics of Napoleon. She had been stolen and confined out of sight by a fanatic. But I doubt any greater indignity had occurred to her than this, being exhibited like Cleopatra at Rome. I overheard one official lady explain that she should be called, by right, “Signora Gioconda” and in the next breath that Mona Lisa means “My Liz”. Then off they went visionless among the Rembrants, coming at the end of three rooms filled with unseen masterpieces to a table where prints and postcards could be bought, and I believe a guestbook signed, in the presence of Velasquez’ satanic portrait of Pope Innocent, whose scarred, twisted, sour smile seemed appropriate to their exit.

I should say also, not for apology but in appreciation, that the guards, drawn in their hundreds from the lower floor galleries and collections, which had been closed to the public to release them, were invariably informed, patient, helpful, and courteous; that the great collections of the National Gallery are among the wonders of the world; that the two rooms where one may choose for purchase among a large, conveniently exhibited display of inexpensive reproductions are continuously busy; and that the cafeteria in the building serves food of a quality seldom to be enjoyed in public eating places. But there is not one room where the overhead lighting does not reduce the color of the paintings and blind the eye to their details, so that one leaves eye-weary and esthetically frustrated, however content one may feel to know what one has seen.

The Museum of Primitive Art in New York occupies two floors of a converted house across the street from the Sculpture Garden of the Museum of Modern Art. The rooms are not large, yet by keeping them uncluttered and by use of built-in window-cabinets each object is given space to be adequately seen. The John and Dominique de Menil collection was on view, objects from many cultures brought together by grace of an invention needed in all oil wells: hewn-log fetiches, masks, small objects of wood, bone, ivory, metal, the strong Benin bronzes. One could feel the devil, terror, in some of them and in others the horror of blank ignorance, symbols of primitive religion from Africa, Polynesia, Australia, North and South America. The most potent were most ancient, from Asia and the broad Mediterranean area, a kyosuke figure from Japan, a Scythian plaque of beasts from Siberia, a Celtic one head. One estimates the potency of a culture by its artifacts. By that measure the 12th century BC stone mask from Crete eclipsed all others, a sophistication of fear, relying not on the terror it presents but on that it evokes. For beauty, there was a vase from Naxos, of the third millennium BC, in pink Parian marble, so fully shaped that it seems in memory three times its size: it is 12¾ inches high.

How much can be done with how little; conversely, how little is accomplished by the immense mask, supposedly of Beethoven, grimacing, as if in pain, with the sculptor’s ill-digested emotionality, that I saw with distaste hanging above a room of metal sculptures at the Museum of Modern Art. Here is a testimonial to what many believe to be the only power of music, to stir up our emotions as the composer’s emotions were stirred up in the first place. On the page, reproduced, it looks small as a death mask. Whereas a small sculpture, scarcely hand-size, will show itself on the same scale as a Balzac by Rodin.

Picasso’s She-Goat, in the same room, hit like a planet, a tunnage of bronze fallen absolutely into space. Absolutely she-goat, pregnant besides; the knowledge of interior, I suppose, confirming the bulk that makes it bulk so large.

The Brancusi sculptures, cut off by railings so that they can be looked at from two directions, poise under a ceiling too low, flat, and white. The Cock and the Bird should seem to vanish upward; here they cannot. Only the substantial brow of Socrates, a hollow tunnel from the side, gained by its compression.

With my criticism I offer to the keeper of any museum my whole-hearted sympathy. He has only so many rooms, so lighted—too often by the false anticipation of the architect--; he has so many square feet to work with and so much height. Art was not made for his museum, but his space, for better or worse, has to make what it can of its marriage with the work of art.

Picasso’s Guernica, for example, fits exactly the end of the
room where it is suspended, flat as a wallpaper, like a travel poster in a flat. It gains by smaller reproduction. It is an idea explaining an idea that is a desperate fact. The She-Goat explains nothing—is the fact.

I had come from the Arshile Gorky retrospective. Suddenly, among the metal sculptures, a shape as unreal as it was undeniable, humanized itself. Trying to shake it off, like a spot on the retina, I saw that it was there. One of those greasy fat men who thrive like maggots on fashion directed it to pose, in its insubstantial clownish costume, beneath a tall figure with outstretched arm and pointing finger by Giacometti. In that place every instinct impelled me to attack that fat man. I had as much right there to move back and forth as he did. One of those drab women who hang about such operations was posing the model. I was in a fury. Only the restraint we impose on ourselves by the habit of decency these creatures outraged held me back. To attack or quarrel with them would do more harm than they did. So I asserted my right and moved about the room but did no more than that.

I reacted so strongly, perhaps, because I was numb from seeing the Last Painting by Gorky, where he drew into the picture the small oval of his face, scratched it out and afterwards hanged himself. What has that to do with art? It has to do only with the artist. Gorky was an artist by will, by determination, by desperate hard work. I'm not talking of his biography but of his paintings. There was Arshile, the boy—of course that wasn't his name; he chose his art-name later—standing in two paintings beside and behind his peasant mother. He could never get it right. To prove that, here was the original photograph—so true, so of another climate, that, as a friend said before I went there, it brings tears to the eyes. Gorky could paint his peasant mother in her rightness but not himself; he was a Picasso boy but representational, he did not inhabit space. When you look at the competent pencil drawing of himself, you see him an illustrator looking at himself out of his own eyes. Trying to be sprightly he copied Spanish folk of the preceding generation, notably Miro. Defeated, he withdrew into himself, throwing out tentacular body-symbols, and this amorously melancholy art became his epigraph, as in Sum-mation.

Sketches and studies were disposed about each major painting. Returning from the sculpture rooms I saw for the first time the two paintings of Embers, elegies for sixty paintings that had burned in his barn, stiffening his despair.

After an experience like that, one follows, as if a timeless gesture of the hand, a sculpture by Lehmbruck, that gracefully exists in its finality outside the eyes.

The Museum of Modern Art is like a brain of innumerable distorting mirrors thinking about art, and nothing that is to be known, although already in acceptance, has receded too far in time. The work now does not need to be judged or liked but seen, inescapable as Bacon's Dog running slavering in paint across a red grid. A sophistication of evil very unlike that of the mask from Crete. The face of an anthropomorphic deity could be like that, ritually indifferent to any feeling. Bacon's Dog runs like flame across a city after a fire-raid, like a mob-tongue. Anthropomorphic in the spirit of the time, a presence of nature cruelly became a culture-deity.

I return from such a visit, stamina reduced, senses exhausted, to start summoning again all I remember of it, knowing that I have on exhibition, like the Freer Gallery in Washington, only an eighth of all I possess. I feed like a predator, getting my food down in great chunks, knowing that I shall be able to digest afterwards all that I have gained.

The pervading quality of art we grow aware of is not the French presence—we cling to the French and collect it because French art tries to thrust out that reality, but not always, there are the crows hovering over Van Gogh's Wheatfields—but a sort of mindless, vegetable awe, a joyous horror before the fact of life, not the facts but the fact. This awareness has opened to us the doors of primitive and primeval art. Because you cannot dwell on the material from whatever spiritual level without thinking death. Only the reverse.

Catharsis in our time has exfoliated in patterns as complex and not quite satisfying as the screens and screenlike designs in stone of Louis Sullivan, which I saw in a collection of art nouveau at the University of Michigan, less fussy and more architectural than the designs by William Morris, less arbitrary than the furniture of Wright. These men wished no part in the materialistic evil they
THE UNKNOWN SHORE: A VIEW OF CONTEMPORARY ART, BY DORE ASHTON

We are pleased to review this exceptional and important work by Miss Ashton, art columnist of ARTS & ARCHITECTURE since 1957. The book was published by Little, Brown and Company in association with the Atlantic Monthly Press.—Ed.

Perhaps because it is difficult to express truth in a world where one is hardpressed to find untruth, professional criticism in the world of contemporary art generally has become less and less critical, more and more artful. The critic-interpreter who is incapable of explaining an abstract painting oftentimes will use it as a trampoline on which to display his own metaphysical, poetical or imaginative virtuosity. Critical writing has tended to become as abstract as the art it is trying to describe, and one frequently has the feeling that the critic is contemplating his navel rather than a painting.

However, Dore Ashton—and The Unknown Shore—is another matter. Hers is a refreshingly lucid and unobtrusively learned look at post-war art. Bringing to bear on her subject a disciplined and wide-ranging mind as well as an imaginative insight that might give an artist cause for envy, Miss Ashton explains to the reader how abstract art developed understandably, and perhaps inevitably, under the efficient influence of history, science, philosophy and contemporary events.

Wars, depressions, transcendentalism, existentialism, Zen, the threat of universal destruction, and—above all—the retreat from positivism of our century’s religion, Science, into a metaphysic of chance and probabilities; all of these uncertainties, says Miss Ashton, have made the artist “impatient with anything . . . equivocal.” In the case of Mark Rothko, for example, this impatience “has led him to remove nearly everything known from his paintings.” The constantly changing and often contradictory theories of space, time, being, indeed of all knowledge, have thrown the artist on his own resources to find a stable reality. And whether he be an existentialist looking inward, a transcendentalist looking upward and outward, or an “action” painter looking into his painting, the abstract artist has rejected tradition in his search for a means of expressing what he has found, explains Miss Ashton. The search has resulted in as many different means as there are artists: Jack Tworkov’s use of nuance and suggestion “so that events—often terrible events—are sensed rather than seen”; deKooning’s conception of painting as “an analogy to observed nature”; Esteban Vicente’s “dreaming into limitless space” which the author finds characteristic of the new American painting.

Miss Ashton discusses with familiarity more than 100 artists and their struggle to achieve a “personal alphabet” with which to express feelings and intuitions. She describes this struggle as a painful process of repeating and refining a symbolism—which may or may not have been figurative and recognizable in the beginning—until a virtual shorthand has been achieved. A curved line may become a symbol for that which is living, for example, and flat forms may represent an abstract world, or a white line may equal silence. In any case, the artist strives to erase form in order to arrive at the purest reality. Concrete elements are abstracted into what Miss Ashton aptly describes as a hieroglyphic, requiring the viewer—and Miss Ashton—to rely on insight, imagination and above all the words and lives of the artist to understand what he is attempting to express. And this Miss Ashton has done, drawing on a wide acquaintanceship with the people in her world, the world of art.

Although only in her early thirties, Dore Ashton has been a devotee and respected apologist of abstract art for some ten years. Of unquestioned integrity herself, Miss Ashton in The Unknown Shore discusses artists she knows and trusts, and if there is a valid criticism of her book it is that she has avoided the controversial, the dishonest, the opportunist, the fakery, the cult of the new and the other ills attendant on an art “so vague and nonfigurative [that it must be] sensed rather than seen.”

If this is true of the art—that it is vague—it certainly is not true of Miss Ashton’s book. She walks with assurance through meta-

(Continued on page 36)
Some years ago, when lyricism was the prevailing mode, I attempted to define it in terms of the work of specific painters. Taking as a title Mondrian’s contemptuous allusion to “the age of lyricism” in which the myriad of individual voices seemed to him to drown out the clear voice of the universal, I pointed to the works of Guston, Tworkov, deKooning and a few others as exemplifications of the vitality of the lyrical principle. Now, when critics are turning away from the sticky questions raised by that generation of painters and devoting themselves to newer, usually specifically non-lyrical manifestations in painting, it seems to me a good idea to try once again to establish some cogent way of thinking about lyricism if only to clear the avenue for further transit.

Since the term “lyrical” is borrowed from another art, its adors and filters many difficulties in the argument. Yet, it is useful, as are the terms musical, elegiac, poetic, dissonant, for the description of certain kinds of painting. Most often it is used in a commonsense way, conveying the normal associations of work that is personable, intimate, sensuous and highly emotional. This common usage is true to the origin of the word once used to describe poets who confined themselves to a personal comment on life and who avoided narrated, extended histories known as epics. The voice of the lyric poet was a chanting voice, coming from the depths of the poet’s soul and serving to enchant his listeners.

Generally the lyric poem is differentiated from other genres as being addressed by the poet to himself, for as John Stuart Mill observed, the poem is not heard, it is overheard. Probably the definition most easily transposed to the visual arts is offered by T. S. Eliot who begins by affirming that the first voice of the poet is that of himself talking to himself, or else to nobody. The lyrical poet, says Eliot, starts with a creative germ—what he calls an embryo. He must then find the words. When he has found the words, the “thing” for which they had to be found disappears. In its place is the poem.

The lyrical painter operates in much the same way. He begins with the germ which impels him to go to the canvas. Many painters have tried to describe this urgent feeling, sometimes called inspiration, which drives them to confront the terrifying whiteness of the blank canvas. Once at the easel, the lyrical painter searches for colors and forms which will cover the experience that incited him with the germ which impels him to go to the canvas. Many painters have tried to describe this urgent feeling, sometimes called inspiration, which drives them to confront the terrifying whiteness of the blank canvas. Once at the easel, the lyrical painter searches for colors and forms which will cover the experience that incited him to paint. When the forms and colors are found, the germ disappears and in its stead is the painting. Very often the lyrical painter is misunderstood when he says he finds what he meant to say only after he has said it, and in the effort to say it, he is not concerned with many other people understand anything. He is simply oppressed by a burden which he must bring to birth in order to obtain relief.

Eliot continues: the poet does not know what he has to say until he has said it, and in the effort to say it, he is not concerned with many other people understand anything. He is simply oppressed by a burden which he must bring to birth in order to obtain relief. His primary task is to make himself understood to himself. Joyce describes the meaning of the lyrical voice in slightly different terms, but terms which are still useful to us. In Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man, Joyce contended that the lyrical form is where the artist presents his image in immediate relation to himself: “The lyrical form is in fact the simplest verbal structure of an instant of emotion, a rhythmical cry such as ages ago cheered on the man who pulled at the oar or dragged stones up a slope. He who utters it is more conscious of the instant of emotion than of himself as feeling emotion.”

Both Eliot and Joyce stress the moment of individual emotion. The lyrical poet, and by extension the lyrical painter, is concentrated on delivering an intimate moment of insight for its own sake. He is listening to an inner voice and hears none of the distractions of the everyday life while he is absorbed in this state.

If we broaden the argument, the lyrical voice can be seen as an expression of a philosophic attitude, and as such need not be either praised or disdained. Recently I heard an eminent critic speak with great distaste of the “existentialist Robinson Crusoe” attitudes of the abstract expressionist painters, maintaining that their individual moments of ecstasy on canvas are dull clichés and inferring that their emphasis on unconscious process is inherently faulty. This censuring approach seems to me ridiculous since lyricism as a philosophical attitude is ageless, and has always existed in tandem with its opposite: in the days of Homer, who was on the whole an epic poet, not a lyric poet, there was already a running argument between the lyrical—that is, the personal, eccentric, idiosyncratic—and the epic, generally characterized by an omniscient, objective tone. One argument is that the lyrical poet is subjective and therefore limited to the trivia of his own fancies, while the non-lyrical poet is objective and therefore capable of expressing universals.

The 19th century was saturated with lyrical notions and even the most determinedly anti-lyrical spokesmen among the painters were tinted with the lyricists’ accent on personal interpretation and direct expression of emotion. The 20th century inherited and swept along the romantic lyricist principles. By the turn of the century, psychology and physical science had played such havoc with the usual assumptions of classical philosophers that a man such as Kandinsky could reckon as one of the most significant moments in his life the moment when he learned of the disintegration of the atom. In 1918 he wrote an autobiographical sketch in which he dramatically records his moment of revelation:

“This discovery struck me with a terrific impact, comparable to that of the end of the world. In the twinkling of an eye the mighty arches of science lay shattered before me. All things became flimsy, with no strength or certainty. I would hardly have been surprised if the stones would have risen in the air and disappeared. To me, science had been destroyed.”

If science had been destroyed, there was still the human spirit. Since science had always been described as objective, and since, for him, science was dead, the only records are for him, and for many others, to rely on his personal subjective resources more than ever.

Kandinsky is one side of the tandem I spoke of earlier. Mondrian, striving for the Platonic ideal is the other. Kandinsky and Archibald, Mondrian and Homer.

Mondrian’s infinite mistrust of the individual and particular was based on his conviction that there is, behind the changing facades of phenomena, an ideal and static perfect form. He depicted the tragic—that is, the phenomenal, shifting, ever-differentiating—increment in the visual arts. He longed for an art free of transient

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We were visited recently by an enlightened, articulate young zealot with an infectious optimism which brightened an otherwise ordinary day. Conguously named Bill Perk, he is one of those gifted and indefatigable fellows who sponge up learning. Foundations and schools are fond of nurturing them with scholarships and grants, and even the sales resistant corporate director has come to realize that, though largely undomesticable, the breed has a practical value. Perk is currently a systems specialist in the research department of a huge corporation (International Electric Corporation, a subsidiary of ITT) which gives him his head. He flew into town, briefcase stuffed with the ideas, practical and impractical, his own and others, which flow from him inexhaustibly, and was off again the next. Those in command at I.E.C., a company with an interest in computers, are aware that today's ideas are tomorrow's reality, and they obviously value Perk highly. How many of us could get our employers to send us to Princeton's Institute for Advanced Study to sit at the feet of architect-poet-philosopher Buckminster Fuller for a week absorbing his latest thinking? Perk did recently in connection with his latest idea: adapting the computer to city planning.

We were aware, in a Sunday Supplement sort of way, that the computer has become the oracle of business as well as the servant of science and is being used to guide advertising and political campaigns in addition to rockets. Also we have shared the general uneasiness voiced here and there that the computer will eventually make anonymous statistics of us all. Perk struck us as someone who would be in the vanguard of any protest against cyberization, and we expressed disappointment that he had joined the enemy. He admitted to misgivings about computer-automation. (He is, collateral to his project, working to mitigate the unemployment problem which will inevitably be aggravated by the computer. It is a measure of his optimism that he is attempting to sell Big Business on increased relief — to the point of virtual dole — under the inspired name of "Capital Investment in Human Resources").

But he pointed out that in a sense he is fighting the computer in the only way possible. The computer is here to stay, he said, and the only effective approach is a practical one. That is, put the machine to good use and to that extent, as we thought, it can't be misused.

He informed us that the computer is actually even more deeply rooted than is generally known, affecting or about to affect the everyday lives of us all — and not all to the bad. The legal profession, for example, has almost completed preparations for programming a computer which will make available to the small law office of average or less than average skill, the advice of the best legal minds in the country merely by dialing a phone number. The aim, of course, is to benefit the client of limited means who can't afford the high-priced law firm. Medicine will probably follow suit.

Perk feels that in his latest project he has discovered another benevolent use for the computer. Called METRIX (Metropolitan Research Information Exchange), Perk's plan is to assemble and program a computer with all available information about present and projected land uses, taxes, assessed valuation; in short all of the data which must be considered by community officials in determining the best tack to take in devising a master plan. This would enable planners to deal with rapid urbanization with a degree of assurance not now possible. Regional planning studies, using the Perk-directed METRIX, are now in progress in Los Angeles, San Francisco, Washington, D. C., Tulsa, Dallas, Little Rock, Wichita and Denver.

In the ideal situation, however, the system would be global, said Perk, who thinks in global — if not universal — terms. Every metropolitan complex would be served by an information center providing it with the latest data concerning physical, economic and social factors and conditions in the area.

"In an age of global travel, global trade and global communication, nothing less than a global outlook on urbanization will do. If planning officials want to take our advice, that's fine. If they don't, that's up to them," he said — not resignedly but with an air of assurance which reminded us of a character in a recent novel who was described as displaying "that peculiarly American confidence of a man holding four aces." Perhaps his confidence in the eventual cooperation of planners is the result of a prediction (by computer) that the urban population of the world will have trebled by the year 2,000.

Perk's visit left us with the encouraging belief that computers won't be allowed to take over civilization without a fight. And he also convinced us that there are legitimate reasons for our being jammed into a machine in the form of statistics and ejected as percentages. But we can't rid ourselves of an instinctive feeling that computers are at best a mixed blessing, and we reserve the right to protest.
GARDEN APARTMENT
BY CORLETT AND SPACKMAN, ARCHITECTS

This single-unit apartment, adjacent to but separate from the client’s own residence, was designed for the purposes of developing an outdoor living area on the precipitous (45°) hillside portion of the owner’s property and helping to relieve the staff housing problem at the nearby University of California at Berkeley.

Construction is wood frame and drywall with plywood interior and exterior. A feeling of spaciousness is given to the 400-square-foot structure by an 11-foot ceiling in the living area and by integration of the interior with the apartment’s separate outside deck. Furred ceilings, up to 8 feet in kitchen and bath, create ample dead and live storage, accessible from above the wardrobe and under the four-car carport. The preformed ¾” plywood vaults, which effected a low-budget module of 4 feet with an 8-foot span, are repeated in the canopy covering a portion of the owner’s terrace.

The project received a Citation Award at the recent 1963 Bay Area A.I.A. Honor Awards Program.
House by Robert S. Grant, Architect

Restricted street frontage, a troublesome view-topography relationship and an existing grove of eucalyptus and pepper trees were the natural difficulties to be overcome in the planning of the house overlooking the city of Santa Barbara, California, and the offshore Channel Islands. In addition, the owner—architect Grant—required a house that would meet the changing needs of a young family. The architect's solution was to make the kitchen the hub of the house and to link all indoor areas to the exterior by means of a related outdoor area: carport, circular terrace, dining deck and lawn, or children's terrace.

The house, 2244 square feet in all, is of wood frame wall and wood floor construction with a modular post and beam roof system. Beams are 4" x 12" at 8' 0" o.c. with 2" x 6" tongue-and-groove roof deck; walls are stuccoed outside, gypsum and plaster inside; foundation and retaining walls are of concrete block. White stucco and dark stained, exposed frame members were selected to maintain a color and texture relationship with the surrounding Mediterranean-style homes.
HOUSE
BY WURSTER, BERNARDI AND EMMONS, ARCHITECTS

The architects of this San Francisco town house have skillfully overcome a difficult site problem which, if not exclusively peculiar to San Francisco, is at least encountered more often there than in any other U.S. city. The narrow lot is on a steep hill which drops away in two directions, with a cul-de-sac to the rear and buildings hard by on three sides. These limitations dictated that the house be built on several levels. In addition, the clients—painters, teachers and collectors of modern art—required hanging space for their collection, and the two-story living room was designed as a gallery with white wall boards and strip windows of obscure glass providing a simple background for the large and colorful canvases.

Another major requirement was that of facilities for entertaining both large and small groups. The bar-kitchenette serves the gallery-living room, adjacent to the dining room. An elevator to the roof deck makes that area easily accessible to guests.

Strip windows of obscure glass are used at the main level, and clear windows provided on levels where the prospect is less obstructed. The view from the roof deck is over the city to the Bay. Entrance to the main house is through a walled garden court with sculpture, a fountain and planting. The small income unit is entered from the cul-de-sac at the rear, providing privacy and independence for both units.

The house is reinforced concrete at the lower floors and structural steel and wood frame above. The exterior walls are cement plaster with redwood tongue-and-groove at the roof deck, which is covered by cedar duckboards. The roofing itself is plywood sheathing covered by asphalt and gravel. Interior walls are rough-sawn redwood, painted white. Floors are teak parquet in major living areas, vinyl elsewhere; ceilings are plaster with canvas in living areas and luminous with mineral acoustic tile in the kitchen.
The primary concern of the architects in planning this elementary school in Dusseldorf, Germany, was to integrate the school to the landscape without disturbing the site, long and narrow, bordering a park studded with trees. Plans called for classrooms for the 12 elementary grades, rooms for specialized teaching, a physical education building, and administrative offices.

The architects chose to house the classrooms in a number of small, simple elements—one- or two-story pavilions disposed in a simple, orderly pattern that the children can easily perceive, much like a game of blocks. On one side the buildings face the park and on the other a covered walk links small garden patios between each pavilion. Access to the school, which is quite open and without a main facade, is either by the park or by the street on the opposite side.

The structure utilizes prefabricated concrete elements, glazed brick, teak overhangs, and aluminum roofing. All materials have their natural finish, excepting only the window frames which are painted white.
HOW ARE THE ARTS BEST SUPPORTED?

By W. McNeil Lowry, Director, Ford Foundation Program in Humanities and the Arts

My subject is the arts and philanthropy, by which I hope we mean not only large organized trusts dedicated to the advancement of human welfare, such as the Ford Foundation, but also all acts of patronage, beneficially performed by individuals, corporations, or associations at either the local, state, or national level. As you will observe, I have attempted to organize my discussion of philanthropy around the motives which prompt it into the arts rather than according to its sources. But before coming to this analysis, I think it is important to sketch in general terms the present situation of the creative and performing arts in the United States.

Analysis of the current American artistic scene reveals many paradoxical elements. On the scale of history and in comparison with some of the older countries, the arts in the United States are underdeveloped. With conspicuous exceptions, most professional artists lead precarious lives both psychologically and economically. The majority are concentrated geographically in two sections of the country. Their scarcity in the Southeastern, Plains, and Mountain States leaves these areas generally underdeveloped except within academic halls and in a few museum collections from the past. Compared to other elements in the nation's life, the arts are also neglected financially. Institutions in the performing arts, from the largest to the smallest, regularly meet financial crises threatening their survival. The same influences of rising costs affect fine arts institutions differently; all but the most heavily endowed curtail their activities and their staffs while managing to keep their doors open. Tax support is slow to develop, and on the federal level, despite much agitation, appears unlikely to materialize in this decade.

Yet there are many conflicting elements in the picture. From the period when the arts reflected largely a social interest there remain a significant number of institutions operating with large budgets. But the arts are no longer merely "social." The arts as an ethic or an aesthetic have taken on a new doctrinal urgency in many diverse segments of the society, and the argument is advanced by the most as well as the least affluent of artistic groups. Among many other claims, the arts are said to be:

(1) Important to the image of the American society abroad;
(2) A means of communication and consequently of understanding between this country and others;
(3) An expression of national purpose;
(4) An important influence in the liberal education of the individual;
(5) An important key to an American's understanding of himself, his times, and his destiny;
(6) A purposeful occupation for youth;
(7) In their institutional form, vital to the social, moral, and educational resources of an American community;
(8) Therefore good for business, especially in new centers of population in the Southwest, West, and other regions;
(9) Components for strengthening moral and spiritual basins in a people whose national security is threatened;
(10) An offset to the materialism of a new and (generally) affluent society.

This is not the place to debate the validity of each of these claims. But they reflect a steadily growing interest in the arts in almost every part of the United States, even though that interest ranges all the way from concrete action to mere lip service. The causes for this growing interest in the arts, wherever known, are various (it is clear that some of them are as yet unknown). The most basic are the most subject to generalization. Three factors have roughly coincided in time: the closing of the American land frontier, the emergence of the United States as a world power, and the numerical importance of the college trained population. When the land frontier closed, not every able or compulsive citizen could find an outlet for his energy in the new frontiers of finance, economic development, and industrial management. Even many who could do so had energies left over for other identifications in their communities. The complexities of America's new position in a threatened world order drove many minds inward, and at a time when a new affluence brought (though not universally) increased leisure. Meanwhile the universities, though doing a generally inadequate job in training young people as artists, had done an important job in training audiences for the arts. The whole style of theater known as "off-Broadway" is supported for better or worse by an audience educated in colleges and universities; abstract expressionism is kept alive, critically and otherwise, by allied interests.

Each of these general factors has its corollary, or more than one. In the late thirties and forties, when the domestic soil was particularly fertile, there was an influx into the United States of some of Europe's most creative artists. Also, U. S. involvement in World War II and the presence of millions of young Americans in Europe undoubtedly stimulated the audience for opera and ballet; the surprising interest in the latter in almost every region of the country is strictly a postwar phenomenon. Probably related to all three general factors is a vague desire to escape both the materialism of the American past and the stresses of new international tensions. Many adults presumably look back upon their college experience and wonder if they paid enough attention to their cultural heritage or learned how to interpret it in their own lives. If a painting after all means more than an object for economic speculation, what does it mean?

As could be supposed, the artists themselves have had mixed reactions to the lay attitudes and lay actions I have noted. Though on an absolute scale there is more financial support being made available for the arts it is not always being channeled into artistic enterprises meeting the criterion of quality. Some of the artists have resigned themselves to the probability that the first new money in the arts may chiefly be reflected in bigger college programs, new activities for school children, and new halls for performances. Others are bitter that the outlets for professional careers are in many fields woefully inadequate and not as yet being increased. Though there are conflicting judgments among artists as to the satisfaction to be found from teaching, there is universal discouragement over the fact that teaching remains the principal economic base for professionals in the creative (and for some in the performing) arts.

The style of painting in the greatest vogue in the United States today has become an international style for the first time in American history. So dominant has its influence become and so easy is the style to imitate that it threatens to erode the technical equipment necessary to transmit to the next generation of painters. The number of painters accepted as professionals exceeds that at any time in the past. Yet only a fraction of these earn their living by their art, and other persons reap more financial reward from it than do the painters themselves. At the same time it is inescapable that, for whatever reasons, large numbers of new collectors are appearing in many parts of the United States, and a significant portion of these are also collecting contemporary works. In a few communities new museums are built to house only contemporary art.

Sculptors benefit somewhat less from the new enthusiasm for abstract art, primarily because of the expansiveness of materials, the cost of showing bronzes, and the fewer opportunities for the individual collector to display them. Both new materials and new techniques for casting are being developed. For a long time to come, however, sculptors will feel the effects of the diminished use being made of their art in the building construction budgets already inflated by other economic costs.

Perhaps no other country in the world equals the United States in its reservoir of talented young voices. But in no country of the Western
tradition are there more sharply limited outlets for the truly professional singer. The U. S. also boasts a number of equally famed instrumentalists. It has 42 symphony orchestras which are termed important. Yet the career of an instrumentalist in the United States is hard, and the failing economic incentive robs the orchestras of new sources for players, most noticeably in the string sections. U. S. symphonic resources are the subject of national pride in a difficult achievement, but new ways must be found to support them. The answer appears to lie in new community arrangements and not in outright philanthropic subsidy, but philanthropy may have an important role in helping to test the new patterns.

One of the most important problems in the arts affects the legitimate theater in the United States. For a long time the American theater was an actor's theater, then for the past four decades it was a producer's theater, and now even the producer is losing much of his artistic control to the booker of theater parties looking for the lightest or most sensational fare. There has been a decrease in the opportunities for those actors, directors, designers who regard the theater as a serious art rather than as commerce. At the very moment that the Broadway theater is placed on a perilous and unsound economic base, the resident repertory theater concept has won the allegiance of artists and critics alike. To date the resident theater is represented only by a few small institutions scattered here and there about the country. With the help of organized philanthropy, some of these are now able to be strengthened. The influence of the resident ensemble is also needed in New York, particularly if new American playwrights are to be developed for the good of the whole scene, including Broadway. Meantime the ratio of legitimate acting parts to the reservoir of professional actors remains ridiculously low, despite the fact that recent experiments show that Hollywood and television have not blunted the appetites of the public for live dramatic performances. Directors whose talent has been thoroughly tested are in short supply, but the conditions of the theater prevent many, many others from getting an adequate test.

The positions of the poet and the novelist in the United States are not basically more difficult than they have been in the past, despite the increased costs of publishing. But these positions are different from what they were. The creative writer may suffer more than he realizes from his economic base on the college campus, but not financially more than his historical antecedents. The public, in a different way, also suffers, for the poem or novel offered as "literature" is often academically inbred and pointed toward a paperback existence for a chiefly academic audience. Even the self-professed rebels in San Francisco, New York, or other nonconformist environments indirectly feed on their economic connections. If creative writing is to be a profession, its most professional practitioners are finally going to have to leave the academy and have other exposures. The same can be said about those other creative artists, such as composers, who see themselves in the advanced guard. But for the separation to be made, book and music publication may have to find new avenues, new principles of marketing.

As already noted, one of the most surprising developments in the postwar artistic scene is the interest in the dance, particularly the ballet, around the country. It is even more paradoxical because no field in the arts in the United States offers a grimmer picture. The leading ballet companies need strengthening, but even more urgently there needs to be a national center for ballet instruction open to talented children through-out the country. The Soviets have no choreographer who can match George Balanchine, but every Soviet choreographer has available dancers trained at a professional level since the age of nine. To create an American ballet academy just outdo the Bolshoi and Kirov schools would not be justified; to give the proper training to hundreds of young people already struggling against odds to find it would make sense.

Interpretive dance presents both a more confused and a less urgent picture. This art form is now chiefly based upon the colleges; until it finds its own aesthetic and a more stringent professional ethos, perhaps it is safer to keep it where it is. It is often argued, nevertheless, that more needs to be done to open the modern dance to a wider public than college and other subsidized stages can reach. Interpersonal and intercompany jealousies and frictions increase the difficulties of reaching this goal.

These brief illustrations show only some of the trends, problems, and resources in the arts. It has already been noted that they coexist with an increasing public sense of the importance of the arts, both locally and as a reflection of national purpose. How do the operations of individual and organized philanthropy reflect the current situation in the arts, if indeed they reflect it at all?

At this point, I am not so concerned about the quantitative impact of philanthropy as about the qualitative influence, but it is perhaps helpful to measure in general terms the scope of philanthropic activities in the arts. As you are undoubtedly aware, philanthropy, like most conscious activities, moves in cycles and fashions. The objects of philanthropy begin with the individual donor, represented symbolically by the bountiful lady with the basket on her arm, and move clear across a spectrum of greater and greater organization until they have reached the opposite pole on the public tax roll, where they cease to be objects of philanthropy at all and become objects of public policy. Religious benefactions have been the exception; they began and still remain with the individual, though they have worked out more and more organized methods of collection. But all other subjects of philanthropy have moved at least part way across the spectrum. The alleviation of suffering, health, social welfare activities, the direct support of medicine and education, now incorporate the individual donor, organized foundations, corporations, and local, state, and federal governments. So widespread now is governmental support itself that not only individual donors but large foundations have curtailed their activities in many fields. When one adds to these the mammoth federal and industrial support of science, he wonders whether in the next generation of philanthropy there will be any areas left to the foundations except those we define as the humanities and the arts. For reasons I do not have time to summarize, but with which you are already generally familiar, neither government nor industry has traditionally given significant support to the humanities or the arts.

Compared to other elements in the nation's life the arts have been neglected financially. There are variations in degree when one looks at each art separately. Music and the visual arts have had a large share of what has been available; theater and the dance scarcely any. Fortunately the importance of outside support of the arts has not been strictly equivalent with the amounts involved; often the effect of a single action has been crucial in the career of an artist or of an institution important to his development.

As I said at the outset, I think a more meaningful way by which to assess the role of philanthropy in the arts is through an analysis of the motives provoking the philanthropic act itself. I am sure each observer of the artistic scene might find a varying number of motives and label them differently. From my own experience in the field in every part of the country over the past six years, I have selected five categories about which to group the argument. I am not completely satisfied with my own labels, but for want of better ones I shall speak of the status motive, the social motive, the educational motive, the economic motive, and the professional motive.

The motive of status might almost be called the temple complex. (Continued on page 32)
SECTION

REFERENCE LIBRARY BY ROBERT K. ADAMS

PROFESSOR MYRON GOLDSMITH, ADVISOR
Designed to fill Chicago's need for a more capacious central public reference library, plans for this project call for a changeover to microfilmed volumes which can be stored at a density of 200 per cubic foot — 50 times the number of books in printed form — and 16 million in all. Moreover, the uniform size of the microfilm rolls permits storing and retrieving by electronic equipment, thus freeing the space formerly committed to aisles between the stacks. Catalog and reference tools will also be on microfilm.

The open plan and pavilion-like character of the building, which would occupy the site of the present library and extend onto the adjacent block, is intended to make it an extension of neighboring Grant Park.

The main floor, a single room divided only by free-standing walls and mechanical core, comprises reading and catalog areas, lobby, exhibition space, and circulation corridors. The basement contains all microfilm storage in addition to public toilets, coat storage and miscellaneous library service rooms.

The precast, prestressed concrete structural system is based upon the principle of minimum dead load. Parabolically positioned tendons provide counterforce to dead load and half of live load. Voiding of the grid members causes eccentricity of the center of gravity of the beams upward to maximum at center of span, effectively lengthening the resisting moment arc by about twenty percent of beam depth. Secondary

(Continued on page 32)
Gino Sarfatti:

Have you ever thought that if you talk of light it is because of its relation to shadow? Good lighting is light and shade together. The American standard of 500 lux in offices puzzles me. I believe that only light in contrast with shade gives maximum concentration.

The human eye is a perfect but also a very dangerous machine. One slim line fluorescent in a shop window gives a good light. But use nine slim fluorescents and the eye is not satisfied. The eye is like a man who takes cocaine—more light! more light! Since the war the greed for light has grown steadily. Today you could use 600 lights to a square meter and the eye would ask for more.

For my lamps I use only incandescents; I use only small sources; I do not use diffused light. Diffused light is impersonal. The fluorescent light is inhuman. The sun gives diffused light for day; fire gives concentrated light for night. When the sun sets our physiology changes. At night diffused light makes us uneasy while concentrated light from many small sources makes us comfortable. Two high strong lights above a bed are not as good as a small one. It is better to concentrate a small light on the page of a book than to illuminate a large area.

The idea of the lamp comes first. The idea has no form or color or finish. The form is only the mathematics. We design with the heart. To design is to speak to others—even if we only say “I don’t know.”

We have lost the man and found the machine, and now we are looking for the man again. The reaction has set in against our marvelous inventions.

In my lamps function, style and economy are one and the same thing. Today culture, intellect and imagination are at the service of the few. But one of my two lamps which won Golden Compass awards costs $6 and the other $10.

1. Sphere of white diffused satin glass mounted in block lacquered brushed brass. 6½” high, 8” by 8½” in diameter. Fontana Arte, Milan.
2. Lamp in colored and white plastic designed by Gianfranco Frattini, architect, Milan. 28” in diameter.
4. Ceiling fixture designed by Lelli, 72” in length, hand-formed sculptured brass, distributed by Vague Lighting, Los Angeles.
5. Standing lamp with direct and indirect lighting has a standard of black iron; a plastic tube connects the two light sources. Designed by Gino Sarfatti, Arteluce, Milan.
6. Hanging lamp by Vistosi of Venice-Murano has a dark green glass shade 20” in diameter with inner globe of white glass for shielding the light source. The fittings are cast aluminum.
8. Hanging lamp by Venini of Murano-Venice is 18” in diameter. Brass fittings, curry-colored glass shade, cream-colored glass inner globe for diffusing light.
9. Diffused white satin glass mounted in polished brass, 1 foot high, diameter of outer ring 29”, diameter of inner ring 8”. Fontana Arte, Milan. Lamp with inner ring pulls down.

The firm of ISA in Busto Arsizio (near Milan) has an “artists’ series” in which Italian artists—and the architect Gio Ponti—were commissioned to make designs for modern interiors. The designs are handprinted on textured cotton and are moderate in price. ISA became known after the First World War for its elaborate reproductions of antique designs and ancient folklore art. The award-winning textile designs for the XI Triennale were produced by the ISA firm. Busto Arsizio has been a textile center since the Middle Ages.

Gegia Bronzini has in the last five years developed a solid reputation for her handloomed silks for upholstery and draperies. From her looms in Cantù, near Como, came an extraordinary variety of stripes in heavy silk, transparent silks, linens and hems in combination, and some special weaves which give play to her virtuosity.

4. “Tasmania,” designed by Gio Ponti, manufactured by ISA.
5. Artist series for cottons manufactured by ISA, Busto Arsizio.
6. “Lines,” another cotton manufactured by ISA, designed by artist Roberto Crippa.
7. “Motto Perpetuo,” cotton designed by Ricca Lazzari for ISA.
SAN FRANCISCO BAY REGION A.I.A. AWARDS

The buildings shown here are among the Merit Award winners selected from 230 entries in the recent Bay Region Honor Awards Program. Excellence of design, orientation to site, appropriate choice of materials and detailing, and suitability to occupants were considered in judging the projects, which have since been on display at the M. H. De Young Memorial Museum in San Francisco.

The jury was composed of architects Paul Hayden Kirk and John Johansen; Joseph R. Passonneau, dean of the School of Architecture, Washington University, St. Louis; and John D. Entenza, Director of the Graham Foundation for Advanced Studies in the Fine Arts.


Maximum advantage was taken of the park-like atmosphere of the site by creating a central core exclusively for pedestrians in this apartment complex. Soil conditions required low-rise buildings supported on spread footings. The apartments are stucco on wood with a range of bright colors used on the exterior trim.

JURY COMMENT: “A most handsome solution to an extremely difficult and important architectural problem. Many times mass housing in this income bracket becomes a hard-boiled, inhuman concept. The fine separation of the occupant from the automobile is most commendable, and all the jury agreed that from the pedestrian viewpoint—the gardens, the plaza furniture, and the recreational spaces were most successful. A comfortable and simple transition from private residential living to public housing.”


This school was designed to fit into an overall redevelopment program, the next stage of which is conversion to a senior high school, releasing the existing high school for use as a junior high school. The general plan here reflects a cellular structure with repetitive module units which may be expanded on the periphery without disturbing full operation during expansion. Trussed roof construction supported by perimeter piers of pre-cast concrete leaves the interior of each unit free from structural supports and allows non-bearing partitions to be placed as needs dictate.

JURY COMMENT: “Although campus plans are overdone in some areas, located in Carmel it seems to be most appropriate. The jury noted with interest the mosantile jalousies which when closed, completely contain the classroom, and yet can be opened for ventilation and visual contact to the exterior.”


The program for this radio chemistry laboratory at the University of California posed problems of complex technical planning relationships on a site with an average 30% slope. Experimental areas were placed parallel to the hill to allow level horizontal expansion. The dominant visual form is the clear span of the linear space traveled by the bridge crane. The large mechanical and electrical loads required that a major portion of the building be devoted to utility rights of way. The high bays are steel frame, rigid in the direction of the clear span and braced at the side walls; roof is metal deck. The low bays are steel frame with concrete floor and roof slabs. Exterior is all steel with insulated siding.

JURY COMMENT: “A good, strong design with a most appropriate choice of materials and detailing for an industrial building. An excellent site plan, on a very difficult site, taking full advantage of the topography . . . a very refreshing departure from the bridge-over-the-pond approach to industrial buildings.”


This house was designed for a working couple without children who wanted a retreat in the hills overlooking San Francisco Bay. The nature of the site, approached from above, lent itself to a village-compound-like solution. The building is wood frame, laminated wood beams, redwood siding and paneling on a concrete slab.

JURY COMMENT: “A dramatic and controlled use of an unusual site. One of the few houses experimenting with pavilion forms that was able to express them clearly in relationship to the interior spaces and their use.”


Individuality for these Stanford fraternity houses was achieved by the use of one-story and combined one- and two-story structures and by creating a variety of entrances and interior patios. Privacy was obtained for the outdoor areas by landscaping and orientation. A central kitchen serves four houses with a short connecting passage to each dining room. The buildings
are wood frame with vertical redwood siding. Concrete columns support wood arcades covered with tar and gravel.

JURY COMMENT: "A complicated problem solved in a simple, direct manner. A beautiful site, carefully designed. The informal and understated architecture gives a pleasing residential quality to what otherwise could have become a typical institutional group of buildings. The combination of wood and concrete is most successful."


Considered basically as a shelter from which the occupants can enjoy the view provided by the steep, hillside site, the house is simple and crisp. The series of Douglas Fir trellises were designed to handle a serious sun control problem and each relates specifically to the window it protects. The exterior is wood frame with cedar shingles; interior is oak flooring and vertical tongue-and-groove resawn redwood walls.

JURY COMMENT: "A rather controversial house, yet one that comes close to satisfying a plea for a special architectural experience. Spirited and interesting voids and spaces. A simple shingled wooden structure with changing volumes. A house that fits within the regional styling but does so with great freedom."


This informal, Japanese-style house had to conform to a five-sided city lot, criss-crossed with three easements of from 5 to 10 feet in addition to the usual setback ordinances. The house and the garden are closely related. The decorative value of the naked timber was utilized in this exposed post and lintel structure, and a rigid rectilinear system is contrasted to the curves and irregular shapes of the garden shrubs and stones.

JURY COMMENT: "A well coordinated solution to an irregular site, providing some fine interior courts and relationships. Well detailed and beautifully planted."


A blank wall facade isolates the lot and protects the two separate pavilions comprising this house, one for living and entertaining, one for sleeping. The adobe brick curtain walls are fitted directly into the H sections of the steel framing and serve as both interior and exterior finish.

JURY COMMENT: "A well zoned plan that develops extreme privacy between the living and bedroom portions of the house. Although very stylized, the architect has been able to retain a human character and rationality. Sensitivey handled and well detailed."


The usual regimented motel look has been avoided and a purposeful scattering of the buildings gives variety to a perfectly level site. Each building is oriented to one of the two major vistas—the main terrace and swimming pool or the planted lagoon. The exterior is stucco and rough redwood over wood frame. Interiors are of sheetrock with exposed tongue-and-groove Douglas Fir ceilings.

JURY COMMENT: "A sensitively scaled and well coordinated solution. An obvious (though seldom used) solution of parking the cars adjacent to the entry of the motel and opening the units onto private gardens, courts, or balconies. The lagoon in front of the motel unit looks a little forced, but in all, the relationship of planting and landscaping to buildings is commendable."


The problem was to design a bachelor house of an area limited by law to 700 square feet on a site studded with large oaks and bay trees. To insure against too small a scale, eight 11-foot Tuscan columns of solid fir were used. Sliding plywood and glass doors on barn door hardware open half of each side of the house. Wood framing was employed with plywood roof and walls, texture interior and brick floor on concrete slab.

JURY COMMENT: "A very spirited solution, and, to some, the most interesting and individual house to come up for judgment. A clean break from the regional tradition. The interesting use of columns and interior volumes of Baldachino-type forms gives the building a poetic and imaginative quality."
SKI LODGE BY STANN AND HILLEARY, ARCHITECTS
In both form and materials, the architects have reflected the rugged and challenging nature of the site of this ski lodge on the brow of a New Hampshire mountain. The final house plan assumed the shape and contour of the rock outcropping on which the building crouches, and the major walls are constructed of weathered stone quarried from the foundation. Among the owner's requirements were that the lodge be a combination residence and resort with the guest facilities completely separated from those of the owner; that all levels of the building be accessible by means of an outside as well as inside stairway; that the whole project blend with its site so as to be invisible from the valley lake resort below; and that the lodge be topped by a crow's-nest from which to enjoy the view encompassing several states.

Because of the isolated nature of the site, the structural system was kept a straightforward post and beam. The several roof levels serve as play decks in order to avoid spoiling the grounds. Glass areas are oriented to sunrises and sunsets as well as to the major views, and exposed wood is of cypress, noted for its weathering characteristics and exceptional patina. A frieze of hammered, acid-etched bronze was added to recall the color of the surrounding native beeches and to relieve the gray palette. The remainder of the exposed metal — lamps, rails, sliding doors — are of aluminum, sanfordized to match the weathered bronze.

The tower, in addition to housing stairway and elevator, contains the owner's collection of stained glass windows. The continuous flange window on the north side of the tower is glazed with Belgian gold glass to assure a sunny glow even on the grayest day. Major floor areas inside are of native slate and random plank oak; walls and ceilings are panelled with face plates, switches and outlets of matching wood. The heating is a multi-zone air system, and a master center has been provided for control of the electrical system. Walks and decks are heated radiantly to melt snow deposits. Further equipment includes a fire alarm and hydrant system as a precaution against forest fires.
bending stresses in the frame members are limited to a function of live load. The system is composed of about two-thousand pre-cast concrete panels of uniform perimeter profiles and dimensions. Assembly is accomplished by positioning, grouting, and post-tensioning at floor level, the structure being jacked into final position on the formwork at the columns which are cast in place.

The building and the ceiling grid are planned on the basis of a twelve-by-twelve-foot module. The core is a reinforced concrete structure (10’ x 30’ x 65’) housing air conditioning ducts, central electrical installation, roof drainage, electrical risers, and elevator for access to the roof, and sheathed with verde antique marble. A plenum is provided between the storage racks and main floor level for wiring of the storage and retrieval system. Illumination of the main floor is to be accomplished by means of free standing floor fixtures. The ceiling grid is to be illuminated by means of ceiling fixtures.

HOW ARE THE ARTS BEST SUPPORTED? — W. McNeil Lowry

public, business, and other lay leaders appear to believe that art begins with real estate, as if art is engendered by the four walls if they be imposing enough. At the risk of appearing ungrateful for all the artistic activities breaking out in American communities, I believe we must guard against a failing which is characteristically American—the tendency to mistake the symbol for the thing, the intent for the doing, the name for the act. Is this just another example of our materialism, even as we become more active in the non-material realms of the arts? I do not know, but it appears we are to have the audience before we are to know who will perform before it. The rash of cultural centers is one sign of the status motive. The rash of arts festivals is another. Exposure to the arts is good; no one could be against it, particularly in a democratic society. But surely the artistic status of a community or region can not be measured merely in terms of the facilities it can offer to public happiness.

The social motive for artistic patronage is merely an older variant of the status motive. It persists from a time when few of us could afford status but those who could were willing to pay for it. It surrounds the openings of operatic and symphonic seasons, particularly the former, but it is not altogether missing from the openings of museum exhibitions and other ceremonial occasions of the artistic season. The director of one of our large opera companies told me that he could open his season with a thirty-minute concert from the orchestra in the pit, raise and lower the curtain, and get by without singers on the stage, so intent would be the first nighters on the dinner parties they had just attended and their studies of the ladies’ dresses in the hall. Perhaps he exaggerated, but I can vouch for the fact that the description of the dresses worn at one of his opening performances occupied five complete pages, barring advertisements, in the local press.

It is of course true that certain of the performing arts make their artistic statement with the greatest impact when we approach them with at least a trace of solemnity or grandeur, in short, a sense of occasion. Like the status motive, the social motive for supporting the arts is by no means completely unworthy. Some of our greatest institutions in the arts (let us face the fact) were established because of this motive. But like the motive of status, the social motive is bad when it is dominant. When it takes control of an artistic institution or company, art evaporates. The whole enterprise becomes something that is not about art, but about society, about power, because what society is ultimately about is power.

The educational motive for philanthropic activity in the arts is more difficult to characterize. It operates in two ways. In the first, artistic enterprises are accepted as important to the community because they are somehow supposed to be “good for the schoolchildren.” The stock example is the businessman who supports a symphony orchestra provided he is not expected himself to appear at Symphony Hall. He likes the idea that the schoolchildren possess an advantage he does not want to exercise for himself. For some time orchestras and museums have partially supported themselves on the backs of schoolchildren; theater and opera companies are now making strenuous efforts to do the same. The donor’s motive is single, the beneficiary’s triple: the beneficiary hopes not only to extend his sources of support and help to educate young people in the arts but also to train his adult audiences of the future. All the objectives are laudable. Whenever they distort the artistic enterprise, it is because art, when used for non-artistic ends, always risks distortion.

The second way in which the educational motive operates is through the use of an educational institution as a philanthropic base for the arts. I am now speaking of the role of universities, particularly the state institutions, have often assumed, to serve a community or a region as an artistic entrepreneur. Some of our state universities have even conceived their role in the tradition of the German Stadt, which in turn took its own role from that of the German princeling. Particularly in areas where professional institutions in the arts were scarce, such universities have provided music, theater, opera, painting and sculpture both on the campus and in other communities within the state. Meantime, on their own campuses they have, like many other universities and colleges, provided through faculty appointments an economic base for writers, composers, painters and sculptors, even concert performers. This trend shows the adaptability of democratic institutions, and it gives no sign of abatement. Since the universities have a much easier time raising funds than do professional institutions in the arts, we confront here an important new development in artistic patronage. Recognizing it, even welcoming it, we should nevertheless not lose sight of its hazards. We are living in an age of a general speeding up of communication throughout every fabric of our society. But some of us worry lest every article of communication, including even our educational system, may tend, if we are not vigilant, toward a steady popularization and amateurization of those intangibles we call the arts.

A fourth philanthropic motive, and the newest, is the economic. The arts are now not only good for people but good for business, because people are drawn to areas of cultural activity. Given the nature of our democratic and laissez-faire economic society, this evolution within it is undoubtedly a necessary step in the development of our cultural resources. But it antedates (by how long a period we can only guess) any realization that it is the highly talented and professionally trained artist on whom all depends; it
lacks as yet, in short, discrimination as to what the arts are really about.

In the identification of motives for artistic patronage I have chosen as the argument for my discussion, the fifth and last is the professional, a feeble name, I am afraid, for the motive I desire to convey. Basically it means accepting the artist and the arts on their own terms. This does not appear to be a very unorthodox requirement when we consider how easily (in the main) philanthropy accepts, say, scientists or educators on their own terms. At its most basic level, art is not about money, or facilities, or social acceptance; it is about the surge of artistic drive and moral determination. It is about the individual professional artist or artistic director. And philanthropy, in the arts at least, is professionally motivated only when it accepts the artist and the arts on their own terms, and learns from the artist himself at least to recognize the atmosphere in which the artistic process is carried out.

What is that atmosphere? None of us can describe it to the complete satisfaction of anyone else, but it derives importantly from the drive or fanaticism or whatever of the person who has made his choice, and will often have to eschew everything else—money, the elite identification of a university degree, even health—to develop the talent he hopes he has. It comes also from the pride of doing for oneself, of making ends meet, of giving society what it will pay for even if what it pays is inadequate to sustain a normal life, of working in the midst of a fraternity that will show the same fanaticisms and abnegations. It comes from the endless time, time spent on doing one thing, only one thing, and then starting all over again. It comes, finally, from the acceptance of such distortion as a way of life, a way of life, you will note, that is in some ways completely antithetical to the ideal objective of a liberal and humane education. Some of the most professional, the most talented, and the most mature artists I have met lack either the time or the capacity to sort out a decent personal life from the endless hours of their artistic concentration. Only a rare heredity or early environment and not, I am afraid, a very good education, has given some of these artists a humanity that separates them from the talented bums in their midst.

It is no accident that so many talented artists (you will have guessed by now that I use this word to apply to creators or performers in all artistic fields) who are thirty-five years of age or older speak of "the Depression psychology." Strictly speaking, however, this is a timeless phenomenon in the artist and not peculiar to an era when the entire social community is in severe economic straits. Many persons believe that the artist became socially motivated in the Depression era because the government itself accepted him as just as rightfully unemployed as a bricklayer or a mechanic. I am not, of course, merely repeating the romantic picture of the artist as a starving or saying, with Matisse, that hunger will bring out the artist's creativity if he has any. The Spartan fanaticism of the driving, talented force is not purely a factor of the annual income of the artist or artistic director in whom the force is lodged. It is certainly not saintly, nor is saintliness the goal. It is neither moral nor immoral. It does mean, however, that the artist has chosen what he must do without the promise of security, not merely financial, but even emotional or social. If the concentration is great enough to develop the existing talent, it is great to the point of distortion. And distortion, as I said earlier, may itself have to become the way of life.

If any of this be true, then what the artist is about is not what society or education or business or physical magnificence is about. And if philanthropy—public or private, individual or organized—is to relate to the arts in any realistic and therefore meaningful way, it can learn how to do so only from the artists and artistic directors themselves. It is they who must, in short, become the chief participants in the whole philanthropic process.

But only the professional motive—acceptance of the artist and the arts on their own terms—can justify what we do. This is the key to channeling new interests and new financial resources in the arts into effective development for the future. Other motives are important, but they are finally irrelevant.

**MUSIC**

(Continued from page 8)

saw everywhere about them, yet their patterning lacked vitality without it. They found relief and justification in creating non-representative objects, a building of the present, a book out of the past, a home no one ever before lived in. What they hid in their designs has come out since then into the very center of painting, the emotional Rorschach that purports to test the very bowels of the painter's emotion and to put yours to the test. The Biennial at the Corcoran Gallery in Washington was crowded with such painting, already second-hand. Apart from the five winners, the paintings had been sorted into rooms by type, according to styles already old by repetition. Looking back from these we esteem with fresh insight the masks of Ensor, the ghostly pathos of Munch and Vuilliard; and in that insight Modigliani may be esteemed more than Titian, as he should be in our time.

If you look now at a Raphael, in the National Museum, you are scarcely able to think about it. (Think about it! I respond. I feel.) Yes, but the descriptive features, so beautifully rendered, the complexion of exquisite paint, the idealized gentleness, we see them through a haze of reproductions, imitations, calendars, in the sort of mindless approval that was thought formerly to make art suitable. Now it is the Botticellis that strike one by their analytical linear intricacy, quite other than the formerly mindless response to Venus tripping on a wave. This the very contemporary is always doing for us in the perception of the classic. In music the same is true, as many will perceive within this decade. The presumed "intuitive" response may be quite changed.

At the Freer Gallery the rooms were empty, the guards few.
In the rooms of the Shang and Chou bronzes, a period in China corresponding to the Mediterranean and Cretan eras, one recognizes, as in Crete, a culture so extraordinarily like our own that one must doubt every recognition knowing it to be true. I shall not attempt to explain why, not here; there is not space. I may be wrong.

In the third room I found the pottery and porcelain. I tried to remember which might be the exquisite small porcelain, in the glaze called Sky-After-Rain, the Director of Fine Arts of Washington had led me to, like a child by the hand, for his own pleasure, 32 years ago. It was not there, I am sure it was not there, so I asked a guard, who referred me to the library, where the librarian summoned a young man, who led me to the locked rooms where are stored the seven-eighths of the collection that is unexhibited.

And there I was permitted to hold in my hands the peaceful glazes of Sung porcelain, Clear-Sky, Sky-After-Rain, the grey-white and grey-blue, where the eye looks not from the spiritual to the material but through the material to the spiritual, invited to partake and in partaking to be not entirely of this world. Like their inheritor, the Japanese tea-ceremony, these put off the dynamic of the temporal world, not by escape or by symbol, by an imaginative evocation. Where in our art can we seek it now? I think it is to that, out of the pervading emotionality of our secular materialism, towards a ritual of peace free of placards, that our art seeks a way.

(Continued from page 11)

emotions, unchecked impulses, quixotic eccentricities. This went so deep with him that in later life, he could barely tolerate the sight of gnarled apple trees, seeing in them only the asymmetrical, organic tragic principle. He said that he thought non-figurative art brings the turning point of this culture; that the culture of particular form emotions, unchecked impulses, quixotic eccentricities. His product, and as his product is an organic, breathing replica of his own inner processes, he leaves us to our own devices, depending on the common sources of all human emotions to bestir us.

Yet, after all, it was all there was. By a series of negative reductions those who came to be known as existentialists fixed upon the individual as the only possible unit upon which any philosophy could be based. Without exaggerating the impact of existentialist doctrines, we can assume that the post-war mood affected the painter. Lyricism, or the direct and unconventional exposure of intuitions came to be more than a mere genre of expression. It became for many a categorical imperative.

Camus said that every time we breathe we make a judgment. The lyrical principle in painting was charged with great responsibility after the Second World War. The artist who, communicating with himself, sought a truth regardless of who else would recognize it, became a spokesman for the post-war generation. The younger artists who witnessed the Second World War were permitted none of the confidence that had impelled their forebears. The magnitude of destruction was a fact that overwhelmed all theory. It was nearly unthinkable to posit an ideal of man’s perfectability.

From the experience of the Second World War, thoughtful artists drew pessimistic conclusions. They had already in Kandinsky’s day lost confidence in the orderly progress of science. Now they saw outrageous results of amoral scientism. They had long since lost faith in utopian blueprints for ideal societies. The rise of totalitarianism only proved the impotence of art and philosophy. The individual indignation and outrage and emotion expanded in idealistic utterance seemed very ineffectual indeed.

We are not witnessing an artist communing with himself. Rather, we are presented a work that leads both the poet and painter onward, until he has resolved the "thing" which first germinated in him, in terms of a work and art, can only be thought of as an ultimate judgment of the value of life. As he paints, or writes, he tries to discover what he means, and as he discovers what he means, he must assume that it will have some validity for others.

In the present prospect the lyrical voice is countered by other voices ranging from the serious symbolists interested in the cooler universalism akin to Mondrian’s to the pop artists, interested in disembarrassing art of its metaphysical speculation.

The lyrical painter of today is a pity if the lyrical painter of today were unattended. The lyrical painter of today is a pity if the lyrical painter of today were unattended. The lyrical voice is countered by other voices ranging from the serious symbolists interested in the cooler universalism akin to Mondrian’s to the pop artists, interested in disembarrassing art of its metaphysical speculation.

The pop artist is not concerned with the unique sensation. He wishes to present an idea unmodified by the eccentricities of his inner life. He fashions or selects objects that direct both himself and the audience to the outside world—a world already familiar, where he has resolved the "thing" which first germinated in him, in terms of a work and art, can only be thought of as an ultimate judgment of the value of life. As he paints, or writes, he tries to discover what he means, and as he discovers what he means, he must assume that it will have some validity for others.

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The seventh annual $25,000 AIA International Award will be presented May 6 to architect Hans Maurer of Munich, Germany, for his Aluminum Center Pavilion (see cut) at the 1962 Hanover Fair. The “floating” aluminum building also won for its designer the 1963 R. S. Reynolds Memorial Award.

The AIA has also announced winners of its first Library Buildings Award Program. Winners of honor awards for public library design were J. Herschel Fisher and Donald E. Jarvis, Dallas Public Library; and Skidmore, Owings & Merrill for their Skokie, Illinois library. Honor award winners in the college library category were Pietro Belluschi and Carl Koch & Associates, Bennington College Library; and Lyles, Bissett, Carlisle & Wolf, associate architect, Edward Durell Stone, for the University of South Carolina undergraduate library.

Mies van der Rohe will receive the National Institute of Arts and Letters 1963 Gold Medal for architecture to be awarded at the academy’s annual ceremonial May 22 in New York.

CONFERENCES AND CONVENTIONS
The International Design Conference of the Aspen Institute will be held June 24-30 at Aspen, Colorado, having for its theme, “Design and the American Image Abroad.”

The 32nd Annual AID Conference convenes May 25 through May 30 in Philadelphia.

The American Federation of Arts will hold its biennial national convention in Fort Worth and Dallas May 22-24, with the theme “The Role of Government in Art Today.” Speakers will include August Heckscher, White House consultant on the arts; Professor Henry Steele Commager, Whitney Museum director Lloyd Goodrich, Museum of Modern Art director René d’Harnoncourt; Joseph R. Passonneau, dean of the Washington University School of Architecture, and others.

Lukas Foss, composer, conductor, pianist, will be featured at the 17th Annual Ojai Festival of Music May 24-26 at Ojai, California.

COMPETITIONS & SCHOLARSHIPS
The government of Kuwait has announced an architectural competition open to registered U. S. architects for the design, plans and specifications, bid documents, supervision of construction and eventual demolition of its New York World’s Fair Pavilion. Full particulars are available from the Business and Defense Services Administration, U. S. Department of Commerce, Washington 25, D. C.

Drawings, USA, the second biennial National Drawing Competition of the St. Paul, Minn., Art Center is open to all artists living in the United States. First prize is $2,500; entries must be delivered to the center by October 15.

The Simpson Timber Company of Seattle has announced a $1,000 contest for the “most distinctive design use of redwood.” The contest closes September 30, 1963.

Ten full tuition, four-year scholarships in the areas of industrial and graphic design, photography and art education are to be given this year by the Institute of Design of the Illinois Institute of Technology. Applicants must be high school seniors in the upper ten percent of their class.

EXHIBITIONS
Boston—Arthur B. Davies Centennial, a survey of the artist’s work from 1887 to his death in 1927. May 23 to June 23, Boston Museum of Fine Arts.

Chicago—Art Institute of Chicago schedule includes Artists of Chicago and Vicinity (through June 2), The Works of Corbusier (May 17 to June 23), Society for Contemporary American Art Annual Exhibition (May 24 to June 16), Contemporary Japanese Prints (continuing), Master Prints of Six Centuries (continuing). Los Angeles (and vicinity)—Japanese Art Today, the works of 37 contemporary Japanese artists. Through May 28 at the Westside Jewish Community Center.

Bird—Image and Symbol, the use of the bird form as decoration and symbol in the art of various cultures from pre-Columbian gold ornaments to contemporary painting. Through June 2 at the Otis Art Institute.

James Morian (1837-1922), catalog by William H. Gerdts, curator of painting and sculpture of the Newark Museum. Through June 6 at the University of California at Riverside art galleries.

Minneapolis—Daumier at the Theater, humorous prints formerly owned by Sarah Bernhardt. May 8 to June 14 at the Minneapolis Institute of Art.

Adolph Gottlieb: Paintings, works by this American abstract artist through June 9 at the Walker Art Center. Also at the Walker Art Center: Stravinsky and the Dance, a survey of the composer’s ballet productions, through May 26.

New York—Rodin, sculptures and drawings from 1863 to 1917, (through September 10); Americans 1963, the works of 15 American painters and sculptors (May 22 to August 18); Five Unrelated Photographers: Heyman, Krause, Liebling, White, and Winogrand (May 29 to July 21), all at the Museum of Modern Art.

Pousette-Dart, the first large retrospective of this abstract impressionist. Through May 26 at the Whitney Museum of American Art.

Oakland—Iqbal Geoffrey, works of this contemporary Pakistani abstract artist, May 22 to June 23 at the Kaiser Center Art Gallery of the Oakland Art Museum.

San Francisco—Paintings by Robert Kabak and John Young, through May 31 at Gump’s Gallery.

Sculpture of the Month

20-foot-tall dandelion of stainless steel and gold by sculptor Harry Ber­­tina stands in the plaza of Edward Durell Stone’s Perpetual Sav­nings and Loan building in Beverly Hills.
physical bog and mists which cause so many of her colleagues to falter and become mired in abstraction. Even at her most imaginative, she is logical and persuasive with an exquisite clarity and disciplined exactness of expression. Although the book is written by a believer speaking to the faithful, it would behoove the sceptic to read The Unknown Shore before again declaring that abstract art is form and color devoid of meaning. Miss Ashton will do for him what he says art is no longer attempting to do: allow him to see more clearly.

THE ARCHITECTURAL INDEX, 1962, by Ervin J. Bell ($5.00).

Who designed the new library at Yale? What are the latest developments in row housing? Where did I see that excellent article on cost estimating? This compilation of material that appeared during 1962 in the seven major U. S. architectural and planning magazines provides the answers.

The 13th edition of The Architectural Index arranges and cross indexes by architect, author, subject matter, type of building, and location the articles on arts and architecture appearing in Arts & Architecture, Architectural Forum, Architectural Record, Progressive Architecture, and related titles. It is available in both hard and soft cover.

CURRENTLY AVAILABLE PRODUCT LITERATURE AND INFORMATION

Editor's Note: This is a classified review of currently available manufacturers' literature and product information. To obtain a copy of any piece of literature or information regarding any product, list the number which precedes it on the coupon which appears below, giving your name, address, and occupation. Return the coupon to Arts & Architecture, 3305 Wilshire Boulevard, Los Angeles 5, California, and your requests will be filled as rapidly as possible. Listings preceded by a check (✓) include products which have been merit specified for the Case Studies Houses 20, 21, The Triad, 25, 26.

NEW THIS MONTH

(425a) Fireplaces: Write for free information on the popular “Fire-Hood” cantilever metal fireplace. Four distinctive models available in 9 porcelainized decorator colors. Condon-King Company.


(400a) Herman Miller Inc. offers a series of coordinated brochures illustrating the Herman Miller Collection. Also available is a Comprehensive Storage System Workbook and a Residential book. Herman Miller, Inc.


(421a) A new, 12-page executive furniture catalog has just been completed by Hiébert, Inc., manufacturers of a complete line of executive furniture. New catalog contains detailed illustrations of the line, including executive desks, secretarial desks, side storage units, corner tables, conference table, executive chairs, and side chairs. The center spread features a full-color photograph showing the various Hiébert furniture pieces. Copies of the catalog may be obtained free of charge. Hiébert, Inc.

(387a) Furniture: A complete line of imported upholstered furniture and related tables, warehoused in Burlington and New York for immediate delivery; handcrafted quality furniture moderately priced; ideally suited for residential or commercial use. Dux Inc.

(377a) The J-21 Convertible Housing by Marvin Electric converts an inexpendent recessed housing fixture from a square to a round unit with an assortment of 21 trims. This new 2-in-1 housing is available from Marvin Electric Manufacturing Company.


(383a) Contemporary Clocks and Accessories. Attractive folder Chromopak contemporary clocks, crisp, simple, unusual models; net lines and bubble lamps, George Nelson, designer. Brochure available. One of the finest sources of information, worth study and file space.—Howard Miller Clock Co.
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