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"I have been meditating on the relation of technique to art and have a theory," declared Alfred North Whitehead in one of his dialogues. "It is that in the early stages of an art, technique comes in as a means of expression for the burning conviction that is in the artists. It is often ragged.... Then, as the art matures and the techniques get established and transmissible by teaching, the bright boys are picked out who can learn the technique readily to the neglect of the boys who have magnificent dreams. The work is clever and finished, but lacks depth."

After a cross-country trip during which I looked at scores of works by bright boys who have perfected techniques derived from recent abstract art, I am inclined to feel that we are no longer in what Whitehead terms the early stages. In fact, I'm afraid that we have reached the point of evaluating contemporary painting and sculpture exclusively in terms of elegant manners at the expense of the magnificent dreams. How else can flourishing mediocrity be explained? In painting, the most usual adaptation I saw came in the form of lean, fleshless amalgams of geometric elements incongruously related to “abstract expressionist” color. In sculpture, mannerism appears in the unbelievable volume of spidery, linear metal pieces in which the technique is suggested by the mechanical process (welding usually) itself. Throughout the United States there are exceptionally skillful adapters whose “burning convictions” are minimal. They are nevertheless pampered and encouraged by local authorities foolishly impressed by their high technical level.

In spite of the fact that the important accomplishments in this country during the past few years spring directly from the romantic tradition which denies technique for technique’s sake, official evaluators seem to have caught some amnesiac malady which allows them to ignore the importance of the sources.

They seem to have given up the search for first principles and have contented themselves with minutiae. Consciously or not, the contemporary painter accepts the imperative of the French 19th-century romantics, stated succinctly by Rimbaud: “The first study of the man who wants to be a poet is in his own self-knowledge, total.” The best of our artists have known the agony of pushing through to self, and in a few cases, the act of transcending self. (This second phase has been touched, as yet, by just a few painters.) The authentic problem for the artist today is how to recognize the moment when he goes beyond self. It is the critic’s job to follow the artist in this trail of discovery and to try to define intangible value as Joyce tried to define the “epiphany.” Since no adequate language has been evolved to describe what has been done by the best of the avant-garde painters, and since we often only feel the grandeur of their work, there is a deep insecurity about the value of what has been done. Unfortunately, responsible agents (museum officials, dealers and commentators) have apparently been worn out by the problem of value and its concomitant ambiguities and have taken the easy way out: they extol technicians at the expense of the men who dream great dreams.

It should be constantly borne in mind that value is double-edged. There is the immediate value which inheres in the work of art as an extension of experience. When people say that certain turbulent abstract expressionist works reflect the times, they are speaking a part of a truth. The works are the experiences of artists living now, in the same context as the spectator. But the other edge of value represents the "total" to which Rimbaud referred. Works of art reflecting this value are less accessible to the current spectator for they lose immediacy and float forward into an indeterminate future.

So far, we have been more concerned with freshness, novelty or immediacy than with the second stage. Thanks to the "action painting" phase, many of the younger artists are concerned only with an instantaneous extension of a temporary emotion. But there are always a few reflective artists who reach the important and fruitful conflict between the two edges of value. It is in those younger artists who wish to encompass both, that the magnificent dreams are realized.

(Continued on Page 6)

*Dialogues of Alfred North Whitehead recorded by Lucien Price; Little, Brown and Company.
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During the spring, New York saw more large group shows than ever before. Literally thousands of young artists were represented in the Whitney, Brooklyn and Museum of Modern Art shows; and the Stable and Janis Gallery. Each “trend” was represented including the pernicious new tendency to confuse top quality commercial art with expressive art. (The drawings show at the Museum of Modern Art.) Yet, evaluators left conclusions undrawn. The Pandora’s box principle (something for everyone) remains unchallenged. The bright boys are encouraged to show too soon and too much. Development in depth is hampered and at times destroyed by well-meaning but undiscriminating authorities.

Among the many younger artists who were shown in the above-mentioned exhibitions, I would like to single out Joan Mitchell, a painter in her mid-thirties working in New York, as a depthward developing artist.

Painting in New York during the action painting phase, Miss Mitchell used the technical freedom of the movement intelligently. Her background in the radical methods sponsored by de Kooning and Pollock among others is apparent in her use of the long, freely brushed strokes on toothy canvas. Her method of applying paint has been informed by a study of effects first projected by deKooning. But adaptation of these techniques was for her “a means of expressing a burning conviction.”

Like most younger painters, Miss Mitchell prefers large canvases on which she composes in depth. Perspective is established, usually, around some single submerged point, like a vortex. Her whiplash strokes are firmly grouped to suggest contrasting rhythms. Most often, they suggest the rushing force of a river—a feeling reinforced by the frequent use of deep blues, bottle greens and cloudy whites. In one painting, strokes skimming over bare canvas join in a wave-like crest; in another, a riverlike mass is sucked up into a white void; in another, the ebb and flow of grouped strokes would match a landscape impression. Fresh, shimmering color juxtaposed with cruel, roiled color creates unusual tension.

Although Joan Mitchell’s titles indicate only mood, or locales which harbored her studio, there is a current of specific feeling in her work; an implication of clearly conceived content which makes it stand above the immediacy and untrammeled vigor of orthodox abstract expressionists. One senses reflection and inner labor toward an end which cannot be satisfied by mere liberation of hand and brush.

I come now to the Museum of Modern Art’s “Twelve Americans,” an exhibition organized by Dorothy Miller. Most of the artists represented are men who have accumulated a volume of experience and whose works are outside the atomized “trends” in American art. It is an important show in that, with a few exceptions, it presents the mature artist in a dignified installation (a large room for each). Disregarding relative quality for the moment, I would emphasize that this show has the merit of expressing a number of distinctive personal philosophies each of which is the result of years of search.
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MUSIC

PETER YATES

PROGRAMS MORE OR LESS SPOILED

To dispose of any further commentary about this summer's Hollywood Bowl season, let me say, in advance of the first concert, that Mr. Ormandy, who will conduct on that occasion, has been making himself difficult by arguing that it is possible to perform two classical symphonies on a single program, for a Hollywood Bowl audience. The personage speaking for the Bowl insists it is not possible. Mr. Ormandy, if not one of the greatest of conductors, has been assuredly one of the more successful. He aims the great polished cannon of his Philadelphia Symphony unerringly at a level between the unconscious nervous system and the brain. He has suffered in previous seasons under this same crushing conviction that the Hollywood Bowl audience is unable to hear at a sitting more than a small portion of extended abstract music, unless in the guise of a familiar concerto played by a familiar reputation. Mr. Ormandy knows as well as I do that this disbelief has nothing to do with the real capacity of the audience and is chiefly effective as a means of keeping genuinely interested listeners away from Hollywood Bowl each season. Genuinely interested listeners are not wanted in Hollywood Bowl. They are subversive: please them, and they ask for more; as if the Bowl could be expected to depart from its established and perennially unsuccessful policy. This policy, which the Bowl management justifies by the claim that it is popular, is nullified by the real fact of the boxoffice, the annual deficit. Mr. Ormandy pays his audience the quite conservative compliment of believing that it is capable of absorbing two symphonies at one sitting and may be thought to believe that such an enriched diet might attract more audience.

Suppose I were—just imagine!—invited to be program director of the Bowl next season. I should begin by laying down, as the spinal column of my season, a cycle of the big works by Stravinsky. Next year the most renowned of living composers will celebrate his seventy-fifth birthday, praise the Lord! in as good health then, we hope, as he is at present. Musicians, orchestras, audiences the world over will be celebrating his existence. Stravinsky lives just over the hill from Hollywood Bowl; he has been a resident of Los Angeles nearly twenty-five years. Supported by the local Chambers of Commerce I should advertise to the entire world the projected Hollywood Bowl cycle of Stravinsky. I should invite the famous Stravinsky conductors, Monteux, Ansermet, Stravinsky himself, and a half-dozen others, to direct it. Where can we better celebrate the world-honored anniversary of our resident genius than in Hollywood Bowl! And where is it less likely to be thought

*Hereewith a few supplementary statistics. The opening program (Tchaikovsky 4th Symphony, Romeo and Juliet, Violin Concerto), very well performed, drew 17,000. Mr. Ormandy's famous display of Mahler's Eighth Symphony, a few seasons ago, drew 19,000. The Mahler cost more. Not such expenses but destructive false economies accumulate the annual deficit.
of, let alone attempted? If I could believe that my advocacy of such a series might in any way prevent it, I would keep silent. Concerning Hollywood Bowl I have no illusions. I am convinced that no proposal of mine will ever penetrate the tiny brain in that conglomerate skull, though I have in the past, on more than one occasion, brought a twitch of pain from its tough hide.

Where is musical leadership to come from, if not from conductors like Mr. Ormandy, who are successful enough to have their choice among engagements? Unfortunately, Mr. Ormandy, like the majority of his colleagues, has long since made peace with his conscience. If he cannot get what he wants, he will accept what he gets and make no more fuss about it. I should add, in justice, that if he does make a fuss he is likely to go the way of Artur Rodzinski into the professional limbo where any American orchestra is denied him and he may do what he pleases in England or Europe for less money. Stokowski, Klemperer, and Beecham have felt the whip and taken the short walk to the trigger at the command of the dictator.

I am not a conductor or subservient to the professional amenities imposed by Mr. Judson. Speaking for the public I object to the waste of public money, amounting to more than $100,000 every season, which the County puts up to provide for what the Bowl management describes as popular programs. Since the public has nothing to say either about the making of these programs or the spending of the money, and no protest is heeded, the sole action I can take as an individual is not to attend these programs, and I do this rather consistently. I should be happy nonetheless to see the Bowl presenting the music and making the great reputation that it could and should. Meanwhile we can only turn to discuss the problems of more serious business.

(Let me say in fairness to Leopold Stokowski, who caught hell in this column last season, that he alone among the roster of conductors for this summer has insisted successfully on having a program to his liking. Not well made or well balanced, a jumbled jumbo of a program, it contains the sort of ingredients that, properly dispersed through a season and properly rehearsed, would make the Bowl the internationally famous musical institution we should like it to be: Prelude and Quadruple Fugue for strings (Hovhaness); Canzon Quarti Toni for three brass choirs (Gabrielli); Scythian Suite (Prokofiev); The Planets (Holst). Imagine firing off all these crackers in a single evening!)

The tenth anniversary of the Los Angeles Music Festival, presented annually by Franz Waxman, occurred while I was in New York. This season, happily, James Fassett of Columbia Broadcasting discovered Los Angeles music, and I was able to hear material from two of these programs rebroadcast.

At the start of the first broadcast Mr. Fassett quoted Mr. Waxman to the effect that program making is just as important as quality of performance. He followed this up with the comment that the character of the Los Angeles Festival is the result of its excellent programming.

In one respect he was right: the first broadcast included two pieces by American com-
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posers. The first, Symphony in D, subtitled Festival Piece in One Movement, is the work of John Vincent, a member of the music faculty of the University of California at Los Angeles. The program was given in Royce Hall on the UCLA campus. The second was by the founder-conductor of the festival, Franz Waxman.

John Vincent, whom I have known and liked for years, is also a co-author of a substantial volume on the history of tonality. His volume on the history of tonality, his symphony was commissioned by the Louisville orchestra, as a part of its four-year plan of commissioning, performing and recording new contemporary music, most though not all of it by American composers. The symphony is a very decent, tonal, competently organized composition, which can offend nobody who is not spoiling for an argument. It is in one movement and relates to what is usually called a symphony as an overture to a first movement. It belongs in the twentieth century by virtue of being syncopated throughout. In comparison with the first movement of the first symphony that Mozart composed in London at the age of eight, which immediately followed it on the program, Mr. Vincent's Symphony is seen to be the well-made carpentry of an academic, who is wise enough to know how to keep out of trouble when composing music. As such, it is better than the workmanship of a great part of Mr. Vincent's academic contemporaries, whose genius, if one may call it that, is the dynamic effect caused by an exasperated clambering out of one unanticipated problem into the next.

I had not known Mr. Waxman to be a composer. He earns his living, as well as the surplus he philanthropically dispenses to support his festival, by working as a musical functionary in the motion picture studios. His Sinfonietta for Orchestra and Tympani was commissioned by Mr. Waxman himself during a visit to Zurich, a social quiet pro quo of the sort which provides the amenities of life for traveling conductor-composers. Rolf Lieberman of Zurich visited in Los Angeles earlier this season, and an opera of his composition was featured by Mr. Waxman in his festival. It was not broadcast.

Jim Fassett said right out on the air waves he had it from Mr. Waxman that at the time Mr. Waxman took boat at New York to go to Italy the Sinfonietta existed only as a title; by the time he reached Genoa it had been completed. It had its world premiere at Zurich, its American premiere at the Los Angeles Music Festival, and will be heard again in New York next season directed by Mitropoulos, who will not be reproached by the indifferent critics for including it as contemporary American music among the few works of that sort Mr. Judson allows him to perform each season.

The Sinfonietta is the sort of bouncy music that will go with an audience, the last bounce being the applause, but is unlikely to go home with them. The tympani mentioned in the title turned out to be the bass drum resoundingly banged. Such convenient compositions take up the little time allotted by orchestras to contemporary and to American music; they show as American music in a compilation of statistics. Such a piece has no creative reason for existence but does sometimes catch on and hang around the periphery of light concert music for a generation. I doubt Mr. Waxman's piece will win such fame. He is no Herbert, Suk, or Stravinsky.

Let me say, first, that what Mr. Waxman attempts, unlike what Hollywood Bowl attempts, deserves serious criticism. After this disarming qualification I shall go on to say that there are probably working in the local motion picture studios at least a dozen members of the Arrangers Society any one of whom could, given the same provocation, turn out a piece of music the equal of Mr. Waxman's. I do not say, incentive; I say, provocation. I have offered more than one of these excellent workmen an incentive to compose and been refused with the explanation that he knows his business too well to have any illusions about his ability to compose music that will stand up by itself.

A good selection from either of the American ancients, Ruggles or Riegger, who are ignored by conductors of American orchestras, most likely because they are not superficial and an audience will have to struggle with its prejudices to enjoy them, as it does with any significant new composition, would have put both of Mr. Waxman's selections out of countenance, though it might have garnered less applause than Mr. Waxman's final bounce. The closing work of the first broadcast was Respighi's Pines of Rome, the piece with the canned nightingale. It is Toscanini's show-piece and would be better left what he has made of it. Harking (Continued on Page 12)
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MUSIC (Continued from Page 10)

back to Mr. Waxman's "Program making is as important as quality of performance," the performance of these works was unexceptionable.

The second broadcast was more successful. It opened with a catchy piece of French-American jazz by the contemporary French composer, Andre Jolivet, the Concertino for trumpet, piano, and orchestra. I suspect a hearing of Louis Armstrong may have contributed to the felicity of the trumpet part; that great virtuoso of the American heartland would not be ashamed to play it. For the festival Mannie Klein blew it out in great style, earning the first unqualified compliment of this current writing. (This Concertino would be exactly right for a Hollywood Bowl audience.)

The second compliment goes to soprano Marni Nixon, and the third to Franz Waxman himself, for the performance of Debussy's The Martyrdom of Saint Sebastian, which was the major work of the program. Louis Jourdan read the text.

Marni Nixon is a prodigy among singers. I have heard her repeatedly read at sight such varied music as a Bach cantata, Purcell songs, or a cantata by Egon Wellesz with such instrumental accuracy and musicianly authority that the first reading carried the conviction of a carefully prepared performance. Her sense of pitch is independent of the keyboard to such a degree that I have heard her read a collection of new songs with precise and beautiful inflection while being accompanied at a piano that was completely out of tune. Her single fault is the complement of her extraordinary gifts, a seeming willingness to let the first inspired reading stand not only for the first but for the final performance. In the seventeenth or eighteenth century such competence would have made her the first among peers; in the twentieth it is not quite enough.

Her voice has the focus and resonance of a high trumpet, the so-called Bach trumpet, a quality in older music very near that of a boy soprano, able to broaden to the still pointed femininity required to an almost impersonal purity of intonation. Besides being a very good singer, she is an accomplished vocal mimic, having recently collaborated with Deborah Kerr in the movie version of The King and I by supplying all the notes in Miss Kerr's songs which Miss Kerr couldn't reach. On one occasion I watched her delightedly listening to a broadcast of herself as leading singer in a revivalist church service, very pleased at the way she had managed to catch and convey the odd inflections of devotional excitement. Opera, art song, ancient and modern, the most difficult music by Schoenberg, Webern, and Stravinsky, and the most varied sacred music all come within her easy competence. She has toured in musical comedy and, wearying of that work, returned to us and to the more demanding pleasures of serious musicianship.

Now I realize that some of my Los Angeles readers, and especially the victims of my fainter praise, have good reason to believe me prejudiced. Since I am identified with a group of concerts, which, though I no longer direct them, I nag at to keep them up to my standard of programming, anyone can presume that I run down all others in my arrogance. If this salve serves, apply it. The alternative is to do better. In ten seasons Mr. Waxman has given us the measure of his programming; he offers precisely the sort of program, apart from chamber music, that should be heard in Hollywood Bowl. Last season, for example, Mr. Waxman offered Stravinsky's Oedipus Rex, for soloists, chorus, and orchestra, exactly right to provide a worthwhile evening in the Bowl. While I am urging Mr. Waxman to climb higher, let me advise the Hollywood Bowl management, if they are competent to do so, to study him. The Los Angeles Festival is a plus item in our annual round of worthy music. It is good enough to be much better than it is.

Some of my faithful readers will recall how much trouble I went to last year in telling the directors of the so-called Pacific Coast Music Festival at Santa Barbara what exactly was the trouble with their programs. A good many things went wrong, which could have been corrected. Blame for some of these I laid on the conductor, Leopold Stokowski, whose business it was, for $10,000, to ensure that everything having to do with the performance turned out right. I have had an ear chewed lately by an eminent personage of the music business, a friend and admirer of Stokowski, who disagrees with this contention. He argues that the festival management was solely to blame for everything that happened. Stokowski, innocent and helpless, was their victim. We have all read defenses of that famous general, who, while losing two historic battles, has managed as some believe to preserve his reputation intact.

The plus of the Santa Barbara festival was its audience, men, women, and children of all ages, who turned out bravely and stayed to the end. I suggested to the festival directorate that they tune their future offerings to the capacity of this loyal native audience by scheduling no more than one difficult contemporary composition to each program. The less desirable alternative would be to curtail the audience and return the concerts to the acoustically adequate Lobero Theatre.

The directors embraced the less desirable alternative. Returning to the Lobero Theatre they excluded the bulk of their potential audi- (Continued on Page 54)
ART
(Continued from Page 6)

One of the most deserved tributes is to Fritz Glarner, the Swiss-born American who has been the only creative heir to Mondrian's principles. In reality, Glarner is a psychological renegade, for he has taken the neoplastic technical means to develop ends which conflict with stated de Stijl objectives. Unlike Mondrian and van Doesburg, Glarner has no fear either of specific emotion or temporal poetry. The lyric strain, so much a threat to Mondrian, is preserved and coveted in Glarner's work.

In discussing Glarner, it is tempting to plunge into the geometry of these disciplined works; to enlarge on the infinity of formal variations in the severe framework of his operation. But in this general review, I would rather isolate the factors which separated him from the general neo-plastic tradition.

Although the Museum's selection includes only paintings since 1948, within the exhibition can be found the stages of Glarner's remarkable divergence. A tondo of 1948 shows the first step: the introduction of the inclined plane. These swelling, though still rectilinear forms animate the surface and introduce a curious spatial ambiguity. They create reversible forms (in the adjacent color planes) which at times appear to sink into a depth of about an inch behind the picture plane, and at other times, rest lightly in front of the picture plane. Yet, the clear expanding black lines are still rational, formal devices and are not in conflict with Mondrian's objectives.

By 1953, the other radical departure (begun years before) begins to be felt as singularly significant. It is the use of mixed tones in addition to primary colors. The new color grades bring with them ambiguity. There are, for example, suggestions of shadow. The mere idea of shadow—the most romantic of ideas—is antithetic to the logical and unambiguous philosophy postulated by Mondrian.

In one painting of this period, black, predominantly vertical, expanding bars take their place as forms rather than as delineators. Lines setting off areas of yellow, red, white, blue and several beautiful shades of gray, now have a slight edge pushing contiguous planes backward or forward in varying degrees. The impression of offset which at times is strong and then again disappears, buttresses the depths and emotional variations within the work.

In 1955, the paintings are more complex in recessions, and, in their broader divisions, assume an unmistakable pulse related to human experience. The forms in these "relational paintings," as Glarner calls them, become actors in a unified drama. A tondo (±37) on a blue ground has a major blue vertical around which a medley of reds, yellows and blues act like a chorus. The minor forms are bordered in a barely perceptible weaving line while dominant forms are firmly outlined. In the works of the past three years, Glarner has used fewer elements and denser volumes to create a feeling of strength, equipoise, tranquility and moderate excitement. He has brought the spectator a legitimate objective correlative for abstract emotions. And he has not sacrificed the endearing and imperfect moments of human existence which so exasperated Mondrian. Above all, the works represent a secure and passionate philosophy pursued faithfully for many years.

A similar dedication to a narrow but vertically developed philosophy is seen in the works of sculptor José de Rivera whose stainless

(Continued on Page 34)
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—ARNOLD TOYNBEE

History can provide twentieth-century men with standards of reference against which to measure values and achievements of their own age; it can encourage an enlightened awareness of the problems of modern communities, political, social and economic. Not least important, it can train men to handle controversial questions in a spirit which searches for truth, insists on free discussion, and permits compromise. This is a rich harvest for any school subject to yield. No teacher of history would maintain that he can do more than sow some of its seeds and nourish them so long as his pupils are still at school. But he will assert confidently that the seeds are worth the sowing.

There can be little doubt that the majority of history teachers the world over, called on to justify their work, would find common ground in a single concept—that of training for national citizenship. But the citizen these days must concern himself with problems that transcend national frontiers. Nation is dependent on nation never before. This dependence, clear in the friendly intercourse of peacetime, has been driven into men's minds and hearts by the terrible argument of war. Men must learn to live together, and the two world wars of this century have brought in their train the first elaborate attempts to establish permanent international organizations in the political field.

In the teaching of the past, historical truth has often been sacrificed in the interests of national pride, and history has often been distorted in order to arouse patriotic emotions. Children have often been left with the idea that contacts between nations in different parts of the world are invariably connected, directly or indirectly, with war. The chauvinist has made history serve the purposes of nationalism; the history textbook, with its unavoidable generalizations and its necessary simplifications, has frequently been turned into a powerful instrument of this nationalism.

Certainly, in the last 50 years, the teaching of history in many countries has greatly improved, in this as in many other respects; some textbooks have become more objective in their presentation of facts, syllabuses have become more international in their outlook and scope. But the need for further improvement remains great, and it becomes daily more urgent. Children of today must grow up to know that there are other types of human communities than their own and they must learn that the past has made other countries what they are, just as it has made their own what it is.

History properly taught can help men to become critical and humane, just as wrongly taught it can turn them into bigots and fanatics. For the child can begin to develop, even from an elementary historical training, qualities and attitudes of mind which all aid international understanding. He can acquire an abiding interest in the lives and achievements of peoples outside his own homeland and realize what they have contributed to the common cultural inheritance of man; he can learn to be accurate and critical and grasp the idea of change as a factor in human affairs.

The cause of international understanding benefits yet further when children reach adulthood knowing something of the causes and results of past human conflicts, and something of the history of man's efforts towards international co-operation, and when the history they have learned teaches them both about the growing interdependence of nations and about the strenuous efforts of millions of individual men to establish human freedoms. —UNESCO
The Psychopathology of Reaction in the Arts

By Herbert Read

Reaction, and the ideology of reaction which we may call reactionarism, is not confined to the arts. It is perhaps above all a political phenomenon, and as a matter of fact the reactionary artist is often found associating himself with a reactionary political party. Nevertheless, I propose to leave reactionary politics out of the present discussion, except in so far as an occasional reference may illuminate the same phenomenon in the arts.

As in politics, so in the arts, we must begin with a distinction, not always maintained, between reactionarism and conservatism. Conservatism is a positive doctrine: it believes that certain political institutions (the monarchy, for example) are, if not divinely ordained, at least of absolute validity, and that all our efforts should be directed to maintaining such institutions throughout the variations of our economic fortunes, which are regarded as superficial phenomena. The principles of conservatism are traditional—the handing down from generation to generation of a cultural pattern, expressed in a form that is hieratic or aristocratic.

Reactionarism is a negative doctrine. It vigorously denounces an existing situation—the situation as such—and seeks to establish a contrary situation. It is revolution in reverse. The contrary situation is not necessarily conservative or traditional—a reacting communist may seek to establish a totalitarian democracy completely at variance with the aristocratic principles of conservatism; and there is a wide choice of nihilistic attitudes, some of which we shall deal with. Nothing could be further from conservatism of the type given philosophical status by Bolingbroke and Burke than the fascist doctrines of Mussolini, Hitler and Franco; and yet all these politicians are to be regarded as reactionaries in our sense of the word; as counter-revolutionaries.

There is a further preliminary distinction to be made. Conscious of their regressive direction, reactionaries are always anxious to deny the existence of progress. This is an emotive word that must be handled with care. To deny all material progress is merely to be impervious to certain facts. The general standard of living, for example, is now higher in Great Britain than at any other period in our history. This is proved by such statistics as the general expectancy of life, the infant mortality rate, the incidence of epidemic diseases, and so on. That this general advance has been accompanied by minor set-backs must be admitted; and there has been no moral advance at all to correspond with this rise in the standard of living. We enjoy our infant mortality rate, the incidence of epidemic diseases, and so on.

But if there has been no progress or regress there has been constant change. The Stone Age, the Iron Age, the Bronze Age; the Classical Age, the Medieval Age, the Modern Age—these are vast cyclical changes in civilization and in all that is characteristic of a civilization—its art, religion and philosophy. Within these cyclical epochs are alternating phases that exhibit even more drastic contrasts—for example, within the Stone Age we pass from the naturalistic art of the palaeolithic period to the abstract or geometrical art of the neolithic period. Similar alternations occur in all the Ages—in the Modern Age, for example, we seem to be in the process of repeating the change from a naturalistic to a geometrical type of art. Such changes are always broken up into gradual but definite stages—the stages we recognize historically by labels such as Mannerist, Baroque, Rococo; Romantic, Classic; Realism, Impressionism, Post-Impressionism, Cubism, Surrealism and Constructivism.

Admittedly, the more minute we become in our historical analysis, the less universal are our categories. Romantic and Classic are styles that can be recognized throughout history—and they have definite correspondencies in social structure and psychological type. A movement like Impressionism by contrast, is to be explained by local and incidental factors that do not necessarily recur.

Change, however, is persistent enough, and it is difficult to see how it could be arrested, short of the death of mankind. Existence itself is a changeful process—a process of conception, growth, decay. If we were dealing with animal life, we would contemplate an endless repetition of this cyclic process, until the species exhausted itself or was superseded by another species. But man is self-conscious and it is his peculiarity that he has gradually extended the range of his consciousness. This has been a very slow process, and again we must hesitate to use the word 'progress.' But the consciousness of, say, the Cavendish professor of physics, or the Astronomer Royal, or a mystic like Simone Weil, is infinitely more comprehensive than the consciousness of an Australian bushman. It is possible, of course, that the Australian bushman is conscious of one or two things that escape the Astronomer Royal; and it is doubtful if the consciousness of animal vitality possessed and expressed by the palaeolithic artist has ever been subsequently exceeded. It would seem that one kind of consciousness supersedes another kind: there is a certain balance of intensities. The sense of magic, the sense of mystery, the sense of glory: from time to time all these phases of consciousness have in some degree been sacrificed to allow a rational consciousness to develop. But it would be rather perverse to maintain that the consciousness of an Einstein represented no qualitative advance on the consciousness of a tribal witch-doctor. I believe that esthetic consciousness—the consciousness of formal beauty and organic vitality—is a basic consciousness, and that the witch-doctor and Einstein are equally dependent on it. Progress in
human consciousness depends on this aesthetic faculty, but the faculty itself, as I have already suggested, shows no progress. It is the formative principle in human evolution, and it is what is formed that indicates progress, not any change in the instrument of formation. This may seem a fine distinction, but it is essential to an understanding of the history of art. It enables us to understand and appreciate what is basic in such diverse forms of art as Greek classicism, medieval sublimity, Renaissance humanism, nineteenth-century realism, and contemporary abstract art. There is a formative principle that is constant in all this diversity: but there is also change after change of appearance to meet the spirit of each age.

The Spirit of the Age, the German Zeitgeist, is a dangerous phenomenon to flirt with, but it is doubtful if we can escape its wiles, which are most effective when we are least conscious of them. There is always a conflict between the formative principle and the Zeitgeist: between the will to a form that is absolute and universal, and the will to a mode of expression that is immediately effective or acceptable. It is beyond our power to avoid this conflict, for the simple reason that we are most in the grip of the Zeitgeist when we are least aware of its presence in our consciousness. Certainly we do not escape it by deliberately offering what we, in our near-sightedness, designate as zeitgeistlich; that is merely another attempt to lift ourselves up by our own bootstraps. Even the self-assured objectivity of the scholar may be the Zeitgeist in disguise: one thinks of all the dead learning embodied in seventeenth century theology, or in nineteenth century history!

I do not wish to identify the changeful process exhibited by history with the spirit of each successive age. Some changes are profound; others are superficial. The Romantic Movement in art and literature was a profound change, and has not yet exhausted itself: the Gothic Revival was a superficial change, the spirit of the age in fancy costume. The same distinction must be made between the changes we have witnessed in the twentieth century. The new conception of the physical structure of the universe is probably a change profound in itself, and with profound philosophical consequences. The question we have to ask ourselves, with the knowledge that we cannot answer it with any certainty, is whether the changes in art, which are just as astonishing, are equally profound.

The two changes—in science and in art—have been concurrent, and for this reason alone it is fair to assume that they are in some manner inter-related. The religious change known as the Reformation can be ascribed to many causes, such as the corruption of the clergy and the overweening economic power of the monasteries; but a new religious attitude (as opposed to a reactionary religious attitude) was made possible by a new theory of the universe, put forward by Galileo and Copernicus. The Reformation could have been a reaction (to a more primitive and 'pure' conception of Christianity); instead it was a change in religious sensibility corresponding to a change in scientific knowledge.

I believe that modern art has the same consequential character. It is a change in modes of perception and imagination that corresponds to a new spiritual or intellectual attitude widely shared by modern man. This is not a formal or conscious attitude: the artist is not 'expressing,' as we say, a scientific or a philosophical view of the world in conformity with the latest views of the physicists or the metaphysicians, or of the politicians and economists. On such matters he may sincerely profess a profound ignorance. Nevertheless, there exists a widely diffused sentiment, a sense of bewilderment, of anxiety, to which all these specialists have contributed their share, and this atmosphere the artist, since he is by definition a being acutely sensitive to such collective intimations, cannot escape. He finds symbols to represent these prevalent states of human consciousness: that is his primary function in society.

We cannot tell whether he finds the right symbols, but the success of the contemporary artist is due to a general recognition that he has found such symbols, and has given them convincing form. The artists of our period thus made 'great' by our recognition of their symbolic potency—artists like Picasso, Klee, Kandinsky, Léger—are all artists who have proliferated new symbolic forms—forms that correspond in some intimate way to the Zeitgeist.

So much for the process of change. We see that it is inevitable, that there is nothing inherently good in it, that it represents no kind of progress, moral or aesthetic. But this process is not mechanical: it involves human beings, and most of all it involves the artist. I do not say that the artist is the agent of change; indeed the perfect work of art lifts us out of the flux of existence, involves the observer in a state of timeless contemplation: but each moment of vision is a moment of arrest—it is not reached without movement.

The artist in such a situation 'lives on his nerves.' He is forever analyzing an unknown substance, attempting to resolve a mystery, to give form to vague intuitions. It is little wonder, therefore, that some artists break down under the strain. Some of those who cannot stand the pace simply fall back, abandon the effort; but there are others, and it is this particular type that I wish to isolate and examine, who stay to mock, to recriminate, to abuse, to betray. If the strain becomes unbearable to a whole generation, then we may get that historical phenomenon which Gilbert Murray, in a famous lecture on such a period in Greek history, called a 'failure of nerve.' He used this phrase to describe the inability of the ancient world to maintain the rational idealism of the great schools of the fourth century B.C.—the relapse into superstition, mysticism, gnosticism, revelation, out of which a new positive faith, primitive Christianity, eventually emerged. The present failure of nerve is not so predominantly superstitions, though we must remember that the Nazis had their Rosenberg, and nothing can be so ideologically irrational as the cults of race and power that characterize reactionary politics. Since we are dealing with art, which is a symbolic activity, we cannot properly speak of a failure to maintain a philosophy of rational idealism. But nevertheless, reason is

(Continued on Page 34)
HOUSE BY A. QUINCY JONES AND FREDERICK E. EMMONS, ARCHITECTS

ECKBO, ROYSTON AND WILLIAMS, LANDSCAPE ARCHITECTS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JULIUS SHULMAN
The house is located in a wooded valley, approximately a mile from the ocean. The problem was to design a house for two adults and teen-age daughter with the general requirement of generous space for informal indoor and outdoor entertaining. In addition, maximum use of the site was desired with privacy from both streets and neighbors on two sides. As a result, the tree pattern, determined by careful measurements both in plan and in elevation, decided the areas available for the building, and although it proved impossible to save all the trees only two of the least attractive required removal.

The logical position for the carport seemed to be the low point of the property which is screened from the main street yet easily accessible. In this position it serves as a wind screen for the central patio while allowing direct access to this court as well as to the service yard and bedrooms.

By arranging the living areas in an "L" shape the maximum use was made of the tree shaded areas with all but minor ventilating openings away from the street. This scheme provides three inner courts with complete separation of entertaining and sleeping areas.

Since the sun was not a serious problem the glass was carried to the ceiling and one bath is lighted by a plastic skydome. An obscure glass and steel screen provided privacy from the neighbor to the south and a similar screen across the entrances allows the use of a clear glass entry and passage between the two major living elements, while affording a glimpse of the interior court and enclosed tree from the street.
This house has been designed for a retired couple who wanted a contemporary home in the dramatic desert area. The result is not a house in a conventional sense. All the shelter is nearly one room formed by the roof. This space is divided by cabinets, bathrooms and sliding glass panels in several functional areas: parking, cooking, dining, living, sleeping (one of the two sleeping quarters serves as a guest room). By the arrangement of the roofed terraces all rooms are extended into the landscape. Although the wide roof will give its owners the feeling of real shelter.

The structure consists of regularly spaced steel supports welded to steel beams. Ceiling is light grey painted plywood while all interior walls are mahogany plywood. The floor is terrazzo and the exterior of the two headwalls exists of grey painted ribbed steel paneling.

A swimming pool and a small cabin (which will be used as a storage room) are already existing.

The house will be under construction probably next fall.

On a spacious flat lot near Palm Springs, California, for a young family with two children, the house has to meet the requirements of a busy social life with maximum outdoor living.

The entire house is a simple rectangle 30' by 60' with wide supported roof overhangs both north and south to provide shade for the living and sleeping quarters at the south and to form a car shelter at the entrance front. The roof again is a rectangle flat slab of 70' by 60' with several cut outs. The white painted fascia channel and its black steel supports mark the end of the terrace and give the outdoor living area its third dimension.

Two palms are used on the terrace to accent the long exact lines of the roof. At night, light fixtures mounted on the palms will illuminate the landscape and part of the terrace.

A regular steel structure of columns and beams bears all the vertical and horizontal loading so that all rooms can be formed by non-bearing walls. Interior walls are mahogany finished plywood, while exterior walls have redwood siding. Only in the livingroom, diningroom and kitchen, natural stone is used for wall construction. The house will be heated and cooled by a radiant water system.
ARCHITECTURAL OFFICE BY KILLINGSWORTH, BRADY, SMITH

C. G. De Swarte, structural engineer

Edward Lowell, Landscape architect
Stan Young, of Frank Brothers, Color consultant

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARVIN RAND
The site is a shallow business lot on a major boulevard. The architectural office has been placed between large existing trees with an office for a structural engineer to the south and a rental unit to the north which can eventually take the expansion of the architects' office. Parking is at the front of the property and is surrounded by large native sycamores.

Entrance is by white concrete stepping stones across a reflecting pool to the door which is a slab eleven feet high. The offices of the three partners extend along the front behind Arcadia sliding doors. Shoji screens and planting provide semi-privacy to these offices opening onto a private garden which also serves as alternate access to the offices.

A narrow skylight at the top of a dead white wall backlights the offices and reception room, breaking reflections and giving transparency to the glass wall. The composition is one of receding planes: first the shojis, then the glass wall, and last the white wall. Two of the offices open into one another; sliding Glide-All perforated Masonite screens pocket in cabinet work behind. With the desks brought together this area becomes one generous conference room.

The colors are white, gray, black and blue with a girder in front of the office in yellow. The wall at the back of the entry pool is vermillion.
The genius of Pier Luigi Nervi of Italy is expressed in concrete, and in twenty-odd years of work he has expanded the limits of the material to produce some of the most magnificent structures of today. His roofing systems, developed out of precast concrete segments, are so varied and have such esthetic impact that alone they may be considered works of art.

It is not by accident that concrete is used most creatively in countries where wood is scarce, steel is expensive and cost is a major factor. Our abundance of steel has never forced us to develop construction systems in which a minimum amount was required, and most of our building codes call for a lavish use of cement. The result is costly construction and massiveness. Our triumphs in concrete are usually gigantic ones, staggering by size and ingenuity.

We have not, as have the poorer countries, built up a good body of unmonumental work in concrete, nor a body of good detailing. Our grammar is limited in this material, and we employ it generally for rudimentary statements, seldom expressing it philosophically or poetically.

It is not surprising, considering the organic character of Nervi’s work, to learn that his designs are made quickly, and are intuitive as much as calculated. From long study, he knows the nature of concrete and what it will do, and thus freed can express it imaginatively.

Sprunging as it does from one mind and sensibility, his design is all of one piece, and has an inevitability that seldom characterizes work-by-committee. The naturalness of his forms suggest an affinity for trees and flowers, and indeed he once asked Garrett Eckbo, the landscape architect, “Have you ever seen an ugly tree?”

In the vaulting of the main building of the Florence Sports Center, Nervi uses a series of prefabricated segments identical with those in his famous Exhibition Hall in Turin. They are triangular shaped, made of sandwiches of steel mesh and fine cement, and measure about three feet. The asymmetrical vault is 120 feet

"Architecture today finds itself in the same situation in which music was when it abandoned old-fashioned and inefficient musical instruments for the actual orchestral ensembles.

Steel, reinforced concrete and the structural theories which allow their rational use are the new instruments at the disposal of the architect, who will be able to compose with them architectural symphonies more complex and complete than any built from the origins of time to date.

The many aspects of the radical changes in construction techniques which have taken place in the last one hundred years can be synthesized in the following essential points:

1) The birth and development of the theory of structures which allows to design with sufficient accuracy and ample safety the greatest variety of structures.

2) The ample use of materials with high strength, such as steel and concrete, due to
fundamental industrial developments in the field of materials.

3) The novelty and magnificence of the new architectural themes advanced by our industrial development, our new and fast means of communications (factories, railroad and highbridges, airports, hangars) and required by social progress (large theatres and movie houses, stadium, new urbanization plans).

4) The increasing importance of economic factors.

Perhaps the most important among these points is the first; a widespread knowledge of theory of structures has popularized and democratized the essence of the structural problem and freed the architect from schemes and solutions due to a slow evolutionary process.

It would be quite difficult to reconstruct today the long series of thoughts, observations and unsuccessful trials which guided the builders of the past, and to recreate the mental processes that brought to them so many genial intuitions.

Try to compare the height of genius, the power of intuition, the unending meditations and the courage required by Brunelleschi, to conceive and to supervise the construction of the dome of S. Maria del Fiore in Florence with the easiness with which we may verify the stability of much more complex structures today. The great freedom of structural invention available to us today will then be quite obvious."

—PIER LUIGI NERVI

From an address delivered at the School of Design, North Carolina State College.
The site is a 33' by 51' level lot on top of Russian Hill in San Francisco. The architect was presented with the problem of creating a two-unit luxury structure with parking facilities included, which would be consistent with future redevelopment of the area, and on a very limited budget. The property itself is extremely expensive, and the structure is surrounded by multiple-story apartment buildings which obstruct the view in three directions, the southwest being the exception, of which a fine view is exploited from the southern unit.

The units are individually heated and air-conditioned, and all electric. The bedrooms are cantilevered three feet to the allowable code distance for maximum utilization of the space. Daylight and ventilation are provided for in the baths by means of mechanically operated skylight windows.

TWO-UNIT APARTMENT BY JOHN FUNK, ARCHITECT

PHOTOGRAPH BY HAROLD ZEAGART

LIGHT PUFFS BY DAMRON-HAUFTMANN, INC.; FIREPLACE BY MANCHESTER-PIERCE; COCOA FIBER MATTING BY ALISON SEYMOUR; FURNISHINGS BY VAN KEPEL-GREEN

PHOTOGRAPH BY ERNEST BRAUN
PROJECT FOR A COUNTRY CLUB

BY CRAIG ELLWOOD

The site is located at the base of a clover-shaped golf course, at the high point in the topography. The building is oriented favorably with respect to dining/grill/lounge areas.

Northernly and easterly the dining/grill/lounge areas overlook two "leaves" of the clover form, and southerly the view is down the third "leaf" and across city and coastal lights to the Pacific ocean.

The plan form divides the building into two distinct functions: the lower level is the athletic area, the upper level, the social area. The entrance is at the upper level. This is accomplished by ramping the entry road upward to second floor height. The entry is a covered bridge over a reflection pool, and stairs lead from this bridge down to the lower level. The interior entry on both levels overlooks an enclosed garden court.

The "core" of the social area is the kitchen and bar. The kitchen is positioned for easy and direct service to all dining areas. The location of the bar also allows easy service to diners and direct accessibility from all areas. This bar overlooks the entry garden court.

The lower level is planned so that golfers must walk through both bar and professional shop coming and going to the course.

The plan for the complete development includes 1750 residential sites, and the clover form will allow a large portion of these sites to overlook the golf course.

PLAN LEGEND
1. COVERED ENTRY BRIDGE
2. FOYER
3. COURT
4. BAR LOUNGE
5. BAR DECK
6. KITCHEN
7. GRILL
8. BUFFET
9. DINING
10. DINING DECK
11. LOUNGE/DANCING
12. LOUNGE/DANCING DECK
13. MANAGER'S OFFICE
14. CLERICAL OFFICE
15. RECEPTIONIST
16. CHECK ROOM
17. POWDER ROOM
18. WOMEN'S TOILET
19. MEN'S TOILET
20. REFLECTION POOL
21. ENTRY TO LOWER LEVEL
22. WOMEN'S LOCKERS
23. POWDER ROOM
24. MEN'S LOCKER ROOM
25. WOMEN'S LOUNGE AND RESTING ROOM
26. WOMEN'S SHOWERS
27. WOMEN EMPLOYEE'S TOILET
28. STORAGE
29. FOOD STORAGE ROOM
30. MEN EMPLYEE'S TOILET
31. MECHANICAL/ELECTRICAL EQUIPMENT
32. BARBER SHOP
33. MEN'S LOCKER ROOM
34. MEN'S SHOWERS
35. MEN'S MASSAGE ROOM
36. MEN'S TOILET
37. MEN'S LOUNGE AND CARD ROOM
38. MEN'S BAR
39. OFF-SALE LIQUOR
40. LIQUOR STORAGE
41. GOLF SHOP
42. GOLF SHOP STORAGE
43. GOLF SHOP STORAGE
44. CLUB REPAIR
45. GOLF BAG LOCKERS
46. GOLF CART STORAGE
47. WASTE AND REFUSE PICKUP
HOUSING PROJECT: THE HOMESTYLE CENTER

The Homestyle Center, a project of the Home Research Foundation, is a display center for fifty homes to be built on an eighty-acre site on the outskirts of Grand Rapids. It is to be a permanent, comprehensive, self-regenerating facility for the display of better solutions to home living needs, and includes a program of integration of technical and research groups with the professions, manufacturers, associations, and all interests concerned with the evolution of the home and its environment. It was conceived to fulfill a need in the constant effort to improve the American standard of living. The technical transition that has occurred within the "home field" in recent years has introduced an entirely new area of constructural design, building materials, construction techniques and consideration of tastes and standards in furnishing and equipment.

The objectives of the project will be to gather all available research, technology, information and talent for the study of better solution to home living needs; to combine the talent of outstanding architects, interior designers, landscape architects, engineers, industrial designers and builders for the development of better homes to be constructed at the Center; to serve as a continuing and permanent research, evaluation and information facility for the consistent advancement of home living standards.

A permanent staff with its Design and Standards Board will serve to maintain the Center's objectives, standards and integrity. The Design and Standards Board is selected from prominent members of the various professions involved. The present committee consists of Pietro Belluschi, L. Morgan Yost, Kenneth C. Welch, Rodney M. Lockwood, David C. Slipher, Martin L. Bartling, Sidney N. Shurcliff, James P. Ermann, and Arleigh C. Hitchcock. This board acts to formulate the Homestyle Center program and to select individual design teams for each home. It processes and approves all designs and materials being considered for the project in order to maintain the greatest diversification in products and design.

The selected design teams will consist of an outstanding architect, interior designer, landscape architect and builder responsible for the complete design and construction of the particular house. They will be selected from all regions of the country in order to present adequate diversity and individual approaches to home design and to incorporate geographical and climatic considerations for each area.

The program has been formulated after three years of study and preparation, and it is planned to be opened for the public in the spring of 1957 when twenty-five of the homes will have been completed out of a total of fifty which

RALPH RAPSON
This is a solution of a sociological problem for a home located in the north central section of the United States, with specific considerations to the living requirements of an interior urban site—providing the combination of restricted space with the "family life atmosphere" of a larger home; three bedrooms, two baths.

ELIOT NOYES
The concrete shell construction as envelope for container of living environment.
A home reflecting the open living that may be enjoyed on the southwest Gulf Coast, completely flexible, yet practical to the variables of weather; three bedrooms, two baths.

KAZUMI ADACHI
A distinctive exhibition home demonstrating the Oriental influence becoming increasingly important in West Coast architecture; two bedrooms and two baths.

JOHN E. DINWIDDIE
A house considering the climate and the living pattern of the South.

R. BUCKMINSTER FULLER
A development of the famous geodesic dome translated into human shelter.

GENE ZEMA
A home for the young growing family of the Pacific Northwest, utilizing structural characteristics consistent with the natural materials of the region; three bedrooms, two baths.

MATERIAL ON THE ASSIGNMENT OF GEORGE NELSON AS ONE OF THE PARTICIPATING ARCHITECTS IS NOT YET AVAILABLE.

KAZUMI ADACHI
A distinctive exhibition home demonstrating the Oriental influence becoming increasingly important in West Coast architecture; two bedrooms and two baths.

ROBERT LITTLE
To demonstrate and emphasize the use of the lift-slab method of concrete construction; for the Midwest location; three bedrooms, two baths.
WURSTER, BERNARDI & EMMONS

A tract-built type home for the San Francisco Bay area — of moderate cost — utilizing a substantial portion of locally available building materials; three bedrooms, two baths.

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

A Midwest farmhouse.

ROYAL BARRY WILLS

A traditional house designed for the New England region; three bedrooms, two and one-half baths.

PAINTER, WEEKS & McCARTY

A home for the south central region reflecting some aspects of the design tradition and embodying contemporary materials, precast concrete walls, and roof decking adjustable to builder projects; three bedrooms, one and one-half baths.

CLIFFORD B. WRIGHT

A home for the Midwest with special considerations to a sharply contoured site and the use of multiple levels; four bedrooms, three baths.

ALDEN DOW

A home for the Midwest suited to a sloping lot permitting entrance on two levels; four bedrooms, two baths.

HARVELL H. HARRIS

A house for the Southwest with considerations to temperature and arid climate; three bedrooms, two baths.

JONES & EMMONS

A West Coast modern home providing the utmost in flexibility, both in structure and special arrangement; three bedrooms, two baths.
This house was done by the designer for himself and his family of four. On a large, beautifully landscaped site with a view to the mountains, the house itself is built around a large living court with a pool and an extensive terrace area. Entrance is from the street wall of the house through this large entrance court to the living quarters of the house itself.

A livingroom, almost sixty by twenty feet with glass on three sides, opens to the pool terrace and also to a covered terrace in the rear with a magnificent view of the surrounding hills.

The overhang at the main entrance is black as a contrast against the soft beige and white of the Palos Verdes stone wall; the main entrance door is steelash with Hexcelite black glass; Henley shutters are used throughout the house and on the radio-controlled garage door.
PAUL LASZLO

The fourth wall of this room is a travertine marble fireplace with a built-in HiFi radio and phonograph system designed and installed by California Sound Products. The dining area combined with the living room without partition contains two working walls; one with a built-in barbecue, sink, and electric grill; the other, a well-appointed bar. Table and chairs are white with cardinal red leather cushions.

The kitchen contains all the usual mechanical kitchen aids, and for large informal buffets a stainless steel steam table designed in such a way that the guests may help themselves directly. A center island houses the gas cooking units, chopping block, storage space and is reachable to the built-in Western Holly ovens, the sink and refrigerator. The kitchen has been carefully designed for the utmost convenience in cooking and serving. The ceiling is completely sound proofed to keep kitchen noises at a minimum. The walls are beige Coralite, cabinets and work counters are paneled with wood grained Micarta.

The master suite is planned to give privacy from the living area and the children's wing. Draperies, bedspread, and upholstered fabric are of silky quilted white cotton with a printed motif. One wall has a built-in headboard with radio, night lamps and shelves. It also contains a large storage cabinet, a built-in television, refrigerator, and filing cases for personal papers. The west side of the room has a view and direct access to the pool terrace through sliding glass doors.

The entire east wing of the house is the area devoted to the children. Specially designed built-in cabinets are provided in the bedrooms for toys. This part of the house has its own outdoor play area and a fully equipped play terrace.
1 Toward the fireplace in the living room: the major wall color is charcoal, the textured wood ceiling is pearl white, the furniture partly black, and partly white lacquer, the carpet, pearl white, is a special texture by Nye-Wait; the printed fabrics are designed by Paul Laszlo.

2 The dining room is all white, including floor and walls. The floor is pearl white Pomona tile; a polished copper barbecue is built in the north tile wall; the furniture is bleached white maple; the dining table top is white Micarta, the chairs are covered in cardinal red leather.

3 and 4 General view from the kitchen to the pantry and breakfast corner; a stainless steel top on a Micarta covered cooking island has a built-in Western Holly gas burner; there are two Western Holly ovens, one with an electrically operated rotisserie. Colors are gray, and beige Micarta; the ceiling is Owens Corning Fiberglas.
to twelve American artists, the metal formulas of Seymour Lipton, twentieth century European painting in a flow of articulate examples. Watching apocalyptic crescendos grow to Tintoretto portentousness with the luncheon omission, I was just rounding the last gallery at and fade and vanish. I passed through the twelve rooms given over and ahead a clean group by Mondrian. I could go on listing death. Ahead a clean group by Mondrian. I could go on listing that seemed like an infant's outline of an animal on tiny, useless tape. "I entered the Museum at eleven, when the doors open, and, from gallery to gallery. Not far off Ensor, humorist of masks and from gallery to gallery. Not far off Ensor, humorist of masks and modern European painting. On the third floor I stood fascinated in ostentatious gilt overhangs the sunken plaza of Radio City, chilly in the morning sunlight; its ample prototype by Maillol splashes above the waters in this sculpture court as cheerfully as the light supports space. There is that formidable intermingled double shape of metal with two protruding eyes, the Seer, which speaks prophecy at the far side of a little slab across the water. And my beloved Court of this Museum, cut off on one side from the street by no Mother and Child by Epstein, whose bronzes draw me, wherever I find one, with a feeling of presence, as one discovers a friend or becomes aware of architecture in its proper place. There was the quiet Family of Henry Moore. Above all, standing backwards from the center, the mighty head of Balzac by Rodin, dominating the sky above its majestic pediment. Being properly placed it is larger in the eye than the Empire State Building.

On the first floor a show of American drawings, all seemingly derivative. Rousseau in the sublim, secret humor of his precise, childlike paths at the head of the stairs. And the whole sweep of twentieth century European painting in a flow of articulate examples from gallery to gallery. Not far off Ensor, humorist of masks and death. Ahead a clean group by Mondrian. I could go on listing these delights, a wicked portrait of Derain by Balthus, Giacometti's Mother, the stainless steel constructions of Lipold, the showing never too much but always square center of an idiom, admitting failure only before Kandinsky and Picabia, a formless playing of swelter color. In such a place one leaves one's likings behind to say, they give defined shape to what was amorphous; they are crystallizations of fluid mental intuitions; they materialize the immaterial, the immature, the merely sensed and located directions of significant experience. What is best in so-called abstract art—which is not 'abstract,' but actually a concretion of what was suspended in abstraction from mental vacuity: it is, in so far as it remains vital, a metaphorical activity, given energy and scope by the imagination. In other words, reason is fed, as from an underground source, by metaphors and symbols grasped in their sensuous actuality by a sensitive organism. It is better, therefore, to regard reason as inclusive of symbolic discourse; but at the same time to distinguish it sharply from revelation and other supernatural modes of knowledge.

That contemporary art has its hermetic schools is not to be denied: some of the more pretentious adepts of surrealism were as irrational as the Gnostics or Mithras-worshippers described by Professor Murray. But in general modern art, in spite of its strangeness and obscurity, has been inspired by a rational desire to chart the Uncharted. If in such an attempt it has produced symbols that are unfamiliar, that was only to be expected, for the depths it has been exploring are mysterious depths, full of strange fish. Some of these might perhaps have been left at the bottom of the sea—they are monsters that evolution has discarded. But if we persist in our restless desire to know everything about the universe and ourselves, then we must not be afraid of what the artist brings back from his voyage of discovery.

I am not thinking only of the so-called dream-images, of the symbols of the unconscious, of all the misshapen progeny of frustration and inhibition. The artist's images are above all formative—that is to say, they give defined shape to what was amorphous; they are crystallizations of fluid mental intuitions; they materialize the immaterial, the immature, the merely sensed and located directions of significant experience. What is best in so-called abstract art—which is not 'abstract,' but actually a concretion of what was suspended in abstraction—belongs to this kind of imaginative activity. It is frontier work in the process of reasoning: the invention of the necessary symbols for an advance of consciousness.

It is this kind of work that has been branded as 'extremism.' The label is not a dishonorable one, for all pioneers in human endeavor have been extremists, explorers working at the frontiers of experience—if they are artists, working at the frontiers of perceptual experience. To refuse to work in such an arduous climate is understandable: in any case it is a task for the chosen few only, for those enabled by nature with the necessary sensitiveness and courage. But what I wish to discuss now is the case of the pioneer who deserts this front, who retires to a safe distance from which he can revile his former collaborators.

Of course, such an artist never was a whole-hearted collaborator.
The renegade type is a born schizoid, suspicious of his fellows, from the moment he recognizes that he has fellows—that is to say, sibling rivals to a mother's affection. When we come across the envious and resentful artist, it is always legitimate to suspect an irregular or disorganized childhood—a lack of mother-love in early infancy, divorced or separated parents, a social environment of insecurity and anxiety. It is difficult and perhaps dangerous to probe into the case-histories of our contemporary renegades: but nothing that we know about the early history of typical specimens would seem to contradict this hypothesis. Fortunately we can find our evidence in the past.

Worthwood is a typical case of the pathological renegade. That he was 'neurotic' is not a new diagnosis—Matthew Arnold and J. K. Stephen already recognized this fact, though they did not have our modern-clinical phraseology. It has been left to Mr. F. W. Bateson, in his recent book on the poet, to describe the pattern of this neurosis, and to trace it origins back to an unhappy childhood, where all psychoses of this type originate. The great poetry of Wordsworth was the product of a single decade, and according to Mr. Bateson—and may I entirely agree with him on this significant point—was generated by a struggle for normality and mental health. 'So far from surrendering to the neurotic elements in his personality,' writes Mr. Bateson, 'as so many Romantic poets have done, Wordsworth's early life was one long desperate struggle against them. And whatever one's reservations about this or that poem the general direction of the poetry is undoubtedly towards sanity, sincerity, sympathy, gaiety—in a word, the humane virtues. What makes their successful realization in Wordsworth's best poems so exhilarating to the modern reader is his continuous consciousness of how hardly the successes have been won, how precarious the achievement is. There were no easy victories for him either as a man or as a poet.'

The word schizoid means 'divided'—a divided personality is the layman's term for this psychological condition. In J. K. Stephen's cruel verses the two parts of Wordsworth's divided personality are called 'The Two Voices'—

There are two Voices: one is of the deep;
It learns the storm-cloud's thunderous melody,
Now roars, now mumbles with the changing sea,
Now bird-like pipes, now closes soft in sleep.
And one is of an old half-witted sheep
Which bleats articulate monotonly,
And indicates that two and one are three,
The grass is green, lakes lamp, and mountains steep,
And, Wordsworth, both are thine. . .

This is an acute analysis in so far as it recognizes that one voice is of the deep—that is to say, comes from the unconscious; and the other is objective, directed to the outer world. The normal person sells the voice of the deep, orients himself to the outer world, becomes a good mixer, a conservative in politics and a reactionary in art. The psychotic person surrenders to his subjective self, shuns society, is suspicious of his fellow workers, is sexually morbid and philosophically pessimistic or nihilistic. But a few rare people are conscious of both tendencies within the self, and can hold them in a precarious balance. It is a view I have long held that most art and literature proceeds from this condition of precarious mental equilibrium—the artist is a tightrope walker.

Mr. Bateson seems to admit this fact in the case of Wordsworth; but he also agrees that the achievement of normality, the triumph of the Second Voice, meant an end to the writing of any vital poetry. But he might have extended his analysis to show that the same triumph of the Second Voice meant an end to his friendship with Coleridge, a grudging envy of rival poets like Byron and Shelley, a vicious and ruthless reactionarism in politics, and a hardening of the heart which made of him an old man unloved by his neighbors and little respected by his younger contemporaries.

In his early manhood Wordsworth had been a revolutionary in politics and an experimentalist in poetics. He and Coleridge together created a new type of poetry, the poetry of sincerity, what Keats called 'the true voice of feeling.' Wordsworth did not welcome this quality

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ART

(Continued from Page 35)

steel pieces are both disciplined and lyrical. Like Glarner, de Rivera has grown out of the stern systems of neo-plasticism and constructivism. I have discussed his work extensively and will not repeat here. However, it should be observed that a formal restraint over a long period has resulted in a statement which is at once cool, and the quintessence of abstraction, and, on the other hand, lyrical and the apex of delicate, particular emotion.

Of the four sculptors represented, the most striking advance is demonstrated by Seymour Lipton whose sculptures of beaten and soldered steel brazed with nickel-silver and bronze are weighty, bluntly handled statements which create a homogeneous atmosphere. Lipton's forms have been consistently related to plant and animal life, with sheltering members concealing inner structures. His preoccupation with growth is indicated in the cocoon or womb-like structures, and the telescoping forms which suggest backbones and central skeletal forms.

In his most recent work, Lipton succeeds in expanding morphological ideas and bringing in other connotations. The disc-like shapes become larger, with broad curving surfaces and more pronounced rhythms. Their maw-like space enclosures are menacing reminders of prehistoric experiences while supporting forms are reassuring, muscular copings with environment. One of the important merits of Lipton's work is that metal, which in the hands of so many sculptors seems to be an insatiable mistress demanding form restrictions, is manipulated boldly to create true volumes. Unintimidated by the torch, Lipton treats his hollow forms as ponderous shapes which mold enclosing space firmly.

To get back to the painters: Philip Guston offers the most impressive salon. Since I have discussed his work in these columns, I will only state again that his revolutionary work of the past two years is among the profound advances made in this country. Franz Kline, the other artist covered in these columns recently, makes a strong impression in the Museum show, but rather more fleeting.

In James Brooks' paintings I felt a certain hesitation which may be overbridged in the next few years. Brooks, who falls into the same age group as Guston and Kline, uses saturated colors on unprimed (or so it appears) canvas, allowing for a certain amount of free-flowing accident. He is a good painter and his pink, yellow, royal-blue and Indian brown combinations are extremely pleasing. But, even in the rolling movement which often suggests mountains and sea, Brooks does not "fix" his image sufficiently. Amorphous effects lessen the tensions and disturb the eye.

Of the four artists in the show representing the "younger" generation, only two hold their own among their chronological peers, and even they appear somewhat unsteady in comparison.

Grace Hartigan is an honest painter who has perhaps submitted
to too many influences, but who is well on the way to personal synthesis.

A painting of this year titled "City Life" is a wholesome but flawed work which is more promising than definitive. In it she recreates the bustling and vivid color of a city market suggesting faces, fruits and awnings in a mosaic of impressions kept in order by balanced horizontal and vertical planes. Color is applied generously and skillfully with alternately rough-tongued and smooth passages. But the artist founders in her anxiety to detail each section. Tell-tale lines which are a lame attempt to delineate specific crates or pushcarts show an indecision, an anxious afterthought designed to hold the representation line.

Actually, a small painting in the Stable exhibition was for more forceful, being less detailed and more oblique in the overtones. In this painting, Miss Hartigan's use of dense and disturbing blacks recalls Beckmann's. Among waves of blue and black in an unspecified but foreboding landscape, she places three muffled, puppet-like figures who stare out of the green, pink and sky-blue environment with something akin to the hypnosis brought on by terror. I think she reaches here into a potential in herself which may well bring forward a fresh successor to the good German expressionist tradition.

Ernest Briggs is another of the younger contingent who seems to me to be reaching for a style to express values which have been in the air for the past few years. From Clyfford Still, he learned to regard the canvas as a vast plain on which to trace an emotional experience which, for want of a better term, might be called "flux." Aiming for continuous rhythms which seem always to suggest rushing flow, he brings the spectator into a bewildering but exciting juxtaposition of perspectives. His use of a diamond or spade-shaped strokes with a banked diagonal bias, increases the rush of movement in much the same way small elements served the Futurists. At his best, Briggs creates power with the veins of glistening reds, yellows, slate blues and warm carmel underswept with carbon blacks and overflecked with beads of light glancing over the surface. What remains is for Briggs to find a larger context in which to project his sensations of movement in space. As yet, he is still plating his compositions against flat, unintegrated backgrounds which deaden the impact.

On the surface, Sam Francis may be said to have affinities with Briggs. His gigantic canvases with the familiar, roughly circular or kidney-shaped forms flowing in monotonous regularity in no particular direction, seem also to be based on an idea of flux. I imagine he is trying to suggest the transcending atomist's philosophy expressed in Mark Tobey's "Edge of August"—the culminating painting of a long series based on small elements adrift. But Francis lacks intensity and these oversized canvases are flaccid and dull after the first surprise wears off.

The fourth younger member, Larry Rivers, is a talented but precious artist whose representational paintings with fake modern ambiguities are contentious. Even from an academic point of view they miss the mark, for they are too often "out of drawing." Until Rivers—for all his gifts—can bear to search for a fresh symbolism, he will fail to register as a serious painter.

There remain two artists whose work I have not mentioned. Abram Lopatin, the work, although elegant, does not strike me as a major expression. In the latest pieces represented, fuzzy runs of small detail interfere with the poised rhythms usually found in the Lopatin style. The other sculptor, Raoul Hague is less known. He is a wood sculptor whose ponderous torsos are effective but not sufficiently inspired to warrant inclusion in this exhibition.

MUSIC

(Continued from Page 34)

the Museum of Modern Art, seemed formless and void, acres of arms protruding out of naked flesh, with here and there a remembered masterpiece, until when I came to the El Grecos I was so groggy I could not see them. I had been through the Egyptian tomb, I had marveled at the large gallery given over to stone portraits of Queen Hat-shep-sut, with the beard, whose son-in-law understandably ordered all these statues broken and thrown out on the junk heap. I had admired the trim order of the galleries devoted to musical instruments, all in good repair, strung, and I trust playable, and wished I might sound the only surviving Cristofori piano, the Ruckers double virginals. I had staggered through the overwhelming display of armor, as confused as if I were Don Quixote out of armor. The temperature ... the humidity ....

Who else, visiting New York in his right mind, would have time only to visit a pair of its museums!

Tonight I have been glancing horrorstruck through the catalogue of the Royal Academy of Arts in London, 1936. Here in serene com¬placency an impervious segment of the English nineteenth century lives on, as if the last hundred years of painting in France had not existed. Only one artist shows that without question he has been to France, the Rt. Hon. Sir Winston S. Churchill, KG, OM, CH, FRS, MP, who bears also the weighty title, Honorary Academician Extraordinary—and in this company he is.

I know that all contemporary English painting is not like this. Bacon's Butcher would have been as impossible as bloodshed in this place. What held me horrorstruck was the realization how many who presume to act and speak and to collect money as artists can have no imaginative participation in the living work of modern art. These are not philistines. Philistines are the subject of their properly garbed portraits. These are the mighty dead body, the stumbling black, the Polypheme hugeness which every artist of living presence must deceive, must stumble over, must struggle around like a Boyg, if he is to survive.

Such are the managers of the concert business, the makers of meaningless programs, who cannot grasp any reason why they should be criticized. Such are the composers and critics who can perceive no value, squinting, in the direction twentieth century music has unaccountably taken. Such are the concert directors and committees who believe it to be their duty to guard the public from any improvement of its tastes. For them Bach, Beethoven, and Brahms have finally spoken; and though they do not clearly comprehend what it is these great men said, they are prepared to uphold to the death their right to make of the classical music what they please. Such are the academics who write musical history but
have no notion how to make it. Somehow we must clamber over these ruts like Ulysses deceive them under a sheepskin, if and wherever music as a living art is to proceed.

In June this year at a meeting in New England, called to discuss the programming of orchestral music, Aaron Copland offered statistics to show that those few orchestras which have regularly programmed American and contemporary music, fresh and living music of our own lifetime, are the orchestras which, during the last years, have reduced their deficits. The message was so novel that in small squibs of quotation it did reach the newspapers. What will the larger orchestras, buried under the desert sandhills of their deficits, do about it? I predict nothing.

With this in mind, do you wonder that when I encounter bad program making I am furious, not only for esthetic but for practical reasons, because it is not only bad art but bad business. To complain that Hollywood Bowl schedules Liberace and make no complaint of its symphonic programs is to choke at a gnat while swallowing a hippopotamus.

HERBERT READ  
(Continued from Page 35)  
in the younger generation. Keats he thought 'over-luscious'; the Ode on a Grecian Urn only served to remind him of one of his own inferior sonnets, and the Hyperion he characterized as 'a parody on Poe' he characterized as a piece of paganism. But it is his attitude towards Goethe that is most significant, for Goethe is the typical poet of equilibrium, a writer who can balance his senses against his intellect, and from their tension project throughout his life the highest poetry. But for Wordsworth there was in all this 'a profound, an inhuman sensuality ... which is utterly revolting.' For Wordsworth Goethe is a 'poetical sensualist'—'He had not sufficiently clear moral perceptions to make him anything but an artificial writer.'

'Of Goethe Wordsworth spoke with his usual bitterness,' says Crabbe Robinson in one of the entries in his Diary (1st January, 1843), and this 'usual bitterness' was reserved for a contemporary poet of universal fame who had dared to be personal—to make his emotions and experiences the deliberate basis of his work. Wordsworth had clamped down that for a decade only, between the years 1797-1808. Then he clamped down his senses, shut out his emotions and became what he accuses Goethe of being—a very artificial writer.' But artificiality has a special meaning for Wordsworth: he defines it as 'aiming to be universal, and yet constantly exposing his individuality, which his character was not of a kind to dignify.'

Here we have a distinction between individuality and character which I have also discussed elsewhere, maintaining precisely the opposite of Wordsworth's opinion—namely, that all true poetry proceeds from the personality or individuality of man, and that character is the social trap in which the poet is caught and extinguished. However, that distinction is not in question now, except in so far as the reactionary in our own time adopts a moral tone, condemning extremities in art as a danger to the State, or as the corruption of society, etc. It is not often that such critics have a moral habit to match their artistic.  

That the destructive instincts will gradually pass, and the painter's talent will as a consequence gradually decline. As soon as he becomes aware of this process—sees his own creative powers declining at the same time as the powers of other contemporary artists increase in strength and beauty—he will be consumed (as we rightly say) with envy. He will project the destructive forces raging in his own psyche onto these successful contemporaries, and they and their friends will become veritable demons, forces working for the destruction of art itself. Such an artist may go so far as to disown art: he will cease to practice painting and remain a remote and disdainful spectator. Some of the Dadaists were of this type. But more often such an artist becomes a renegade, a reactionary, and turns to attack those whose aspirations he once shared. It did not need modern psychology to detect this form of reaction—Aesop described it in the fable of the fox and the grapes.  

At this point I would like to quote a passage from Joan Riviere's essay on 'Hate, Greed and Aggression'—a beautifully clear summary of this aspect of emotional life:  

Turning away in contempt or rejection from a desired object can be a dangerous psychological reaction, if it is not used merely as a restraint on greed, and especially if revenge and retaliation inspire it as well. The most impressive evidence of this may be seen when such a reaction leads to suicide—when disappointment and the fury of revenge engender such hatred and contempt of life and all it offers that life itself is finally rejected and destroyed.

The revengeful wish to disappoint, leading on to the reaction of contempt, is one main source of all the countless varieties of selfishness, betrayal, desertion, infidelity and treachery so constantly manifested in life, particularly by special types of people in whom this mechanism is strongly pronounced—from the Don Juans or the prostitutes (in sexual matters) to the rolling stones who never keep to one job or one line of work (in self-preservative matters). Such people spend their lives seeking, then finding, then being disappointed because their desires are inordinate and unrealizable either in quality or degree; ultimately they turn away, spurn and...
modern artists, among whom I have no hesitation in including certain architects and artists, have been and still are engaged in a spiritual commitment - in the search for reality, for the 'most high truth.' Modern art has conducted such a search, and the best of which is sometimes a cover for lack of judgment. 'To be guided by envy such people, so why should we do more than try to understand one which we must leave to the psychiatrist) is to treat such people of being a fool, as to believe blindly for fear of missing some emotional stimulus.' Perhaps some of us have been guilty of believing blindly in certain phases of modern art, and we may have been emotionally deceived. But 'to reject blindly for fear of being a fool,' or in order to alleviate the feelings of hatred and destructiveness within oneself—that seems to me to be the greater weakness, the more overwhelming defeat. A failure of nerve is a betrayal of human endeavor in its deepest commitment—in the search for reality, for the 'most high truth.' Modern art has conducted such a search, and the best of modern artists, among whom I have no hesitation in including certain abstract painters and sculptors, as well as corresponding poets, musicians and architects, have been and still are engaged in a spiritual enterprise which may one day be reckoned as a decisive phase in the history of human culture. We are all too deeply involved in this enterprise, either as pioneers and partisans, or as renegades and apostates, to affect, with any absolute right, judicial detachment. Who is not with the historical present is against it: we can analyze scientifically only the dead body of the past. It may be argued that the wise man will avoid any position of extremism; but wisdom in that case is merely another name for caution. What has been worth while in human history—the great achievements of physics and astronomy, or geographical discovery and of human healing, of philosophy and of art, has been the work of extremists—of those who have believed in the absurd, dared the impossible, and in the face of all reaction and denial, have cried Eppur si muove!}

PIER LUIGI NERVI
(Continued from Page 24)

long rises to a height of 40 feet. Lateral walls are lighted by thin vertical slits.
The Taormina stadium presented a design problem which springs from Italy's love and respect for her scenery. The site was a slope down from one of Sicily's famous view drives, with a panorama of the Straits of Messina, the Ionian Sea and Mt. Etna. Nervi lowered the field and used the earth to build up the base for the spectators' seats, then designed a 50-foot-wide platform on a series of tiered tapering piers. The platform serves as a terrace from which activities on the field are visible, is a social center for dancing and café tables, and a vantage point for spectators leaving the stadium. Anyone who has watched a stadium being emptied knows how traffic is stalled and sidewalks are blocked by groups who stand talking. Such transitional gathering points between stadium and street are invaluable. The terrace also acts as a sunshade for spectators. The tapering piers, placed so as not to interfere with the vision of spectators, are of rough cast concrete.
The steps are almost three feet wide, which allows room for passage as well as seating. The seats are paved with brick tile and the terrace is of fine cement.

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(Continued from Page 37)

One can easily think of the type of contemporary artist who perfectly illustrates this psychological 'reaction of contempt,' who betrays the principle he once served, and turns in revengeful spite on artists with whom he once shared a dangerous enterprise. But do not let us return contempt for contempt, or revenge for revenge. We do not envy such people, so why should we do more than try to understand them and if possible forgive them. They would welcome retaliation, of course, for that would satisfy their instinct for self-destruction; 'inducing envy, they get in feeling deprived and injured by others.' I think that the only right attitude (apart from a clinical one which we must leave to the psychiatrist) is to treat such people with understanding, which implies tolerance and even sympathy. Any direct reasoning with an unbalanced mind of this kind is quite useless: it would only inspire further abuse, further sadistic fantasies. Moreover, a return to reason in such cases is not to be expected, so persistent is the drive to self-destruction.

To adopt an attitude of tolerance in such a situation may seem to be self-righteous, but I have no wish to claim infallibility, either for this analysis of reactionaryism in the arts, or for tolerance itself, which is sometimes a cover for lack of judgment. 'To be guided by one's aversions,' writes Gilbert Murray in the essay from which I have already quoted, 'is always a sign of weakness or defeat.' I think that exactly describes the weakness or defeat of the type of dis-appointed artist we have been considering. But Professor Murray continues—it is as much a failure of nerve to reject blindly for fear of being a fool, as to believe blindly for fear of missing some emotional stimulus.' Perhaps some of us have been guilty of believing blindly in certain phases of modern art, and we may have been emotionally deceived. But 'to reject blindly for fear of being a fool,' or in order to alleviate the feelings of hatred and destructiveness within oneself—that seems to me to be the greater weakness, the more overwhelming defeat. A failure of nerve is a betrayal of human endeavor in its deepest commitment—in the search for reality, for the 'most high truth.' Modern art has conducted such a search, and the best of modern artists, among whom I have no hesitation in including certain abstract painters and sculptors, as well as corresponding poets, musicians and architects, have been and still are engaged in a spiritual

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(258a) Ceramic Tile: Write for information on production of the finest available in 43 decorator colors, four different surfaces, 26 different sizes and shapes. Ideal for kitchen and bathroom installations. Pomonia Tile is practical; lifelong durability, resists acids, scrathes and abrasions, easy to keep clean. No wax or polish necessary, exclusive "Space-Rite feature assures even spacing. Top quality at competitive prices. Pomonia Tile Manufacturing Company, 629 N. La Brea Avenue, Los Angeles 36, Calif.

(160a) Mosaic Clay Tile for walls and floors—indoors and out. The Mosaic Line includes new "Formfree" Patterns and Decorated Wall Tile for unique van dam pattern development; colored Quarry Tile in plain and five "non-slip" abrasive surfaces; and hand-pressed Faitence Tile. The Mosaic Tile Company, 829 North Highpark, Hollywood 38, Hollywood 4-8228.

SASHS, DOORS AND WINDOWS

(256a) Folding Doors: New catalog is available. Designed to meet every type of modern home, the "Contemporary" design is ideal for use in windows and doors. Emphasizing their almost universal applicability, folding doors eliminate wasteful door-swing area, reduce building costs. Mechanically or electrically operated. Modernfold Doors Inc., 2836 E. Foothill Blvd., Pasadena 8, California.

(244a) Graphically illustrating the uses, types and styles of stock-framed sliding glass doors is a new 12-page catalog issued by Arcadia Metal Products. Cover of catalog is a full-color photograph of a Connecticut residence with installation of Arcadia doors. Also shown are uses of the products for exterior walls in a school, hospital, library, office building, custom home, luxury residence and commercial building. Unique feature in catalog is "Data Chart" which lists dimensions of glass required for the most popular Arcadia door types. Sizes and shipping weights of the product. P rofiled illustrated, the catalog contains specifications of doors for both single and double glazing as well as interior and exterior stock and non-stock door sets. Copies of the catalog may be obtained from Arcadia Metal Products, Catalog 1955-13, P.O. Box 657, Arcadia, Calif.

(264a) Solar Control Salesmen: Advertising job. Lowered: eliminate direct glare, shadow and glare at sky and sky, provide complete dusk control. Select control of manual, switch-activated, electric, completely automatic. In most air-conditioned, commercial and industrial buildings, Lomar Solar Control Salesmen operate without cost. Service includes design counsel and engineering. Write for specifications. Lomar Corporation, Box 352, Gardena, Calif.; telephone FAculty 1-961.

(217a) New aluminum sliding glass door: Complete literature and information now available on Adco's new model. All aluminum doors at competitive new catalog prices. Louver-Drape as airtight, rigidly secured corners with heavy gauge fittings for slimline, extreme strength. Description complete four way weather sealing, corrosion resistant finish, center rollers for continuous alignment, elimination of drafts. Charles Munson, Dept. A, Adco Sales, Inc., 3311 Beverly Boulevard, Los Angeles 26, Calif.

(223a) Profusely illustrated with complete descriptive information, new 12-page catalog-brochure issued by Steelbilt, Inc., pioneer producer of steel frames for sliding glass door and windows, is now available. The brochure includes isometric rendering of construction details on both Top Roller and Bottom Roller (Belt) models in different installation details; various of exclusive Steelbilt engineering features; high quality models; stock models adapted for both sliding glass doors and horizontal sliding windows. This brochure, hand-omiously designed, is available by writing to Steelbilt, Inc., Gardena, Calif.

(222a) Architectural Window Decoir—Louvered/Vertical Blind's colorfulluminum door of the most flexible, up-to-date architectural window covering on today's market. Designed as a 2 1/4 inch model, these vertical blinds fit any window opening, any size, any shape, fire resistant, washable, colorfast fabric by Du Pont. Specification details and sizes are also included. One of the finest sources of architectural and commercial products. The folder is profusely illustrated. Write to Metalvites and Blinds Corp. of America, Dept. AA, 1936 Pontius Avenue, Los Angeles 25, California.

(229a) Multi-Width Stock Doors: Innovation in sliding glass door industry is development of unlimited flexibility of door widths and types from only nine Basic Units. 3-color foward now available illustrates with cutouts nearly every opening that can be specified without necessity of custom sizes. Maximum flexibility in planning is allowed by simple on-the-job joining of stock panels forming water-tight joint with snap-on-cover-corder. Folder lists standing height of stock doors covering several examples of width. Combination of Basic Units makes possible kitchen and commercial home and commercial nearly every price category. For more information, write to Arcadia Metal Products, Department A, 323 North Second Avenue, Arcadia, California.

(210a) Sourd Aluminum Windows; Series 900: From West's most modern factory, Sourd's new aluminum windows offer these advantages: all-aluminum finish for long-term maintenance; tubular ventilator sections for maximum strength, large glass area; snap-on glazing beads for fast easy installation; Sourd's unique glass glazing; Sourd's patented seal for neat, weather-tight seal; blind-free vents, 90% openings; 9% masonry and installation by skilled Sourd-trained local crews. For information write to George Cobb, Dept. A, Sourd Steel Company, 1750 Army Street, San Francisco, Calif.


SPECIALITIES

(143a) Combination Ceiling Heater, Light: Comprehensive illustrated information, data on specifications new Nu-Tone Heat-a-lite combination heater, heat lamp, table lamp, good design, engineering; prismatic lens over standard 100-watt bulb casts diffused lighting in any room; heater forces warm air gently downward from Chromalux bulb; eliminates all heat from bulb, fan motor, heating element; uses line voltage; no transformer or relay needed; automatic thermostat controls optional; ideal for bathrooms, children's rooms, bedrooms, recreation rooms. This product definitely worth careful appraisal; Nutone, Inc., 510 W. Red Bank Road, Cincinnati 27, Ohio.


(138a) New Recessed Chime, the K 15, completely protected against dirt and grime by simply designed grille. Ideal for multi-purpose installation, provides a uniformly mild tone throughout house, effective in small single chime too loud in one room. The unusual double recombination system results in a great improvement. The seven-inch square grille is adaptable to installations in vertical and horizontal walls. For more information write to Nu-Tone, Inc., Madison and Red Bank Roads, Cincinnati 27, Ohio.

(426) Contemporary Clocks and Accessories: New collection of eight beautifully designed clock models; modern design, notched for fast field installation. Elliptical body with an irregular lip and stepped front. Some completely darkened areas; some complete light and skylights; some completely enclosed. Advantages: compact and simple design; coordinated with Nu-Tone Finishes; Brochure available by writing to De- partment AA, General Concrete Products, 19025 Jimison Street, Van Nuys, California.

(275a) Harborite Plymouth: The miracle overlaid tile—super-resistant to wear, weather and water, now available in unlimited quantities to the building industry. These large, lightweight panels are easy to handle, easy to work, fast and economical. Only select Douglas Fir veneers are used, and machine-edged and butt jointed. Available in unlimited quantities; no flaws. Waterproof glue makes permanent installation possible in any weather conditions. Write for brochure and information to Premo-Lite Plywood Corp., Aberdeen, Washington.

(244a) A new 1955 four-page basic sales folder covering for plywood grades and applications. Application data in condensed tabular form has been released by Douglas Fir Plywood Association, Tacoma 2, Wash. New 930 Plywood—single chime too loud in one room.—NuTone, Inc., Madison and Red Bank Roads, Cincinnati 27, Ohio.

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De Luxe Model BHJ-13
Refrigerator—9.1 cu. ft.
Freezer—3.4 cu. ft.
Motor: Brushless type self-oiling, 1750 rpm, 115 volts, 60 cycle.
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( measured from face of adjacent wall )
Horizontal Model: Freezer door 25 3/4"
Refrigerator door 36"
Vertical Model: Both doors 33 3/4"

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Floor—Mosaic 6" x 6" x 5/8" Carlyle Quarry Tile, a Mosaic product.
Photo: Maynard Parker. Photo Courtesy Tile Council of America.

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