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OBITUARY

John Entenza

"Of the half dozen laymen who have made significant contributions to architecture in this century, John Entenza is perhaps the most important. At a critical moment in the history of architecture he took a clear and firm stand and maintained it for a quarter of a century. What he accomplished in the support of a particular art when it was under threat could normally have been done only through a generous grant from one of the foundations. That he was able to do it alone was something of a miracle."—Esther McCoy. John Entenza, former editor and publisher of Arts and Architecture magazine, died on April 27. During his tenure from 1939 to 1962, he transformed the magazine from a polite journal about California houses, decoration and culture to an internationally recognized voice of modernism. From his earliest years as editor, he published the work of young architects and designers, as well as articles on contemporary music and art. In 1949, Entenza launched a project which was to revolutionize ideas about residential design, the Case Study House Program. Initially using his own money, he promoted a series of houses to demonstrate modern design and the use of new, mass-produced materials. Designed by architects including Charles Eames, Gregory Ain, Pierre Koenig, and Craig Ellwood, the houses were recorded from their initial conception through to their built reality. Once built, they were open to the public for view, complete with contemporary furniture and accessories. As a result of this program and its commitment to innovation, the magazine was to influence a generation of architects throughout the world. In 1960, John Entenza assumed the directorship of the Graham Foundation in Chicago, continuing his role as advocate by using the foundation’s resources to support fellowships, lectures and exhibitions. He retired from that position in 1971, but continued to be active in public life as a consultant to the Bureau of Reclamation, Department of the Interior and the Humanities and Arts Committee of the Illinois Board of Higher Education. In 1974, Entenza suffered the first in a series of strokes which were eventually to force him into permanent retirement. He lived in La Jolla until his death last April. Honored and respected throughout his lifetime, he is survived by a tremendous legacy of buildings, publications and ideas. The next issue of Arts and Architecture will contain a retrospective feature on the Entenza years, including personal recollections about the magazine and the man who produced it by friends and colleagues.

BARBARA GOLDSTEIN

Charles Eames, Ray Eames, John Entenza
The Profane and Sacred

Automobile and Culture

Los Angeles. The Museum of Contemporary Art will present “Automobile and Culture” at the Temporary Contemporary beginning July 21. The exhibition, an event of the Olympic Arts Festival, will present over 30 cars and approximately 200 artworks surveying the history of the car as both object and image. The exhibition will continue through December, 1984.

Both cars and art will be displayed in seven chronological groups which roughly correspond to the decades of the 20th century: First Visions, Invention and Celebration, Proliferation and Assimilation, Reality and Beyond the Real, Cultural Reconstruction, Cultural Explosion, and Cultural Reflection. Joining Pontus Hultén as curator is Walter Hopps, director of the Menil Foundation.

A program of special events includes “The Street Show,” a series of seven car shows to be staged under the Temporary’s distinctive, chain-link canopy.

Corcoran Biennial

Long Beach/Laguna Beach. Thirty contemporary artists are represented in the “Second Western States Exhibition/The 38th Corcoran Biennial Exhibition of American Painting,” organized by the Western States Arts Foundation and the Corcoran Gallery of Art. The exhibition, which premiered at the Corcoran, travels to California where it continues in a two-part showing through August 12 at the Long Beach Museum of Art and the Laguna Beach Museum of Art. It closes a national tour at the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art, September 13 to October 28.

The show includes artists from Arizona, California, Colorado, Hawaii, Montana, New Mexico, Oregon, Texas, Utah and Washington. Selections were made by Claire List of the Corcoran, Linda Cathcart of the Contemporary Arts Museum, Houston, and George Neurbert of the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art.

Manhattan Skyline

New York. An exhibition concerned with the development of the skyscraper in New York City during the 1920s and early 30s continues at the Cooper-Hewitt Museum through September 23. “Manhattan Skyline: New York Skyscrapers Between the Wars” includes original drawings, vintage photographs, models and some examples of architectural ornament.

The building boom of the 20s, and especially the proliferation of the skyscraper, significantly altered the appearance of New York. Featured in this exhibition will be highrise buildings including the Empire State, Chanin, the Rockefeller complex, and a host of lesser known towers. The exhibition was organized by Timothy Rub.

The Human Condition

San Francisco. The third in a series of exhibitions, sponsored by the San Francisco Mu-
The Figurative Mode

Newport Beach. An exhibition exploring the work of a younger generation of Abstract Expressionists continues at the Newport Harbor Museum through September 9. A group who thrived during the heyday of the New York School is creating art with continuing appeal. "Action/Precision: The New York School, 1955-1960" presents the work of Norman Bluhm, Michael Goldberg, Grace Hartigan, Al Held, Alfred Leslie and Joan Mitchell. The exhibition is organized by the museum, and the catalogue is available.

"The Figurative Mode: Bay Area Painting, 1956-66" presents the work of a group of painters who strove to develop a regional tradition distinct from the New York School. Included are Elmer Bischoff, Jona Beachy, Richard Diebenkorn, Nathan Oliveira, David Park and Paul Wonner.

"Action/Precision" travels to the Worcester Art Museum, Grey Art Gallery, Contemporary Arts Center, Cincinnati, Albright-Knox Art Gallery, Buffalo, and the Hunt Art Gallery at the University of at Austin.

California Sculpture Show

Los Angeles. An exhibition of sculpture by California artists has been produced by the California International Arts Foundation at Los Angeles Olympic Organizing Committee for the Olympic Arts Festival. "The California Sculpture Show" includes one major piece by each of 12 artists, shows at USC's Fisher Gallery through August 12.

The exhibition is intended to serve as an overview of the talent available by California artists, as noted by Henry Hopkins, director of San Francisco Museum of Art. Representing artists include Arnason, Charles Arnoldi, Beasley, Fletcher Benton, Guadalupe, Jud Fine, Tom Holland, Robert Lister, Manuel Neri, Sam Rice, Michael Todd and DeWain Valentine. The exhibition is accompanied by a film produced by the California International Arts Foundation, "Good Time to Be West," screening at the museum.
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Arch Remarks

Architecture in Silver: 
An International Tea Party

An impressive collection of architect-designed coffee and tea sets has just toured California. The "Architecture in Silver" exhibit was shown at the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art and the La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art. In it, the boundaries between product design, fine art, handicraft, and architecture were crossed several times over. Under scoring the show's metaphorical nature, its organizers titled it a "Tea and Coffee Piazza" and called its artifacts "microarchitecture" and an "urban promenade in a domestic landscape." Whether or not one subscribes to these fancies, this is a provocative undertaking that raises questions about the designer's role, even as it demonstrates considerable elegance and wit.

The exhibit comprises 11 sets of teapots, coffeepots, creamers, sugar bowls, and trays, give or take an item or so. Most of the designers are working architects: Michael Graves, Robert Venturi, Richard Meier, Stanley Tigerman, Hans Hollein, Oscar Tusquets, Paolo Portoghesi, Aldo Rossi, and Kazumasa Yamasita. Two others, Charles Jencks and Allessandro Mendini, are architectural writers. (As a rebuff to the linguistic school of architectural analysis, James Stirling and Nathan Silver were not invited to participate.) Mendini, who is also a product designer, conceived and organized the project for the Milanese housewares firm of Alessi Fratelli. The manufacturer looked on the exercise as research—an experiment unhindered by the demands of normal mass production—and concluded that "it does not matter if some of these coffee-pots look more like buildings than coffee-pots. . . ."

Actually, none of the pots really looks like a building, even though Jencks' take the form of classical columns. Graves' serving pieces loosely resemble his Portland Building, but that structure was more an immense abstract object than a normal building to start with. Venturi's tray mimics the paving pattern of Michelangelo's Campidoglio. Hollein's takes the shape of an aircraft carrier deck, and Rossi's pedimented storage cabinet might well be seen as an aedicula, but these are peripheral similarities. It is more important to realize that all of these sets are design with a capital D; the obligation to make an esthetic statement weighs visibly on their authors, whereas it would not unduly trouble a professional housewares designer.

This is not to say that the sets don't succeed; however, their main burden is visual and symbolic rather than functional. Ordinary teapots need only hold steaming liquid, but these must hold something more fluid and elusive: meaning. A generation ago, an architect venturing into object design would have to convey (but not necessarily embody) the marriage of form and purpose. In this postmodern era, the abstract utilitarian ideal has been replaced by a more complex set of possibilities including allusion, social comment, figurative qualities, a sense of play, and the unapologetic use of decoration. Under the old rules, a designer was expected to subordinate ego to operational imperatives, under the new ones expressiveness takes precedence. Measured by this criterion, all but one of the designs succeed. The exception is Tigerman's, which is too expressive. Its grotesquely literal depictions of wrinkled lips, pigtailed ears, and clutching hands preclude any possible sense of ceremony or elegance. No doubt the goal was wit, but there was insufficient formal control to meet it. Graves, in contrast, conveys a nice sense of self-deprecatory humor in a set that combines some of his characteristic visual motifs with new ones (principally handles) germane to the objects. His forms, at once mechanistic and biomorphic, resemble friendly little robots come to serve their owner.

Three sets rely on the compound curves traditional to the genre. Venturi's is conventional almost to the point of banality, but is also solidly graceful. Gold overlays of swag, flowers, and the Alessi name show that his intentions are ironic, and that he has not fully weaned himself from the pop art of the Sixties. Tusquets' pieces are abstract yet highly sensual; he has charted an independent course that skirts both functionalist and postmodernist rhetoric. Mendini's witty one-legged orbs manage to be at once comical and elegant, resembling a small flock of nearly extinct birds able to hop but not run or fly. Jencks' set is the most literally classicist, using three whole columns for liquids and a broken one for sugar. To execute his conceit, Alessi has made cruts rather than pots, and ignored his specification, in such a heat-conducting medium, of insulating handles. Beautifully crafted, this is a set for eyes only. Yamasita's is the most abstractly functionalist, made up of square and rectangular prisms with tubular handles and spouts. The lid handles are formed into initials—C, T, S, M—indicating the containers' contents.

Portoghesi's ingeniously nesting hexagons could almost have come out of the Glasgow
As art, they succeed in demonstrating the wide range of expressive possibilities inherent in objects that we often take for granted. They provide a generous helping of visual pleasure, especially when installed as simply, sparsely, and grandly as they were in San Francisco. These sparkling forms can even illuminate the main body of their designers' work in unexpected ways: the exhibit shows that Venturi the theoretician is on a far different plane of accomplishment than Venturi the physical designer, and that it is easy to confuse the strengths of one with the limitations of the other.

John Pastier

Olympic Music

Having injected technology into nearly every other aspect of life and art, California is now staking some of its silicon chips on music. The state's three computer composers represented at the Olympic Arts Festival—John Chowning, Roger Reynolds, and Morton Subotnick—epitomize three distinct directions this music could take.

At Stanford University, Chowning and his students create the sounds of astonishing instruments—one has devised a program that synthesizes plucked string sounds ranging from that of a microscopic violin to a convincing simulation of strumming on the cables of the Golden Gate Bridge. At the University of California, San Diego (UCSD), Reynolds turns oboes into flutes or human voices before one's very ears. And at the California Institute for the Arts, Subotnick creates spellbindingly dramatic effects and Acoustics, according to professor and composer Leland Smith, "does everything bigger and better than anyone else in the world." Housed in a decaying wooden structure hidden in the farm land a few miles west of campus, the center was begun in the mid-Sixties by Chowning, then a graduate student of Smith, as an adjunct to Stanford's Institute of Artificial Intelligence. But although it has become a focus for computer composers around the world, and serves as a model for other computer installations, the center has always emphasized research and the scientific analysis and synthesis of sound. Composers who work there tend to be more concerned with exploring a new technical procedure, a new sound or sound effect, than in making esthetic discoveries.

A spectacularly produced, pre-recorded cassette tape, recently issued by the center as a demonstration of its work, offers startling examples of those plucked suspension bridge cables in Michael McNabb's "Silicon Valley Real excitement in computer music in transforming the sounds of real instruments. Choosing pictures of a surface of Jupiter's moons as an ogy, he explains that they can transformally beautiful in all themselves. "But it adds somet he says, "to know that there is something of reality in which we live but to we normally have no access."

In "Transfigured Winds," will have its premiere in a version pre-recorded tape and 14 instru at the Olympic Arts Festival, Rev alters the sound of a pre-rec fflute in remarkable ways. At one he expands the length of a hard attack 101 times without chang pitch, and the effect of this slot sound is amazingly visceral magnification of breath and which remain always recognizable. Elsewhere, Reynolds dissects phrases and reconstructs them mosaic spirals, a musical equiva cubist painting. Even more stri
effect produced by altering the tone structure of individual note phrases so that each has a different role (as if played by a different instrument) yet retains a single player's innateness of phrasing.

...yet retains a single player's innateness of phrasing. Reynolds seeks the sterility of purely electronic music without giving up the ecological advantages of a sophisticated io. Subotnick, however, accepts imitations of working in the real world of performance for the sake of the computer's dramatic portal. In "The Double Life of Amians"—a 90-minute tone poem—using a transformation from the like to the humanlike, which will ve its first complete performance at the Olympics Arts Festival—the user is used to alter the sound of instruments while they are played. Reynolds, Subotnick uses the user to create a bigger-than-life ug by getting instruments to do what they cannot normally do, but he the immediacy of allowing the user to witness it happening. The user does more for Subotnick just enhance or alter the sound y, the two cellos that open one n of the work. The instruments so used to activate the computer, t as they get louder, for instance, ilume change can cause the computer keyboards which serve merely to trigger a computer, which is programmed to sound like an orchestra of giant Jew's harps. "All these players serve to do," Subotnick says, "is to bring things in on time, keep the rhythm right. But the appearance is that they are producing huge and complex sounds from toy instruments." Perhaps, but in the hands of at least three composers, the computer is no longer a musical toy.

Mark Swed is music critic for the Los Angeles Herald-Examiner.

**Plausible Dream**

**Peter Shelton's installation,** "Majorjoints, hangers and squat," was composed, for the most part, of objects attached to slender rods hung from the ceiling of the Melinda Wyatt Gallery (Venice, California, March 13–April 20). The provocations which confronted viewers on entering were multiple. It was not just the appeal of elements like T-AX (AKA thorax), where a chin rest invited one to peer in and study the marks on the inner surface of the cement inflected by the steel on which it was layered. Nor was it just the compulsion to "try on" clothing like the steel "Stiff Shirt," its one-ton bulk hanging as if to say, Why not? These experiences, reflecting a wit that ran the gamut from wry to rolling, were only a starting point for an in-occupation with architectural scale catalyzed by the active viewer. In some works, Shelton has constructed the containing element in which the participants energize the space with their activity.

This occurred in *Headroom, footspace* (1980) at Art Park. Standing both above and below ground, the work provided a space into which the participants fit their bodies according to the limitations of the upper and lower compartments. The elevated *Neckwall, footscreen, sleeper* (1980), a prior installation at Wyatt invited a large group at one end, but "sleeper," at the other, allowed for only one person at a time to crawl in and lie flat. "Majorjoints" did not set such discrete parameters; the physical engagement was commodious, but one was no less intimately involved.

"Majorjoints" depended on a complex formal organization for involving the viewer, both on the one-to-one pointings cones, illusionally reaching the floor but swaying gracefully upon touch. From *Majorjoints*, resembling Oriental windchimes, one turned to ponder "Squat", a funny, fat-phillic, outer-space type, only 22 inches high, which lent an earthiness to an otherwise elevated domain.

Indeed, the idea of suspension which Shelton exploits in this work has prevailed through other installations beginning with "Sweathouse and little principals" (1979) at UCLA, the elements there suspended from poles, and through elevated structures in "BIRD- HOUSE, holecan" (1980) and "Neckwall, footscreen, sleeper." The preoccupation with suspension originated in dreams in which objects floated at different undersea levels. Viewers tend to empathize with an am-bience that reflects a common dream state. In another way, Shelton's use of his own body as the unit of measure and proportion lends logic and plausible...
bility to the installation, even if one has to stretch, being too short, for Elbows, or stoop, being too tall, for Knees. If not all males were bold enough to try out Eyesballs, both men and women showed no reluctance to press themselves into the large, pregnant Belly.

Through the objects’ relationship to human scale and to the human figure, the illusory status of the plausible dream empowered “Major joints, hang ers and squat” to contact viewers on many levels. Underscored by the artist’s intensive engagement with the nature of materials—this is inherent in the expressiveness of the work, both in the complete installation and in the unique, individual objects which hold their own as sculptures when removed from this context—“Major joints” presented a complex, interactive body of ideas. On each of its levels Shelton’s work addressed the issues it provoked with clarity and authority. Coaxed into participation, the viewer was rewarded by the serendipitous discovery of a whole that is much, much more than the sum of its parts.

Morle Schipper is an art historian and critic living in the LA area.

Arch Remarks

Tony Delap’s The Big Wave has been selected as the winning sculpture in the Centinela Gateway competition. The sculpture, 40 feet high with a span of 80 feet, will be fabricated in steel, then rolled, welded and painted. The underside of the arch will contain a light source that will shine through a continuous slit recessed within the structure. The graceful, ribbon-like archway will frame the Pacific Ocean in the distance and will act as a harmonizing element defining space and creating an undulating form between the buildings on Wilshire Boulevard.

In the urban sprawl of Los Angeles, the arch would commemorate Santa Monica’s unique character and celebrate the traveler’s approach to the ocean. It will be located within a two-block area on Wilshire between Centinela and Berkeley Avenues.

Delap’s work was chosen from a group of 58 proposals. The selection process was made by a jury of three: Richard Koshaalek, director of the Museum of Contemporary Art; Beverly J. Moore, vice-president of the First Women’s Bank, Jerry Pomerantz, architectural designer. Expected costs run at about $100,000, nearly half of that coming from an NEA grant.

Neutra: The View from Inside

The interest of UCLA-based historian Dr. Thomas S. Hines in the life and work of Richard Neutra led him to write the book Richard Neutra and the Search for Modern Architecture: A History and Biography (Oxford University Press, 1982), the result of a decade of work. Arthur Drexler of the Museum of Modern Art had also become interested in Neutra’s early work and this led to a show curated by Hines and Drexler and mounted at MOMA in 1982.


In contrast to New York, Los Angeles had two Neutra exhibitions running concurrently, the other being “Neutra Architecture: The View from Inside,” which also opened March 20, in this case at the Pacific Design Center, and continued through June. The second show did much to stimulate interest in the first and raised seemingly legitimate questions about the limitations of exhibitions as a means of conveying the intentions of architects.

The Wight Gallery proved to be a better environment for “The Architecture of Richard Neutra” than the rooms at MOMA, and the installation by Jack Carter and Thomas Hines took advantage of this improved space to provide a chronological series of exhibits, each encompassing a particular aspect of Neutra’s work. One room was devoted to the 1929 Lovell “Health House,” in Drexler’s view one of Neutra’s masterpieces. Ranged around the walls were developmental sketches, working drawings and dramatic black-and-white photographs. The pièce de résistance was a large model of the house in the center of the room. The rest of the elegant exhibit was augmented by a slide show with commentary and a room devoted to a film of Neutra himself explaining The Ideas of Richard Neutra.

“Neutra Architecture: The View from Inside” was curated by Dion Neutra, the principal of the firm of Richard and Dion Neutra and Associates. The atmosphere of this much smaller show was warm, friendly and colorful, for one of the younger Neutra’s contentions in mounting the exhibition was that black-and-white photographs do not adequately convey the intentions of architects, so the majority of the photographs were in color. In addition, one was greeted with a display of the elder Neutra’s travel sketches in vivid color. This marked contrast to the Neutra a played at UCLA, mostly somber of the Viennese period, influen the work of Gustav Klimt and Schiele.

Another of Dion Neutra’s assertions was that “User Oriented D is the foundation of Neutra art ure. An attempt was made to strate this point by displaying photographs of interiors. In the lovell House, these demon that the present user had a not remarkable collection of classical modern furniture; and it Neutra-designed interior seem in the background.

A third contention of the y Neutra was that, to really exp the work of an architect, one mu an actual space. No one would with this, but one would object Neutra space at the show, a walled white rectangle, filled with furniture designed by Neutra (no one jean of designer of furniture with furniture designed by owh mantel shelf over the fireplace the only architectural adorn the room, consisted of a piece with run mouldings supported (continued on page 84).
"This is the way the world ends / Not with a bang but with a whimper"

T.S. Eliot

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OLYMPIC ARCHITECTURE

The Tenth Olympiad held in Los Angeles in 1932 was a milestone in the development of the modern Olympic Games. Many of the same pieces that will be visible during this summer's Games were first put into place at that time. The concept of an Olympic Village for housing all the athletes in one location was first realized at those games. The standard 400-meter track was a recent innovation. Swimmers and divers competed in the clear water of an artificial pool rather than the murky currents of the Seine. For the first time since the modern Olympic era began in 1896, a confluence of public and private funding and enthusiasm created a uniformly high level of organization and design across the whole range of sporting events. A result of this successful mix was the ambitious construction program that gave the city a powerful central symbol for the Games, the Memorial Coliseum, as well as up-to-date facilities for boxing, swimming, rowing and fencing. In the half century since the 1932 Games, each host city has tried to surpass the previous efforts with new and more elaborate architectural statements. The financial apogee of this movement was reached at the Montreal Games in 1976 at a cost of $2 billion and surpassed at Moscow in 1980, with an estimated cost of over $3 billion. Much of this money was spent on facilities that have an after-use of some kind. The Olympic villages have been especially successful in this regard. But the ambitious aims and rigid time frames surrounding Olympic construction projects have added up to an explosive financial situation. During the past decade, the prospect of financial disaster for the host cities has grown exceedingly close. Organizers of the 1984 Los Angeles Games have balanced their books by striking out the largest single cost item: new construction. The budget for this summer’s entire Olympic effort, $500 million, is about half the cost of Montreal’s Olympic Stadium, still unfinished eight years after those games. Restored or existing facilities will be used for most of the summer’s athletic events and housing. For the first time in decades the host city will have no large-scale souvenirs of the Olympic experience. Los Angeles began the big bucks epoch in 1932. It is trying to bring it to a close in 1984. It seems fitting to look back at this point to briefly survey the history of Olympic architecture.

BY DAVID WEAVER
main location for the events was the 70,000-seat Panathenean stadium, a reconstruction of a structure built in 140 B.C., in the waning days of Athens’ power. The long, narrow layout of the ancient design proved barely adequate for modern sports. In the ancient games, the runners had no formal track—they simply ran between posts placed at opposite ends of a field, making sharp 180 degree turns around each post. A track was built in the Athens stadium, but its hairpin turns were still very difficult to negotiate. And since many competitors in the field events had never trained with the equipment (for example, the American winner of the discus toss), spectators were sometimes endangered by the close quarters.

Despite these design problems and the inevitable snafus inherent in any first-time event, the Athens Olympics were a success. The succeeding Games followed an up-and-down pathway. Those of 1900 and 1904 were absorbed into the world expositions at Paris and St. Louis, respectively. Both were poorly organized, with cheating by some athletes, and no architecture of note. The London Games of 1908 were also part of a world exposition but were more successful; they featured the first new Olympic stadium: White City Stadium, with a standing capacity of 82,000. Architect James Fulton attempted to accommodate most of the sporting events in this one location, including swimming, cycling and equestrian events. Although the general design was superior to the ad hoc conditions of Paris and St. Louis, the all-in-one venue demanded a field so large that the spectators were too far from most events. The conflicting requirements of different sports caused at least one heartbreaking incident. Dorando Pietri, a pastry cook from Capri, was the apparent winner of the marathon when he lost his balance on the ramp that was to take him over the steeply banked surface of the cycling track which ringed the infield. As the astonished spectators looked on, he fell, ran in the wrong direction, fell again, headed back towards the finish line, fell again, and then totally lapsed just yards from the tape. He was hauled across the finish line by compassionate off but was later disqualified. The cycling track omitted from all but one of the subsequent Olympic stadia.

The 1924 Paris Games featured the first cantilevered roofs over the stands. These provided unobstructed sight lines for the spectators and were the 1936 expression to that date of the new building nologies of the 20th century. At a modest sq 50 feet, these structural wonders foretold the neering contests that would eventually co symbolize Olympic architecture. Later in the century the roofs of Olympic stadia would cover principal area of design challenge and form ciment until finally, in Montreal, gravity triumph. But this race would not begin in e for 40 years. In the meantime, architectural content with either the open sky or simple roofed cantilevers.

In the early decades of the century, Amsterdam was a center of modern architectural thought and practice. As host of the 1928 Games, it sought to display its best talents, but in funding forced it to abandon most of its ambitious plans. However, a striking new stadium de by de Stijl architect Jan Wils was completed. It was the first Olympic architect to strip his of classical references and wholeheartedly a to express the spirit of the new age. Even too design’s smooth brick surfaces, elegant of structure, and strong sense of horizontal appear contemporary. In contrast to the lo of the stadium, Wils designed a 100-foo brick pylon which held the Olympic flame the entry. This stadium also included the 4-meter running track used in Olympic comp Oddly, each of the previous games had used different track length, varying from 333 to 536 meters at London.

In the 1920’s, Los Angeles was a young city was just beginning to transform a once-a-tural mecca into one of the world’s largest political areas. The promise of a world sports seen as a golden opportunity to public wares and wonders of the region. At that ti city had few sports facilities and almost ne or credibility on an international le when William May Garland, the president California Fiesta Association, went to Eu the summer of 1920 to seek an Olympic city, he was supported by the entire state an importantly, carried plans for a stadium would seat 75,000—a “think big” Americ dium that would be double the size of Wils for Amsterdam. Garland was encoura Olympic officials but no promises were Nevertheless a group of private citizens so construction of Angeles Memorial Coliseum, designed by Donald Parkinson. This was a simple oval half way into the ground level with a U grandstand completed by a curving range
The greatest innovation of the 1932 Games was the creation of an Olympic Village. It had long been felt that the special needs of athletes in training and the desire for neighborly communication between competing countries called for a centralized and well-planned housing arrangement. The Amsterdam Games were to have such a village, but the funding had fallen through at the last minute. As a result, the athletes had been forced to find accommodations in the city wherever they could. Los Angeles officials were determined to complete their Olympic Village, and using distinctly American methods, they did. Based upon temperature studies made during the very hot summer of 1931 they chose a 250-acre site in the Baldwin Hills as the coolest location available. Faced with the uncertainty as to what to do with the housing after the Games, the organizers decided that most of the buildings would be inexpensive and temporary.

A basic unit was devised that measured 14 feet by 24 feet, including a front porch. These were constructed of lightweight wood frames and 1/2 inch insulation boards which were fabricated into standard wall sections in a shop and then trucked to the site. A wood floor was laid on the level ground, the wall sections were propped up, and a roof assembly was added on top. Windows and high gable-end vents were left unglazed and covered with insect screening. All cottages were furnished exactly alike. The prefab system was also used for the village fire station, post office and hospital. The dining halls were long low buildings that were stick-built on site. These were divided into 10- and 20-person rooms with attached kitchens. Each country could therefore provide its athletes with its own national cuisine.

The village planning was as American as the construction. Five hundred of these four-man cottages (all women stayed at a Wilshire Boulevard hotel) were arranged in three giant conic ovals, each cottage separated from its neighbor 10 foot yard and from the street by a grassy yard complete with miniature palm tree.

Although ingenious in concept the finish pearance of the village alluded more to housing tracts or army camps than to the casualness of an old-world hamlet. The desi the buildings facing the main gate acknowl this problem. As a first impression, visitors ceived not prefab boxes but conventional struction with Spanish motifs and red tile. Nevertheless, for the first time in Olympic rich and poor athletes alike all received the level of accommodations and training fac. The Olympic Village was a great success in hering the egalitarian spirit of the Games. came a requirement at all future Olympics.

With the 1932 Games, the Olympic mo reached a new plateau of stability. All of t portant elements envisioned by Goubertin place. Over the next 50 years the reality Games would grow far beyond this 19th c dream. For the Olympics that followed t Angeles Games, Adolf Hitler had bigger air promoting orange groves and sunshine—o harmony. He was promoting national so and his own cult of personality. The Berlin became the most extravagant and well-production to that date. After the hiatus ca the war, booming economies and expandin nological horizons allowed Olympic design reach new limits. Spaces became wider, more complex, and structural expression m. It was hoped that each would function for its host city both during the Olympics yond the Games as well. But more than th structure was meant to be an enduring sy the wealth and vision of the city it repre
The scope of the program is impressive. The official “look” of the 23rd Games appears at over 30 sport venues and art festival sites scattered within a 100-mile radius of downtown Los Angeles. “The design program,” according to the Los Angeles Olympic Organizing Committee (LAOOC), “will have a full range of applications—from sporting facilities and field-of-play equipment to printed event programs and concessionaire accessories. It will also be applied to street decorations and highway signage.”

The Jerde Partnership of Los Angeles has supervised environmental design, Sussman/Prejza & Company of Santa Monica has been responsible for graphics, Larry Klein of LAOOC has directed print graphic projects. A small army composed of more than 60 venue architects, designers and artists has implemented the program under the watchful eyes of six “look coordinators.”

In late July, if all goes according to plan, Los Angeles will have been transformed by a party-cake classicism. It is as ambitious as anything undertaken by the Baron de Haussman, but it lasts only two weeks. It is Festive Federalism.

The program required a design that would be cheap and easily assembled. The challenge was to make a virtue of necessity, to emphasize the ile, festive quality of what would only be temporary construction. The response was a kit of

This kit includes fabric structures a stripped classicism recalls not so much the American Federal style as it does the razion of Aldo Rossi. Cardboard columns are used these structures or combined with simple elements to form small gateways; these are also applied in rows to define ceremonial approaches enclosures. Tinkertoy towers, monumental and great walls are formed of scaffolding and rated with backdrops, banners and bunting.

The materials used—cloth, cardboard, prengineered metal—give the kit some of the aspect of a basic design problem. When combined they can produce architectonic structures and intelligence.

These structures are interpreted in a scheme colors dominated by magenta but including million, chrome yellow and aqua. A lighter of “Mediterranean” colors is used as background white completes the palette as a “dignified”

This scheme pretends not only to represe local, heterogenous culture of Los Angeles
the international character of the Olympics, truth of this rather redundant claim is that the tte seems to derive from the private, if none-
ness sophisticated, taste of Deborah Sussman Paul Prejza. Graphically, these colors are ex-
sed in a prescribed arrangement of “stars and “ adapted from the “Star in Motion” logo de-
d by Robert Runyan in 1980. Certainly the r achievement of the graphic design is the sormation of a conventional and literal em-
to an exciting and abstract pattern.
s admirable as this palette and kit of parts may one cannot help but notice that these games not be remembered in some significant, en-
construction. The 1932 games had their en,
the Memorial Coliseum designed by Par-
on and Parkinson, which dominates the en-
pment at Exposition Park and will survive its orary neighbors; the current games have no memento.
hen asked if he felt any twinge of conscience it this omission, architect Jon Jerde responded effect that the games would be remembered evision. The significance of such a statement ot be underestimated, for television acted as a ficant determinant in this Olympic design.

The design of the sports venues has been considered for its photogenic quality, and the money and at-
tention were paid where it would be noticed. Whether or not it was intentional, the simple shapes and strong color of Festive Federalism should sur-
ive the crude resolution of the one-eyed monster. Given the competition between a local audience of thousands and a television audience of millions, is it any surprise that there is more art direction than architecture in the Olympics?

The irony of this position lies in the real achievements of the design program. It schedules a series of monuments based on pedestrian move-
ment in a city scaled for the automobile; it intro-
duces a bold color scheme in a city notable, with a notorious blue exception, for its lack of architec-
tural color; it uses cloth, among other materials, to weave a delicate fabric among the widely varying and dispersed elements of the local landscape. There may not be much traditional architecture here, but there is certainly a great deal of urban design. The fact that you can have one without the other says more about Los Angeles than any color palate.

Bruno Giberti
For well over a year, the Los Angeles arts community has speculated on the fermenting effects that this summer’s Olympic Arts Festival will have had on local culture after the hisses and huzzahs have died down. Part of the business of an international arts festival is, after all, to venture beyond the proven crowdpleasers and warhorses and to bring in artists whose visions are startling, controversial, even heretical. Arts Festival boss Robert J. Fitzpatrick has fulfilled this mission to some extent, and the probable legacy will be a much expanded, even exploded, definition of dance and theater. Watch for three companies in particular to offer aggressively new and eccentric ideas of what can happen on (and beyond) a theatrical stage—especially once the dotted line between dance and theater has been erased altogether: Pina Bausch’s Wuppertaler Tanztheater from Germany, Tadeusz Kantor’s Cricot 2 from Poland, and Sankaijuku from Japan.

It’s sobering to realize that this avant-garde flank (foreign division) has the distinction of representing the darker side of the Festival. Together, they point to a new climate of disturbing, assaultive postures—a climate already prevailing in some art zones, and imminent in others. (Neo-Expressionism is the term in vogue among art world cognoscenti, but by now it’s a bloated label that obscures more than it clarifies). Plotting the parallels among these far-flung experimental troupes, it’s tempting to deduce trends: each challenges the audience, with its own set of shock tactics, to confront death. (Kantor even refers to his current phase as the “Theatre of Death”). And each creates a world that is, in varying degrees, violent, obsessively ritualized, nightmarish, perversely erotic and grotesque. Grotesque in the manner of the theater of the absurd, where exaggeration of the mundane reveals its underlying horror. There are flashes of high and low comedy to relieve the anxiety (and boredom in some stretches), but the real pleasures and illuminations lie in each group’s unique brand of melancholia. These are the performers who want not so much to entertain as to haunt their audiences.

BY MICHAEL KURCFELD
Kokyu combines ancient and modern attitudes.
Pina Bausch has never been to California before, but she may seem familiar to anyone who has seen Fellini’s latest film, “And The Ship Sails On.” Bausch plays the blind, ethereal princess who reads colors in people’s voices. In real life, she demonstrates equally uncanny perceptions of humanity in dance-theater pieces that have already earned the loudest global acclaim in decades for a German ballet company. The wonderful twist is that Bausch’s classically-trained dancers do just about everything except ballet, in the conventional sense. Common gestures and comportment convey her tragicomic view of contemporary man and woman better than technically flawless pas de deux. In one of her most daring works, “1980,” her 37 performers of numerous nationalities joke, eat, sing, act, confess, scream, fantasize, strip, “sunbathe” and serve formal tea to audience members. The meandering four-hour masterpiece emerges as a mock-Proustian game of resurrected childhood rituals and their analogous adult fixations, during which the dancers are revealed as vulnerably real persons. Bausch has in fact collected their actual traumas and psychic tics as raw material during “rehearsals” by getting the ensemble to improvise around them. Out of these figments and fragments have sprung her central themes: alienation, isolation, the battle of the sexes, the bondage of conformity and the hypocrisy that lives between public and private actions. Bausch’s idiom is human contact, ruptured in a thousand ways. A man wraps his wife around his shoulders like a scarf, reducing her to an accessory. Another man and woman, strangers signalling erotic desire across an empty room, strip for each other without ever taking the risk of crossing the room to touch.

Again, in “1980,” Bausch divines the roots of insecurity, sexual ambivalence and all the anxieties and codes that stunt rapport. They lie in the inner moods, montage and an offbeat repertoire of scenic tricks. Bausch further amplifies her danse verite with unorthodox lighting tactics, period tawdry-formal costuming, winking Brechtian exposed staging, incursions into the audience space, and a maniacal range of taped music.

One sympathetic nerve that links the shadowy moods of these three companies is a type of national temperament. German, Polish and Japanese directors (and these are all director-centered productions) have developed their aesthetic in nations that have endured centuries of bloody political struggle. The reality from which they shape their work is deeply rooted in military devastation, post-war dismemberment, fascism, economic chaos, and the personal tragedy that multiplies out from these conditions. Poland, in particular, has been an impenetrable wound in endless power contests, carved up at times almost to extinction. To say that its intelligentsia has been “disillusioned” understates its elemental despair and paranoia. In this abyss, Kantor creates the macabre burlesques of Cricot 2. The first Cricot (an anagram of the Polish word for circus) was founded by Kantor and a coterie of experimental painters and poets during the Nazi occupation. Pieces were staged in private homes. Kantor was, and still is, a dada-minded visual art-ist who initially just designed the sets—fashion with sleeky detritus similar to early Kienholz leaux. Cricot 2, founded in 1956, became a drive vehicle for the various manifested phases of Kantor’s anti-theater credo: Informal, Zero Theater, Happenings, Impossible Theater, and, since 1978, Theater of Death. Kantor has taken from Alfred Jarry, Antonin Artaud and the surdists (he is a Polish Ionesco). He has been found guilty of eastern Europe’s Roman Expressionist warp, and by the Polish aesthetic intellectual puzzles and visual weirdness: anti-alist modes that camouflage political criticism under censoring regimes.

Kantor’s signal work is “The Dead Class.” Like virtually all of Kantor’s creations, based on Stanislaw Witkiewicz (“Witkacy”), an extraordinary post-WWI artist-writer just now discovered in the West, Kantor creates a turn-of-the-century classroom, in which 12 mented and demoralized old people assiduously.datifed identities: Somnambulist Prostitute, Man Exhibitionist, Woman With a Mechanic Cradle, etc. In the course of the play, these harried ghouls recite nonsensical lessons, throw one another, wail, writhe, etc., abruptly enter and exit, contort their faces, sometimes mutate into yet other identities (C woman becomes Chorus Girl).

It is a clamorous limbo reminiscent at tim the last scenes of “Marat/Sade.” One character cries out, “This is all a terrible dream, a nightmare!” All the while, Kantor himself presides over the stage as pedagogue-conductor, prodding his perky skilled performers to a perfect piteous mortification. Cricot’s freakshow is a three-act attack: it translates Poland’s own purgatory as the decapitation of this student body of damned. It grimaces in the face of polite the
non gestures convey Bausch's tragicomic view

Kantor, theater as art is an elaborate fort game whose problem is to pose all of its ments in a tensile, precarious equilibrium. But t2 is also reckoned as a means to get at an-truths through a violent friction between the land and the profane. Behind each taboo, Kantor us corps meet the savage, irrational nub of the primitive that invented the first mystic. Those doppelgangers that Kantor plants on performers' backs are little Franksteins that id us of the vilest taboo: the human soul can manufactured or suppressed. It is an invio-mystery that will always have the last word, ly or catastrophically.

Kaijuku tracks a similar ground. It is another like horror show that tries to break through y and arrive at something transcendental. Internationally-esteemd group, under the ship of Ushio Amagatsu, practices the Buto style of dance-drama—an arresting blend of an-cient and modern attitudes. Conceived in the post-Hiroshima era, Buto has evolved from a violent, often sadistic expression to its more restrained present form. It borrows, if somewhat furtively, from traditional Japanese drama (like Noh and Kabuki) the idea of the performer as a kind of ascetic, practicing slow, precise, often-exaggerated movements that are nonetheless fluid and emotionally charged. Buto shifts gears to modern by allowing real facial expressions to replace archetypal masks (although the expressions run to things like silent screams and stoic vacancy), by pursuing original choreographic invention, and by embracing 20th century paradoxes. Although Sankaijuku's performers move in the enlightened, elastic language of modern dance, its busines is timeless: death, primal initiation, suffering, organic evolution. With the rarest economy of means, Amagatsu and his men construct images that are potent and unforgettable. In "Jomon Sho" ("An homage to prehistoric Japan"), the opening sequence has the five figures descend from the flies, suspended upside down by ropes tied to their ankles. Once earthbound, they move about on the spartan stage like somnambulists, their heads shaven, their skin powdered with white ash, their bodies barely covered in coarse linen. In their liq-uid, trance-like motions, they shift in the mind from erotic sculpture to phantoms of a spirit world to monks observing primeval ceremonial rites. The atmosphere is intensified by haunting, minimalist music and the severe contrasts of sharp-focus lighting. At one sudden moment, four spears fall simultaneously from the darkness above the stage into its faintly lit corners while a lone figure twists in a small patch of light at center-stage. At another point, two immense rings are manipulated by the men with subtle movements of spears. Elsewhere four figures wriggle across the stage in sacks with fish skeletons attached. Whereas Bausch and Kantor grope through childhood memories, Sankaijuku reaches back to memories before birth. Specters of self-defilement, homoerotic allusions, tormented and sinister undulations have incited critics to find comparisons in Baudelaire, Lautreamont and Genet. And so there is, if spectators can survive the first vivid abrasions, a fine poetic madness that may serve as an antidote to blas tradition and Festival blab.

Michael Kurcfeld is a Los Angeles-based writer.
FLOCKS POPULI

Sam the Eagle, the Disney-designed mascot of the 1984 Olympics, has become as familiar a visage as Santa Claus. Endowed with a plethora of anthropomorphic virtues—patriotism, cheerfulness, physical fitness—he is a calculatedly endearing little fellow whose appeal is by no means confined to children. The win-one-for-the-Gipper attitude that Sam conveys makes him more a spiritual icon than a sporting one. As Aesop wrote, "It is not only fine feathers that make fine birds." But Sam’s bonhomie is tried with his appearance on a score of souvenirs: wardrobes of tee shirts, jackets and hats, pantries of platters, mugs, shot glasses and saltcellars, and the predictable glut of inutile knickknocks—diaries, key rings, bookmarks, toothpick holders. There is, so to speak, an eagle for every pot. And sales are booming. Like cultural cannibals, we are eager consumers of our symbolic selves. Sam, as the favorite son of the Olympics, is as dependent on his audience as a well-meaning candidate is upon his constituency. In the public’s zealous embrace, his charisma is in danger of suffocation. Of the people, by the people, and especially for the people; such is Sam.

Leslie Clagett
# Lota

Designer: Eileen Gray - 1924

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Contemporary Art And Architecture
Los Angeles in Context

By Barbara Goldstein

When I first moved to Los Angeles, I would travel 200 to 300 miles in my car every week visiting people in various corners of the city, making trips to see monuments I had heard about. I knew that I had finally recovered from culture shock when I began to love staying home and talking on the telephone.

Los Angeles is a city of alienation. It is a city of private places, of secrets very few people can share. The real city of endlessly sprawling neighborhoods remains largely undiscovered.

There is little public architecture, and that which exists is esthetically indifferent. With a few notable exceptions, most of the large new commercial buildings lack quality or thought. Due to a state of perpetual real estate speculation, most developers see buildings primarily as a way of increasing the value of their property and only secondarily as symbols of personal or civic pride. Although most Angelenos would recognize City Hall, Griffith Observatory or the Crystal Cathedral, they are usually oblivious to new buildings, unless they are shopping centers.

Despite this, in the last few years, the ‘cutting edge’ architecture of Los Angeles has received much critical attention. There have been two major American museums shows devoted to new California architecture, and a tremendous amount of space devoted to this work in the Japanese, American and European press. It is clear that the international architectural world knows more about Frank Gehry, Charles Moore, Morphosis or Eric Moss than do the people in the own city.

The people who live in Los Angeles know the city through that part they touch directly. The visitor sees an entirely different view. To the ordinary tourist, Los Angeles is Disneyland, Grauman’s Chinese Theatre, Universal Studios. To the architectural devotee, it is the Eames House, the Pacific Design Center, the Watts Towers. None of these really affects the average Angeleno. They are monuments on the landscape isolated by time and distance. But more overwhelming than the physical place is the image that people have of it. As the center of the world’s largest movie industry, Los Angeles has provided enough settings to create a strong, preconceived image of the city, one which is bigger and more flamboyant than the place itself.

So it is, to a certain extent, with Los Angeles’ avant-garde architects. While their built work is small in scale and largely unknown in its own city, its reputation is worldwide. Its authors understand the power of the media, and have actively pursued publication. Eventually, through the trickle-down effect of the international press, the ideas they are promoting may receive local recognition, but by then they will have passed into the vernacular.

Media creation of architecture is not new to Los Angeles. The Case Study Houses promoted by Arts and Architecture magazine were better known abroad than in their own neighborhoods. Richard Neutra built his reputation in his European lecture tours. The real impact of Neutra or the Case Study Houses was hardly felt in Los Angeles at all.

This is not to suggest that the work of the avant-garde is without value. Far from it, for these architects are experimenting with unique ideas and formal problems. However, the area in which their experimentation is taking place is largely esoteric. Theirs is an architecture whose concern is architecture itself, an aesthetic exercise rather than a practical or social one. Their architecture is as private as the city.

Whereas the palette used by East Coast and European Postmodernists is largely historicist and decorative, in Los Angeles it is ‘contextual.’ Because of the fact that both builders and society architects in Los Angeles have a long tradition of historical pastiche, it requires a funkier vocabulary to produce a recognizably original architecture. Academic historicism would be invisible Los Angeles. It takes a sense of irony and the surreal for an architect’s work to be noticed.

The most visible new architecture in Los Angeles, therefore, has a high graphic quality. It is created either for the quick impression from the car, for the trained eye of the architectural photographer. A successful facade not subtle; and, if it is simple and classical, like Studio Works’ Galosi studio, it has to be ironic in its means of construction. Even if it is brash, like Eric Moss’s Petal House, or Morphosis’ 2-4-6-8, it’s also got to be sly. It is impossible to miss the surreal quality of a house with its roof bursting open, another with its brightly painted windows growing progressively larger.

Most of the avant-garde architects are stylistics, and although they in their recent label that it is, their ability to style their buildings, to elaborate the broad ideas in built detail, which distinguishes their work from that of peers. While some, like Studio Works and Eugene Kupper, may base the concepts on historic models, the freshness of their ideas relies on their new use of materials. These are designers who are able to create architectural ord through the use of rough painted stucco, wooden lathes, spiralling sewer pipe asphalt roofing, glass brick and molded gypsum board—ordinary materials used in unexpected ways.

Frank Gehry’s architecture, on the other hand, is bold and gestural rather than intended to be perceived in detail. It is more clearly about the collision ideas and forms and the making of plans than about stylistic refinement. Child of the Modern movement, Gehry initially developed its simplification for a bold new expressionism. Eventually, that expressionist impulse carried him into more representational areas. While his early projects we abstract in composition, symbolic elements have begun to creep into his recent, village-like schemes.

Frank Gehry’s boldness and flexible mind has been an inspiration to other architects, who have sometimes developed his ideas on a very literal level. Was Gehry who first really explored the use of “ordinary” materials in buildings—chain link, wired glass, exposed studs, corrugated metal. Fr Fisher, a former Gehry employee, leaned heavily on this vocabulary for Caplin house. Gehry’s own house, a witty dialogue between old and new, is an entirely fresh attitude towards house conversion. Eric Moss Petal House, although far more refined in execution than the Gehry house owes it a great conceptual debt.

Furthermore, Gehry’s idea of architecture as art has made the role of the architect/artist acceptable. While some, like Fred Fisher, walk the tightrope between practice and fine art, others have clearly moved beyond architecture. Roland Coate has dropped out to become a serious full-time painter. C Howard, while producing some built projects, seems mainly to be preoccupied with architecture as the subject matter for his poetic assemblages and photographs.

Eric Moss, however, has developed a new strand which has been adopted a cosmic level by many of his former students and colleagues. Moss elaborates the architecture of the tacky: the dumb vocabulary of the tract house and dingbat apartment. Without relying on the corny decorative motifs of 50s architecture—the boomerangs, palettes, or atomic sunbursts—he has adopted devices such as the scored stucco grid, aluminum frame windows a gaudy colors to make an ironic comment on suburbia. While his materials: his use of them is extremely sophisticated; his work has a narrat value which is easily deciphered. His own 708 house spells out its add (Continued on page 56)
romantic images of San Francisco are remarkable for the absence of tectural monuments. Picture London and Big Ben snaps into view, New has the World Trade Center, Paris has the Eiffel Tower. But try the same an Francisco and the background blues. Do we expect the portico of the 'ance Hotel? The Ferry Building tower? The Victory Monument in n Square?

none of these choices sounds right, it is because what identifies San cisco is its streetscape, not great buildings. The adman's stock-in-trade he vistas of North Beach rooftops, the rows of Victorian facades. And ly so. The powerful sense of place one feels in the Bay region is a func of light, water and topography, only secondarily owing to a vernacular ling tradition in remarkable harmony with the landscape. There are few guished public buildings. In the city, success has been achieved not in tectural but in urbanistic terms: in the revitalized Beaux Arts Civic er, in well-defined neighborhoods, in a comprehensible pattern of streets illeys, and in a stock of wood and stucco houses that are distinctive in the gate, rarely in the individual case.

young architects nurtured in the climate of international postmodern-the attractive texture of San Francisco seems to have a sobering effect, at when compared to their southern California counterparts. Absent are the gesture, the bitter wit and provocatively personal touches common to a ger generation of LA architects. Rather, in northern California the indi alistic architectural gesture seems to be the province of old men, from k Lloyd Wright's posthumous Marin Civic Center, through Philip John pink checkerboard Neiman-Marcus.

raps the culture of the Bay Area does not encourage avant-gardism. If look around for the figure of the avant-garde architect, that aesthetic tor straining to make his mark on a hostile environment, you aren't going id him here. The adversary relationship to the landscape that infused the of Frank Gehry or Frederick Fisher and gives it tension is absent in the s, where the architectural tradition emphasizes harmony with the setting. uch about the Bay Area regional style, from the dominance of wood as a rial to its roots in wood-frame building types, makes alienation from the n unusual position for the architect in northern California.

riting to young architects, it is evident that they don't feel alienated. e are a number of foreign-born and educated practitioners on the t South African Stanley Saitowitz, Austraian Mark Mack and Hanns a British-trained Andrew Batey. What such people say about the Bay is how grateful they are to be there. They are forces in a community of rically-conscious young architects who respect the tradition of the re although they tend to disclaim a place within it.

for the effect of postmodernism, it is especially difficult to be avant in a place where the bywords of today's (postmodern) avant-garde- xualism, historicism and eclecticism are part of a visible tradition. prominence of Bernard Mayeck, the most widely known figure from the Area's past, means that eclecticism and classicism are hardly exotic no. A monument like Mayeck's Palace of Fine Arts takes fanciful classi all the way back to 1915. His Berkeley Christian Science Church, that il of Asian and European styles, is too unique to be retroactively dubbed modern, but it contributes to a context in which Corinthian capitals and r windows are not going to shock anybody.

postmodernism has changed the face of downtown San Francisco, it is use of a trickle-up affect. The establishment, not the avant-garde, have the ones to employ the repertoire of postmodern devices, and make them visible in the downtown. Philip Johnson's recent San Francisco work is a short course in corporate postmodernism, including a sculptured skyscraper in his cylindrical 101 California tower, classical statuary and a mansard roof at the 580 California tower, and Italianate checkerboard facade in the controversial Neiman Marcus store on Union Square. The San Francisco SOM office is taking the lead in re-popularizing corporate classicism with their loggia for the Federal Reserve Building and the barrel-vaulted Crocker Galleria. Increasingly, one recognizes local historicist quotes in new corporate buildings. A rosy palette has taken over downtown, along a burgeoning of granite, marble and other quality materials in a mid-rise building by Kaplan/ McLaughlin/Diaz.

A most strident instance of the new historicism is the six new projects incorporating the façades of classical revival banks. With the mumification of the Beaux Arts rotunda of the old City of Paris store in Johnson's Neiman Marcus, this kind of façade fetishism is a symptom of the museum complex that plagues a city as snog about its tradition as San Francisco can be.

Taking their inspiration from such tradition are some architects working on a smaller scale. One of the intriguing aspects of the Bay Area is that it ex press both the most urban and most rural strains in California. There is the famous "cosmopolitan" urbanism of San Francisco (and smaller northern California towns as well) with their intact downtowns, Mediterranean-fla vored public buildings, and unified residential neighborhoods. Then there is the history of early agriculture in northern California, which has left behind examples of barns, farmhouses, and wineries in a late-19th-century idiom. As reworkings of these urban and rural traditions, William Turnbull and Daniel Solomon stand out as architects taking their inspiration from two kinds of vernacular building types.

A modernist working in the San Francisco town house tradition, Solomon manipulates the façade elements of the structure: its bay windows, claboard siding, and stairwell entries according to a sophisticated modernist geometry. His Vaudwter condominiums and Union Street town house are recognizable heirs to the wood-frame house. Solomon's use of traditional façade elements, though mannered, does not depend on the inflations of scale that have become the trademark of postmodern historicism. In redevelopment work, Solomon extends his brand of contextualism to the traditions of the San Francisco street, attempting to reproduce the pattern of unbroken façades with designs that mass parking in the back.

With a less self-conscious approach to the vernacular city house, Donald McDonald has produced low-cost infill housing that takes its cues from the pitched-roof shape of the city's Craftsman cottages, although his use of build ing material for the sake of its rough texture is more common to LA than San Francisco.

In 1967, MLTW's Sea Ranch Condominiums made the northern Californian barn into an icon of the good life, since modified by Charles Moore into a placeless, pictorial residential style. Lately, William Turnbull has been work ing with much-purified versions of the indigenous building. His Napa Valley Cakebread Cellars Vineyards is a low-slung structure in heavy timber construction with vertical barn dormers. At Fisher Vineyards in Sonoma the only decorative elements are the 19th century style casement windows.

Since they also work in the Napa Valley, Andrew Batey and Mark Mack would seem candidates to inherit the rural vernacular Turnbull is pursing. But a generation divides them. Batey and Mack appeal to a more rigorously theoretical and cosmopolitan notion of rural tradition. In using cinder block (Continued on page 56)
The following is a selective guide to significant new places, buildings and public art in California. It is an attempt to present the most important visual landmarks in the state, and it includes examples of buildings designed by most of the architects mentioned in the accompanying essays.

Making a judgement about which places to include or exclude is always problematic, and of necessity somewhat arbitrary. We have excluded from the list places which are difficult to find or to see, and places about which we could not obtain sufficient information. In cases where a particular architect had built a great deal of work in one geographic area, we included only the most accessible or representative examples.

We would like to thank Helene Fried of the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art and Los Angeles art writer Michael Kurekfeld for their suggestions about public art. Herb McLaughlin and Alex Bonniti, along with their team from Kaplan/McLaughlin/Diaz were invaluable both in the initial formulation of this project and in assembling a list of buildings, shops and restaurants in Northern California and the Bay Area. We are very grateful to them for their assistance.

- Architecture
- Public Art
- Restaurant, Gallery, Shop

San Diego County

Central Library
UC San Diego, La Jolla. William L. Pereira Associates, 1970. This library in the form of an inverted concrete pyramid serves as the focus of the university campus.

Photograph: Wayne Thon

Pacific Wine Bar
480 Market St., San Diego. Rob Wellington Quigley, 1982. Behind its partially preserved, Gas Lamp Quarter facade, a collage of styles and colors creates a sophisticated, contemporary environment.

Photograph: Lane Myer

Pig with a Purple Eyepatch
3030 Laurel St., San Diego. PAPA, 1982. A "collapsing" fence, an arched trellis, and an eccentric use of color add wit to an ordinary bungalow addition.

Photograph: Lane Myer

Saska's Star of the Sidewalk

Photograph: Jane Litz

Stuart Collection
U.C. San Diego, La Jolla. 1982—present. Sculpture by Niki de St. Phalle and site-specific installations by Richard Fleischner and Robert Irwin are the first pieces of this major campus art collection.

Photograph: Lane Myer

Orange County

California Scenario

Photograph: Grant Mudford, opposite

San Francisco County

Fantasyland
Disneyland, Buena Park. WED Enterprises, 1983. Disney's set designers have created a snug, half-timber village in the style of suburban Orange County.

Fluor Corporation
3333 Michelson Drive, Irvine. Welton Becket Associates, 1977. Alongside the freeway, a misty, mirror-glass office complex appears to have landed from outer space.

Garden Grove Community Church/Crystal Cathedral

Pacific Federal Plaza
1901 Newport Blvd., Costa Mesa.
Archer-Hannifin-Hannifin
Rospace Group
321 Jamboree Ave., Irvine.
 teng the freeway, a symmetrical
position of pavilions, towers and
towers expresses the monumental na-
and of a high-tech plant in a Beaux
fashion.

Jamboree junction, Newport Beach.
Interpreted in a regional idiom of
stucco and tile, a couple housing clus-
ters echo the geography of the site.

Jamboree junction, Newport Beach.
Interpreted in a regional idiom of
stucco and tile, a couple housing clus-
ters echo the geography of the site.

Los Angeles County

San Juan Capistrano Library
31595 El Camino Real,
San Juan Capistrano.
Michael Graves, 1983.
An arced court yard, reading gaze-
boos, processional spaces and interior
polyehsare establish a kinship with
the old mission a block away.
Photograph: Bruce Brehmer

Dutch Gothic
1120 Huntington Dr., San Marino.
Collins and Wright, 1982.
A cozy, revival-style office building
graces a boulevard in suburbia.

Shogun of Japan
Peter's Landing, 16390 Pacific Coast
Highway, Huntington Beach.
Sussman/Prejza, Inc., 1983.
A simple, brightly-colored Japanese
restaurant by the designers who pro-
vided the color scheme and signage
for this waterside shopping center.

Crash Cadillac
Hardrock Cafe, 8600 Beverly Blvd.,
Los Angeles.
Peter Morton, 1982.
A boulevard boat stops less elegant
cars from the roof of an enormously
trendy coffee shop.

DeBretteville/Simon Houses
8067-71 Willow Glen Dr.,
Los Angeles.
Peter DeBretteville, 1976.
A pair of loftlike, steel-framed
houses sharing a common outdoor
stairway.

Susan Spiritus Gallery
522 Old Newport Blvd.,
Newport Beach.

Hollywood Area

The History of Los Angeles
Tujunga Wash between Coldwater
Canyon and Burbank Blvd., North
Hollywood.
Judith Baca and others, 1978 to
present.
An ongoing project by artists and
volunteer youth records the rich eth-
nic history of the city.
Janus Gallery
8000 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles.
Coy Howard, 1980.
The facade of the Los Angeles headquarters for Memphis furniture sports a peeled-down corner which recalls SITE's Best Products showroom in Richmond, Virginia.

Photograph: Steven Rothfield

California cooking served in its de rigueur environment—an austere white space dominated by brash contemporary art but boasting the city's preeminently punk aquarium.

Expensive nouvelle cuisine, contemporary art and fresh flowers in a cleaned-up light industrial building.

Sunar Hauserman Showroom
8687 Melrose Ave., Suites 206 and 207, Los Angeles.
Michael Graves, 1981.
A theatrical series of architectonic interiors provides the backdrop for the sale of expensive contract furniture.

Photograph: Tim Street-Porter

Contemporary row houses are interpreted in a Santa Monica-style position of dominating stair tower.

John McEnroe
Hollywood Blvd., east of Vine, Los Angeles.
Barry Blue and Adam Luftig, 1984.
One of a series of immensely innovative murals celebrating the running shoe and those who wear it.

Photograph: Marvin Rand

Sunar Hauserman Showroom
Photograph: John Pasker

Pacific Design Center
8687 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles.
Best known as the Blue Whale, this long, extruded building contains the city's most spectacular escalator.

Photograph: Marvin Rand

Los Angeles West

Caplin House
229 San Juan Ave., Venice.
Designed by a former Gehry employee, this collaged dwelling has a blue vaulted roof reminiscent of a houseboat.

Photograph: Tim Street-Porter

Photograph: Steven Rothfeld; page 40

Starsteps
Metromedia, 5746 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles.
John David Mooney, 1981.
Posing a striking contrast to an ordinary, low-rise office building, a white metal and light sculpture gestures to passing freeway drivers.

Photograph: Tim Street-Porter

Federal Aviation Building
15000 S. Aviation Blvd., El Segundo.
A slick and shiny building extols how the Silvers got their name.

Melrose Shopping District
Melrose Ave. between Fairfax and La Brea, Los Angeles.
The Rodeo Drive of trendiness includes a good number of challenging store designs.

Photograph: Tim Street-Porter; opposite

Muse Restaurant
7360 Beverly Blvd., Los Angeles.
1983.

Muse Restaurant
Photograph: Tim Street-Porter

Trumps Restaurant
8764 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles.
1980.

Fall of Icarus
Market St. at Pacific, Venice.
The scene is an abandoned drive-in theater in the desert.

Gagosian Gallery
and Residence
51 Market St., Venice.
Studio Works (Craig Hodgetts, Robert Mangurian), 1981.
An austere gray facade conceals dramatic rotunda-courtyard.

Gehry House
1022 22nd St., Santa Monica.
Kappe House
715 Brooktree, Pacific Palisades.
Raymond Kappe, 1968.
A sculptural, multi-level composition in wood, set into a hillside.
Photograph: Julius Schulman

Spiller Duplex
39 Horizon Ave., Venice.
A pair of corrugated steel-clad houses that makes the most of its long, narrow site.
Photograph: Tim Street-Porter

Michael's Restaurant
1147 Third St., Santa Monica.
1979.
Expensive nouvelle cuisine is served in a spacious, light-filled environment decorated with pedigreed contemporary art.
Photograph: Steven Rothfeld

St. Matthew's Parish Church
1030 Bienvenida,
Pacific Palisades.
Moore Ruble Yudell, 1983.
Built on the foundations of predecessor destroyed by fire, this residential looking church has structurally complex, sunlit interiors.
Photograph: Timothy Hursley/The Arkansas Office

Murphy Sculpture Garden
In front of the Wight Gallery,
UCLA, Los Angeles.
A campus collection includes work by a variety of artists.
Photograph: Anthony Hernandez; opposite

Suntech Townhomes
2433 Pearl, Santa Monica.
Urban Forms (David Van Hoy and Steve Andre), 1981.
High tech meets Luis Barragan in these tightly clustered condoniments.
Photograph: John Paxiter

Nilsson House
10549 Rocea Pl., Los Angeles.
The California shed roof meets Aldo Rossi’s gable.

Schulitz House
9356 Loydcrest Dr., Los Angeles.
Helmut Schulitz, 1975.
A dramatic, modular steel-framed house cantilevered over its steep, mountainous site.
Photograph: Steven Rothfeld

Verdi Restaurant
1519 Wilshire Blvd., Santa Monica.
Morphosis (Thom Mayne and Michael Rotondi), 1982.
Nuova cucina and light opera in a post-modern setting.
Photograph: Marvin Rand

2-4-6-8 House
Amorose Court, Venice.
Morphosis (Thom Mayne and Michael Rotondi), 1979.
A wryly mechanistic play on proportions, this garage addition has progressively larger windows on each of its four walls.
Photograph: Marvin Rand; opposite

Los Angeles Center

Bonaventure Hotel
404 S. Figueroa, Los Angeles.
A bundle of mirror-glass towers with a Piranesian series of public spaces on its lower floors.
Photograph: Steven Rothfeld

Crocker Center
300 block of S. Grand Ave., Los Angeles.
Skidmore Owings and Merrill, 1982.
A pair of knife-edged towers with a landscaped, art-filled pavilion at their base.
Photograph: Gerald Rotta

Bridal Couple
Broadway at Second St., Los Angeles.
Kent Twitchell, 1975.
Love is blue.

Cars, Hearts and Palm Trees
Hollywood Freeway at Alameda, Los Angeles.
Vibrant pastel tableaux captures several Los Angeles obsessions.
Photograph: Michael Webb

Dance Door
Music Center plaza, 100 block of Grand Ave., Los Angeles.
Standing forever ajar an 8½ foot high bronze door is decorated with human figures in cut-out and relief.

Downtown LA
Harbor Freeway at Wilshire, Los Angeles.
An artist's eye view of the city.
Photograph: Clyde Summerville

Estrada Court Murals
Olympic Blvd. and Lorena St., Los Angeles.
1970's.
Sadly, a series of bright, community painted murals are now marred by graffiti.
Photograph: Clyde Summerville

Four Arches
Security Pacific Plaza, 333 S. Hope St., Los Angeles.
Alexander Calder.
A swooping, red construction provides comic relief to a looming office tower. The base of this building is especially nice and boasts a monumental lobby that would make Hugh Ferris proud.
Photograph: Steven Rothfeld

Gorky's Restaurant
536 E. 8th St., Los Angeles.
1982.
A 24-hour, "Russian avant-garde" cafe serves the flower and downtown art community.
Photograph: Steven Rothfeld

Hai Chi Jin
Japanese Village Plaza, entrance First St. between San Pedro Central Avenues, Los Angeles.
An animated, asymmetrical construction sits in a simple pleasant commercial court.

Lita Albuquerque
Harbor Freeway at Seventh, Los Angeles.
Portrait of a Los Angeles sculptor.

Generators of the Cylinder
International Jewelry Center, 550 S. Hill St., Los Angeles.
An interactive light sculpture in...
CA Lightstick


s luminous sculpture is a vertical of brilliant red light which spells the words “MOCA” and “Mu-

Museum of Neon Art

704 Traction Ave., Los Angeles.

A collection of historic and artist-design light sculptures.

Photograph: Jayme Odgers

Olympic Arch


Two muscular figures of a man and woman surmount a spare arch encrusted with figures in two smaller scales.

Photograph: Deborah Meyers

Public Art


An art program with a budget of over a million dollars has arrayed on three levels sculpture by artists Mark DiSuvero, Michael Heizer, Frank Stella, Bruce Nauman and Robert Rauschenberg.

Photograph: Steven Rothfeld

Seventh Street Bistro


A charming, postmodern restaurant

Photograph: Bob Ware

Temporary Contemporary


A minimally altered warehouse that puts the city’s custom-designed museums to shame.

Photograph: Tim Street-Porter; opposite

Oaks College


Central California

Hat in Three Stages of Landing


Three enormous farmer’s hats float lazily across this city park.

A neat and tidy shingle clad essay that is perhaps the most polished of the Santa Cruz colleges.

**The Exploratorium**  
3601 Lyon St., San Francisco.  
San Francisco's science museum is currently featuring works by artists-in-residence Bob Bates, Nick Berton, Maggie Payne, and Clayton Bailey.  
Photograph: Susan Schwartzenberg

**Solar One**  
Mojave Desert, 12 miles southeast of Barstow.  
1982.  
Ostensibly the world's largest solar-thermal electric installation, this is also an elaborate, ritualistic sculpture.  
Photograph: McDonnell Douglas, opposite

**San Francisco Bay**

**Capp Street Residence and Project**  
65 Capp St., San Francisco.  
David Ireland, 1982.  
An artist-created, fortress-like residence, filled with light within, and now the home of a series of site-specific art installations.  
Photograph: Henry Bowles

**4th and Folsom Building**  
300 4th St., San Francisco.  
A modest office building with band windows salutes the street corner with its curved, glass-brick entrance volume.  
Photograph: Steven Rothfeld

**Garfield Elementary School**  
Filbert and Kearny St., San Francisco.  
Esherick Homsey Dodge and Davis, 1979.  
The Bay Area regional style is here interpreted in richly colored stucco.  
Photograph: Esto, Inc.

**Germania Street Houses**  
196-198 Germania Street, San Francisco.  
Donald MacDonald, 1984.  
A cheerful pair of low-cost, board-and-batten townhouses compliment the appearance of the neighborhood.

**Franks for the Memory**  
98 Mission St., San Francisco.  
A surreal, hot-dog-shaped, hot-dog restaurant.  
Photograph: Lew Wafth

**Gianni Versace Men's and Women's Stores**  
Crocker Center, 1 Montgomery West Tower, San Francisco.

**Hyatt Regency Hotel**  
5 Embarcadero Center, San Francisco.
Francisco. Portman & Associates, 1973. Plicated yet coherent, this atrium is one of the best efforts of theanner who almost singlehandedlyreed the form.

Richard Sexton

ssica McClintock

nn

n
condray Terrace
1 Union St. and 44 Macondray, San Francisco.

Modesto Lanzone

Photograph: Steven Rothfeld

P.S. P.S. Sculpture Park
Fort Mason, San Francisco. 1982. A series of large sculptures, including work by Charles Ginnever and Mark DiSuvero is situated on a spectacular site overlooking the bay.

Photograph: Roger Goss

San Francisco International Airport
North Terminal: works by Bruce Beasley and Joan Brown. Central Terminal: works by Dan Snyder and Joyce Kozloff. The airport's revolving exhibitions feature a variety of art forms.

Photograph: Gary Sinick

San Francisco Museum of Modern Art, Interiors.
War Memorial Building, Van Ness Ave. at McAllister St., San Francisco. Robinson Mills and Williams, 1980. An elegant and understated adaptation of several floors of a Beaux Arts building for use as an art museum.

Van Ness Plaza

William Stout Bookstore
804 Montgomery St., San Francisco. 1984. A De Stijl-like display area/sales counter form the focus of this treasure trove of architectural publications.

Photograph: Steven Rothfeld

Italian Cemetery
540 F St., Colma. Overstreet Rosenberg and Gray, 1970-present. A series of skylit, concrete and travertine mausoleums are unified by a dramatic, bermed base.

Photograph: Philip Welch, opposite

Primate Discovery Center
San Francisco Zoo, Sloat St. between Great Highway and Sunset, San Francisco.

Photograph: Lee Fotherree

P.S. Sculpture Park
Fort Mason, San Francisco. 1982. A series of large sculptures, including work by Charles Ginnever and Mark DiSuvero is situated on a spectacular site overlooking the bay.

Photograph: Roger Goss

Van Ness Plaza

Photograph: Rob Super

Hood Miller Associates, 1981. A dense cluster of skillfully designed townhouses with bay windows climbs a steep site.

Photograph: Matrix

Marquis Associates, 1984. Also known as San Simian North, this building is the product of a normally sedate firm gone bananas.

Photograph: Rob Super

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Marquis Associates, 1984. Also known as San Simian North, this building is the product of a normally sedate firm gone bananas.

Photograph: Rob Super
Oakland Area

Altamont Windmills
Altamont Pass, State Highway 580 near Livermore
A vast park of unintentional kinetic sculptures generates electricity from the wind.
Photograph: Steven Rothfeld, opposite

Duplex Cone
Arrowhead Marsh, Swan Way, San Leandro Bay, Oakland
Roger Berry, 1982.
A pair of partly-submerged, rusted metal cones.
Photograph courtesy of Bluxome Gallery

Sculpture Garden
Oakland Sculpture Project, Lake Merritt Channel Park, Oakland.
12 sculptures including works by Jeff Brosk, Jim Huntington, and Mark Di Suvero.
Photograph: M. Lee Fotherree

Wind Organ
Lawrence Hall of Science, U.C. Berkeley
Douglas Hollis, 1981.
A procession of metal poles delights the eyes and ears.

San Jose

Qume Corporation Building
2350 Qume Drive, San Jose
Hawley Peterson, 1979.
A crisp, low-slung building with an atrium court and a high-tech image suitable to its computer corporation inhabitants.
Photograph: Tim Street-Porter

State Office Building
100 Paso de San Antonio, San Jose
ELS Design Group, 1983.
An articulated, energy-efficient product of a governmental building program that has unfortunately been suspended.

Best Products (Notch Project)
Arden Mall, Sacramento
Semantic theorists deem this effort a wise crack, but its wit should appeal to professionals and lay people alike.
Photograph: John Pevlar

Somerset Parkside Housing
Between 10th and 11th Sts., P Sts., Sacramento
Van Der Ryn Calthorp and thews, 1984.
A thoughtfully conceived but entirely well built high-density, mixed-use and mixed-income development.

Northern California

Auberge Du Soleil
180 Rutherford Hill Rd., Rutherford.
Sandy Walker, 1981.
A contemporary hotel and restaurant in the style of a French chateau.
Photograph: Steven Rothfeld

Bateson Office Building
1600 Ninth St., Sacramento
The first and finest of the non-monumental, energy-conscious offices produced under the Brown administration’s ambitious building program.
Photograph: Rob Super

Larkspur Ferry Terminal
Sir Francis Drake Blvd., Lark Landing.
Braccia/deBrec/Heglund, 1976.
A high, white space-frame provisory shelter, this lacy arrow p across the bay to the ferry’s destination in San Francisco.
Photograph: Barbeau Engh

Plaza Street Cafe
109A Plaza St., Healdsburg
Michael Rubinstein, 1980.
A quiet, postmodern restaurant sandwiched into the long narrow space between two existing shops.
Photograph: Burton Pritzker

Cakebread Wineries
Highway 29, Daleville
MLTW/Turnbull, 1980.
This low-slung, weathered-wood building quietly extends a long tradition of vernacular structures.

54 ARTS + ARCHITECTURE
Los Angeles continued from page 34

with graphic elements on the sides visible from the street and the sequence of materials and forms of the Petal House carry on a dialogue with the neighbors and the nearby freeway. The real irony of Moss’s ideas, though, is that they are so easily copied on a superficial level that there is an entire generation of莫斯 imitations, lacking his wit, which have been built while he struggles to complete a few small projects.

Some of the architects in Los Angeles are developing a regionalism which explores Mediterranean roots. Periods of time spent in Rome have convinced Robert Mangurian to adopt classical models for his recent work, in particular the Venice Art Center. European travel and an academic interest in history have brought Morphosis to the same conclusion. Their proposal for Hermosa Beach is drawn from a model of the arced Italian town. This model is very appropriate to Los Angeles: but it is in Charles Moore’s extension to the Beverly Hills Civic Center that the idea will be most developed. Los Angeles has a long tradition of secret courtyards in apartment buildings, bungalow courts, churches and campuses. With the realization of the arced interlinking courtyards of the new civic center, this tradition will be revived on a public scale. Similar ideas have been explored by Michael Graves at the San Juan Capistrano library, and Frank Gehry at Loyola law school.

Although Los Angeles continues to fill its gaps, tearing down small buildings to replace them with larger ones, it will always be episodic and sprawling. Because of its infrastructure, the private neighborhoods will remain unruffled, and developers will continue to pursue the quick and dirty dollar. The work here described, while small scale and minimal in its local impact, begins to respond to the city. Its contextualism is appropriate, and its irony is a necessary answer to the bizarre nature of the place. Perhaps in time, as this architecture matures, it will have a real impact on Los Angeles. Until then, its influence on a new generation of architects will have to suffice.

Barbara Goldstein

San Francisco continued from page 37

and corrugated metal in houses like the Kildin Residence, the Anti-Villa, or their “Hut” for the 1981 San Francisco version of the Venice Biennale, they are using materials that fit in with those of their Valley neighbors. But the forms are not modeled on anything that exists there. When they talk about rural building, Batey and Mack are not thinking of the California barn, but the Mediterranean chái. Their historicism goes all the way back to the earliest forms of farm buildings and expresses an interest in prototypes.

As such, Batey and Mack are symptomatic of a generation with an international and scholarly sense of the historic that transcends any debt to the Bay Area regional style. They are typical of young architects who take pains to downplay the notion of regionalism as a working concept. Along with Stanley Saitowitz, and Mack’s fellow Austrian Hanns Kainz, these architects see themselves as part of an international architectural culture. They are intellectually rooted in classical building types and the abstract logic of spaces.

Saitowitz’s Storybook Winery, for instance, takes its imagery from the topography of its Calistoga setting, rather than any tradition of wineyard building, in California or elsewhere. Set against a hillside, the roofline of the winery imitates the curve of the hill. Other forms are borrowed from the accoutrements of the wine-making process, such as the shape of the barrels. Although Saitowitz is eloquent in his appreciation of the California landscape as an architectural inspiration, his notion of inspiration is vastly more abstract than what underlies most incarnations of the Bay Area regional style. Saitowitz approaches Wright in his feeling for organic forms. Whereas architects like Esherick and Wurster’s response to the Bay Area involved stylistic borrowings from rural building types (clapboard, verandas, double-hung windows, etc.) as well as an impulse to open the house onto its setting.

A definite anti-rural feeling is present, also, in the elegance these architects have achieved with materials like cinder block, corrugated metal and sewer pipes. The builder’s look may have been pioneered by Frank Gehry and his followers in Los Angeles but Batey and Mack have led the way in transforming their spirit into a vehicle for elegance in a conscious effort to cancel out their funky, incongruous aspects.

The true enemy of funk in northern California is Hanns Kainz. Like his fellow Viennese Hanns Hollein, Kainz has made his mark with gem-like boutiques that flaunt the sensual qualities of their materials. Kainz’ Jessica Mc Clintock shop on Sutter Street is a kind of polemic against funk and in favor of finish in every detail. Its façade, a rusticated arch in glass and Glassereite, is a tour de force in its achievement of sensuousness through contrasting textures.

On a more modest scale, Oakland’s Ace Architects’ “Figrare” ice cream parlor sets out to demonstrate the same moral, that low-cost architecture doesn’t have to look cheap. A high-gloss baulk in mirrors, spiral sewer pipes, and industrial tiles, it maximizes the entertainment aspect of the streetside cafe. However, a sense of the appropriate balances the postmodern exuberance of Figaro. In a speculative office building in Monterey, the team of Lucia Howard and I Weingarten returned to a rest regionalism in wood-trimmed s with Monterey verandas.

The tradition of artist/architect deep roots in northern Calif orner where the legends of Maybeck Charles Keeler are strong. But in present manifestations, the contributions to the avant-garde been far from outrageous. Elegar composition and careful detail the trademark of San Francisco ceptual artist-turned-builder | Ireland. His city houses on Capt: in the Mission District use corr: aluminum to achieve smooth s tural qualities, not texture.

The tradition of the artist/architect is probably most self-consciously ried out in the work of Thomas G. Smith, a young architecta Berkeley who spent an influentia at the American Academy in | An admirer of the historicist ho Maybeck and John Hudson Th Smith is one of the few of the yo generation who claims roots in the | tradition region. A classicist, Sm done some startling remodeling incorporate painted classical de in the interiors of track-stlye urban houses that draw upon the rative traditions from Rome th the Baroque. His cumulated Rich Hill house has been compar Maybeck’s Christian Science Chu a building where the highly artich elements dominate the ch without obscuring the expe | structure. Smith’s affinity for decorative impulses of the Barou him at one end of the spectr includes Hanns Kainz’ free-style sicism and Batey and Mack’s u standing of the spatial arrangemen classical building types. In its v manifestations, classicism seems the only tradition in which the eration of architects claims me | ship. Otherwise, it is ironic th present generation of San Fra architects declares itself fr | regionalism. There is little evide their work of the traditional d such as Craftsman or Mission B styles. Could this be the end of t Area regional style? They draw the existing architectural context only as an intellectual stimul not as a sourcebook.

Diana Ketchum is a staff crithe Oakland Tribune.
PAINTING THE TOWN

Good art doesn’t come in tidy packages, and official commissions—whether for corporate status or public uplift—are no guarantee that artists will do their best work. It would be nice to report that the Olympic murals on the freeways of downtown Los Angeles fulfilled their assigned goal of creating “a joyful introduction and a permanent memorial to the Games.” Muralists dream of blank walls the way surfers fantasize about the perfect wave. Alonzo Davis’ proposal to brighten the Hollywood and Harbor freeways, creating a fast-lane art gallery for millions of visitors and commuters, seemed an inspired idea. CalTrans provided the walls; the Olympic Arts Festival gave $17,000 to each of ten leading Los Angeles mural artists; Davis and his non-profit Brockman Productions coordinated the work. The results are disappointing. Few of the artists have achieved a good match of subject, style and site—which is the essence of the best murals. CalTrans’ sponsorship should be applauded, but its choice of sites was erratic. Survival on the freeway demands unremitting concentration: an underpass or exit ramp is not the place for a quick eyes-right. The murals of Judith Baca, Kent Twitchell and Roderick Sykes can be glimpsed for only a second, unless the Olympics bring downtown to a grinding halt. Other works are defeated by scale: even the largest are dwarfed by the vast expanses of walls, bridges and sky. Many of the designs are too busy or too simplistic to hold their own with the purposeful geometry of the freeway. Among the standouts are Frank Romero’s colorful procession of cars, hearts and palm trees, and Terry Schoonhoven’s meticulous mirror painting of the new downtown, augmented by classical ruins. Best of all is John Werhle’s outer space fantasy. An astronaut and fragments of classical architecture (adorned with the Olympic motto) float through the solar system, backed by a starry void. Instant judgements on these works may be unfair; even the poorly-sited or overly-complex could win status as favorite landmarks through repeated exposure. Visitors may be instructed to chart their course by Roderick Sykes’ vivid triptych or the skipping children of Glenna Boltuch, rather than by the exit number. A companion series of paintings has been commissioned by Nike as part of its Olympic advertising campaign. Joining its 40

BY MICHAEL WEBB
distinctive billboards are six oversized wall portraits of such sports stars as tennis champion John McEnroe, Dodger third baseman Pedro Guerrero, and marathon champion Mary Decker. Painted in photo-realist style by Barry Blue and Adam Luftig of San Francisco, each fills the entire side of a building—on Broadway, Hollywood Boulevard and around the Coliseum. As art they are unremarkable, but they have a presence that the more sophisticated freeway murals mostly lack.

These officially-supported projects are a far cry from the radical beginnings of LA murals, when painters took to the streets in reaction against the elitism of the art establishment. Young artists, some working alone, others in collaboration with community groups, used murals to protest racism and war, to express a personal vision, or neighborhood or ethnic pride, or simply to brighten drab streets. For a few years around 1970, there was an explosion of activity. In New York and Boston, projects were sponsored by the mayors' offices. In Chicago, on the west coast and in small cities across America, murals were a more spontaneous phenomenon. Many were done in opposition to authority and flouted standards of good taste.

The impact of this new wave paralleled that of the Mexican muralists of the 1920’s. There, in the early years of the republic, such artists as Diego Rivera, David Alfaro Siqueiros and Jose Clemente Orozco created a dramatic and popular new art form. Later, they worked in Depression-era America in a government-sponsored program to decorate the interiors of public buildings.

The American muralists of the 1970’s exerted a powerful influence in Europe, but were barely acknowledged at home. Foreign visitors eagerly sought their work, while many Americans were unaware of its very existence. It took a French filmmaker, Agnes Varda, to chronicle Los Angeles’ achievement in her documentary, _Mur, Murs_ (Wall, Walls). The title was suggestive: for most Angelenos, the murals were but a visual murmur, overwhelmed by the more prominent commercial signs and billboards.

In Los Angeles, which often looks like a movie set, colorful and impermanent, murals less obvious than in older, greyer cities. Most the early examples have faded under the immigrant sun and salt-laden air, have been obscured by new construction or paint. Some of the very best work by a group of four young artists called the Fine Arts Squad survives only in photographs, the startling vision of Venice under snow is but a brief from view. The “Beverly Hills Siddhartha,” ring a youth’s spiritual odyssey, briefly adorns a midtown nightclub until a new owner decides to whitewash it. Their most ambitious work can be seen, though its colors have faded. “California,” painted on the back wall of a West Angeles post office, is a hallucinatory view state hurled into the ocean by the major quake that everyone expects will occur in the next 30 years.

But much else remains, and the spirit is alive. Terry Schoonhoven, lone survivor of the early wave, shows that there is life in LA murals if they are given half a chance.
Arts Squad, puts it succinctly: “I like painting Los Angeles. The air is thick and light and times hazy, allowing me to paint a dreamlike .” His dreams found eloquent expression in a show at the Koplin Gallery, where he displayed sketches of prospective murals that would form six specific downtown sites. They included an apocalyptic vision of the city inundated kid, and another in which it has succumbed to light and horsemen ride through sand-clogged drifts. Another depicted the skyline upside down, a car falling from the sky; a fourth, in mock-illusion to monster movies, showed a facade that is as unreal as a mirage. Wrapped around the walls of Farmer John’s meat packing plant, the first mural is still in splendid shape. The company commissioned “Hog Heaven”: a panorama of pigs at climbing ladders, peering through windows, driving through the drab industrial landscape for half a mile along the Tujunga Wash, flanking Coldwater Canyon Avenue in the San Fernando Valley. Since its inception in 1976, the project has been sponsored by SPARC, a nonprofit Venice arts group. It was proposed by the Army Corps of Engineers, and the first phase was executed by 80 teenagers, supervised by nine artists. In 1978, Judith Baca, a veteran of city mural programs, took over as project director and fundraiser. “History” remains a group effort: a powerful expression of LA’s ethnic evolution and a learning experience for disadvantaged youth. Baca has attracted grants from the NEA, Arco, and the Olympics Arts Festival. She sketches the design of each phase, drawing on the suggestions of a multi-ethnic committee of historians. Segments of the chronicle, from the 1920’s to the 1950’s, include some of the most expressive and outspoken painting in Los Angeles. As in Mexico, anger has brought history to life. Yet, despite her success, the project is still struggling for funds. Completion is $300,000 and three years’ work away.

A more modest project of the 1970’s is St. Elmo’s Village, close to the junction of La Brea and Venice Boulevard. Working with resident artist Roderick Sykes, friends and neighbors transformed a derelict courtyard into a patchwork quilt of faces, figures and inspirational messages, whose verve would have delighted Picasso.

In Venice and Santa Monica, the themes are more lyrical than in the poorer districts. Jane Golden has turned a windowless block into a sun-dappled redwood forest, evoked Ocean Park in the 1930’s, and created a panorama of Santa Monica on one side of an underpass. In Venice, John Werhle’s “Fall of Icarus” sets a drive-in movie theater in a barren desert. Around the corner, on Windward Avenue, Terry Schoonhoven has painted a mirror image of the surviving arcades and the distant mountains.

Kent Twitchell is one of LA’s more prolific muralists. As a child, his imagination was captured by Mount Rushmore, and his murals exploit the shock value of familiar faces in unexpected settings. For his graduation exercise at the Otis-Parsons Art Institute, he combined the form of a Masaccio “Trinity” with the faces of soap opera stars. He painted a flamboyant bridal couple on a store at Broadway and Second Street, and is currently completing a portrait of Ed Ruscha a few blocks south. His “Old Lady of the Freeway” at the junction of the Hollywood and Harbor Freeways has been half obscured by new construction, but remains one of the city’s favorite icons.

With talents as varied and productive as Twitchell and Schoonhoven, Baca and Sykes, LA should soon have as much lively outdoor art as it has in its museums and galleries.
Luis Valdez stands on the back of a flatbed truck in the late October afternoon. He has led a procession of a thousand people—Anglo kids in shorts and boots, girls of the ju drill team from Hollister, priests and monks, floats, masked figures, dancing Indi through a town whose population is barely more than this. Valdez is the director of El Te Campesino and at his back is the gate of the Anglo and European public cemetery. Before stretches El Camino Real. The Gavilon Mountains rise peacefully in the distance. It is San J Bautista, a two hour drive just south of San Francisco on U.S. 101, the site of the mission estab 287 years ago. It is an agricultural community—not the garlic or artichoke capital of the world— it has become a tourist site, a pilgrimage spot, the locus of El Teatro Campesino, a world-fan political folk theater, first known in association with Cesar Chavez’ mobilization of farm worker the 1960’s. San Juan Bautista sits squarely on the San Andreas Fault. The restoration of the town i attempt to convince us that nothing has changed since San Juan’s heyday in the 19th century effort belied by the seismograph placed directly in front of the mission. The scene is a reminder the notion of timelessness is a human conceit. One corner of the plaza is dominated by mission with its Indian graves and the small rodeo corral below. The old firehouse with its colle of 19th century wagons and carriages is adjacent, and next to it, the Town Hall, used for the first in 50 years for an all-night, old-fashioned pueblo fandango in 1982 as part of the celebration of Day of the Dead. The sensation that the dancers are about to fall through the floor is intended, a n of the use of fir boards over redwood beams to create a springboard effect for the celebrants. The 1 year-old Plaza Hotel is a two-story building, newly restored and re-opened for the occasion. A ga runs the length of the wooden cut-out facades which we have grown used to from Hollywood m sets, so that one must pause and wonder who is copying what. The true plaza of the 19th cen would have been seasonally muddy or baking and dry, nothing like the spacious, hospitable grassy that blends in with the rolling hills and the squatting with backs against the mission. In the skeleton mariachi bands, whose music
from hastily erected food stands. “Tamales,” “Frijoles,” “Sugar skulls of the dead for the children,” “Black satin roses for the ladies.”

The main street has its own California charm: Daisy’s Saloon, Mom and Pop’s, the Mission Cafe where townswomen have their regular seats and outsiders may wait an hour with courtesy, San Juan Bakery (known for its bread), and Chapito’s little garden just off Main Street where he can be seen most days selling strings of chili. No one knows who owns the grape arbor off Main Street and no one minds when children reach for the low, ripe bunches. There is a single motel. Though the street is paved, it seems dusty; low-riders cruise slowly through town. The few antique and artisan shops that have sprung up in the past few years are largely irrelevant to the major social categories of the town: growers and workers, Anglo and Chicano, homeboys and visitors. In the past, conflicts between these groups occurred often but now are less common since El Teatro Campesino took up residence in 1971. The group came here because of the presence of the Mission, and because the town had family associations; somewhat ironic ones, for the warehouse which has become the theater’s home is the place in which members and audience once packed spic and span. As a girl, Valdez’ wife Lupe packed grapes nearby. It is not that Valdez ignores past social and racial conflict in San Juan. It is, on the contrary, the very hallmark of this theater to incorporate those conflicts as part of the subject. This is what Valdez is best known for in the play and the movie “Zoot Suit” where the real life Mexican-American gangs of the 1940’s were made to express mythical dimensions. The story of the attacks by Anglo servicemen who saw the zoot suit as a challenge to American patriotism was both the expression of the actual conflicts and the subject of Valdez’ transformation of those events into a survival myth about the Aztec warrior, still present in the urban Chicano. Thus history is transformed through myth and ritual of the theater into a social commentary that actually changes peoples’ sensibilities—actors and spectators—and completes the cycle by once more becoming actuality.

This is not simple street theater taken outside and presented to a broader public. Behind its highly sophisticated aesthetic is a political belief that refuses to distinguish between witness and performer, real life and illusion, or myths about other times or other people. Myth is reappropriated and used; it is about us and comments on our present, daily lives. Here in San Juan Bautista traditional separations are consciously mocked and reversed, especially on the Day of the Dead; history and myth, life and death, spirit and matter, sacred and profane. The sensibility which prevails refuses the tyranny of Western dualistic thinking.

“Viva La Muerte! Viva La Vida!” Valdez shouts to the crowd, with exuberance and laughter. “You must accept the mystery of death to understand the miracle of life,” he exhorts. In the procession there are 25-foot-high papier mache Chicano skeletons with gold teeth and high top tennis shoes. The state park ranger has painted his face like a skull. He is in full uniform, his gun at his hip. Miss San Juan, dressed like a beauty queen in long white gloves, also has a skeleton face. There is a skeleton priest and a skeleton prostitute who is walking a skeleton poodle. We slowly realize that we wear our skin over our bones and forget that we are all skeletons. Luis Valdez reminds us not that we will all die, but that there is reason to rejoice in a life that is known and celebrated as mortal. The ranger wears his bones on his flesh comfortably, and we wonder if he realizes that the gun at his side becomes part of the costume. The weapon cannot be used against someone already dead; fellow skeletons are finally and utterly equals.

Valdez is impresario and trickster-teacher. He has selected the traditional Mexican holiday, Dia de los Muertos (Day of the Dead) as the metaphor for this celebration. The hero of the holiday is Death—companion, faithful, amiable—an ordinary, devil-may-care fellow who is present beneath every surface, engaged in the most banal activities, manifest in the most commonplace forms. How often the Day of the Dead is misread as the stereotype of Mexican fatalism and morbidity! In fact, the seeming preoccupation with Death turns out to be an acceptance of what Western culture so fiercely denies—that Death is the final fact which embodies Life with its sense. What a splendid irony that Valdez confronts Californians with this mystery, this miracle, for surely there is no other culture that fights off signs of decay, weakness and mortality, none which rejects finitude as fiercely as California, the Eden of America.

A culture maps the categories of existence with which it is most concerned. American—English ahounds in words for sex, money and machines. In Mexican—Spanish there are at least 200 terms for “death;” “Lady Bones,” “The Liberator,” “The Flint,” “The Sad One,” “The Woman of Candles,” “The Disconnector,” “The Cold One,” “The Boss,” “The Sure One,” “The Loyal Sweetheart.” Within this abundance of death is recognition of death in forms and varieties that most of us cannot even conceive, not being provided with such a range of possibilities. Death here is not the one whose very name creates loneliness and isolation. He is not Oppressor or Victor here but a mythic figure whose power issues from the manipulation of stereotypical attitudes and the fears that underlie them. So too, the inclusion by Mexican-Americans of stereotypes of their culture—the gold teeth, the high tennis shoes, the zoot suit—are exaggerated, reappropriated and mocked. Thus they are transformed into symbols manipulated by the very people they are alleged to describe. By the same token, representatives of power who traditionally regard Mexican-Americans as socially inferior are disarmed when they are deprived of control over their stereotypes. The process that co-opts death also co-opts social power. Victim finally becomes victorious because the very terms of the fundamental oppositions between life and death, oppressor and oppressed have been shown to be simplistic.

Luis Valdez stands on the flatbed truck in of the cemetery where the children of San Juan playing among the graves. Valdez is a small, pact man with a sombrero and a cigar, a hand moustache, a tightly-buttoned vest over a torso. In the October sunlight he jokes with people who have followed him through to the edge of the public cemetery and invites to come to dance in the olive grove beside the sion that afternoon. The exhortation of cro not new to him. He is accustomed to leading cessions of workers and their families to the of towns, along highways, beside planted field customed to urging them to resist the dema growers, to believe in the vision of a farm wo union. But now he is in San Juan Bautist chosen home, the town of pickers and pa workers, shopkeepers, growers and migrants glos and Chicanoos, a town that is being restor the state and the residents to their imaginary of Mission California.

What Valdez has in mind for San Juan Ba is an incredibly ambitious agenda, of white Day of the Dead is but one part. He is pre and performing a cycle of miracle, mystery history plays, to examine mythic themes, the uality, the “rough edge of the culture” —in batos locos, pachucos, chicanos, migrants, re from the city, veterans of urban war and grape strikes—those who may well be called New Californios.”

The first Californios were people of the 19th century: Indians, Mexicans, Spanish re-European—American immigrants to the we made up a new, separate syncretic culture, multi-lingual, flexible, resilient, allowing pe to move easily between the various work occupied without denying their origins. It culture that was nearly lost and it is this pr that El Teatro is actively reviving, in the t and in the town.

Three elements of cultural performance place during the Day of the Dead weekend rable yet intertwined. The most recent and ent is the theater itself, which stages pla: portray the themes of California life: ab refusal to be exploited, the integrity of the attachment to the original Indian sensibili grace of Catholic ritual and imagery.

The second element is made up of gover state and local boosters who promote the to its history and beauty as well as education opportunities presented by the nation’s commemoration of the Day of the De California Conservation Corps and the S California provide support personnel, re young people and providing funds to offe tance in restoring old buildings on the Pl the Day of the Dead, youths dressed in the service Corps uniforms carry a conni r morning mass filled with pan de las anima of the souls), which will be blessed and di to the townpeople. The various local ar

(Continued on page 86)
In the role of host to the Olympics for the second time, Los Angeles is adapting an unusually international outlook. Paintings from France (LACMA), automobiles from Italy (MOCA), performers from throughout the world vie for attention with MOCA's "In Context," commissioned pieces by local artists like Mark Lere, Michael Asher and Maria Nordman. Lyn Kienholz' California/International Arts Foundation has organized an exhibition of monumental sculpture by California artists which will travel to Bordeaux, Mannheim, the Yorkshire Sculpture Park, and Oslo with a catalog in English, French, Spanish and German. As Marc Pally says of the exhibition, "The California sculpture show illustrates that California participates in an international dialogue. It no longer possesses just a regional sensibility." The major flaw in this frenetic arts festival was the failure to generate funding for the most innovative theatrical project of our time, Robert Wilson's the Civil warS. This gap in vision is indicative of a continuing and largely unconscious inferiority complex regarding the art of our own country. The grass-is-greener syndrome may have operated as an unconscious bias in preventing the extra push necessary to realize the project. The internationalism of MOCA's "The First Show" at the Temporary Contemporary made a significant statement affirming pluralism rather than regionalism without slighting the California artists who comprised nearly one-third of the show. It is true that a large majority of the works on view were made by American artists, but they could be measured against such pioneers as Mondrian, Miró, Giacometti, or Yves Klein. The Neo-Expressionist impact on the 80's could be seen in German and Italian as well as American species. Including 55 New York based artists, 34 from the West Coast and 21 Europeans, "The First Show" provided a very rare and significant opportunity to

BY MELINDA WORTZ
look at California artists in an international context. A major dialectic issue in aesthetics exists today in the opposing appeals to regionalism. In "The First Show" and "The Automobile and Culture," MOCA is opting for pluralist territory. During the car show, for example, local car clubs will be featured outside in the alley to compare with the European models inside.

It can be argued that regionalism is obsolete in the pluralist climate of the 80's, especially in Los Angeles where there exists a tremendous ethnic mix, with no one group establishing aesthetic dominance. During the 60's, when southern California received its first round of attention as a major art center, Barbara Rose dubbed Los Angeles "America's Second City"; second, of course, to New York. The area's best critics (and founders of Artforum) John Coplans and Phil Leider, felt it was important to define the uniqueness of the region's aesthetic. Leider coined such phrases as "Cool School" or "Finish Fetish" in response to the immeasurably crafted, reflective, and transparent surfaces of hybrid painting/sculptures by artists such as Larry Bell, John McCracken and Craig Kauffman. Coplans made distinctions between artists working in Los Angeles and those in New York, noting the Californians' predilections for experimenting with untraditional and technological materials like glass, plexiglass and fiberglass; for working in between our traditional definitions of painting and sculpture; for illusions created through the interaction of shiny materials with ambient light and space; and a commitment to fine craftsmanship. "Pretty" was often used as a perjorative term for California art in the 60's, especially with regard to small works like Bell's coated-glass boxes or Ken Price's ceramics, in contrast to the tougher, more aggressive and monumentally-scaled work being produced in New York during the same period. Sensuality and hedonism were hallmarks of California's aesthetic and physical climate and body-oriented culture, as opposed to the more theoretical orientation of New York's aesthetic dialogue; in particular Clement Greenberg's modernism purism, which dismissed work by people like Ron Davis as "novelty art."

Among the older generation of California artists, Sam Francis has lived and worked for extensive periods in Japan and Paris; Ed Kienholz divides his time between Idaho and Germany; Bell and Bruce Nauman reside in New Mexico; Ken Price in Connecticut. Robert Irwin has rather nomadic existence for several years. His work of the last four or five years, which he describes as "site-determined" rather than site-specific, Irwin develops commissioned work with any preconceived ideas at the outset as to material, image or scale the work will assume. Rather, he spends a great deal of time allowing particular sites to reveal itself, and then looking for an appropriate means to heighten the sense presence that he sees as unique to the place approach has now been incorporated into the National Endowment for the Arts' guideline works of art in public places grants. Any working from a site-specific sensibility—Christo to Siah Armajani, Nancy Holt to Nordman—must be able to respond to a variety of regionalist contexts; that is, to develop a plural perspective.

Even in the 60's, when the Los Angeles art world was thought to be very different there were commonalities that transcend regional differences. The influence of the Far East and Buddhism is often cited in relation to...
and pristine environments produced by Ir-Bell, James Turrell, Doug Wheeler and Maria Iman. The myth is that as New York is influenced by Europe, the West looks to the Orient. Yet in the 50’s, Jasper Johns, Robert Rauschenberg, Cunningham and John Cage were among the first Americans to study Zen directly from a wise master, D. T. Suzuki, and to incorporate attitudes, in the form of non-judgment and use of chance, into their works. In fact, the renunciation of Zen is more evident in their work than that of the Californians, for whom it seems to go more by osmosis than conscious intent.

Consequently, Judd’s surfaces became more sensual and people who differ from our own. Los Angeles is not an exception to the rule, for artists like Larry Bell and Judd, who traded studios one summer. Subsequently, Judd’s surfaces became more sensual and Bell’s scale more architectural. Currently, Judd, who traded studios one summer, is interested in the potential to focus on interrelatedness and community, in which diversity can coexist within a shared consciousness, and which is absoluted mandatory for aesthetic, social and political survival. Happily, we are seeing pluralism again to thrive in the international makeup of the art community in Los Angeles. Here Count Panza of Italy has made possible a major collection of American and European artists for MOCA. And Panza’s commitment to the support of environmentally-oriented artists like Irwin, Turrell, Nordman, Orr and Wheeler has enabled us to see these artists anew, in their own town, filtered through a European perspective.

Melinda Wortz is director of the Fine Arts Gallery at UC Irvine, where she also teaches modern art history.

In recent Whitney Biennials there have been startling commonalities between the work of artists included and others, living in California, who are excluded and probably unknown to the curators. A few of these visual comparisons are illustrated here. Scott Burton’s sculptural furniture, particularly a group of small geometric stone stools, is visually analogous to Bruce Nauman’s Enforced Perspective groupings of forms. While Nauman is not intentionally referring to functionality in this work, the groupings nonetheless allude to seating, as well as acting as visual puns on perspective. Similarly, the reductive canvases of Tony DeLap and Robert Mangold investigate shape and line as literal, discrete physical entities, although DeLap is more interested in mystery and sensuality than Mangold. The angry political wall drawings of Mike Gleir find stylistic parallels in Mike Kelley’s obsessive critiques of sex and violence. Unbeknownst to one another, Robert Irwin and Elyn Zimmerman have erected site-specific installations using modular panels of chain link fencing which set up a dialogue with the changing light and motion in rural settings, at the University of California, San Diego, and the State University of New York, Purchase, respectively. On the East and West coasts Charles Ross and Jay McCafferty have created elegant imagery from solar burns.

The issue here is not one of influence, but synchronicity; two people working with similar ideas unknown to each other, as is frequently the case when Nobel prizes are awarded in science. With the mass information transferal explosion, we all have access to a vast storehouse of information on a scale that exceeds our capacity to process it. This fact alone makes parochial regionalism obsolete. Inherent in the move toward pluralism is the potential to focus on interrelatedness and community, in which diversity can coexist within a shared consciousness, and which is absolutely mandatory for aesthetic, social and political survival. Happily, we are seeing pluralism begin to thrive in the international makeup of the art community in Los Angeles. Here Count Panza of Italy has made possible a major collection of American and European artists for MOCA. And Panza’s commitment to the support of environmentally-oriented artists like Irwin, Turrell, Nordman, Orr and Wheeler has enabled us to see these artists anew, in their own town, filtered through a European perspective.

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As every tourist with aching feet knows, there are few joys more intense than finding on the urban landscape that place to rest, to renew oneself, smoke a cigarette, to organize one's notes and packages. For this purpose, the parks and public areas are provided with street furniture. More than a third of the total area of any community is considered public, and it is this space that the city furnishes to provide comfort and pleasure for its residents and for its visitors who come to enjoy the sights, walk the streets, visit shops and malls, stroll through the parks, and gaze at the skyline.

Fine examples of street furniture can be found among the very earliest and simplest designs, as well as the very latest and most technologically advanced. Street furniture has been unchanged for a very long time; the materials used traditionally are wood, iron or concrete. As in the children's game of paper/stone/scissor, wood is soft, absorbent and easily destroyed; iron heats and requires constant maintenance; concrete is very hard and very heavy.

Traditional wrought iron furniture has never really gone out of style with anyone except architects. The white-line drawing of the seating by the Bench Manufacturing Company showing the design chosen for the recent revitalization of Boston's Faneuil Hall, and also in downtown St. Louis, as part of that inner city's rehabilitation, offering curbside comfort for the pedestrians and a warm, graceful suggestion that the city cares.
In 1972 when the city of Munich was preparing for its Olympic guests, a commission was given to Erlau, a garden furniture manufacturer, to develop a special collection for the event. The result was Olympia, designed to harmonize with the architecture of the Olympic buildings, blend pleasantly with the topography, and withstand severe abuse. It is the most impressive and technologically innovative development in park furniture since the 19th century when the public park as we know it came into being.

What is innovative about the Olympia collection is its virtually indestructible finish which involves a process of sintering, heat-fusing isoster with metal; it can withstand changes in temperature, sunlight, abrasion and sea air. Although made of metal it avoids the major pitfall of metal park furniture by its wire-mesh construction; it does not absorb heat. Water runs off; it can be used immediately after a rain.

In this country, the furniture is known by the name of the distributor, Kroin. Offered in white and dark green, the line includes modular seating, stadium seats, chairs, lounges and tables. Although the extraordinary finish of Kroin furniture has not been duplicated, the stunning design has been widely adopted. Forms and Surfaces, Artifort and Canterbury Designs each offer a version with more standard color possibilities.

One looks at Brooks Products’ curiously dated photographs of the benches we’ve known all of our lives, from wherever in the United States we hail, and finds the California Bench. With redwood strips conforming to the contour of the top of the concrete end supports—"formfitting"—the company claims the California model is more restful than the conventional flat benches. This classic statement of 19th century technology and manners has had hundreds of versions by as many manufacturers, but no real design changes.

An interesting and markedly different wood design for the Scyma line of site furnishings is the Columbia Bench, designed by Joseph Kinnebrew in laminated Douglas fir. The satin finish is composed of three coats of polyurethane with an ultra-violet screen. Also in the line are notable variations on the classic flat bench.

The concept of modularity in site furnishings arose in response to the visual clutter caused by too many disparate elements in the landscape. Modular street furniture coordinates components: planting, trash disposal, newspaper vend, ground-level lighting and signage. It is contem­orary, designed to withstand the deliberate a­nd vandalism epidemic in our cities.

Several years ago, King Plastics of Canada signed an elegant, architectonic line in pressure­cast concrete and aluminum, perfectly simple straightforward, with beautiful proportions and immaculate details. Stating their aim as "to: tribute as much as possible to functional com­­nication and physical environment while com­­uting as little as possible to visual pollution," have also manufactured bus shelters, telep­­oences, and signage, all of very high qua­­ quality.

To the impact resistance of concrete, its d­­bility, low cost and manufacturing flexibility at long last been added the means to reduce weight. The most recent expression of the material in a modular system of knock-down components is called Geometrics. Designed by Lawrence Pea­­ for Ceramocor of Canada, it is made of fiberglass reinforced concrete. The pieces are insub­­e and will not rot, rust or support fu­­growth. Containing no corrosive steel, it will suffer from surface rust stains. This compre­­sive system is extremely handsome, versatile and flexible in groupings and accessories. The weight and flexibility of fiberglass makes it a rail for modular accessories. Both Glass­­ Architectural Fiberglass have virtually weightless "concrete" products. Their slick, fi­­surfaces are coated with natural sand and appear in appearance the warmth of concrete.

Despite the movement towards modular site furniture, there are exceptional, indivi­­idual products that impress one as functional and art. The Ribbon Rack of Brandir Enterpr­­ise; one; this bicycle rack, a single undulating tube­­, has been on the market for several years is undoubtedly a beautiful visual statement other turned up in the catalog of Kotobuki­­king, Japan, and it is an object which beaut­­ifies architecture with the Japanese sensibility. It is utterly­­ple; constructed of enormous bent tubing, verti­­cals slanted at the top and two horizontal for leaning against, possibly while waiting the bus. The bar could, in addition to conv­­ "seating," provide an understated and in­­dividual fencing, if needed.

There is also true artwork, possibly new­­ mass production, which adds a measure of ro­­ and play while fulfilling performance re­­quests. One such is "Currents," recently exh­­ in Los Angeles, designed and built by Oakes of Dancer Designs. It is a bench and tural windbreak, designed for the Mend­­ coast, made of virgin redwood, epoxy and glass. Using the technique of freebent lamin­­ following the curvature of the wood, it pe­­ from the wind like a billowing cape; light it, through plexiglass dowels, as stars.

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Charnel Knowledge

The Architecture of Death

by Richard Etlin
368 pp., illustrated, $37.50 cloth.

Throughout history, funerary architecture has been located in or near the city of the living. There have been varying degrees of religious iconography, manifestations of the macabre, pantheistic leanings and periods of denial, but always a direct correlation between a culture's values and its funerary practices.

In his book The Architecture of Death, Richard Etlin focuses on the relationship between cultural attitudes and cemetery design in 18th-century Paris. In that period of urban and social enlightenment, there were profound changes in the European conception of death. Etlin suggests that "one can trace the transformations in existential values and social mores by analyzing the image of death the cemeteries were intended to foster." He proceeds to examine the mentality of the time through drawings and descriptions of proposed cemeteries. The beautiful illustrations, some previously unpublished, are a provocative account of an era.

When the Parliament of Paris issued the Arret of 21 May 1765, the end of the charnel house began. The city desired a more hygienic urban milieu than was provided by a rude roomful of corpses, and there was some rejection of the burial macabre as medieval Christianity was amended by the Enlightenment reasoning of More, Newton and Locke.

So great had been the city's horror of its burial practices that the Cemetery of the Holy Innocents in Paris had served as a rallying point for France's social revolution. Mass graves capable of receiving 600 cadavers were exhumed and the skeletons displayed in the gallery surrounding the cemetery as a momento mori.

Since new cemeteries were needed outside the city to replace those abolished by the Arret, there were numerous competitions for cemetery design within the school of the Royal Academy and among speculators; Mr. Etlin articulately describes a fascinating evolution of proposed projects through the following decades. At first, the designs retained the charnel house and Christian iconography, but gradually an awareness of the possibilities grew. The city of the living could be affected and possibly enhanced by the city of the dead. The cemetery began to be seen as a school of virtue, inspiring and instructing by the glorious example of virtuous ancestors.

As the Enlightenment raised man's understanding of nature, there was an increasing faith in his ability to affect his world. The projects of the Academies began to compete with nature in the ambitiousness of the ideas and sheer scale. Mr. Etlin says, "In the field of architecture, mausoleums, cemeteries, catacombs, and cemeteries emerged as privileged themes by which the thrist for the sublime could readily be satisfied."

From Blomel to Boulée, there were detailed studies of the relationship between architectural form and human response. These included prescriptions and recommendations for the evocation of sadness, wonder, majesty, fear and elation. The proposed projects of this period, notably Boulée's, have an unequalled potency.

As unhygienic death was banished from the city, the idea of a garden or "paradise regained in death" became increasingly popular. The English began with memorial gardens; actual tombs were gradually incorporated, and the French finally created Pere Lachaise, the first cemetery garden, which served as the model for cemeteries after 1804. But the account does not end with Pere Lachaise. Etlin briefly remarks on our "current indifference to the cemetery, which stems largely from taboos of openly discussing death and providing for the dead." Twentieth century man has successfully removed death from daily life.

America readily adopted Pere Lachaise's illusion of Eden, but changed the city of the dead into the suburban lawn. By trivializing death in the garden, we lost an architecture which could not evade the more profound issues of our time, as well as a spiritual dimension in our lives and in our environment.

We have certainly lost a great deal in the way of architectural possibility. Etlin quotes one early visitor to Pere Lachaise:

And although there is an enchantment about it which for a moment almost takes away the gloom of the grave... it is an earthly enchantment after all, and only tends to call off the mind from the paradise above, and the awfully interesting realities of the spiritual world.

In his preface, Etlin proposes that "standard compendiums of social history include a serious consideration of the design of cities, parks, and cemeteries as an integral part..."
From Photography in California. Above, Max Showing How a Real Man Is Supposed to Drink a Bottle of Whisky, John Brumfield; below, Robert Posing as a Hollywood Star, John Brumfield.
Women photographers in particular have used this technique to examine or reveal personal concerns about male/female relationships and role expectations. Ellen Brooks has been using miniature plastic figures to create situations that often resemble domestic interplay. Eileen Cowin's photographs deal with relationships between people, words and images, and reality and fiction. She appears as director/narrator/actor in sequences that resemble movies; color and large scale intensify the dramatic quality of each scene. Ilene Segalove is another photographer that acts in her own scenes, juxtaposing them with stills from real motion pictures.

One craves discussion of cultural influences—theater, film and performance art—to understand more of the issues surrounding this phenomenon of the implied performance. Instead, we are given mere visual description. To complicate the running list of photographers and their visual progeny, Katzman's editors at Hudson Hills Press failed to supply the reader with enough illustrations to accompany the text.

Consequently, one has to assume that this book is intended either for the previously initiated audience of California photography or for library reference. Those readers who are already familiar with the hundreds of photographers mentioned and who can easily draw on their own memory banks to supply the appropriate visual material will find interest in this 40-year inventory of California photography. Others may find that its literary enjoyment is that of a computer manual.

In spite of these and other problems (such as the choice of the artists and the work included in this book) Katzman has made a contribution to her field of study. Photography in California 1945-1980 will undoubtedly be quoted and cited in future monographs and surveys on this subject. Her documentation of the personalities who photographed, taught and worked in California and who made the state a center for rich and diverse photographic activities, makes this book the most important source available to date.

Deborah Irmas is an art historian specializing in photography.
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Lexan Sheet

Extruded from polycarbonate resin, Lexan profiled sheet, newly introduced by General Electric Plastics, has a double-wall construction which offers better thermal insulation than glass and monolithic plastic sheet. The material has a surface coating which resists yellowing, hazing and water spotting. Lexan profiled sheet can be used as flat-glazing, or it can be cold-formed into a curved profile for barrel-vault structures. It can also be heat formed into one-piece, energy efficient, domed skylights.

Easel Software

With a new computer graphics package, architects and designers can add free-form details and other finishing touches to three-dimensional designs created on a microcomputer. The new software, called Easel, is designed to run with the Cubicomp CS-5 system, which offers full solid-modeling capabilities on IBM PCs and other compatible computers. Developed by Time Arts of California, Easel allows a digitizing wand and tablet to be used as freely as a paint brush, with a choice of 4096 colors that can be displayed simultaneously.

Grasshopper Chaise

A dramatic selection from the award-winning Kill Collection, designed by Kaschkam and Fabricius of Germany, is being shown at Ambienti in Redondo Beach. The Grasshopper Chaise is composed of an oval-shape, bar-stock frame which supports a natural linen platform, with arms wrapped in leather thong. Seat and back cushions are leather, and the headrest is optional and adjustable.

Owens-Corning’s Gateway to Mecca

A new elevator system, manufactured by Otis for use in mid-rise buildings, incorporates an energy-efficient, variable-frequency drive with high-efficiency gearing, reduced hoistway mass and low-inertia braking. The new system is regenerative, meaning that it produces some of its own electricity which is stored in power cells to satisfy lower-peak power requirements. In the event of a power failure, the cells will keep the elevator operating for up to four hours.
WestWeek Introduction

Artemide previewed two design WestWeek, last March in Los An
One is Cyclos, designed by Mich·
Lucchi, a wall or ceiling fixture
body in grey laquered metal and
fusor in partially frosted glass
other is Aton Modular, design Er
Ernest Gismondi, a lighting s
which aims to offer optimum lev
lighting with absolute energy
eiency and total adaptal
Gismondi is the head of Milan-
Artemide as well as a founder of
Memphis group.

Modern Silver

The traditional medium of
has been produced in modern d
by 25 invited architects and des
including Mario Bellini, Joseph
man, Hans Hollein, Ettore So
Carlos Scarpa, Alessandro Me
Michele de Lucchi and
Portoghesi. The designs are part
Collezione Cleto Munari and cov
complete range of functional
objects. The handmade tea and
services, candlesticks, fruit bow
and cutlery will be made in li
editions of 100. The collection i
presented exclusively by Limn
pany of San Francisco.

Material Evidence

Formica has asked 19 craft
to design and build contempora
iture incorporating the com
new Colorcore surfacing materi
resulting 25 pieces were shown e
resentation "Material Evidence: i
Craftsmen Explore Colorcore,”
April 11 to May 27 at the Gall
Workbench, New York City, whi
sponsored the exhibition.

The designs were imaginatin
varied. They included a trans
Colorcore table, a chest of d
shingled with the broken mate
hall piece combining woven st
Colorcore and oak, and a table
mented with plastic, gold-pla
aluminum. Participating artist
Gary Bennett, Wendell Castle
Cederquist, Peter Dean, Mike
Tom Lacagnina, Jack Larimor
Loeser, Wendy Maruyama, Rot
Carthly, John McNaughton,
McKie, Michael Piscicalla,
Ryerson, James Schriber, Jay S
Trent Whittington, Rich Wrig
Edward Zueca.
bandsaw brackets. It recalled anything but Neutra.

A fourth contention of the show's curator was that "Neutra architecture takes time to mature like fine wine." Apparent proof was offered by a time sequence of three photographs showing the exterior of a Neutra house being obliterated by landscaping. One seriously questions whether the elder Neutra—whose international reputation was partly based on carefully chosen, black-and-white photographs emphasizing the part that Neutra himself played in creating the exteriors and interiors of his buildings—would have approved of this interpretation of his work.

How do we understand Richard Neutra? Certainly not by simply visiting the show at UCLA, as Neutra is not there put into context. Those interested in pursuing this complex man should read Hines' Richard Neutra and the Search for Modern Architecture, (Oxford University Press, 1982) in which the historian author has managed to establish this background. Hines doesn't hesitate to be frank in identifying Neutra as one of those creative people who were driven to achieve success at the cost of a flawed and sometimes unhappy personal life. The story is told in detail from Neutra's youth in Vienna, where he was a family friend of the Sigmund Freuds, to the post-World War I period of employment and collaboration with Erich Mendelsohn in Berlin, to his struggle to come to America and join Frank Lloyd Wright in Wisconsin, and finally to his arrival in California in 1925, where the Neutras lived with the Schindlers in their house until 1930, when differences separated the two men.

The book is not primarily meant for architects; look for a Neutra plan and sometimes you will not find it. But there is compensation in that the whole of the residential oeuvre, from beginning to end, is included and explained. After the Lovell house, there was the further attempt to explore the new technology, as exemplified in the Beard and Von Sternberg houses, as well as the more typical approach of the Sten house. World War II was a watershed, since Neutra was of necessity finally wedded to wood construction. The luxurious Neshitt pavilion showed his mastery of this material, and inexpensive creations such as the Perkins house demonstrated his sensitivity to site and to the third dimension. Hines concedes Neutra's decline as faith in the International Style waned, and he makes unfavorable judgments, which are valid today, about Neutra's later public buildings. These commissions eluded Neutra until well after World War II, in part because of his unfortunate efforts at self-promotion. Apparently conscious of this, he formed a partnership with the highly respected and popular southern California architect Robert E. Alexander. The uneasy partnership dissolved over a show at UCLA in 1958, when Alexander felt that he had not received credit for work on which the two architects had collaborated. Hines perhaps does not explore this phase of Neutra's career as thoroughly as he might, no doubt because the results were disheartening.

Those who would criticize Hines for slighting Neutra's philosophy of user-oriented architecture no doubt have a point, but this point was not convincingly demonstrated by the show at the Pacific Design Center. If the Hines book has a flaw, it is Hines's failure to recognize the influence of R. M. Schindler on Neutra. After all, they lived in the same house and shared some of the same work for nearly five years. Hines goes to Holland to find a prototype for Neutra's "spiderleg" motif, which he employed throughout his California practice, yet this motif existed in the upstairs "sleeping hatches" of the 1922 Schindler house.

Alson Clark is architect librarian for the USC School of Architecture and Fine Arts.

What could be sillier than a profession that aims to express the sum of civilization? It would seem that a discipline so built on extravagant ambition would hardly need to seek out even more folly. Yet "Follies: Architecture for the Late Twentieth Century Landscape" was the subject and the title of an exhibition at the James Corcoran Gallery in Los Angeles, curated by B. J. Archer and shown from January 21 to February 21. folly is not only an attitude, but a historical building type. Dusty from disuse, the folly found new life as the premise for a lively and varied collection of designs by 19 contemporary architects.

The theme of the folly is its program; there should be no other constraints. In Anthony Vidler's perceptive catalog introduction, he terms follies self-referential, with individual structures commenting on the history of the type. In the folly's solipsist dedication to itself, and in its passion for "... the forbidden ... the repressed, and the absolutely impossible," Vidler concludes, "It has persistently exhibited a discipline, a logic, a reason in itself, which because withdrawn from the world, remains in a sense pure."

The concept of the folly could be quite literal, constituting the most extreme example of the architecture par lante idea that every building should instantly reveal its true spiritual character and purpose, so that, in Vidler's words, "buildings could be read like a book, and a moral book at that." In this sense, he concludes, the follies become "a unit of language, a grapheme of philosophic discussion, an instrument in the didactic program of the enlightener."

For instance, when the visionary French architect Etienne Louis Boulée created his project for the Newton memorial, he employed a vast, hollow globe to symbolize Newton's achievements and addressed him in the following terms: "Sublime spirit! Vast and profound genius! Divine being! While you by the scope of your insights and the sublimity of your genius have determined the figure of the earth, I have conceived the idea of enveloping you in your own discovery."

Many of the participants in the Corcoran show subscribed to no particular cultural roles for the folly. It is not unduly cynical to speculate whether many of them may have been more interested in jockeying for position within the tiny, crowded world of high-art architecture. For example, the presence of the large fish in Frank Gehry's unsettlingly authoritarian, fish-and-snake prison folly has more to do with art-world conventions about freedom than it does with the meaning such a form might have for the users or viewers.

For some of the architects, the show was another chance to trot out their favorite routines. Peter Eisenman's model of tiny cubes resembled adult toys, designed to be chromed, filled with ball bearings, and placed on lustrine coffee tables. Michael Graves contributed two more versions of the primitive hut, a theme which curiously enjoys instantaneous acar respectability.

The successful entries tended those which went beyond the conventional to express freedom to address art or cultural issues. Agrest Gandelsons employed a mysiological approach to natural or in their designs which are part lark, part astrologer's tools. Gorge delineated, these hybrids have a ventricle juxtaposition of light heavy elements and an elegant co-sition which were far more evident of the past than Quinlan Terry's archaeological recreations. Bate; Mack's wine cellar/drinking tent bolized the storing and enjoying wine in a delightful, spirited manner. In their design, a delicate pleuric structure above ground contrasts a massive cellar below. The lead tains that enclose the shelter are elegantly frozen into permanent fold.

Regardless of their conformity any definitions, some of the pre were so beautifully presented that they were worthy of inclusion. A them was Rafael Moneo's can rendered, urban-park scheme drawings proved that the art of cityscape, as found in the drawing Frank Lloyd Wright's Broadacre or Daniel Burnham's plan for Chicago has not died out. Machado-Silveira's "temporary house" (it was as temporary as the Great Wall) consisted of an elegant set of inked drawings with gleefully precise line weights, deep cordial mingling of current ratiotism with industrial- chic minimalism.

After perusing the contents of the show and catalog, there still were precious few true follies in the on half of the 20th century Vidler's definition is used as a partial. One of the reasons for this dearth is the fact that experiences, as well as a personal identity, have been commodities in our consumer society. Also, the ability to build follies pended on the dominance of society, a wealthy, leisurely and cultivate per class, at liberty to dispay itself pleased. In our mass society, it is not surprising to find that what we do possess tend to come in the ofol tourist houses built slumstone castles, or hamb stands in the guise of steamboats.

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Day of the Dead continued from page 64

agencies and associations are present and participating: the Chamber of Commerce, the Rangers, Department of Parks and Recreation, State Park Volunteer Association. They imagine it to be an occasion for celebrating California history.

The third is made up of outsiders and visitors drawn into the celebration, who become witnesses to the unrolling cultural presentation that El Teatro is guiding. They become, in effect, students learning the mixture of myth and history that the days’ events portray. But there is another irony here. The event takes place on the last Sunday of October, always associated with Halloween in the minds of the outsiders. Halloween is a pagan survival of Celtic origin in medieval Europe, the eve of the beginning of Winter, All Saints Day, All Souls Day, time for prayers to the souls of the departed. In Mexico, the Day of the Dead falls at the same time but has an entirely different origin and sensibility. It is the Indian religious view of death, not Halloween, that gives this Day’s celebration its flavor. Death was worshipped by pre-conquest Indians as one of the gods, presented as a man without flesh who manipulated human destiny. In the Fall, these Indians held religious festivals for deceased adults and offerings of food and drink were dedicated to the gods for a successful harvest. Entrances to villages were decorated; there was revelry and feasting; a time for the celebration of fertility. With the conquest, the European image of death, the Christian skeleton, fearsome and threatening, came to dominate the Day of the Dead in Mexico. But it is to the earliest roots—the celebration of ongoing life, the making of dolls and offerings, drinking and dancing—that the Day of the Dead in San Juan Bautista still seems most closely affiliated. And it is the Indian element which is largely invisible to outsiders, who still see the occasion as a celebration of Halloween.

Alive within the total occasion is an inner, intense private ritual, carried out by a group referred to as the “Danzantes.” They imagine themselves to be directly linked to the Mexican-Californian Indians brought to the mission and now buried beside it. They are a small, self-selected group that includes no outsiders, composed only of Teatro members and families. Since the first Day of the Dead in the late 1970’s and for almost a decade since, perhaps two dozen people dressed as Aztec gods have been gathering for an evening vigil, or velacion, held at the grassy knoll enclosed by the high adobe walls of the mission. A hand-carved sign reads: “Buried in this sacred ground, in unmarked graves, are 4,300 Mission Indians . . . .”

In the Indian graveyard, the Danzantes have shaped individual mounds of earth and placed upon each one a wooden cross without a name. On the eve of the Day of the Dead they place candles on the graves and marigolds, the traditional flower of the dead, adorn them. During the night-long vigil they dance to the music of a drum, mandolin and conch shell, offering prayers and food on the graves. In their prayers, they honor the dead they claim as their own, their chosen ancestors, the Indians who built the missions and who died there. By these acts they are claiming to be descended not from the Spanish or Europeans who were their conquerors, nor even the Mexicans. Unlike the urban Chicano, who may look to the militaristic, complex Aztecs for a model, the Danzantes identify themselves with the mission Indians. They are children of farm workers, who, like the mission Indians, have known what it is to work the land and build upon it for others. Again, there is the mixing of myth and history, just as the Mayor of San Juan Bautista chooses his own political ancestor, dressing himself as Abraham Lincoln for the Day of the Dead procession.

What is finally most interesting to an anthropologist is the efficacy of a consciously created ritual in which a group of 20th-century urban, young, sophisticated people selects its own ancestors to whom they claim an affinity, devising their own ceremonies with the essential ingredients: Valdez, a genuine charismatic chief whose leadership they actually follow in daily life, and the sacred place—location of the bodies of their predecessors lie within the walls of a Catholic mission along the Camino Real, the road that leads directly to Mexico. And there are the primordial instruments: conch and percussion providing the sounds of the sea and the shamanic drum, the heartbeat, to escort them into another sensibility.

The Day of the Dead, finally, is about the provision of new experience based on archaic and even imaginary ideas. To stand at the graveyard and watch the velacion is to be drawn into an otherwise closed, lost past; to feel (or imagine we can feel) what they might have, the ancient Indians and the modern Danzantes. We are admitted into the private and unfamiliar sources of religion, and learn something profound, outside our taken-for-granted personal and cultural conceptions. Here is the kind of learning which we strive for in the theater and the university, and fulfill so rarely.

We anthropologists, witnessing these events, ask ourselves, what shall we call this weekend’s proceedings—what category fits it? Outdoor museum, public rite of passage, California folk festival?

We confess that we are loath to try to restrict the richness of this experience by confining it to a single category. More than that, we are envious, aware again of the skimpiness of our own urban, secular collective rituals. We have witnessed the ceremonies of those who have deliberately invented the means for interpreting and performing their lives and their death, their history, their marginality. The Indians and their context are finally made most real to us by the Danzantes’ marking of specific graves, humanizing and individualizing the mass burial below. Yet we feel as outsiders, needing to find our way to participate. Like a visit to a religious shrine, it asks us to act in relation to it. But we have no spells, no gestures, no instruments to use, nor can we pretend these are our ancestors. Yet something compells us strangely, with the embarrassment of those who are ritually inventive but ignorant, we de­ clamy way to enter. We wait, respectfully, midnight when no one will be using the mi-

We scale the locked iron gates to the graveyard white walls luminous in a full moon. We lay the other side, the moonlight so bright the olive trees cast strong shadows. We crouch leg­ less, each of us on a grave, at opposite sides of the yard. Silently we wait until a common im­ pression draws us to the center: (In whispers) “The 32 are not marked.” "Do you know the names of Indians? What tribe was it?" "No, but I know names of the tribes in the Amazon. Will that (We laugh at the foolishness of the question. I whom? Do for what?) “Xingu, Wausha, Te Kamayura, Huichol, Luisenõ, Navajo, I Zuni . . . "

We go on to recite the names of all the Ame Indian tribes we know, perhaps 50; it takes a time. We say the names slowly into the dark, becomes an incantation, binding up the nan the living with those that have gone before. We have joined their history to this moment, as naming them, found reason to be here—to anthropologists who understand that offering not only other peoples, not only for recordi­ field notes but must be alive, given and real.

We have experienced the Day of the Dead comprehended Valdez’ refusal to respect se­ ction and exclusion. We have learned from Danzantes that one’s past is one’s own; create­ imposed. El Teatro Campesino set the example by including everyone by stepping on the safety of the mapped world, of the fixed gories: Indian and European, Chicano and A Ourselves and the Other.

We feel none of the emotions ordinarily felt: graveyard. After the day’s events, the family with the images of Death, the laughter and ability of las calaveras, for the moment, at least, have shed our Western awe and fear. The San Indians perished but as long as they were nameless, as long as there were marigolds and for them, they were among us still, and w permission to participate in that membership could join in this commemoration in the onl we knew. We recited our little knowledge, or­ cantion for the no longer remote and no l vanished Indians. Through El Teatro Cam­ and the Day of the Dead, we had acquired wi did not know we had come to learn: Vit Muerte! Viva La Vida!

Barbara Meyerhoff and Kenneth Brech anthropologists. Meyerhoff teaches at the Ur­ sity of Southern California, and is the auth­ Number Our Days. Brecher is the associate director of the Mark Taper Forum and has pu­ pated in Day of the Dead festivities for four. The authors are grateful to El Teatro Cam­ for their hospitality and especially to Phil E and Andres Gutierrez for their assistance.

Barbara Meyerhoff and Kenneth Brech
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