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ONE: 1. THIS FIRST ISSUE OF A STUDENT PUBLICATION OF THE SCHOOL OF DESIGN IS DEDICATED TO **MATTHEW NOWICKI** AND IS CONCERNED PRINCIPALLY WITH HIS LATER WORK INCLUDING AN ESSAY ON ARCHITECTURE, HIS WORK IN NORTH CAROLINA, AND A SELECTION FROM HIS LAST WORK—HIS SKETCHES IN INDIA

PUBLICATIONS OF THE SCHOOL OF DESIGN, NORTH CAROLINA STATE COLLEGE

IN A SIMPLE AND SINCERE MANNER THE STAFF THANKS STANISLAVA NOWICKI, WHO KNEW HER HUSBAND BEST, FOR HELPING US TO KNOW HIM BETTER.

THE UNACKNOWLEDGED QUOTATIONS ARE FROM MATTHEW NOWICKI MEMORIAL EXHIBITION, MUSEUM OF MODERN ART.

PROLOGUE BY THE FIRST MAN

I am the First Man.
And because I am first
I am alone.
Do not misunderstand.
I am not the first man to live.
His name was Adam,
Whereas I have many names . . .
Name a poet who sang the song celestial.
And you call my name.
Name a philosopher who saw life's pattern.
And you call my name.
Name a prophet who brought men a new hope.
Name an artist who pictured the ineffable.
Name a scientist who banished the mysteries.
And you call my name.

No, I am not the first man to live; I am the First Man to have an IDEA. That IDEA is new and strange; and because of this, I am alone. The First Man has no way to speak to other men. Neither language nor picture has a symbol for his IDEA. The First Man must create his own symbols. Until they become familiar he knows that the First Man must be alone.

The First Man travels alone . . . reviled or tormented and martyred for his IDEA. Yet, scarcely has the body cooled and the echoes of sadistic laughter ceased than the IDEA has been accepted by the many and become degenerated into a LAW and a FORMULA. But by then, I, the First Man, have a new name and a new IDEA . . . and there is new laughter.

—JAMES L. BRANDT

"a new kind of modern architect"

Photo by Ralph Mills

"he was new in that he respected equally engineering innovations and the forms of past archit

ATTHEW NOWICKI

vis Mumford

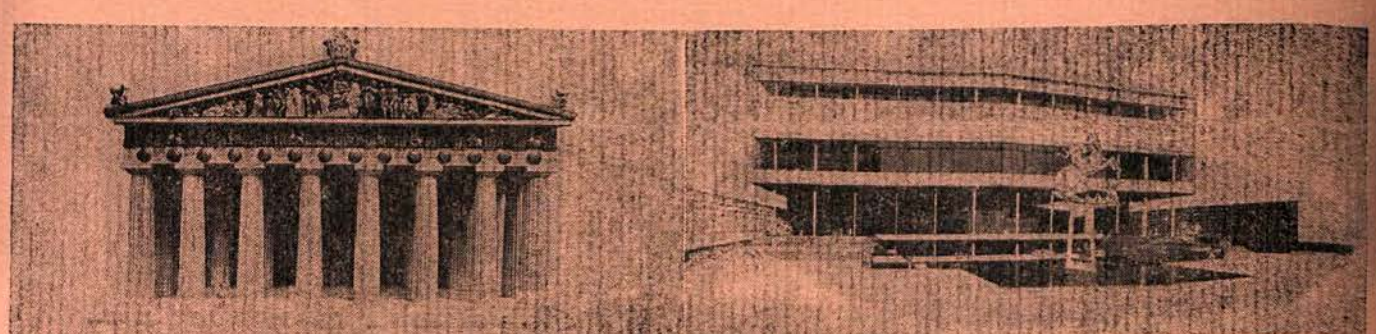
His architecture recognized no provinciality of time or place or method: it took the measure of man and sought to bring together the regional and the universal, the mechanical and the personal. Beyond the United Nations, which he served, he saw a united man and prepared a home for his use and delight. Nowicki was graduated from the Polytechnic in Warsaw and in the brief year before the Nazi invasion, he had risen to the top of his profession. Following Plato, he held that architecture was essentially a pedagogical art: the architect was a teacher, a "promoter of new ideas beneficial to the life of man." He himself taught by the best of methods: his loving and lovable example. Though Nowicki was too deeply committed to freedom and democracy to accept the repressive forms of totalitarian communism, he nevertheless became the inevitable choice of Poland for service with United Nations. No member of the distinguished Board of Consultants was better prepared than Nowicki as both architect and designer of cities: few architects anywhere could match him in his adventurousness and gaiety, his open-eyed daring, his fertility of invention, his unflagging discipline, his deep sense of duty, above all, in the humility that is given only to great genius.

Those who know Matthew Nowicki's work intimately, who can estimate his potentialities as well as his performances, have no doubt that he, more surely than any of his contemporaries, bore within him the seed of a new age. In his designs, spontaneity and discipline, power and love, form and function, mechanical structure and symbol were united That which he left undone through his death must now call forth the creative efforts of a whole generation.

''—AND GLADLY TEACH''

George Qualls

One of Matthew Nowicki's greatest assets as a teacher was his ability to inspire his students by his own example. He gave the impression of a man intent upon completely describing the character of our civilization in terms of architecture. He was eminently capable of the task and his excitement and enthusiasm were contagious. This does not mean that he demanded or expected emulation from his students. It would have been impossible, for Matthew was dynamic, never static. The scope of his genius was too varied for imitation except in principle. Freedom was the key-note of his attitude toward teaching as well as toward design. He respected individual opinions and he encouraged them. But freedom to Matthew was not without restraint. Just as modern man is beginning to realize that he owes a debt to society as well as to himself, so Matthew felt that modern building demanded the modular discipline of our industrial age. Within the framework of that discipline he felt there lay a world of opportunity for the designer. Matthew's teaching was directed toward producing a purity of thought and a clear ex-



pression of structural principle, but never toward the development of a formula. He was primarily interested in creating for his students an awareness of the psychological functions of a building. The physical functions, he felt, could no longer be the determining factors of a design, but should serve as a point of departure in the search for a fresh approach to structure and form. He was convinced that the structural materials available today are still in the infancy of their use with an entire era of sensitive development ahead of them. Matthew saw that development as a growing interest in man's emotional reaction to space rather than a concentration upon his exact spatial needs.

When Matthew sat at a desk to discuss a problem, an entire architectural education could be in the offing. He had the ability of sensing very accurately the spatial relationships of a building while it was still in the form of a rough sketch. Very quickly he could put his finger on the points of weakness of the design and call attention to any inconsistencies of thinking. His discussion would proceed rapidly from a particular detail at hand to a broad treatment of a principle, complete with historical footnotes. Matthew was profoundly aware of our architectural heritage and he saw very clearly the position of modern architecture in relation to great building cultures of the past. The design problems encountered today, he realized, have been dealt with in the past and solved in accordance with the social conditions and technical abilities then existing.

In giving a crit Matthew might become preoccupied with a particular detail of the problem and a classroom lecture would materialize. He would leave the desk and the class would gather around him at the blackboard. I particularly remember one of his discussions on columns. He felt that today a column has almost lost its identity as a sculptural design element. Because of the widespread use of modern building materials such as steel and glass, lightness seems to have become a trademark of the best in contemporary building. Matthew recognized that the sense of a building's lightness or heaviness depends largely upon the proportion of its supporting elements. The massive appearance of a Greek or Roman temple does not result from the supported weight but from the elaborate massiveness of its columns. The economy of material contained in the steel and reinforced concrete columns of today produces a slenderness that seems to deny a sculptural treatment and even invalidates the use of free-standing colonnades. Matthew turned logically from this thought to a discussion of the decorative artists' position in relation to modern architecture. Certainly, today's painters, sculptors, and architects experience little of the sense of collaboration that produced the great buildings of the past. Each artist has a strong sense of his individual artistic freedom which manifests itself in an independence of expression. In the past, when a muralist was confined by the shape of a wall or a niche his forms and figures would express that confinement, but today he is free of such strict architectural restraint and his work has a separate life of its own. The modern sculptor also maintains his individual freedom in creating work that lives with or without a special architectural setting.

With his stress upon a fresh human approach to design, his unceasing interest in the problems of those around him, and with the constant force and effectiveness of his own example, Matthew Nowicki became a turning point in the lives of his students.

"his championship of FORM was new for a generation of architects brought up on FUNCTION . . ."

ON EXACTITUDE AND FLEXIBILITY

Matthew Nowicki

Sometime ago our design became a style. No matter how ingeniously we dodge the unpleasant issue, it comes at us with full force in thousands of creations of the contemporary designer. Our design is a style, with all the restrictions, disciplines, limitations and blessings that we usually associate with the term. A style in the similarities between designs differing basically in the purpose of their use and destination, subordinating to its demands a refrigerator or a motor car, a factory or a museum. A style which perhaps follows sales, quoting Edgar Kaufman, just as form followed function in the words of Greenough and Renaissance architecture in the work of Palladio followed its antique models. A style as pronounced, as defined, more limited perhaps, and as legitimate for our times as the style of Renaissance has been in its days.

In the growing maturity and self-consciousness of our century, we cannot avoid the recognition of this fact, and we have to realize what it stands for. We can no longer avoid this term "style" simply because it brings to our minds unpleasant memories. We cannot keep on pretending that we solve our problems without a precedent in form.
We have to realize that, in the overwhelming majority of modern design, form follows **form** and not **function.** And even when a form results from a functional analysis, this analysis follows a pattern that leads to a discovery of the same function, whether in a factory or a museum. Approached in a certain way an answer to every architectural problem is a flexible space with no reason why one flexible space should be different from another, and many practical reasons why they should be alike.

In saying all this, I am not an advocate of a diversity in design for its own sake. Such a diversity is just confirming the rule of regimentation that always is the result of a style. The more one attempts to escape one's period, the more a part of it one becomes. The constructive diversity that provides strength to an expanding and virile civilization comes through a creative sensitivity to the eternally changing circumstance where "every opportunity stands alone."

This sensitivity is the main source of something for which I have no better word th freshness. Freshness is a physical part of youth, and youth disappears with time. Th is the law of life true equally in the case of an individual or a civilization. Freshness ca be preserved if the source of it depends not on the physical state of being young, b on the consciousness of its origin. Some individuals preserve this creative freshness their maturity. Those are the great artists. Some civilizations preserve this freshne for ages and then become great cultures. For although maturity aims at perfection a the stride for perfection must end with an unchanging standard of classical excellenc the consciousness of the source of freshness can provide a magnified scope to this strid The magnitude of this scope is the measure of ambitions and strength of a civilizatio and the prophecy of its future achievements.

Thinking in terms of the contemporary, or should I say modern, period of design, w realize by now that it has passed its early youth. The experiments with form, and th new space concept, the playfulness with "the machine to live in," the machine to loo at or the machine to touch, in architecture, painting and sculpture are more remote fro us than the time alone would indicate. There was a freshness in those youthful days the aesthetic revolution, a physical freshness of a beginning. There was a diversity those days of forms that grew without a direct precedent in form.

I speak of architecture because it incorporates the full field of design. In its chang we can discover those that affected the interior design, the industrial design, problems organized landscape and others, with or without a separate name. And, it is the changes of the architectural concept that I propose to analyze with the aim of establis ing our present position in their chain. From the analysis of these changes I will n develop any law of analogy, nor will I make predictions on what will be the comi change. I propose to define our present position because this is our strategic point departure for the investigation of the full field of opportunity that lies within our perio

define our present stage, I shall try to trace it to its origins.

. It seems to me that the beginning of modern architecture has its roots in the nestic structure of the late Renaissance. It was then that the problem of human com- was rediscovered. Functionalism in terms of the importance of good living was intro- ed along with a number of technical gadgets of which the stove in Fontainbleu was bably a vanguard. Architecture descended from its pedestal of heroism and rapidly ted to grow human and even bourgeois. In France after the death of Louis XIV, the potic "Roi soleil," the private residence "building boom" produced a plan in which as of different use were defined and located with regard to one another. The plan of new type differed from its predecessor where a sequence of rectangular, round, oval otherwise shaped interiors had a changing use, and one ate, slept, or entertained in of them, according to a passing or a more permanent fancy. This change was not beginning of functionalism, as architecture always had to satisfy a function, but beginning of its modern interpretation. Resigning from heroism, architecture dimin- d its scale, becoming cut to the size of an ordinary man. A good illustration of this nge is the comparison between the Palace of Versailles and the Petit Trianon.

he change of the predominant scale and the introduction of the problems of comfort, an find the beginning of our architecture. These changes, essential as they were, d not alone produce the new form. Other factors were to complete the picture of the change. One of them was expressed in 1825 by the German architect, Schinkel, his visit to the industrialized Manchester in his famous question, "Why not a new ?" The eternal desire of change was responsible for violent shifts of attitude to form gh the 19th century. To illustrate this violence and its extremes, I would like to two striking and not very well known examples. In the early years of the century, nch archeologist proposed a system of destroying the Gothic cathedrals, considered e days of the Empire as edifices of barbarism. Cutting a groove at the base of the

limestone columns, then surrounding them with piles of wood and setting fire to the was suggested. The archeologist was convinced that under this treatment the unsavor structure would crumble "in less than ten minutes" relieving civilization of its shamef presence.

A few decades later Ruskin, paving the way for the Pre-Raphaelite movement, wrote i his "Modern Painters" that no public funds should be spent to purchase paintings late than Raphael, as the spirit of art was confined to the medieval period and replaced late by the superficial technology of a craft.

Out of these shifts of sympathies came the consciousness that some basic change in th eclectic sequence is indispensable. This was the psychological background to what w call the "modern" form. And although we shudder at the word style, Schinkel's searc for its new expression contributed to the birth of modern architecture perhaps as muc an any other factor.

No new form of architecture could have been created without a new structure, and th psychological receptiveness had to wait for its fulfillment until the structural possibilitie ripened.

The middle of the last century with Paxton's Crystal Palace—its modular re-erection o a new site, its space concept of openness, created a new era. The following use of ca iron, then ferroconcrete and steel created the spine of the new frame structure fro those days on dominant in modern building.

Independence of the partitioning wall from the frame created the free plan and, thu all elements of the new architecture were present at the beginning of our century.

What would have been the characteristics of modern architecture had it followed th direction of those early days? Its form influenced strongly by the expression of th structure would have been intricate and detailed. The logical development of the skeleto would have accentuated the delicate ribs dividing areas of the building into supportin and supported members. The resulting form would perhaps have acquired the lightne and openness of lacework filled with translucent or opaque screen. In its final stage th

creen probably would have been replaced with a secondary skeleton filling the lacework
vith more lacework.

'his is the way the gothic skeleton developed with its stained glass window and this was
he road explored by Paxton, Labroust, Aifeel and their contemporaries. Modern archi-
ecture instead chose a road different in every respect from these expectations. To under-
tand this change of destiny we have to make a digression. Architecture with its social,
conomic and technical complexities never was in the lead of aesthetic changes. As a
ule it followed other media of art. The changes of taste in the nineteenth century,
nentioned before, affected architecture very profoundly but they resulted from factors
emote to the problems of building or design.

'he great change introduced by the Renaissance can be quoted here as a striking example
f the same problem. At the rebirth of the classical idiom, the medieval gothic structure
eached the climax of its growth. The further life and growth of this structure was inter-
upted by an aesthetic wave unrelated to the technics of architecture. No structural com-
etition to the gothic building was offered by the new style. The building methods of the
enaissance were crude when compared to the advanced standard of the medieval mason.
he change in architecture followed the changing aesthetic of the period and the respon-
bility and credit for this change should rest with its men of letters. In this way Petrarch
nd Dante fathered the architecture of the Renaissance.

somewhat similar thing happened to modern architecture. This time the change of
ste was inspired by the painters and not by the men of letters. The broad and open
amiere of Cezanne, the architectonic painting of synthetic Cubism introduced a new
ste for the purity and simplicity of form. The development of the structural skeleton
entioned before could not be molded into the new aesthetic. The problems of structure
d materials became secondary in a period preoccupied with the aesthetics of form. One
s the impression that for an architect of the early twenties construction was the neces-
ry evil. Architecture became "idealized" and "dematerialized." Colorful planes meet-
g at the corners of the cube emphasized the lack of material thickness. Structural

detail was eliminated to conform to the demands of purity with the result that th idealized structure reacted badly to time and weather. A column in this architectur became simply a cylinder surrounded by planes, a vertical among horizontals. Th contrast of this juxtaposition had to be achieved to the satisfaction of the intellect s that no shape was created without a function which it should express and serve. Bu to create the shape a function was created or conveniently over-emphasized. Here m thoughts wander to those two massive cylinders dividing the steps of Le Corbusier' Salvation army Paris building. Although emphasized more than any other structura element of the building they function only as ventilation shafts and now, if technicall obsolete, they may have lost their functional meaning preserving their compositiona importance. This architecture of the "international style," romantically disposed t over-impressive technology, developed a notion which I shall call the **functional exacti-tude.** The truth of architecture was considered to be the exact expression of ever function. When building became technically obsolete and therefore no longer ideall serving those changing functions, it was to be removed and replaced by a more efficien one.

The concept of functional exactitude found a source of decorative qualities in the in-ventive interpretation of human life and movement. One might say that this architecture became the decoration of function. The period of functional exactitude looked for its inspiration towards the physical function. The psychological one was not considered in its philosophy. The concept of controlled environment resulted and the main purpose o architecture was to control **physical** environment to the **physical** satisfaction of the user. The recent changes in modern architecture are perhaps as basic as those separating the nineteen twenties from their predecessors. True, we share our vocabulary with this perio of yesterday but the same words have for us a different and often a basically opposit meaning. We both speak of functionalism but then it meant the exactitude and now i means the flexibility. Those are two opposite concepts. In our thoughts priority often i given to the psychological and not the physical human function. The concept of a short

ived structure removed with the rapid change of technology is replaced by a notion of architecture that will be our contribution to the life of future generations. Le Corbusier introduces a measure on which this contribution can be composed—the "modulor" with its mystery of the golden section. This measure of good proportion is most significant for the change of values. No longer the measure of functional space, no longer the measure of time, but a measure of beauty. Whatever the validity of such a measure may be, it is interesting to notice that in the sequence of "time, space and architecture" the emphasis is shifting towards the last word in terms of the mystery of its art. The free plan is replaced by the modular plan. Again these are two opposite notions. A module is the most rigid discipline to which a plan can be subjected. A modular plan in reality is the opposite of a free plan. We are no longer preoccupied with the proximities of related functions but with the nature of space that leads from one function to another. It is no longer "how quickly to get there" but "how to get there," that matters most in our plans. It seems that from a quantitative period we have jumped into a qualitative one.

These changes are neither as conscious nor as pronounced to the degree pointed out in my remarks. It is an irresistible temptation to express those changes in the most striking manner. But, in order to be objective one has to realize that a dividing line between periods can never be geometrically defined. This division can better be compared to a wide ribbon which separates and joins at the same time like a gray belt between fields of black and white.

With respect to the main channels of human creation, namely the invention and the discovery, one might say that our present period is also different from the yesterday. The discovery of the formal symbol of the unchanging laws of the universe seems to replace the invention of the form without a precedent. The eternal story of gravitation is again consciously contemplated. We are aware that the form of the discovery has to change but the object of it remains the same; over and over discovered in many ways.

Along with these elements of philosophy we also react in a different way to the techniques of our craft. Architecture discovered its own medium of creation and the difference between this medium and the others.

Picasso writing recently about his "blue period" of 1912 and several years later said that he discovered late the difference between sculpture and painting. Maturity brings a "sense of medium" and mature architecture in the same way discovered the difference between painting and the art of organizing accessible space. As a result we rely in our expression on the potentialities of materials and structure almost picking up the trend of the nineteenth century. This interest in structure and material may disclose within the building medium decorative qualities of ornament much too involved for the purist of yesterday. The symbolic meaning of a support became rediscovered and a steel column is used frankly as a symbol of structure even when it is not part of the structure itself.

The period of functional exactitude expressed its mysterious longings for ornament in the decoration of function.

This period of functional flexibility expresses them in the decoration of structure. Art tends not only to discover the truth but to exaggerate and finally to distort it. **And, maybe in this distortion lies the essence of art.**

I have described our stage of the modern design as a style. Will this style repeat the sad story of other styles becoming an addition to the repertoire of a future eclecticism? The life and the decline of cultures follows an organic pattern which seems to be inevitable. But the span of life of a culture and its rebirth into another rests in the hands of the people responsible for its creation. Where is the future of modern design?

It seems to me that it depends on the constant effort of approaching every problem with the consciousness that there is no single way of solving it. "Art una-species mille." This battle cry of the Renaissance should be repeated again and again. Art may be one but there are a thousand species. We must face the dangers of the crystalizing style not negating its existence but trying to enrich its scope by opening new roads for investigation and future refinements.

"Form follows function" no longer satisfies ambitions aroused when form becomes judged for its universal values, but sensitivity to the minute exigencies of life remains the source of creative invention leading through the elimination of "exactitudes" to the more important and more general truth which equals beauty.

"his training was more a loving study of the **RENAISSANCE** than the rigorous academism of **MODERNISM"**

MATTHEW AT THE FAI

William Henley Deitrick

It was fortunate for all concerned that Matthew Nowicki was interested in collaboratin on the North Carolina State Fair project and that he was available. It was in the ear fall of 1949—just before the Fair that year.

The problem presented was a challenging one. The commission embarked upon was th overall site plan, an amphitheatre or livestock pavilion and an enlarged grandstand an exhibit building. In addition to the new buildings new faces were to be overlaid on ol structures to insure a pleasing continuity. Various buildings were too good structurall to be destroyed and too bad architecturally to remain untreated. The budget was in adequate to provide for all needed facilities but a long range plan was required and a much new building as the funds would permit.

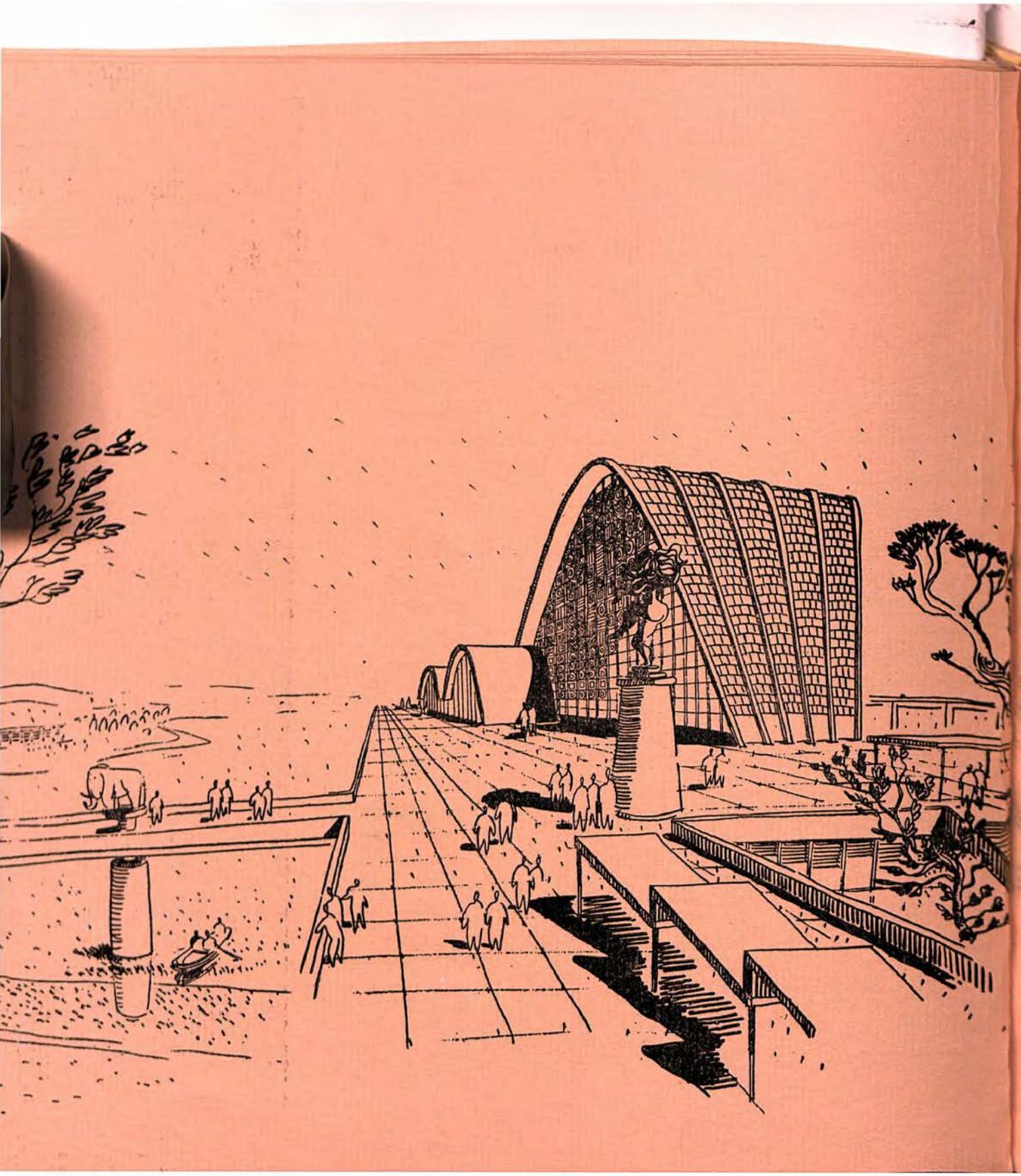
Numerous conferences with the Fair officials were held and enthusiasm mounted Matthew was an inspiration to his associates and clients alike. The clients wanted a fai facility that would advertise North Carolina as a progressive state and they wanted n copy of anything done before. This, Matthew's genius, boldness and originality, set ou to do. Hundreds of sketches came from his pencil—lightning like—many of the satisfying everybody but himself. Finally one would be developed.

The livestock pavilion, for which the building contract was awarded early this year, i a design, the originality of which has not been questioned. Planned so that all seats ar on the sides where the walls rise high and none at the ends where the walls are low, i is shaped by intersecting parabolic arches. No old name seemed to fit and so Dr. Lodwic Hartley of North Carolina State College has called it by a new name—a "paraboleum." It has no ornamentation whatsoever, its architecture being determined by the simple line and surfaces necessary for its structure and use.

In addition to his concentrated effort on the "paraboleum," Matthew in his remarkable use of time, was interested in a number of other office projects, especially the proposed North Carolina Museum and Archives Building in its early stages. Though he wasn't enabled to complete his studies, here again his impact was great.

He had a way with clients which early convinced them of his sincerity and abllity, resulting in a continuing mutual respect and cooperation. With him a primary tenet fixed the client as the most important factor in any successful architectural undertaking. His philosophy was contagious—the whole drafting room would catch his spirit. It is certain that his influence on character building was as great if not greater than on design. Quoting Jonathan Daniels' editorial tribute: "If Nowicki could not live to see the embodiment in stone and steel of the plans he had made . . . there was design in his death as in his life. Indeed, the flight which ended in his death emphasized that men in our time, despite war and brutality, the necessity of flight from tyranny, the difficulty of shaping new careers in strange lands, still dream the new cities and are not merely caught in the sickness of a dying world."

"he was young enough not to have to be modern."



MATTHEW'S LAST EIGHT WEEKS WERE SPENT IN INDIA

Albert Mayer

In the most pervasively trying set of circumstances and working conditions that either of us had ever encountered, Matthew achieved a rare mosaic of architectural understanding and virtuosity, or personal sympathy and humanity, even of political skill and tact, rare both because it is so rarely required and because so few could have attained it.

I met Matthew in Delhi after his arrival and we spent the next ten days working together in Simla. The first shock was that nothing had been done with our plans. No one had really studied them, no one had closely studied the reports; there was as yet no program beyond what we had crudely proposed.

No one doubts that Matthew was an architectural genius. But there was in him none of the waywardness of genius and none of the ivory tower requirement. Matthew was grand in human relations too. He showed himself eager and resourceful in diagnosing and tackling situations which are, or should normally be, quite remote from an architect's sphere of duty and action. And above all, his bubbling humanity never failed him in even the most distressing and frustrating situations. How gaily we discussed and wrote each other letters and made our plans to overcome these tribulations, and how many he did overcome! There is personal grief in Simla for Matthew, shared by draftsmen, engineers, civil servants, politicians, ministers.

There were other unexpected difficulties. Not even the house plans had been developed appreciably beyond our own diagrammatic indications. There was no assembled staff and no drafting room. We settled for an empty room in the Secretariat. A couple of draftsmen were found. Into our hotel room we managed to get a drafting table and a very good adjustable desk lamp—a British one, which we both agreed, incidentally, was better than anything on the American market.

We had come expecting to do some fairly high level work, to criticize what had bee done by the government staff, to coordinate the work of private architectural firms wh were to have been employed to develop various sections of the town and to devel further the main civic and governmental features. Instead, we had to start really fro the beginning with developing the smallest houses in our L-Blocks. This state of thin was far from being the only source of disappointment and bafflement. It was part of general situation. The Chief Engineer, whose personal vision and tenacity almost singl handed were responsible for there being a new Capitol project instead of just some add tion to an existing city, had recently lost what to him was an important administrati struggle of some sort. One can only say that this and other conditions had—temporari at least—resulted in no action having been taken to prosecute and implement the desig In the field there was intense opposition by the farmers to be displaced, aided a broadened by skillful political opponents of government. No land had been acquire Surveyors had been chased off.

The Cabinet had previously approved the plans, but there was still dissension and i decision—a part of the general political malaise and confusion in this province, truncat by partition.

In those first ten days we worked as hard as we could among distractions and co ferences and interruptions. Matthew did not for a moment let himself be disappointe by the fact that he was designing small houses instead of city squares and capit buildings. He took hold happily and without fuss. In a very few days he had begun t show what aesthetic and living quality and what characteristically Indian quality coul be given to an excessively minimum house, to the texture of the street.

Still, I hated to leave him there by himself. Even to me, used to many strange con ditions of work and atmosphere and to slower tempos, it was a troubling situation. O

top of that Matthew was deeply worried about the Korean War, about Siasia and the boys on the other side of the world. We walked and talked endlessly at night along Simla's enchanted Mall, with its enchanted constellations of lights up and down the hills, the haloed mists, the sudden sharp views down into the drama of steep winding lanes. It was exciting, and our spirits would recover, and we would discuss a million plans and situations, as well as philosophy and aspirations.

Matthew was prolific in solutions, all of them stimulating and imaginative, most of them feasible. Next morning we'd be sketching on our drafting tables, and the room servant would have to sidle in with our early morning tea, because the space had not been designed originally for bedroom and drafting room both. We finally decided that there was no question of covering a lot of ground on this visit, that to complete one of the thousand family super-blocks and do it well, with its houses, schools, playgrounds, and shopping center, would be all we could possible do this time and all that they would need for some months to come. As I left, Matthew said, "Don't worry. I'm not discouraged, and I'm a good salesman." Matthew had justified self-confidence, disarmingly felt and expressed. We met again in Delhi six weeks later, on August 22. He brought along his drawings, and a fine show they made, full of spirit just as drawings, full of gaiety almost as a cartoonist's drawings are, and professionally illustrating new possibilities of the minimal house and its grouping into varying close coupled and open patterns. What amazed me was the sheer quantity of work Matthew had produced practically single-handed and the flow of imagination through it all, as though the work and thinking had been quite unhurried, quite undistracted by the other complications of the situation. But, actually, he had been attending cabinet meetings, explaining the issues generally and his drawings in particular, following up these meetings by personal conferences, ironing out issues, bringing personalities together, writing publicity pieces. . . . Other professional men have done such extraneous work, too, but generally their own work loses quality, sharpness, distinction—for the two aspects don't generally go together.

In Matthew they did indeed, and in both to the highest degree. He made warm friend ships, and he made issues clear to people who had not thought of such problems before He catalyzed and produced action.

The small house he designed, the one with the inner court and the tiny balcony con necting the two elements of the upper floor, is a gem in architectural scale and feelin and a first-class tropical solution. The conception and careful study of levels as economy convenience and scale, the house with the inner open stairway, the one with the fron garden-court—all of these showed an extraordinarily prolific flow which in itself wa the crystallization from a much larger number of ideas. The street is, of course, th important unit of architecture where these small houses are concerned. The problem to create something interesting, something of varied appeal, in place of the usual pre ordained rectangular, equidistant blocks. I think the characteristically narrow street breaking into small squares now and again, with houses of different plan, differen ventilation requirements suitable to each location, form an important contribution t eastern urbanism. The house types can in most cases be built in stages—a probabl important feature in a country where, it is ardently hoped and expected, the desperatel low present incomes will become more adequate; where, also, due to the strong ties o family and of place of origin there is likely to be more of a mixture of incomes in any on locality than with us.

I don't mean to get too much into a discussion of architecture and planning, but based on all our talk and work and other of his work that I have seen and studied with him, do need to say this:

Matthew was certainly an architectural genius of an order to match anyone in thi generation, fully as bold, fully as original. But these other men of talent whose work have known, lack a sense of discipline, a sense of the living importance of the grea past, an integral and pervasive and dynamic impulse from it, a textured habit and feel

ng that we are building a projection into the future of the great work of all ages and laces. Matthew was not **merely** original, **merely** bold, **merely** an innovator, but an architect whose work was organically connected with the greatest contributions of all architectural time. This is what I was beginning to learn from him, not just as theory, but as n interwoven element of the fabric. We spent a day and a half together this last time, riticizing the work, discussing refinements, adjustments, changes, and discussing how we ould carry out the next design steps of other super-blocks and centers which the governent seemed likely to entrust to us. We had both been disappointed and chagrined by ot having found men who could be trained, stimulated, inspired, as I had found could e done in other areas. But we had to leave that for another time.

here is just not the tradition of serious systematic architecture, and really not the raw aterial yet. Matthew had thought about it a lot and had the answer; America must set p a complete architectural-engineering school in India. Nothing less drastic would meet ie problem, said Matthew. It would be a flea-bite for America, and what a tremendous esture it would be, what impact it would have, how Quixotic and American and necessary this murky world. And it would work. The Indian is not a self-starter in the realm of e specific, but quick and eager and effective on the uptake; susceptible to absorption know-how.

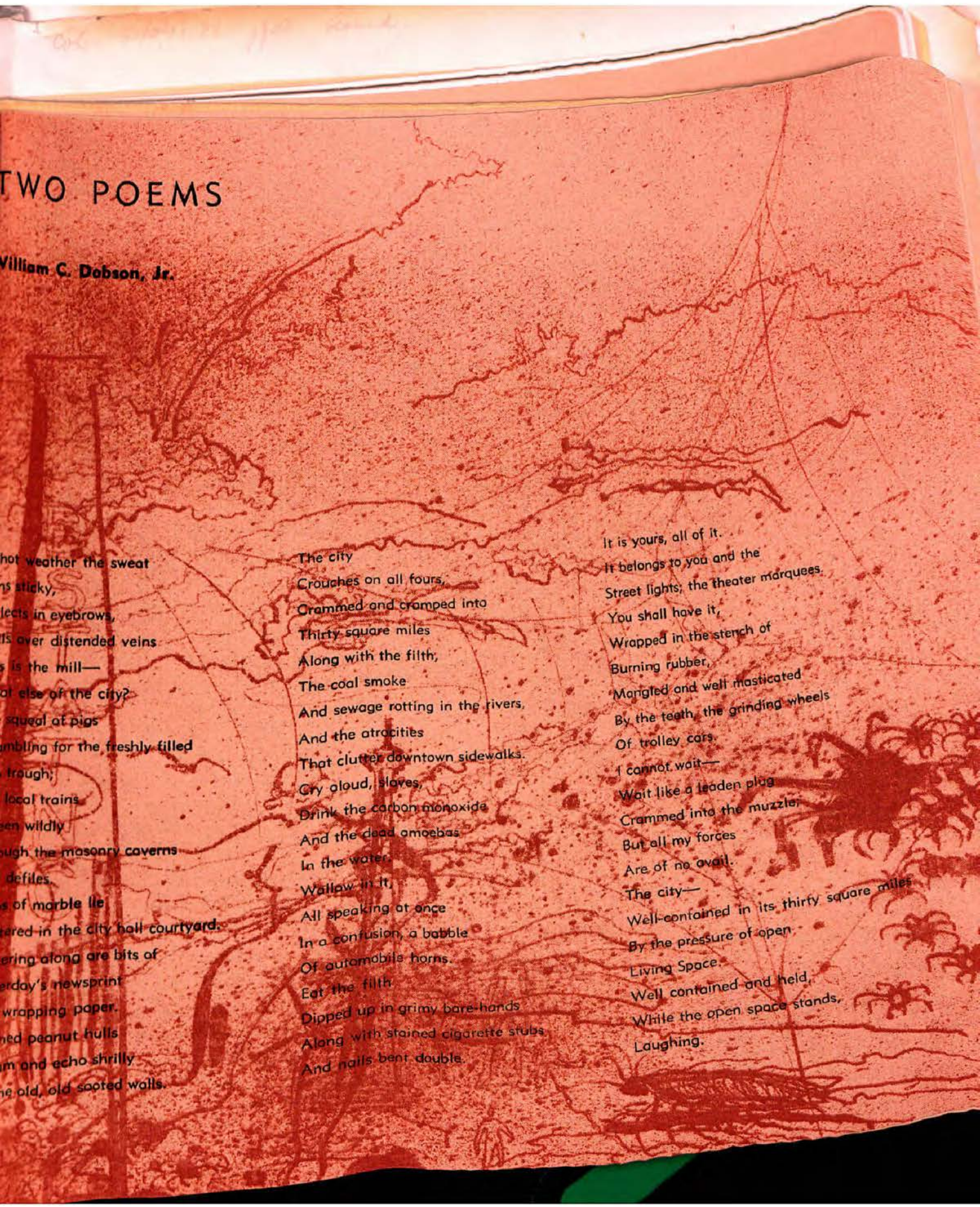
nd so the great talk went on. And maybe we can, and perhaps we must, do something much about these ideas of Matthew's.

e was on his way to Bombay about which I had enthused to him. The last word he sent e, a postcard before he took off, had all his zest. "You're right. Bombay is wonderful. on't make any mistake, Albert. With all the grief, I've had a great time in India. We'll ack it open." That was the spirit and rough content of it anyway. I didn't keep the rd, for I had no premonition.


If all the edges were even,
Planed smooth,
If all forms
Were indistinguishable.
All tastes
Were of bitter, saline ink.
All smells
Were of moldering vomit
All textures
Were of the feel of bone
ry cloth that falls apart
t the least touch,
umbling like the ash
burned leaves—
ould that be madness?

TWO POEMS

William C. Dobson, Jr.



hot weather the sweat
ns sticky,
lects in eyebrows,
ls over distended veins
s is the mill—
at else of the city?
squeal of pigs
mbling for the freshly filled
trough;
local trains
en wildly
ugh the masonry caverns
defiles.
s of marble lie
ared in the city hall courtyard.
ering along are bits of
erday's newsprint
wrapping paper.
ed peanut hulls
m and echo shrilly
e old, old spotted walls.

The city
Crouches on all fours,
Crammed and cramped into
Thirty square miles
Along with the filth;
The coal smoke
And sewage rotting in the rivers,
And the atrocities
That clutter downtown sidewalks.
Cry aloud, slaves,
Drink the carbon monoxide
And the dead amoebas
In the water.
Wallow in it,
All speaking at once
In a confusion, a babble
Of automobile horns.
Eat the filth
Dipped up in grimy bare-hands
Along with stained cigarette stubs
And nails bent double.

It is yours, all of it.
It belongs to you and the
Street lights; the theater marquees.
You shall have it,
Wrapped in the stench of
Burning rubber,
Mangled and well masticated
By the teeth, the grinding wheels
Of trolley cars.
I cannot wait—
Wait like a leaden plug
Crammed into the muzzle;
But all my forces
Are of no avail.
The city—
Well-contained in its thirty square miles
By the pressure of open
Living Space.
Well contained and held,
While the open space stands,
Laughing.

THE MUSEUM IS SLIPPING

Every time I visit the Museum of Modern Art, I wonder what the Museum will have done since I was last there. Invariably I can quickly find the answer; sometimes I can **predict** the answer. It becomes increasingly evident that the Museum is shaping a conservative mold for itself, a fact which, to me, is extremely disappointing. It is unfortunate, too, that by so doing the Museum is losing that respectful patronage among the group of enthusiasts who first greeted its opening with little less than passionate adoration. Worst of all, the Museum no longer champions the experimental movements in the arts.

The Museum has contributed immeasurably to the spiritual and mental stimulation of the active mind, and has played a major part in presenting art to the public as a fluid medium of human expression. For these past achievements we can be proud of the Museum, but it is disheartening to see the Museum as it is now—seemingly content with good intentions.

Why is the Museum slipping? There seems to be only one rational conclusion: The Museum has become just a little too well established. This position of acceptance allows the Museum to operate pretty much as its directors see fit. Yet it seems to me that a museum, like a public library, has a responsibility to itself and to the public, that of continually reshuffling its stock and making additions and deletions in as impartial a manner as its good judgment will allow. The Museum should never attempt to influence art or the artist and, indeed, let us hope it could not. The Museum can and must, however, provide an easily accessible place where the artist and the public alike may see the assembled work of their contemporaries. As their fellows are diverse, so is their work; thus, to serve its true purpose, the Museum could never linger in one period of realization or set its course by one movement in the arts. That

is, it could never become conservative. But such is exactly the case. The Museum of Modern Art is potentially the most conservative museum in New York. It was conceived in a certain period and is being evolved along increasingly more definite lines. Its keepers, having found their means of expression, continue to augment their experiences in that period. This is not to condemn the period, nor to say that the product of the period is not sufficiently adequate to merit lasting attention; it **is** to condemn the static mold the Museum is shaping for itself by the exclusion, knowingly or unknowingly, of other activities in the arts.

What is the Museum trying to do with the "house in the garden" project? Two houses have been exhibited in the last two years: one by Marcel Breuer and one by Gregory Ain. It must be noted that both houses illustrate one phase of modern architecture—the Harvard school of the plaster panel and unpainted vertical siding. Most people accepted the houses themselves, however, not with any great admiration. The acceptance of these two specific houses is rather unimportant when we consider that the houses appear **somewhat** late, because of the recent war, to do the public any real service. Ten years ago, visitors to the Museum might have benefited greatly by such a project. Now, enough houses have been built to acquaint the public with the contemporary approach to residential architecture.

The Museum is an established institution. If this fact has limited the range of the Museum's activities, it has also made evident the increasing lack of imaginative sensitivity on the part of those in charge of arranging the exhibit material. Two things seemingly indicative of this trend toward less and less imaginative effort disturbed me on my last visit. William Lehmbruck's two wonderful pieces of sculpture, the standing man and kneeling woman, formerly occupying a room entirely to themselves, had been moved to a larger room which they shared with two rather uninspiring pieces of work, out of key with Lehmbruck's sculpture, and impossible to overlook. The addition of these two completely destroyed the exciting space modulation which is possible with Lehmbruck's sculpture.

The Museum had Leopold's "Full Moon" on exhibit. It was placed in a dark alcove, and a bench was provided so that observers might sit and watch the subtle movement of the Full Moon. Two lights pointing away from the observers lit the mobile full on its center as it hung suspended in the blackened space. As far as the Museum had gone, it had done an adequate job, but the lighting arrangement seemed to me very questionable. On the ceiling were the intricate linear shadows produced by the mobile's geometric patterns. These shadows, however, were kept to a minimum. What fantastic possibilities this piece of work offered in variations of shadow arrangement from a basically simple symmetrical geometric structure! Pin point lighting or variations in the lighting arrangements could have exhibited the Full Moon in its ultimate effectiveness.

Regardless of how we feel about the Museum (and most of us love it dearly), we cannot help watching it with a critical eye. Many fond friends and yearly visitors to the Museum have not and will not in the future visit the Museum less frequently, but they are coming back for different reasons and with different feelings from those they had when they first came. The building itself still inspires the same quiet delight, and the garden retains its amusingly casual appearance. But more and more I feel a touch of reminiscent expectancy about my visits there. Hardly does one come across an exhibit that does not fit the familiar pattern. A nice quiet old Museum is in the making. After several years of this slumber, someone will open a new Museum to serve the experimental activities in the arts.

All the Museum needs is the acquisition of new blood—the regenerative influence of an additional energetic force—another pair of sensitive eyes to watch the more subtle forms of divergence.

—SHERMAN PARDUE, JR.

THE PAGES AHEAD . . .

At the beginning of any worthwhile undertaking is an Obs
vation—an observation that all is not right with one's perso
concept of the world. In our own case, the observation is
not entirely original one that the "Age of the Specialist"
gone about as far as we can allow it to go. There are too m
painters who know of pigments and oils but nothing of
stein's **Theory of Relativity;** too many politicians who know
loud oratory and parliamentary procedure but nothing
Donne's **Meditations;** too many chemists who know of elem
and radicals but nothing of Gabo's "Spiral Theme"; too m
actors who know of elocution and stage business but noth
of Wright's "Falling Water"; too many mechanics who k
of engines and brakes but nothing of Russell's "A Free M
Worship"; too many doctors who know of pills and sympt
but nothing of Dostoevski's **Idiot;** too many farmers who k
of legumes and plowing but nothing of Honegger's **Sonata**
Two Solo Violins.

And yet we believe that the intuitions and thought-proce

Col. 3/10/78

nd all endeavor are basically similar whether they be in the iers of science or the arts or even a new way to promote st buck.

only real difference is in the medium with which each man s—the clay the sculptor molds, the earth the farmer s, the body the doctor heals. But the intricacies and details ch medium are such that perhaps only a genius can master al of them, let alone all. Although this is so, there is a for what has been variously called the Renaissance Man, Educated Man, the Whole Man, the Well-rounded Man. e is a place for the man who realizes that his specialty—oney-crop—is not the only work of importance. The edu- man may not be able to master the technique of a great pursuits. He must, however, learn enough about man's in other media to perceive the significance of that work o have a sympathetic understanding of what its masters to say to him.

Our observation, then, is that modern man's ideal of the Specialist is wrong. He attempts to find or create enough specialized compartments so that each individual in our Democracy of Equality can be a master of one of them. Specialist worship leads to pigeonholing and ultimately to the robot of the Twentieth century who inhabits the arid wasteland where Monotony kills Inspiration.

The School of Design is dedicated to producing not just architects but well-developed citizens. It seems to us that the magazine of its students should lead in that direction—in the direction of an unlimited scope, in the direction of a well-rounded content. We have a place for short stories as well as articles on modern art; for sonnets as well as elevations; for musical as well as architectural criticism.

We hope that the taste and judgment of the editors will be the only limitation on an otherwise limitless horizon.

—JAMES L. BRANDT

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THE STUDENTS IN THE SCHOOL OF DESIGN ARE PUBLISHING THIS MAGAZINE WITH THE HOPE OF ESTABLISHING A WORKING MEDIUM THROUGH WHICH THE IDEAS AND OPINIONS OF OURSELVES AND OTHERS MAY FIND RECOGNITION AND ENCOURAGEMENT. WE WILL PUBLISH FOR THE MUTUAL BENEFIT OF OURSELVES AND OUR READERS SOME KIND OF MEDIUM AS LONG AS WE ARE CURIOUS ABOUT THE THOUGHTS AND ACTIVITIES BEHIND IT. WE WILL WELCOME YOUR INTEREST, YOUR CRITICISM, AND YOUR CONTRIBUTIONS.

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ONE: **2** : THIS SECOND ISSUE OF A STUDENT PUBLICATION OF THE SCHOOL OF DESIGN IS DEDICATED TO THE GREAT GOD **MISCELLANY** AND IS CONCERNED WITH SOME OF THE WIDE AND VARIED INTERESTS OF MAN INCLUDING POETRY, POTTERY, ARCHITECTURE, THEATER, GRAPHIC DESIGN, CINEMA, AND GREAT IDEAS, OLD AND NEW

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urtie truis si jeo la Rose quière,
ous êtes franche et jeo suis fort lié.
—JOHN GOWER.

IN PHILADELPHIA PRACTICALLY EVERYBODY LOVES MY BABY

Abstruse semanticist of personal adjustment:
When is a rose a rose?
Dante's buttonhole, visited by innocuous bees,
Dissolves: the montage delineates
The bomb-burst Paradiso of the junior Mussolini —
Isolation of the lethal vitamin:
Aesthetics subjected to ethical strain.

Allergy rash from the rose embraced.
Ambivalence of aloe: crucifix spike to embalming clove.
The bed of roses and the hair shirt:
The spiked nectar and the spiked bed.
Lord, may we die cured! —
A prayer to Heaven from the ham.
(La commedia e finita.)

The Bard of Avon notwithstanding
A rose under alias is attar-deficient.
The fluent Esperanto of the heart,
Elixir of the magic fount of Ponce,
Seeps through sands of volatility.
Hylozoic thinking in the language of the heart
Soliloquies in tandem supersede.

Nettled by your love, my sweet,
I stencil on your brow:
Platonic nymphomaniac
(The scarlet letter a parlor pink —
Ego-sharing of a paranoid;
Kissproof intellect, the crimson come-on,
Framing No without incandescence).

Sentimental supernumerary torches borne
By sanguine scene-stealers of overstuffed Wagner.
Weary bearers of the spear, hauberk, habergeon.
Fighters of lions, acrobats,
Riders atop glass hills,
Knights in slightly tarnished armor, listing to port:
Atalanta or Bust! (Oh, dem golden apples!)

Black market love on the exchange
Pays poor percentages.
Isolation-from-the-world plus YOU:
A desert island of potent poachers —
Escort service in the perennial cabaret,
The bowed-bass buzz and the boogie beat,
The gentle haze of smoke and gin.

Polish off a Messerschmitt at nine o'clock.
Import a fragment of Camembert moon.
Or stammer through the neo-social graces.
Monotonous beat of the Stein song:
Roses wrenched of attar-odor.
Employ the wireless scrambler to clear the air.
A rose is a rose is a punchline wowed by Lear.
—DONIPHAN LOUTHAN.

THE FILM IN ARCHITECTURE

The motion picture industry has thrown architecture around long enough. It is high time architects started throwing motion pictures around for awhile instead. By throwing around, I mean using the film as a servant of the profession. Hollywood uses architecture as a tool for its dramatic interests; conversely, there is no reason to suppose that the film medium does not hold great creative value in the process of architectural design.

The most obvious asset of the film is the fact that it adds the dimension of movement in time to an otherwise static, two-dimensional approach to architectural study and design via drawings and photographs. The camera "dolly" is one of the greatest techniques developed in the field in recent years, and of all the cinema tricks, dollying most nearly approximates the immediate, visual human experience of walking through a building. From whatever vantage point a human being can get to and look around at his world, a camera can follow him and record that same visual experience. A movie camera, of all our creative media, comes nearest to duplicating and recording human vision in continuous time. Since architecture is, over and above "physical usefulness," an immediate, personal visual experience, then it seems logical that, in order best to understand how architecture is visually experienced by man, we should make use of that medium which can most

nearly approximate this experience.

One of the best films to be made since the war was "The Titan: The Story of Michel Angelo." A feature length film, "The Titan" told the story of Michel Angelo's life by photographing the parts of Florence and Rome which he knew and his paintings and sculpture without the appearance of a single human being in the film. Frederic March narrated the film, and together with excellent creative use of the camera, good music, and fine editing, there came forth a memorable work of art. The main character here was not the visual image of the artist, but his environment and his work. And through these forms, which shaped his character and those which he created, we come to know the personality behind them. This film is a prime example of focusing attention on architectural instead of human forms.

Of course the visualization of human beings together with architecture is very important and very necessary. The one difficulty here, however, is the fact that when we introduce a human being to the screen, immediately we have a personality with which to reckon and this moves toward dramatics. For some reason human beings tend to be more interested in other human beings than in the architectural forms which surround them.

Since the film can play with time like a ball, it is possible in experimentation to expand and contract time to suit our purposes of architectural investigation. For instance, experiments concerned with the way in which natural light changes during the course of a day in a room or outside a house could be shown quite effectively by filming the sequence. The medium could be used in the same way to contract time and show a beam or column failing, concrete cracking, erosion, efflorescence in brick, weathering of materials, the action of members under great stresses—these and many more engineering uses of the film come freely to mind.

Logically, of course, it is impossible to photograph a building which is not yet built unless it be in model form; a great deal of investigation could be made along these lines. The most effective study could be made with existing architecture, since architects and students make a habit of "reading sermons in stones" every time they enter a building. This movement of the camera through, over, around, and under architecture would be the most interesting in dealing with outstanding architectonic forms from the profession's great history.

Everyone cannot possibly get around enough to experience all the great architecture. Photographs, lectures, sketches and talks are good; but think how much better off, how much closer to duplicating the experience itself we could be if only we used this tool of the motion picture.

—HARDINGE MENZIES.

THE FLEXIBLE BUILDING • THE FLEXIBLE BUILDING

Since the introduction of skeleton steel and ferro-concrete frame structures, architects have rediscovered the curtain wall. No longer is it the prime function of walls to support the floors or the roof above; all that is asked of them is that they serve as a screen—a screen against the elements, against odors or sound, against light and view, or just a screen to help define space or serve as a background against which one may place furniture or a picture.

These screens take many forms, ranging from heavy masonry simulating the stability of bearing walls to the other extreme of using enormous areas of ceiling-to-floor glass. This endeavor to express the curtain wall, coupled with the availability of large sheets of glass, seems to encourage enthusiastic and often indiscriminate use of the glass screen. Innovations, such as movable walls and screens, partitions that do not quite touch the ceiling, luxurious use of louvered walls, and other devices helped to create the present "flexible" space that we associate with modern architecture.

With such "flexibility" as a slogan, we have set forth to design our buildings. First, the floor is poured on grade; then, the steel lally or concrete columns are placed; and finally the roof slab covers the structure. All that is necessary then is curtain walls of glass and light-weight partitions to enclose and subdivide the building. When these elements of architecture are reduced to their minimum, a greater amount of study and refinement is necessary. Such space modulations cannot successfully be executed superficially. There must be changes of material, changes of roof or floor levels, or a change of scale and of interest, to prevent the building from having the dull sameness everywhere. Unless handled with unusual clarity and sensitivity, as in Van der Rohe's Barcelona Pavilion, the space we thus create often seems incomplete, cold and inhuman.

I remember my most recent experience with such a building, a newly completed restaurant which undoubtedly was very thoroughly studied and planned for the utmost convenience. It is a sandwich of glass between two horizontal slabs of roof and

floor. Movable partitions divide the dining-room into smaller areas; free-standing storage units help set off the lounge and the bar. But such divisions seem inadequate and one feels little warmth in this building. There is a feeling of being alone in the midst of a broad plain, a feeling of insecurity on being exposed and watched by many hostile eyes. There is no corner, no nook, to which one can retreat with his friends and feel that the party is complete. The rest of the room opens out on one side to the lounge, thence to the bar, the vestibule, and finally out to the sidewalk. The other side is a full-height glass opening to the terrace. Somehow one feels compelled to speak in hushed tones and be on his very best Sunday behavior. Even when a whole section of the dining-room is reserved for the evening and a banquet is in progress, one cannot entirely forget that there are others just beyond. No party seems large enough. There is only the feeling of empty incompleteness and strange loneliness.

Why can't there be a change in floor or roof levels, a solid wall somewhere to reassure us of the shelter it provides us? And why can't there be an intimate division to help re-establish the human scale or some area where one knows that he belongs instead of being an exhibition piece in the middle of one big unhappy space?

Admittedly, there is much to be said for flexible space, but one cannot help wondering how truly flexible this space is. It is true that the houses we build today, in the very latest trend, may have a multi-purpose room, or a dining-room or a study that opens to the living-room. In some instances, a corner of the living-room or the study can be converted into a spare bedroom. Yet, if adaptability is one of the requisites of flexible space, I question whether the modern house is as flexible as the Cape Cod or the Georgian houses it is attempting to replace. Here in the South, I am constantly amazed to see houses 150 or more years old which still seem to function well, complete with up-to-date heating, plumbing, electrical, and even air-conditioning facilities. Though it may be true that we are not building houses with the intention that they will serve the family for such a long period of time, it is also apparent that the ever-increasing spiral of scientific research and production has moved with geometric progression until today the period before the obsolescence of any new development is very short. In rare instances, such as in the design of an aeroplane,

the commodity is already technically obsolete even before it has come off the production line.

With the scientifc and industrial potential that we have, it is a certainty that within our generation, air-conditioning in the South will be a common convenience just as scientifically designed heating systems are without question incorporated into our buildings today. Yet, little or no provisions are made for air-conditioning. Many of the houses built today on concrete slabs will find it impossible to take advantage of such units unless they are now heated with warm air and already have duct work in them or major alterations of furring ceilings are done. However, it will be no problem for the Colonial houses. This fact is due mostly to their deep basements and the high attic spaces which modern architects are too keen to eliminate. It is paradoxical to find a new automatic washer in the laundry room (converted from a butler's pantry) in an old Colonial mansion and none in the modern house that a fellow architect built for himself some nine years ago. It is impossible in the latter case to install the washer without first tearing up the concrete slab floor to accommodate the necessary hot-water line and drain pipe. How many more similar conveniences must we do without in our so-called "flexible" house when science promises inventions to come in ever-increasting numbers?

During the past fifty years, we have seen tremendous changes; the major ones have been in the sources of power. We now use oil instead of coal to heat our buildings and electricity instead of gas to light them. The houses of the past have been able to make the adjustments and continue adequately to serve their occupants. Additional and new plumbing fixtures have constantly rehabilitated them. Other improvements and changes are yet to come. We talk of the possibility of one power source to heat, cool, light, and operate our buildings—it may be solar energy or it may be atomic energy. They are both within our grasp. With the speed with which scientific research and progress move, it will not be long before they become practical and economical for everyday use. Why are not buildings "flexible" enough to take advantage of some of these conveniences that we anticipate? The modern architects have been conspicuously lax in their consideration of a basic type of change in building. Blinded by the cold clarity of the present they have too often brazenly ignored the future. It is time we stopped fooling ourselves about "flexible" space and started some serious thinking and work towards that end.

—GEORGE MATSUMOTO.

THEATER

. . . THE STAMP OF TWO DEFECTS

The Raleigh Little Theatre has made a reputation for itself which extends beyond the local area. North Carolina chauvinism has overstated the matter, however: The Little Theatre is good but not first-rate. There are critics of the Theatre who are prepared to speak without any personal malice. From their standpoint, the only heels in the Pogue Street Stock Company are the Achilles heels discussed in this dual article. The acting and direction are superior—if not **consistently superior.** It is the matters of play-selection and set-design which cause the greatest concern.

HEEL #1: PLAY SELECTION

As an amateur of the arts (in both the favorable and the unfavorable senses of **amateur),** I think I am entitled to comment on the type of play which a community theatre might reasonably be expected to produce. In general terms, such a play should have more to do with the past (dramatic classics) and with the future (experimental plays) than with the immediate present (what's new on Broadway).

The powers-that-be seem to have confused Pogue Street with Shubert Alley. It is regrettable that all enthusiasts of the Broadway product cannot see even a road-company version of their favorites. But the community theatre is not responsible for remedying this deficiency. When it produces contemporary plays, let it select plays which are too experimental for commercial production, or plays which—whether they failed or succeeded on Broadway—have real esthetic merit. Let the program be balanced, at least, with plays which are not typical Broadway products.

I don't mean to disparage Broadway plays gratuitously. We are occasionally astounded at the boxoffice attained by plays like the recent offerings of Eliot and Fry, and we are equally as-

(continued p. 10)

HEEL #2: SET DESIGN

An imagination can dream up a variety of settings for a particular play, from the architectonic curtain draping of a mystical Adolph Appia to the strict realism of a literal Norman Bel Geddes. It is true that a setting must serve the play. It must implement and heighten the effect of the play it sits behind. In observing the sets in Raleigh, as anywhere else, one must consider the plays which are produced in them. In its play selection, the Raleigh Little Theatre has carved itself a convenient rut along the road of literal realism with only an occasional excursion into what may be called "stage-convention semi-realism." Reasonably one must admit that the policy of realistic setting merely reflects the selection of plays. But within this limitation it is possible to concoct striking and original settings. Such designs have not appeared on the stage of the local theatre.

As long as the script calls for a period interior, the results have been satisfactory. Noteworthy have been **Years Ago** and **Pygmalion** with its Victorian detail and William Morris wallpaper. Slightly different but probably the best set in some time was last season's **Hasty Heart.** The scene was a bamboo hut in Burma. The hut was very real (it was actually bamboo) but

(continued p. 11)

founded at the number of turkeys which people actually invest money in. The angels smile on the bad and the good alike. In the case of plays without highbrow pretensions (comedies, in particular), those with superior esthetic qualities generally fare best at the boxoffice. In their Broadway setting, some of the plays of the current Little Theatre season were startling successes neither commercially nor artistically.

But there **are** plays of merit which fail to make Broadway, And there are plays which need to be tested in actual production, though they have little chance of survival on Broadway. Into this category fall certain plays by poets and novelists. The Yale Dramat proved to everybody's satisfaction that nobody wanted to attempt a second production of Thomas Wolfe's **Manner-house.**

On the other hand, Robert Penn Warren got favorable notices on the off-Broadway production of **All the King's Men**—the play adapted from the novel of the same title, which was adapted from the original play (was **Proud Flesh** the title?). The Hollywood version indicated that the material was suitably dramatic, but the movie was a disappointment in other respects. Community theatres might feel some responsibility for giving material of this type an even break.

Community theatres have some responsibility for keeping dramatic classics on the boards. Now, a theatre is not an old-curiosity shop; zombies are for bar-and-grills, not for stock companies. But there is a good deal of vitality left in Shakespeare, for example. There's no getting around the fact that historical changes complicate the problems of production. Among such changes is the change to what is known as "the post-Ibsenian picture-frame stage," which—in Shakespeare's type of play—interposes a barrier to communication between audience and players. You could get some interesting results with a burleycue runway extended out into the audience.

A theatre which produces experimental plays will inevitably be labeled **avant garde,** derogatorily. But there is a sense in which a theatre has to be avant, if it ever hopes to guard the best heritage of the community theatre. Remember the truism about people's going backwards when they stop going forwards. The community theatre has at least as much responsibility as the Rotary Club (which it may even have to fight) for improving community tastes. I am happy to note that the Little Theatre's playwriting contest is stepping out in the right direction. By encouraging writers to turn out plays without commercial slanting, the Theatre may hearten its own inclinations toward a better balance of plays.

—DONIPHAN LOUTHAN.

HEEL #2:

the atmospheric effect of golden sunlight and pale green jungle which were visible through the windows and chinks in the bamboo thatch were what lifted this setting above its predecessors. **Command Decision** achieved almost as admirable an effect in its representation of a crowded quonset hut. But when the scene becomes more abstract or symbolic as in **The Madwoman of Chaillot** the results are inadequate to say the least. The dramatic drapery which in both the New York and Chapel Hill productions transformed the Madwoman's bed into a throne here seemed to be little more than another tasteless plume in her mad hat.

It seems, therefore, that scholarly imitation is sufficient for some plays, but that only an artistic intellect can save other sets from mediocrity. A case in point is last season's **Born Yesterday.** It was hailed as a long-awaited opportunity to do a modern apartment, but as it turned out, the set violated all the requisites of good design, whether it be modern, Georgian, or Egyptian. If we are to take that set as an example, modern interiors consist of corner fireplaces, split-level living rooms, and an over-all lack of any design whatever. The solidarity of a realistic interior was absent. The set had all the posteboard look of a high school play in Ahoskie. Ideally, a successful setting should not be seen at all but felt as part of the mood of the play. But a drab set is just as obtrusive as a flashy one. Many recent sets have had a general greyness which may represent an attempt to keep the set well behind the players. **The Voice of the Turtle** cannot be criticized on this score; one first-nighter described it as resembling "the display window of a second-rate furniture store." It would seem that most of these sets were built by occasionally referring to the photograph of the Broadway set which appears as a frontispiece in Samuel French's acting edition of the various plays. But in no sense were they designed.

To sum up, the Little Theatre is successful when it attempts period sets, but it lacks the sensitive feeling necessary for modern and symbolic settings. The School of Design believes in modern architecture and teaches an understanding of symbolism. It has given its students an inkling of stage design through sketch problems which unfortunately remain unexecuted. Previous offers of mutual aid, improved stage designs in one case and the opportunity for execution in the other, have gone unheeded. In rebuffing these offers, the Pogue Street set builders are missing an opportunity to team up with the better designers in the school. Such collaboration might produce settings of a higher artistic quality than Raleigh has seen to date. It is worth trying.

—JAMES L. BRANDT.

In an age when men were feverishly engaged in getting and spending as much of this world's goods as they were able, Henry David Thoreau, 1817-1861, of Concord, Massachusetts, resolved "not to live in this restless, nervous, bustling, trivial, Nineteenth Century, but stand or sit thoughtfully while it goes by." In an age when Speed was synonymous with Progress, Henry David Thoreau observed acidly that "though a crowd rushes to the depot, and the conductor shouts 'All aboard!' when the smoke is blown away and the vapor condensed, it will be perceived that a few are riding, but the rest are run over." In an age of the hideous American house, in which living was more a process of the upkeep of hideousness than anything else, Thoreau threw together a cabin on the shore of Walden Pond outside Concord and lived happily in it for upwards of a year as a self-appointed inspector of snowstorms, watcher of woodchucks, and recorder of his own thoughts. For the mass of men, who "lead lives of quiet desperation," he had Olympian scorn, for they consistently refused to heed his admonitions to "Simplify, symplify!" and live like men instead of like sheep. He ignored them as much as possible, preferring to live alone, attend no church save that of the out-of-doors, pay no taxes and follow generally the dictates of his own conscience. Men as severely yet serenely individual as Thoreau are rare. But in his short life he put into his writings—**A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers, The Maine Woods, The Journal,** and his best-known masterpiece **Walden, or Life in the Woods**—an inspiring account of the beauty, dignity, and humor of Man Thinking.

The following article is composed of excerpts from **Walden** and includes many of Thoreau's ideas on building. His somewhat random and discursive observations exemplify the directness and depth of his thoughtful mind, which noted the ailments and the remedies of American architecture in his time.

—MARY LOUISE KELLY.

HENRY DAVID THOREAU

AS FOR A SHELTER

. . . . . .

As for a Shelter, I will not deny that this is now a necessary of life, though there are instances of men having done without it for long periods in colder countries than this. . . . Man was not made so large limbed and robust but that he must seek to narrow his world, and wall in a space such as fitted him. He was at first bare and out of doors; but though this was pleasant enough in serene and warm weather, by daylight, the rainy season and the winter, to say nothing of the torrid sun, would perhaps have nipped his race in the bud if he had not made haste to clothe himself with the shelter of a house. . . . We may imagine a time when, in the infancy of the human race, some enterprising mortal crept into a hollow in a rock for shelter. Every child begins the world again, to some extent, and loves to stay outdoors, even in wet and cold. It plays house, as well as horse, having an instinct for it. Who does not remember the interest with which, when young, he looked at shelving rocks, or any approach to a cave? It was the natural yearning of that portion of our most primitive ancestor which still survived in us. From the cave we have advanced to roofs of palm leaves, of bark and boughs, of linen woven and stretched, of grass and straw, of boards and shingles, of stones and tiles. At last, we know not what it is to live in the open air, and our lives are domestic in more senses than we think. From the hearth the field is a great distance. It would be well, perhaps, if we were to spend more of our days and nights without any obstruction between us and the celestial bodies, if the poet did not speak so much from under a roof, or the saint dwell there so long. Birds do not sing in caves, nor do doves cherish their innocence in dovecots. . . . Who knows but if men constructed their dwellings with their own hands, and provided food for themselves and families simply and honestly enough, the poetic faculty would be universally developed, as birds universally sing when they are so engaged? But alas! we do like cowbirds and cuckoos, which lay their eggs in nests which other birds have built, and cheer no traveller with their chattering and unmusical notes. Shall we forever resign the pleasure of construction to the carpenter? What does architecture amount to in the experience of the mass of men? . . .

However, if one designs to construct a dwelling-house, it behooves him to exercise a little Yankee shrewdness, lest after all he find himself in a workhouse, a labyrinth without a clue, a museum, an almshouse, a prison, or a splendid mausoleum instead. Consider first how slight a shelter is absolutely necessary. . . . I am far from jesting. Economy is a subject which admits of being treated with levity, but it cannot so be disposed of. A comfortable house for a rude and hardy race, that lived mostly out of doors, was once made here almost entirely of such materials as Nature furnished ready to their hands. . . . If it is asserted that civilization is a real advance in the condition of man—and I think that it is, though only the wise improve their advantages—it must be shown that it has produced better dwellings without making them more costly; and the cost of a thing is the amount of what I will call life which is required to be exchanged for it, immediately or in the long run.

Most men appear never to have considered what a house is, and are actually though needlessly poor all their lives because they think that they must have such a one as their neighbors have. . . . Shall we always study to obtain more of these things, and not sometimes to be content with less? . . . Why should not our furniture be as simple as the Arab's or the Indian's? When I think of the benefactors of the race, whom we have apotheosized as messengers from heaven, bearers of divine gifts to man, I do not see in my mind any retinue at their heels, any carload of fashionable furniture. Or what if I were to allow—would it not be a singular allowance?—that our furniture should be more complex than the Arab's, in proportion as we are morally and intellectually his superiors! At present our houses are cluttered and defiled with it, and a good housewife would sweep out the greater part into the dust hole, and not leave her morning's work undone. . . . I had three pieces of limestone on my desk, but I was terrified to find that they required to be dusted daily, when the furniture of my mind was all undusted still, and I threw them out the window in disgust. How, then, could I have a furnished house? I would rather sit in the open air, for no dust gathers on the grass, unless where man has broken ground.

It is the luxurious and dissipated who set the fashions which the herd so diligently follow. The traveller who stops at the best houses, so called, soon discovers this. . . . I think that in the railroad car we are inclined to spend more on luxury than on safety and convenience, and it threatens without attaining these to become no better than a modern drawing room, with its divans, and ottomans, and sun-shades, and a hundred other oriental things, which we are taking west with us, invented for the ladies of the harem and the effeminate natives of the Celestial Empire, which Jonathan should be ashamed to know the names of. I would rather sit on a pumpkin and have it all to myself than be crowded on a velvet cushion. I would rather ride on earth in an ox cart, with a free circulation, than go to heaven in the fancy car of an excursion train and breathe a malaria all the way. . . . There is actually no place in this village for a work of **fine** art to stand, if any had come down to us, for our lives, our houses and streets furnish no proper pedestal for it. There is not a nail to hang a picture on, nor a shelf to receive the bust of a hero or a saint. . . . Before we can adorn our houses with beautiful objects the walls must be stripped, and our lives must be stripped, and beautiful housekeeping and beautiful living be laid for a foundation:

AS FOR A SHELTER

now, a taste for the beautiful is most cultivated out of doors, where there is no house and no housekeeper. . . . When I think of acquiring for myself one of our luxurious dwellings, I am deterred, for, so to speak, the country is not yet adapted to **human** culture, and we are still forced to cut our spiritual bread far thinner than our forefathers did their wheaten. Not that all architectural ornament is to be neglected even in the rudest periods; but let our houses first be lined with beauty, where they come in contact with our lives, like the tenement of the shell-fish, and not overlaid with it. But, alas! I have been inside one or two of them, and know what they are lined with. . . .

Should not every apartment in which man dwells be lofty enough to create some obscurity overhead, where flickering shadows may play at evening about the rafters? These forms are more agreeable to the fancy and imagination than fresco paintings or other the most expensive furniture. I now first began to inhabit my house, I may say, when I began to use it for warmth as well as shelter. I had got a couple of old fire-dogs to keep the wood from the hearth, and it did me good to see the soot form on the back of the chimney which I had built, and I poked the fire with more right and more satisfaction than usual. My dwelling was small, and I could hardly entertain an echo in it; but it seemed larger from being a single apartment and remote from neighbors. All the attractions of a house were concentrated in one room; it was kitchen, chamber, parlor, and keeping-room; and whatever satisfaction parent or child, master or servant, derive from living in a house, I enjoyed it all. . . .

I sometimes dream of a larger and more populous house, standing in a golden age, of enduring materials, and without gingerbread work, which shall still consist of only one room, a vast, rude, substantial, primitive hall, without ceiling or plastering, with bare rafters and purlins supporting a sort of lower heaven over one's head—useful to keep off rain and snow, where the king and queen posts stand out to receive your homage, when you have done reverence to the prostrate Saturn of an older dynasty on stepping over the sill; a cavernous house, wherein you must reach up a torch upon a pole to see the roof; where some may live in the fireplace, some in the recess of

the window, and some on settles, some at one end of the hall, some at another, and some aloft on rafters with the spiders, if they choose; a house which you have got into when you have opened the outside door, and the ceremony is over; where the weary traveller may wash, and eat, and converse, and sleep, without further journey; such a shelter as you would be glad to reach in a tempestuous night, containing all the essentials of a house, and nothing for housekeeping; where you can see all the treasures of the house at one view, and everything hangs upon its peg that a man should use; at once kitchen, pantry, parlor, chamber, storehouse, and garret; where you can see so necessary a thing as a barrel or a ladder, so covenient a thing as a cupboard, and hear the pot boil, and pay your respects to the fire that cooks your dinner, and the oven that bakes your bread, and the necessary furniture and utensils are the chief ornaments; where the washing is not put out, nor the fire, nor the mistress, and perhaps you are sometimes requested to move from off the trap-door, when the cook would descend into the cellar, and so learn whether the ground is solid or hollow beneath you without stamping. A house whose inside is as open and manifest as a bird's nest, and you cannot go in at the front door and out at the back without seeing some of its inhabitants; where to be a guest is to be presented with the freedom of the house, and not to be carefully excluded from seven eighths of it, shut up in a particular cell, and told to make yourself at home there—in solitary confinement. Nowadays the host does not admit you to **his** hearth, but has got the mason to build one for yourself somewhere in his alley, and hospitality is the art of keeping you at the greatest distance. There is as much secrecy about the cooking as if he had a design to poison you. I am aware that I have been on many a man's premises, and might have been legally ordered off, but I am not aware that I have been in many men's houses. I might visit in my old clothes a king and queen who lived simply in such a house as I have described, if I were going their way; but backing out of a modern palace will be all that I shall desire to learn, if ever I am caught in one. . . .

True, there are architects so called in this country, and I have heard of one at least possessed with the idea of making architectural ornaments have a core of truth, a necessity, and hence a beauty, as if it were a revelation to him. All very well perhaps from his point of view, but only a little better than the common dilettantism. A sentimental reformer in architecture, he began at the cornice, not at the foundation. It was only how to put a core of truth within the ornaments, that every sugar-plum, in fact, might have an almond or caraway seed in it—though I hold that almonds are most wholesome without the sugar—and not how the inhabitant, the indweller, might build truly within and without, and let the ornaments take care of themselves. What reasonable man ever supposed that ornaments were something outward and in the skin merely—that the tortoise got his spotted shell, or the shell-fish its mother-o'-pearl tints, by such a contract as the inhabitants of Broadway their Trinity Church? But a man has no more to do with the style of architecture of his house than a tortoise with that of his shell. . . . This man seemed to me to lean over the cornice, and timidly whisper his half truth to the rude occupants who really knew it better than he. What of architectural beauty I now see, I know has gradually grown from within outward, out of the necessities and character of the indweller, who is the only builder. . . . The most interesting dwellings in this country, as the painter knows, are the most unpretending, humble log huts and cottages of the poor commonly; it is the life of the inhabitants whose shells they are, and not any peculiarity in their surfaces merely, which makes them picturesque; and equally interesting will be the citizen's suburban box, when his life shall be as simple and as agreeable to the imagination, and there is as little straining after effect in the style of his dwelling . . .

S. NOWICKI

BASIC DESIGN

FRESHMAN COURSE IN APPRECIATION OF ARCHITECTURE

LETTERING AS A STUDY OF FORM

P. G. Clark

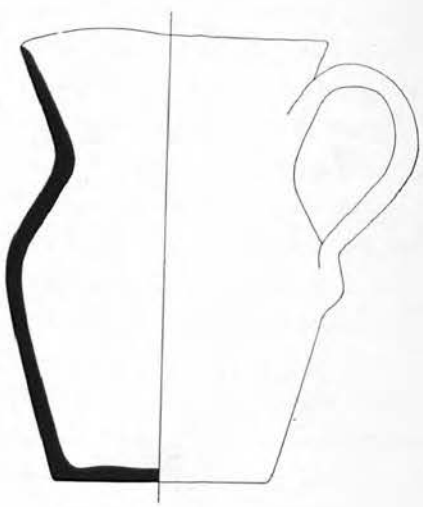
R. V. Troxler

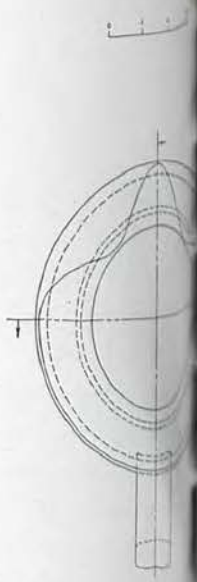
J. W. M. Black

F. M. Taylor

PRINCIPLES OF COMPOSITION

The unobjective forms discovered in the technical presentation of the pitcher are used as elements of composition to represent on the picture plane the three different orders: **equilibrium** (balance), **motion, stability.**

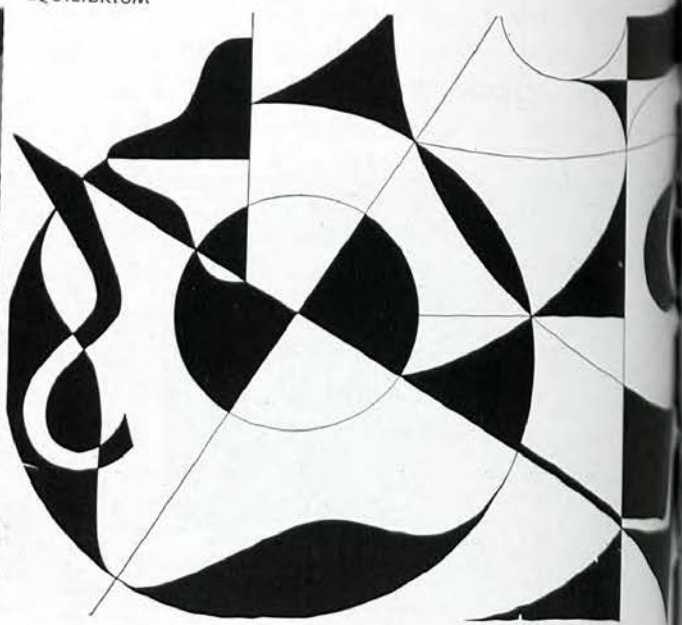




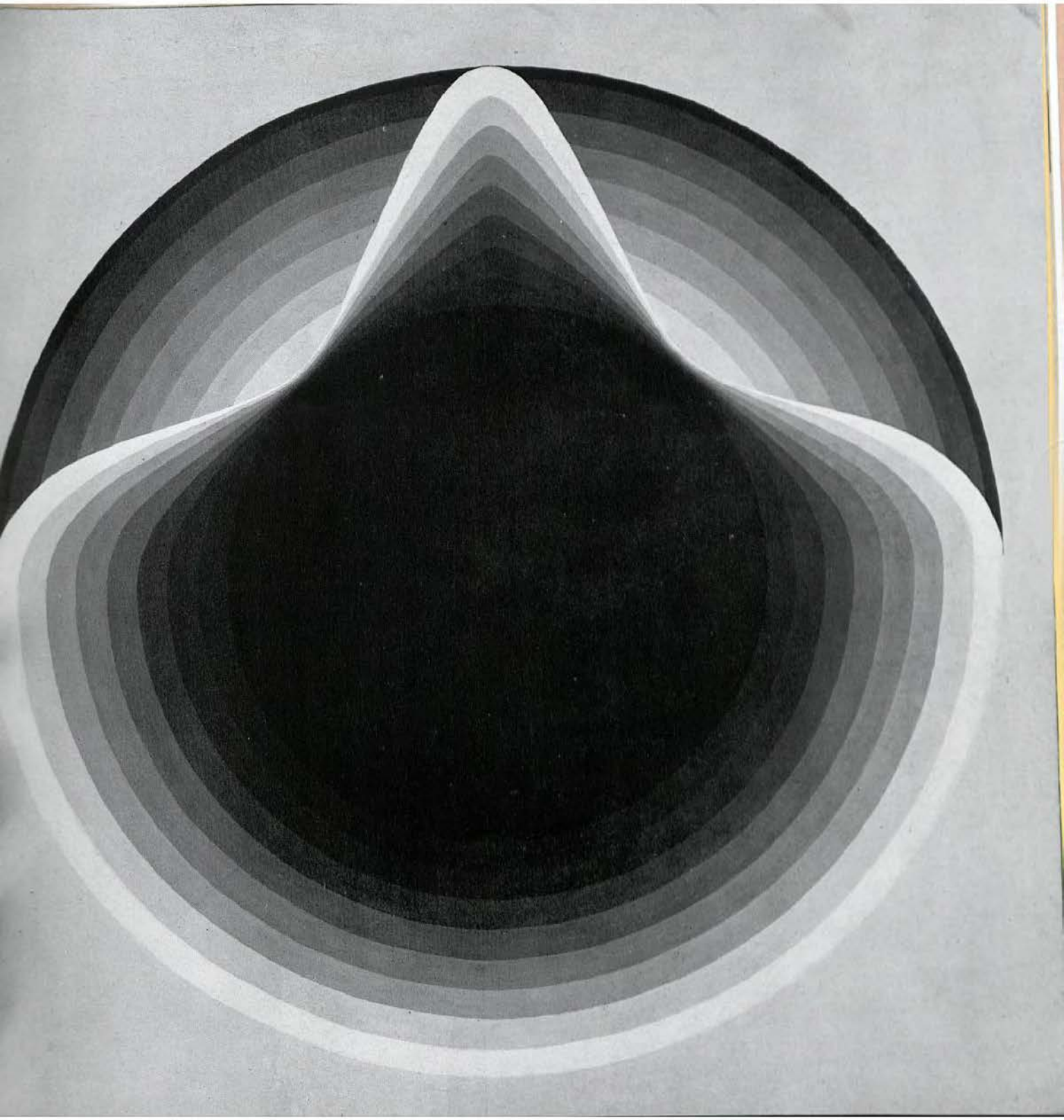
MOTION

G. H. Phillips

EQUILIBRIUM

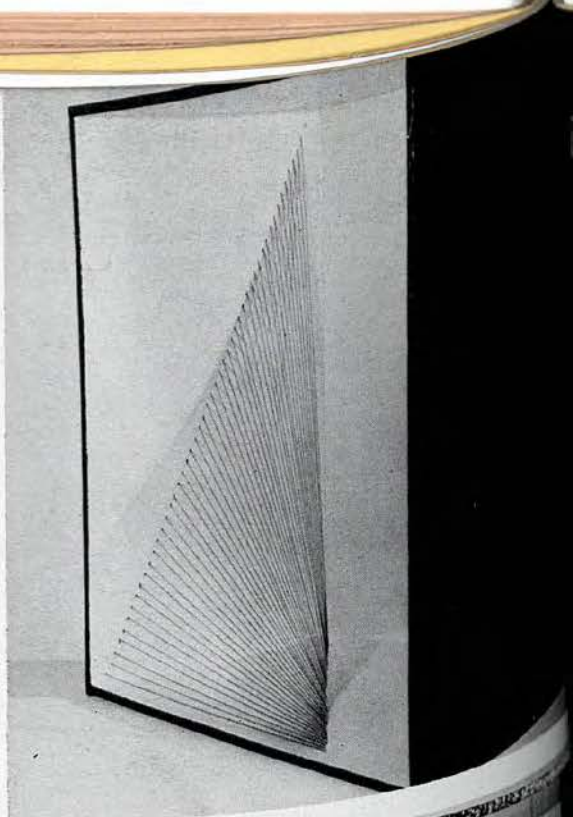


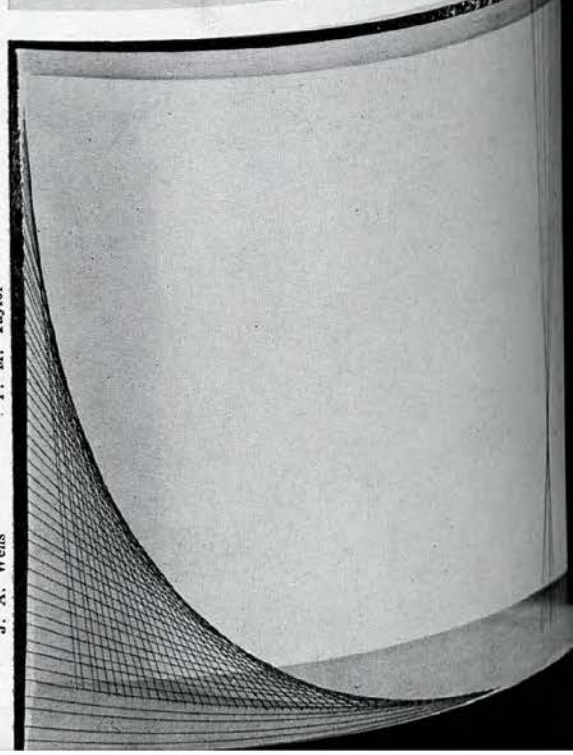
F. L. Jacks



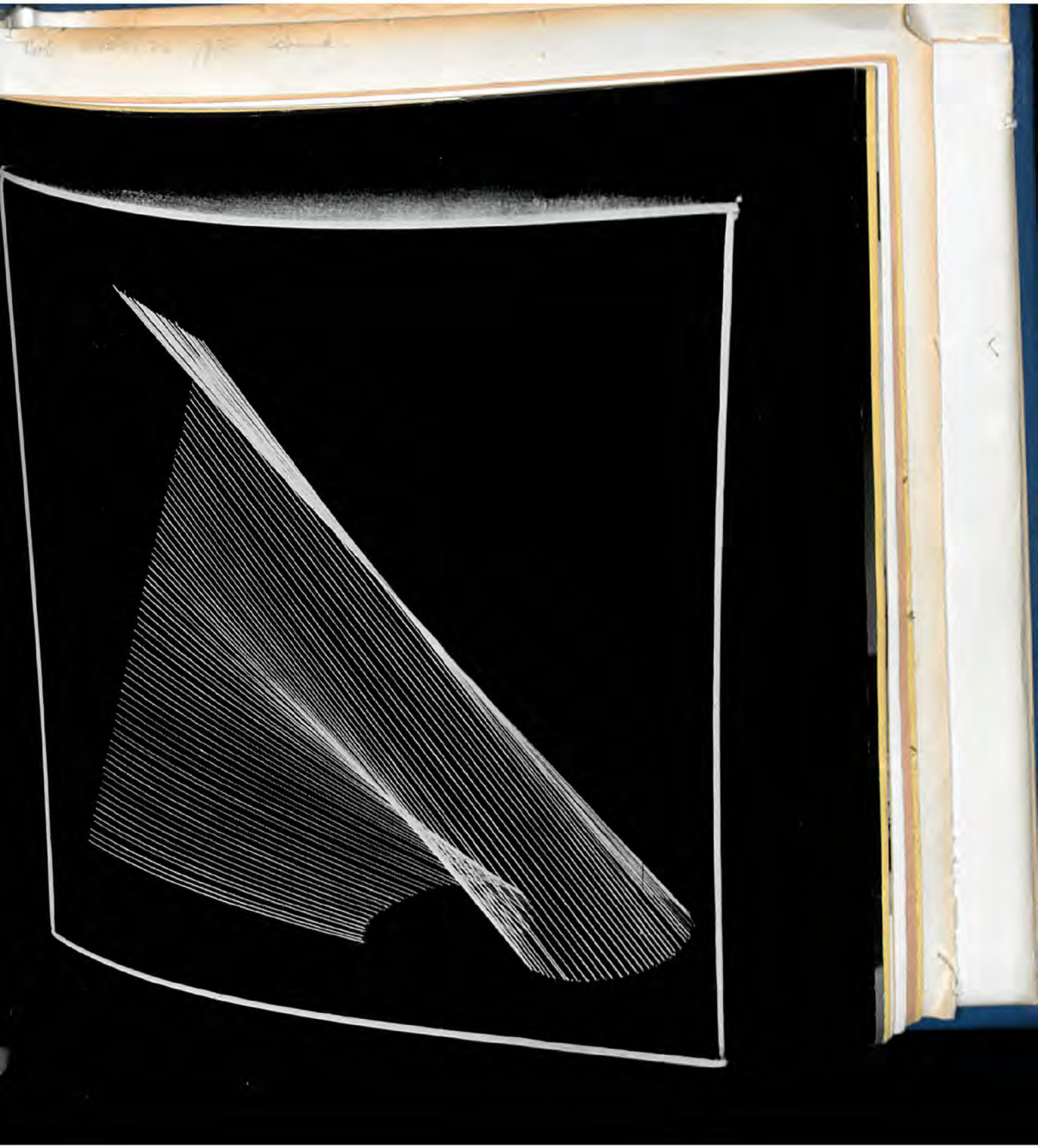
RHYTHMICAL STRUCTURE IN SPACE

Picture field is replaced by three dimensions. The frame of the composition is a link with previous problems. Rhythmically chosen points on the opposite planes of the frame are connected by lines in space to create a **transparent** composition of **rhythm in three dimensions.** Application of all the elements of this composition is enhanced by a gradual change of the point of view.





J. A. Wells F. M. Taylor



LIGHT AND SHADOW STRUCTURE

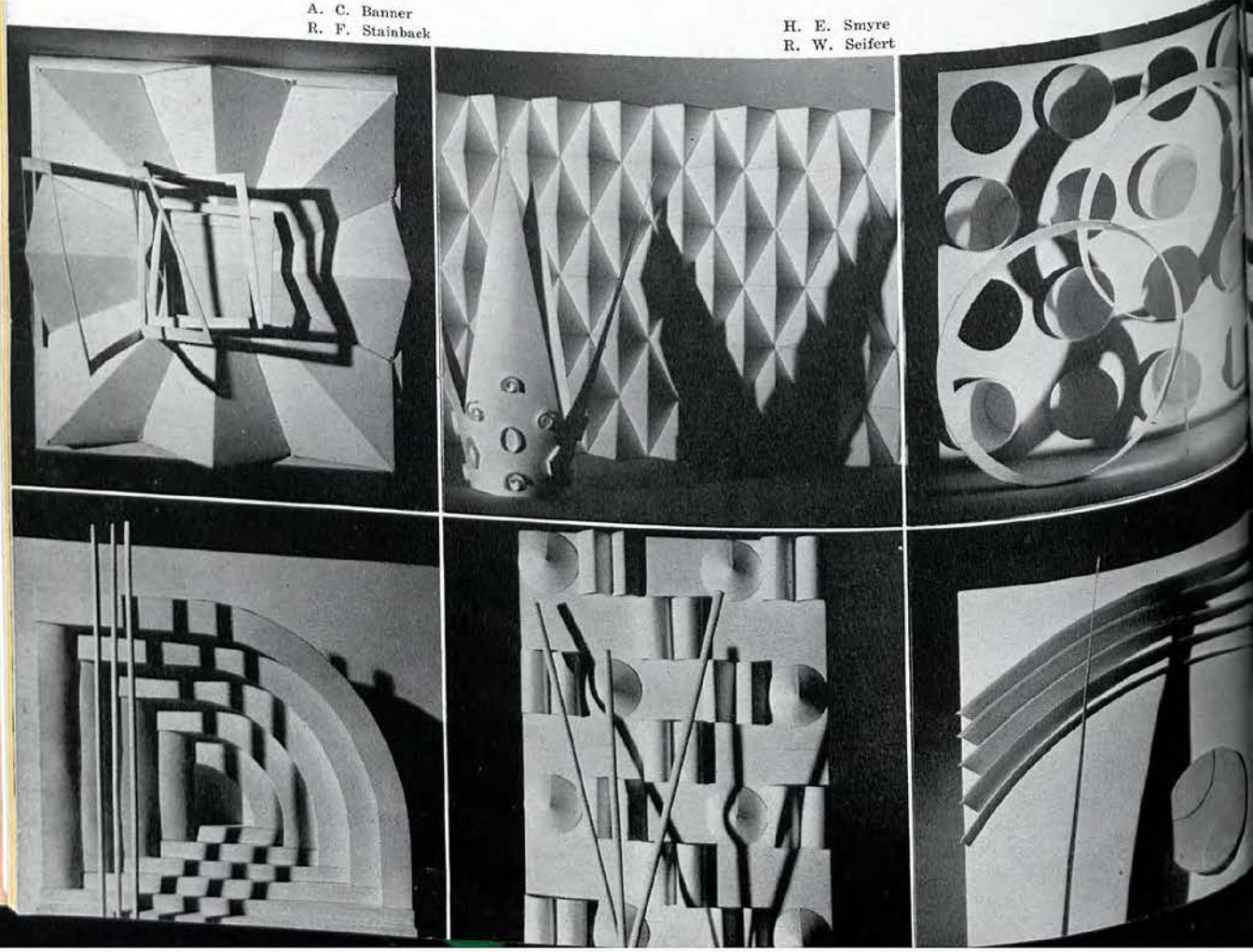
(The importance of shadow is stressed as one of the building materials)

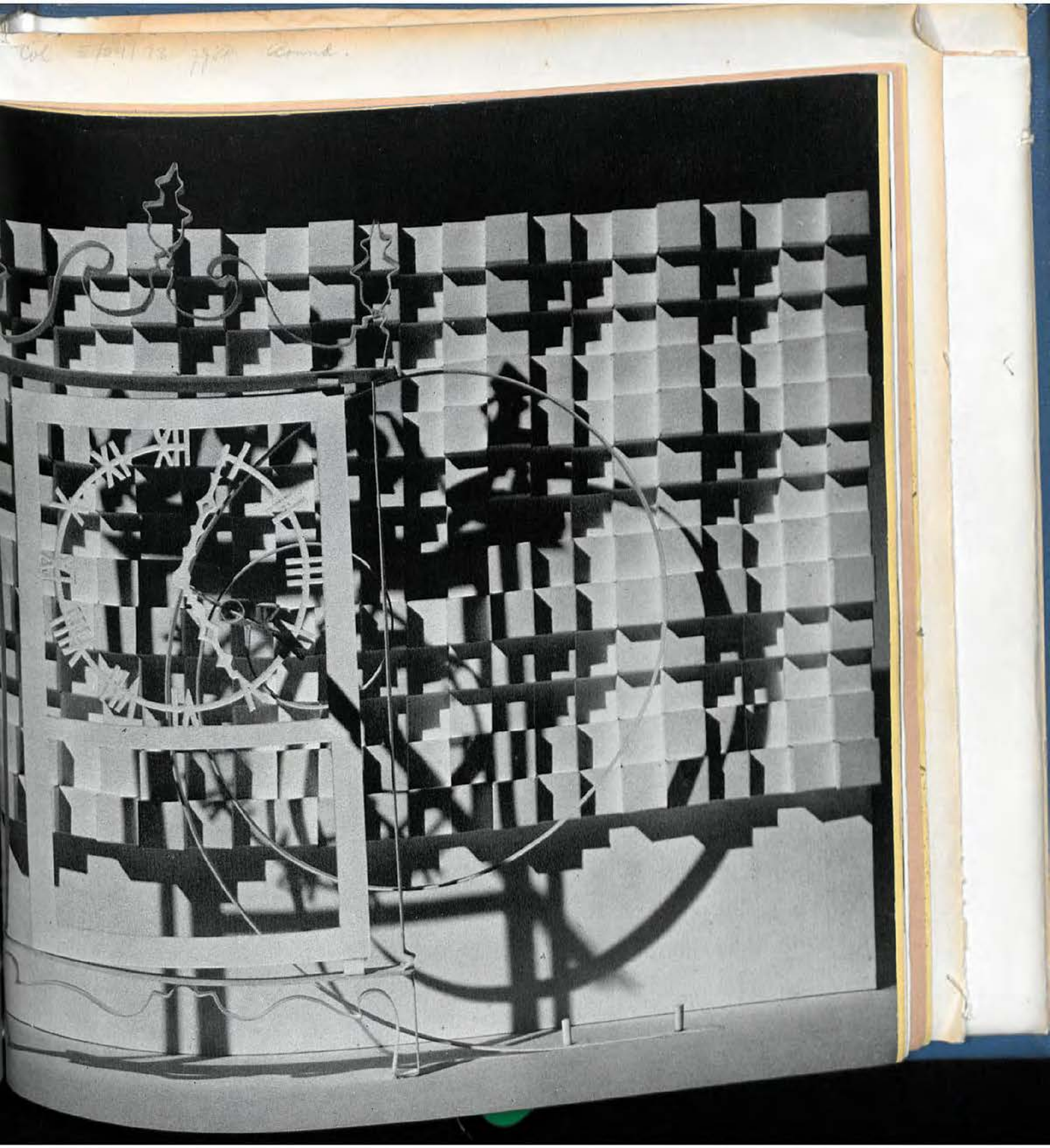
The window display for a store. The arrangement of planes, forms, light and shadows provides the **maximum of contrast and drama** to serve the purpose for advertising and sale in a street of the big city.

A. C. Banner
R. F. Stainback

H. E. Smyre
R. W. Seifert

R. R.
J. T.





STRUCTURE FOR PLAY

In a minimum space an arrangement of space and forms has to provide the best possibilities for a small group of little children to play and exercise. The structure expresses the movement of the play and emphasizes **the scale** of the 4 to 6 year old child.

L. F. Caldwell, P. R. Honeycutt, J. L. Lantzius, Photo by Ralph Mills

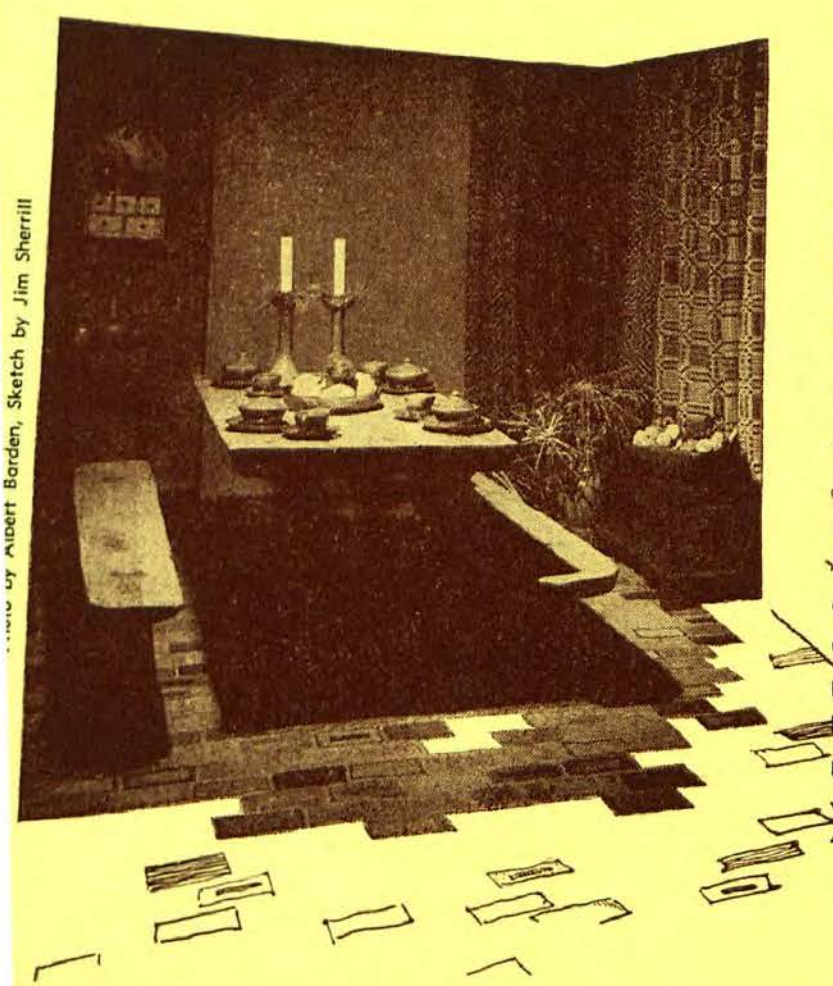
Sketch by Pete Norris

"SHE DONE THE BEST SHE KNOWED HOW"

"She died and they laid her out in a homemade pine box. Of course, all of the clan gathered. A burying in these backwoods was a social event. They clustered silently around the small circle of light from the single kerosene lamp. Their silence was not from sorrow; they were trying to think of a verse to be scratched in her headstone. It was really a task because she hadn't been very bright and she hadn't been at all moral. She had never been known to put a foot inside the church, so the usual 'Asleep in Jesus' didn't seem appropriate. Finally one of the elders broke the silence. 'Well, she weren't sech a bad un, I reck'n she done the best she knowed how.' So onto her headstone, a large jug with a closed top, went this unconscious tribute, 'She done the best she knowed how.' That's the epitaph

FROM THE UTILITARIAN . . .

I want used on my headstone, you know, I mean it really is." Julianna was holding court in her living room. The entire room was colored a soft amber by the light which filtered through the bright orange curtains. "They're quilt linings, you know, found it at a country store for a song, told the man he was selling it too cheap but he insisted, and it does seem so indigenous." She sat alone on the sofa by the window (so that she could see if anyone came), her hooded falcon eyes watchful. She was doing what she liked best now, giving audience to friends and friends of friends, telling us the JUGTOWN STORY —adding another peg to the living myth-structure.



Sketch by Albert Barden, Sketch by Jim Sherrill

She sat there like a portrait of an ageless Parisienne painted by Manet. But the background must have been by an artist of a different school. Her studied hand-loomed clothing was a paradox to her fragility. Her sophistication seemed incongruous in this log cabin room with its pine plank floor and mud chinked walls. Had the stage hands put up the wrong set, an early American cabin instead of a sidewalk cafe? The many tiers of books and the profusion of objets d'art added a final anachronism to the stage.

"You don't know the story of Jugtown? Well, stir up the fire and I'll tell it to you. That's really a wonderful fireplace, you know, draws like a charm, always has. Mr. Busbee designed it and supervised its building himself. He was an artist but he knew about many things." It was in 1915 that Jacques Busbee, a Raleigh artist, and his wife Julianna Royster Busbee found a bright orange pottery deep pie-plate at a country fair. The plate excited them immensely—not only by its brilliant color, but also by its crude artistry. Mr. Busbee and Julianna were painting portraits and illustrating at the time but they were vitally interested in handicraft. "You see," Julianna told us, "we believed that 'art is not an esoteric utterance but a

democratic expression' and that from folk art truly understood and expressed, fine art springs." At that time, Julianna was Chairman of Art of the State Federation of Woman's Clubs and in her pragrams, instead of stressing fine arts she tried to develop the crafts. When speaking to and meeting with other club women about the state, she had an excellent opportunity to see what was being done with crafts. Pottery making was probably the most underdeveloped of all. Mr. Busbee and Julianna believed that an injection of art into the country potter would rejuvinate in the state an age-old industry. But though they tried desperately, no interest could be aroused in this moribund craft. No one wanted to undertake the project, so they decided to do it themselves.

In an isolated section of the North Carolina piedmont, in a remote spot in Moore County identified by the natives as "the dark corner," they discovered Jugtown. Although there was never an actual town, this area was a center of pottery making in North Carolina's pre-prohibition days. There were perhaps 50 or 60 potteries in the fifteen mile stretch between Robbins and Seagrove. "Robbins, you know," Julianna interposed, "is the town which used to be Hemp before the name was changed to match that of its new lord. The argument over changing the name really tore the town apart. They almost had a shooting feud, I mean they really did. Families were all split up, old friends wouldn't even speak to each other when they met on the street, and at church the Robbinsites sat on one side and the Hemp-sters on the other. They asked me to attend one of the meetings at which they were arguing over the changing. One of our prominent legislators was droning on about why the name should be changed. 'After all,' he said, 'what's hemp? Nothing but rope. Something to make a hangman's noose of.' I just stood right up and said, 'I'm shocked to learn that a man of your very obvious secondary education doesn't know that "Hemp" comes from an old Scottish Word meaning homeplace. Rope, indeed. It grieves me to hear you air your ignorance in public.' But back to Jugtown."

When North Carolina voted prohibition on herself many of the potter's wheels were stilled. Without the jug market there was little profit, for in ratio to the dozen churns or crocks, the potter sold a thousand or more jugs. These craftsmen were forced to discard the trade of their forbears. They broke contact with the outside world and withdrew into a cocoon woven of ignorance, superstition, and distrust of outsiders. Had anyone stopped at one of these potteries then, and asked for Jugtown he would have been directed vaguely "thataway—down the road a piece." No one would admit openly that his pottery was of the Jugtown community for the term had acquired connotations of hidden stills and liquor jugs.

When the Busbees first went to the dark corner in 1917 they found a community of craftsmen living independently of the outside world. The people made their own furniture, cloth, shoes, and "dirt dishes." The churns, crocks and other utilitarian pieces which the potter turned differed very little from those of the 1740's when the first Staffordshire potters settled in this section. The Busbees scoured the countryside in search of pieces which were signed and dated. Several went back to the mid-Eighteenth Century. In their search, they were directed to a man known as ol' Joe Shuffle. Imagine the surprise of finding that his name was actually Josiah Wedgewood Sheffield! From the information gathered from property sales, land grants, and family Bibles, they were able to establish the genealogy of the potters and from the pottery, the tradition of the locale. Although much of the pottery was not very interesting, its forms were much more subtle and refined than that in the rest of the state and the bright orange color was so joyous and dif-

ferent. They heard the old tales of trips in covered wagons to peddle the pottery and to barter it for things which were not produced locally. They heard of the conscription of the potters during the War Between the States and how they worked under guard to turn medicine jars for dispensaries, bowls and mugs for the hospitals, and even telegraph insulators instead of being sent to the front to fight. In the burying grounds they found jug headstones like the one Julianna told us about. Of course, these have all been replaced now by 'store-boughten' granite markers.

"When we first came here," Julianna continued, "my husband thought he could help the potters not only with his art knowledge, but also by acting as a liaison agent for them through his contacts with the outside world. But they were suspicious of him because he was an outsider and different from themselves. They were certain that he was a German, for one man said he 'seen one onct at High Point.' Another declared he was 'one of them Swedens.' " As Julianna quoted the natives, she lapsed from her natural speech into their vernacular.

"They would never believe that we were native born and bred North Carolinians, and they never will. Why, we were both Raleighites and some of my fondest memories are of my childhood there. When I was quite small, my mother gave us children a subscription to the London **Times** and **L'Illustration** for Christmas, instead of the usual toys, since she couldn't afford both. Although I was too small to gather much from reading them, I think I got more pleasure from them than any of the other children did. I would go to school and boast, 'At my house, we take foreign publications. We read the London **Times** to get the real news, and we only read the **News and Observer** for the local happenings." (These same issues may now be perused in the garden house at Jugtown, along with **Punch** and **Gourmet.**)

"Those first years here at Jugtown were pioneer days for us. But we believed that imagination is a frontier and that always there will be pioneers where there are courage, strength, and a will to dare."

The Busbees had the name "Jugtown Ware" registered, employed local potters, and launched their new industry. They changed worlds—completely. Using the pieces of pottery collected, Mr. Busbee trained the potters to reproduce the wares made by their ancestors. By changing a curve or line slightly, he edited what had been purely functional and often clumsy wares, making of them objects of interest and beauty. As soon as the magazines and newspapers began to give coverage to the Jugtown venture, the old potters and their progeny became fired with enthusiasm and potters' shops sprang up like mushrooms. Some of them were supplied with capital and have become handicraft "factories." Of course, all the potters began to claim that they were Jugtown. And every potter in the state swore that his ancestry was of Staffordshire. One even said that he was "borned" there. Now, all along our highways are little potter shops, the "stop and see it made" type, where a man makes his pottery assisted by his wife and children. Production is inexpensive because wood is the fuel used. And the bright cheap glazes always attract the tourist trade.

We left the house and went down to watch Ben Owens throw. His dexterity in turning on his primitive kick-wheel never ceases to amaze. It is really an experience to watch a pot grow under his touch. As we watched Ben, Julianna explained to us that they had attempted to keep the pottery in the tradition of the settlement. "The shop could have been here for 150 years. Just

he other day, two women came and wanted to see the 'pot'ry.' fter oooohing and aaaahing over the ancient buildings, they sked, 'Could you tell us about how long these cabins have been ere?' 'I can tell you exactly,' I answered. 'Twenty-five years.' The technique we use is the same as that of the pre-Revolution- ry potter. We have no modern short cuts, for we are in no urry. It is not how much can be turned in a day's work, but ow beautiful. It sounds imbecilic, but we don't even know ow many pieces are in a kiln. All of the pottery is fired in his old groundhog kiln—no saggers and no cones, just an open re."

ith the encouragement of Tiffany Studios, the first decorative ieces were turned at Jugtown. When they departed from the nglorian things, Mr. Busbee selected for form the early hinese, whom he considered to be the Old Masters of the otter's wheel. It is in these translations that Jacques' artistry especially evident. Every shape has authority. Although acques' was the hand who guided the wheel, it is to Julianna hat Jugtown owes its widespread popularity. It is she who has iven it its aura of drama, it is she who has supplied the stage etting.

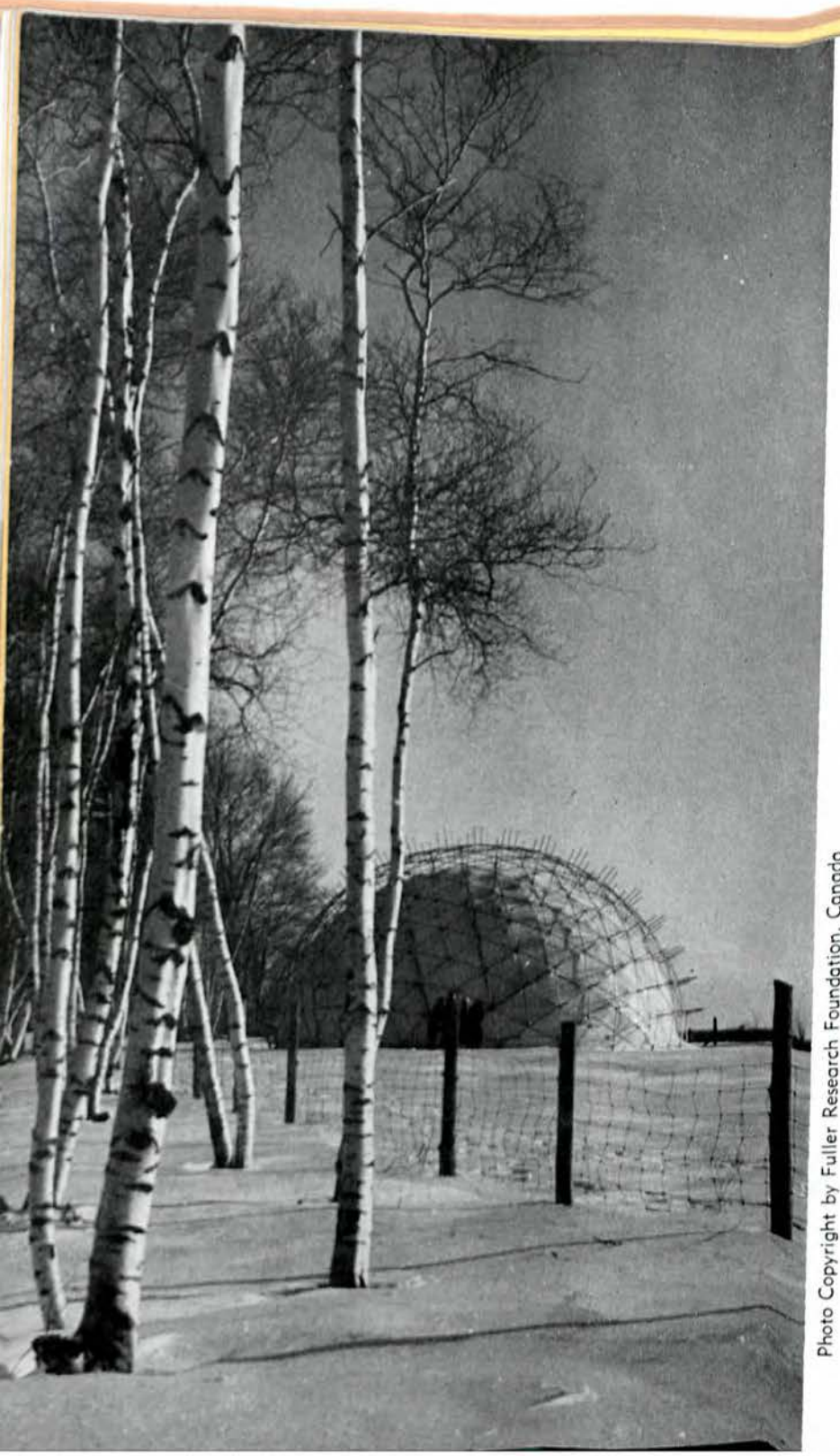
My husband," Julianna reminisced, "felt that handicraft hould be lovingly, sparingly done, and that it should never e drudgery. Up until his death in May, 1947, he worked as- duously trying fully to understand and express folk art. When died he left the universal heritage of his art to his native ate, for he was first and always a citizen of North Carolina."

Well, that's about all there is to the Jugtown story, for, you e, since Mr. Busbee's death I've just stayed on here, doing e best I knowed how."

—JOHN FOSTER FAULK.

Photo by John Mattox

TO THE HIGHLY DECORATIVE . . .



TENSILE INTEGRITY

"It is useless to maintain that social progress takes place of itself, bit by bit, in virture of the spiritual condition of the society at a certain period of its history. It is really a leap forward which is only taken when society has made up its mind to try an experiment. This means that society must have allowed itself to be convinced, or at any rate allowed itself to be shaken, and the shake is always given by somebody."

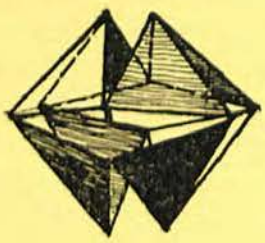
—BERGSON.

In surveying briefly the quality of those elements in life which occupy themselves with the creative organization of our physical and emotional environment, we discover them to be static. This quality manifests a condition of crystallization and formulation. From this we may logically deduce that a style suitable to our society has been achieved. However, this deduction soon takes on the aspect of a paradox when we consider our potential of constructive advantage which has not been realized. In fact, rather than having achieved a style it would appear that we have merely succeeded in clarifying our attitude by removing the degenerate ornamentation which had become so because of the attitude of the eclectics.

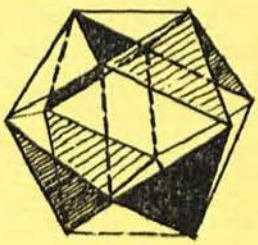
Let us examine the field of architecture, in order to illustrate. Obviously, we have reached the end of an epoch. The increasing preoccupation with details rather than concept emphasizes this point. It is an admissal that the form is thought to have already been achieved. Those forces, now becoming formulated, will undoubtedly exert their influence for many decades but the stimulative atmosphere they will engender will be an illusion. For example, the Architecture of Mies van der Rohe and Le-Corbusier, starting with a revolutionary approach to an old concept, has continually devoted itself of late to mere refinements of the original theme. We see LeCorbusier attempting to find the absolute proportional measure or "golden mean" in classic buildings, like the Petit Trianon, completely disregarding the fact that our proportions have taken on a new set of features due to the introduction of stronger materials requiring less mass, transparency and a fairly accurate system of calculating loads and stresses bringing with it a precise use of material. Certainly, they have taken advantage of our industrial capacity. They also have clarified the air, so to speak, of those cumbersome and degenerate attitudes which had given fuel to the fire of eclecticism. In this clarification lies the greatest significance of these movements but also in this lies the key that they are merely transitory forces. The attitude is sometimes expressed that a style is necessary in order to coagulate the thoughts of the time. However, the question seems to evolve around the point of whether or not these elements are the ultimate expressions of our society and whether they have taken full advantage of our potential.

In keeping with this conclusion it would seem that it is the cubical, static concept of space and structure which leads these forces "by the nose" into the blind alley of self imitation. It is obvious, in other words, that the fundamental error rests in the Euclidean concept. It is this latter concept, based upon a flat earth and a static universe, which has deluded and enticed us for so long. Largely discredited by science, it still exerts a powerful influence. Our spatial conceptions continue to be considered within its framework.

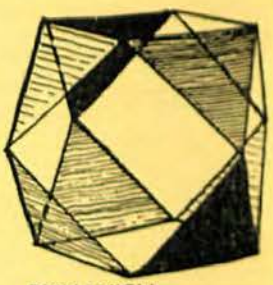
Assuming that in Nature and its bountiful gifts lies the basis for the spatial and structural attitude of man, as logically it should, we search for this basis, and in this search, we chance upon the theory of energetic geometry, as postulated by Richard Buckminster Fuller.



OCTAHEDRON



ICOSAHEDRON



DYMAXION

This new theory, in contrast to the Euclidean concept, does not abstract principles from men's mind, to which nature is distorted. It recognizes the energy comprehensiveness of physical reality and takes the view that structural space is also energetic. An elaboration seems appropriate in order to clarify the structural manifestations to be discussed. Realizing that structural conceptions in a dynamic universe must be inherently stable, and further that they must be energetic, led to the discovery of a heirarchy of space-filling volumes existing complementary to each other. These heirarchies manifest a possible dynamic structuring within the framework of energy transformations. Let us examine one element of this caste to illustrate.

The octahedron, if spun outward (see drawing) about the centroid of each triangulated facet, while maintaining their relative position will pass through an icosahedron stage and climax in the "dymaxion" or cubo-octahedron. In this process we find the necessary energy transfer, inherent in a dynamic universe. We also have no volume displacement since as the octahedron expands, its volume displacement is compensated by the contraction of the cubo-octahedron. The significance of this lies in the retention of the preciseness of Euclidean geometry but within the framework of a dynamic system.

A further significance is attached to this discovery. Advancements in scientific thought have confirmed the fact that our universe force system is preponderantly tensile with compressive forces being relegated to minor tasks. This fact raises a question concerning our uses of compressive and tensile forces. An examination of our advancements in the various materials will illustrate this point. Compressively speaking, our advantage has remained fairly constant during the last 5,000 years at a stress of 50,000 #/in² but our tension stresses have advanced from a minor 5,000 #/in² of certain vegetable fibers to a phenomenal 400,000 #/in² in some glass fibers during the same period of time. This alone is a comparative advantage of eight to one. There is, however, another factor to be considered. Compressive members depend for their advantage upon the relation of length to least radius of gyration. Tensile members are freed from this inhibition.

Logistically, there exists still another advantage of tensile materials. Since the relation of length to least radius of gyration brings into account a mass consideration which is significant, it is obvious that a spatial enclosure adopting a compressive system of structure would necessarily involve a considerable amount of material mass. A relatively accurate estimate is 50# of material per cubic foot of enclosure. In the geodesic* structures (see print) developed by the Fuller Research Foundation this has been reversed. We now have 1# of material enclosing 50 ft³—a remarkable advantage of 2500 to one. The purely economic factor is obvious, to say nothing of the social impact.

*The term geodesic is derived from those tensile lines on the surface of sphere which are the shortest distance between two points and are great circles or geodesic lines.

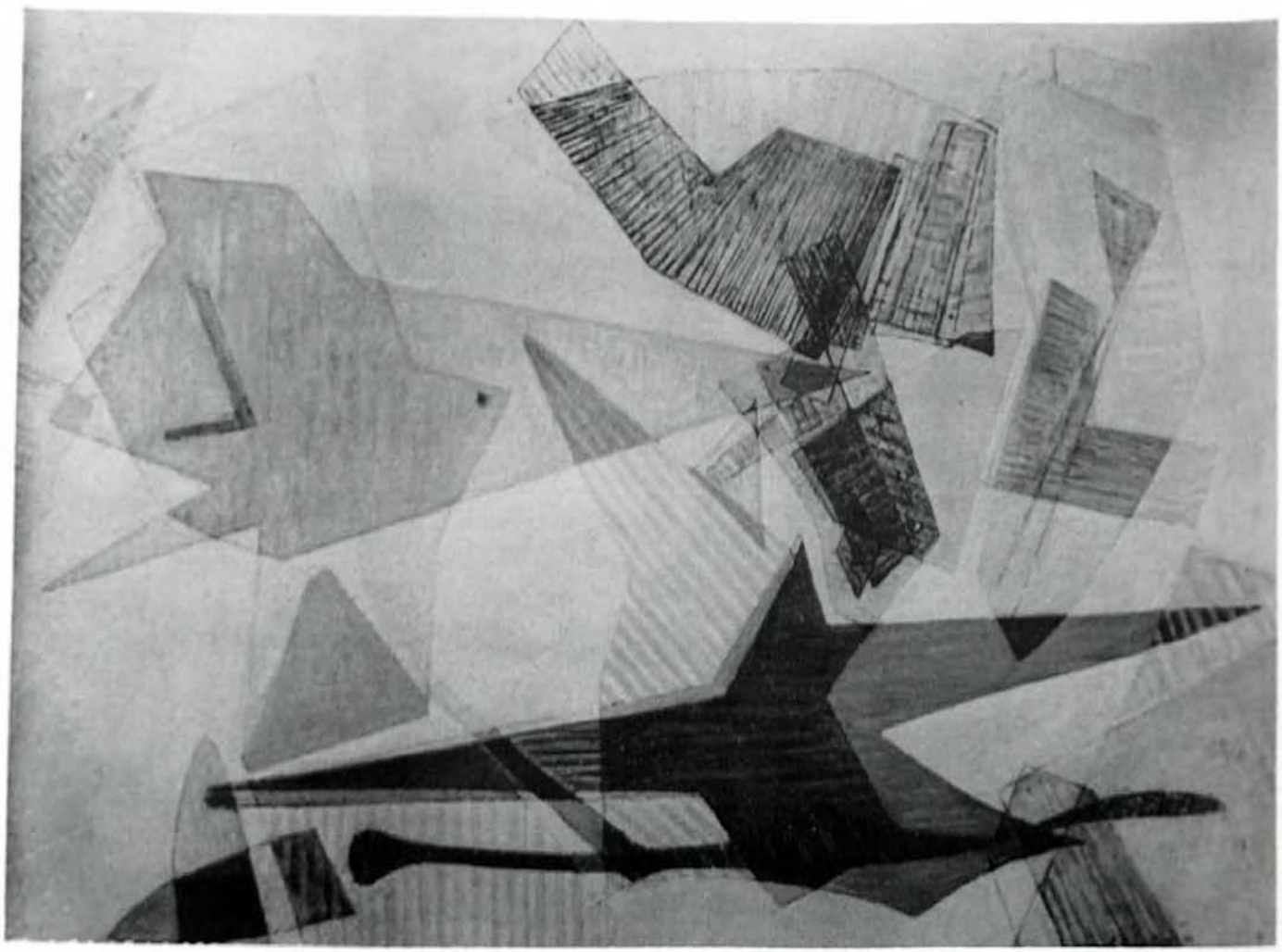
What effect this theory has had upon the creative expressions of those individuals concerned with spatial considerations seems a pertinent question at this time. As expressions of its effect I submit the following thoughts as formulated by Mr. Duncan Stuart and Mr. Manuel Bromberg of the faculty of the School of Design, N. C. State College.

DUNCAN STUART . . . . . MADRIGAL

you ask what influence the ideas of bucky fuller have had upon me as a painter—and i must reply, in all humility, that i can not tell you what i think you would like to know.

i can tell you that the part of his world which has been shown to me through talking with him and helping to develop principles and ideas has led me to a much richer experience in terms of my own world. perhaps the greatest advantage that any of us get as creative people from so multi-faceted a fellow is that we are stimulated to purposeful exertions which, at the time, seem to outstrip our abilities. these exertions, in my own case, have uniquely strengthened and deepened my will to go on with whatever i feel i must do.

as for searching out any emergent forms reminiscent of those we have seen in ENERGETIC GEOMETRY, i would say this would be beside the point. such forms are bound to appear in all things. fuller's gift to me, as a painter, has been of a more poetical nature—that is, to not comment about things but to be them.



MANUEL BROMBERG . . . . FLOATING FORMS IN WHITE SPACE

I believe there is no set heirarchy of the importance of experiences for a painter; therefore I cannot evaluate Bucky's contribution to me. However, all things that I love usually show up in my work. Bucky's space and structural ideas will if they haven't already. By that I mean that I do not intend to take his space ideas or geometry and, so to speak, color them, any more than I would try to imitate a flower. I am simply grateful that they both exist and are free gifts.

That there exists a general pervading attitude concerning tensile consideration is increasingly evident and we find manifestations at random of this search. To illustrate the point we may cite the British Exposition currently in progress. One hundred years ago another British Fair was prophetic in predicting future developments. Specifically, Paxton's Crystal Palace had the greatest influence. Today we discover the symbolic lozenge illustrating a tensile conception in the form of discontinous compression. Other buildings also manifest the pervading feeling but this one example will suffice. Whether we may consider this structure prophetic is unanswerable at this point but we may find it a significant manifestation of a new structural and spatial concern. What effects these principles will have upon the architecture of the future are difficult to foretell, but the assurance exists that they will be increasingly considered.

The specific affects of the energetic geometry theory and its derivative structures may become apparent from the illustration of the project for the Brewer house by Mr. James W. Fitzgibbons of the N. C. State College School of Design. We find here a practical application of the geodesic truss as an enclosure for the spatial environment of family life. The adaptability of these structures, when creatively handled, towards a fuller enjoyment of living in association with nature and man is readily apparent. Here we find the amenities of a richer life in keeping with the advantages possible from our industrial economy and sociological advancement. The use of this structure in this project brings into focus several interesting considerations.

The most remarkable aspect is the pervading feeling of space. Nor is this feeling contradicted when one considers the usable space. This commodity which is so precious in our contemporary structures that we must devise every conceivable means of utilizing each cubic foot is found in such abundance that we need no longer box it in. The screening elements no longer need be fastened to the structure—cornered in and mitered down, so to speak. As a practical manifestation we may point out that the cost per cubic foot of this as-yet-non-industrialized structure, is at an advantage of 2 to 1 over industrialized structures. It is here that we realize that this stage is still a realization of only about 1/3 of the available potential. It is a trial balloon, but one with abundant assurance of success. An examination from the standpoint of the tenets of architecture, namely strength, beauty, utility, may here be introduced in order to follow some order of evaluation.

The requirement of strength is confirmed ten fold. The advantages of the tensile system have already been discussed but further considerations should be taken into account. The strength inherent in compound curvature of shell organisms is

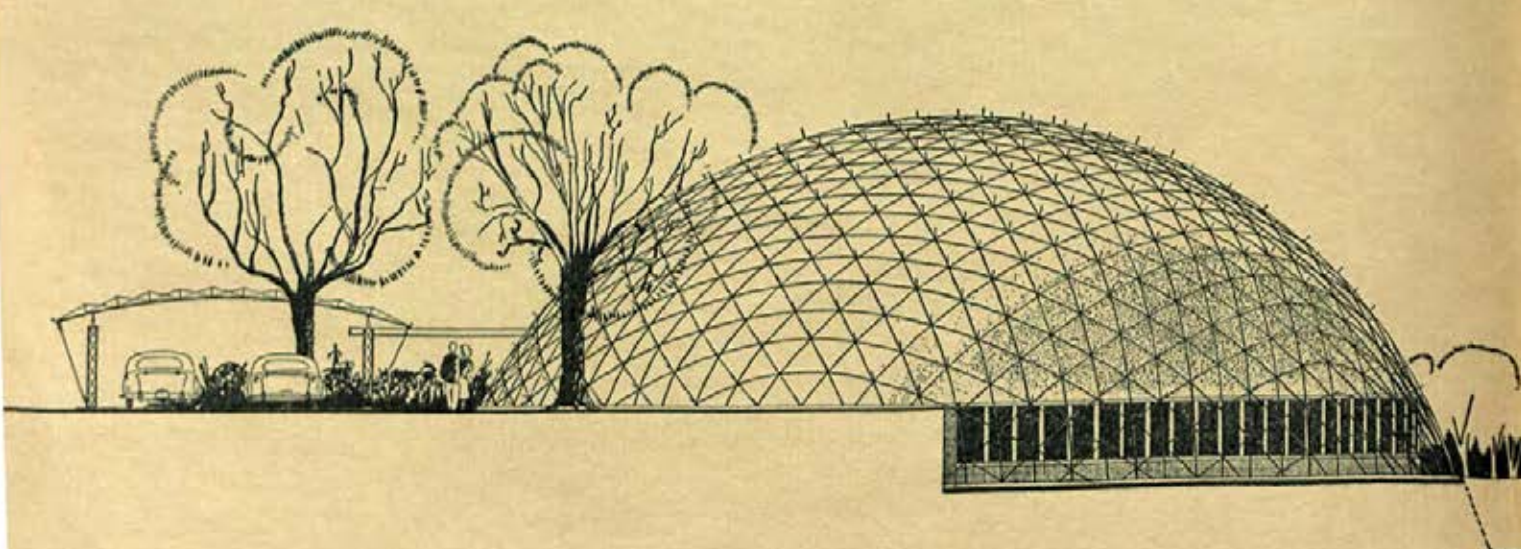
well known. Here we find this principle comprehensively adopted. The aluminum struts and tension cables, aside from following the geodesic lines already mentioned, enhance their strengthening possibilities by complete triangulation. As a further advantage the mass of material is reduced to a minimum. We find then, an avoidance of that which Louis Sullivan called the "fool's equation," namely, the use of heavy structural materials whose tendency to destroy the building approached their ability to support.

Aesthetically, much need not be said. However, for those whose concept of beauty is the expression of structure, may we ask, "Need there be a greater clarity?" It is a dynamic structural reality non-inhibited and non-arbitrary. It constitutes a graceful expression of the comprehensive tensile integrity upon which it is based.

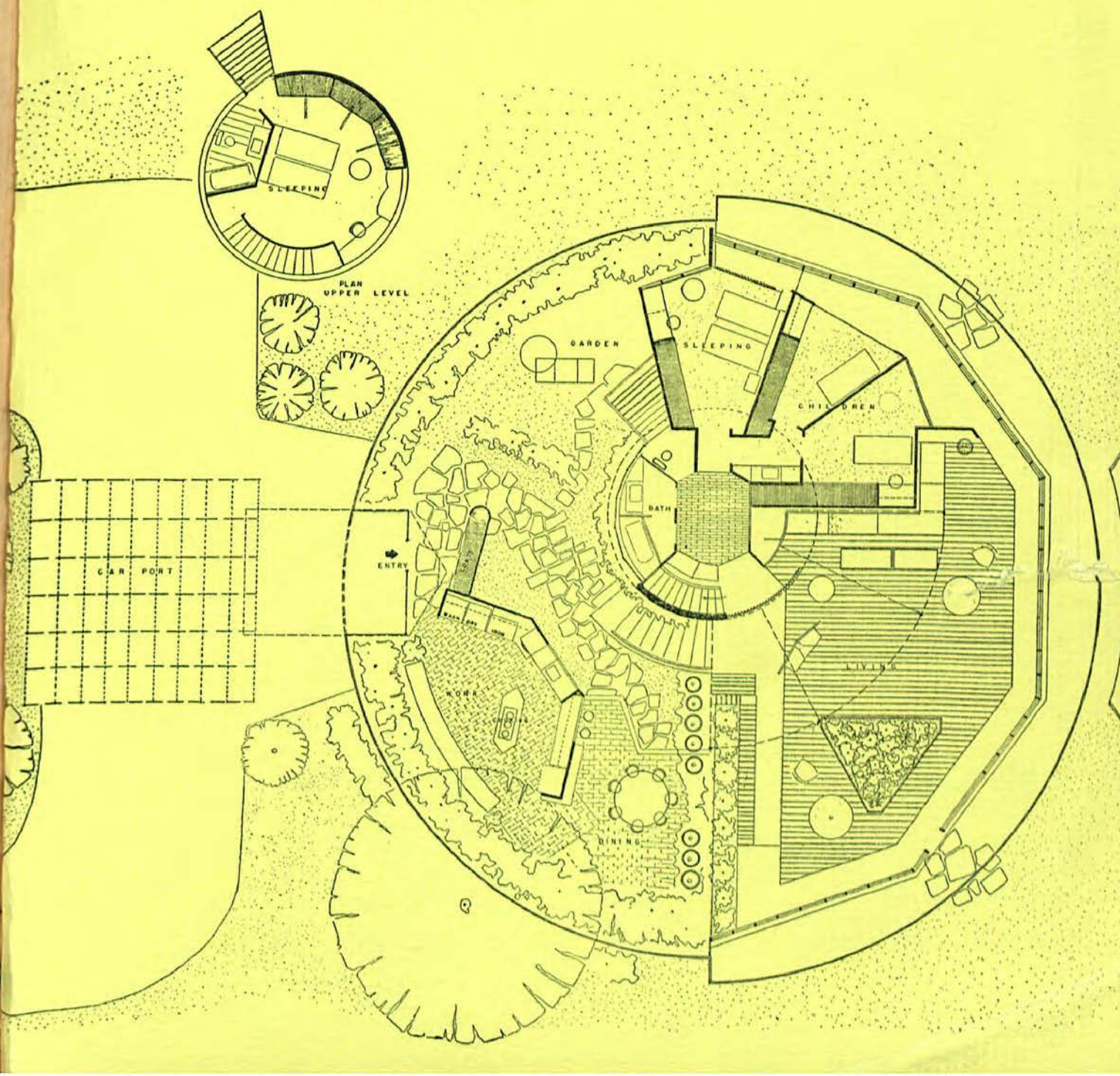
From the viewpoint of utility we avoid the rather common fault of most contemporary architecture, which is non-flexible yet compact space. The circle as a sociable form is manifest in such common phrases as "a circle of friends" or "a friendly circle" but aside from this fact there exists an order and logical quality to the form not inherent in "boxes." We discover this demountable structure to be readily flexible whether viewed from the standpoint of an increasing family or an increasing awareness of the relationship between purely mechanical and living space.

It is not to be assumed that the progress already made is conclusive. Rather, the feeling must be maintained that this theory of tensile and spacial integrity is an INVENTION and as an invention it will serve only as a temporary advantage. There are, however, certain aspects dealing with concepts, principles and scientific discovery of the universal and infinite which more properly should be called DISCOVERY. These first successes are only skirmishes along the surface of a new structural and spatial EXPERIMENTAL phase towards a greater clarity with the advantages of a comprehensive tensile system.

—BRUNO LEON.



House Designed by James W. Fitzgibbons, Drawings by John T. Caldwell



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