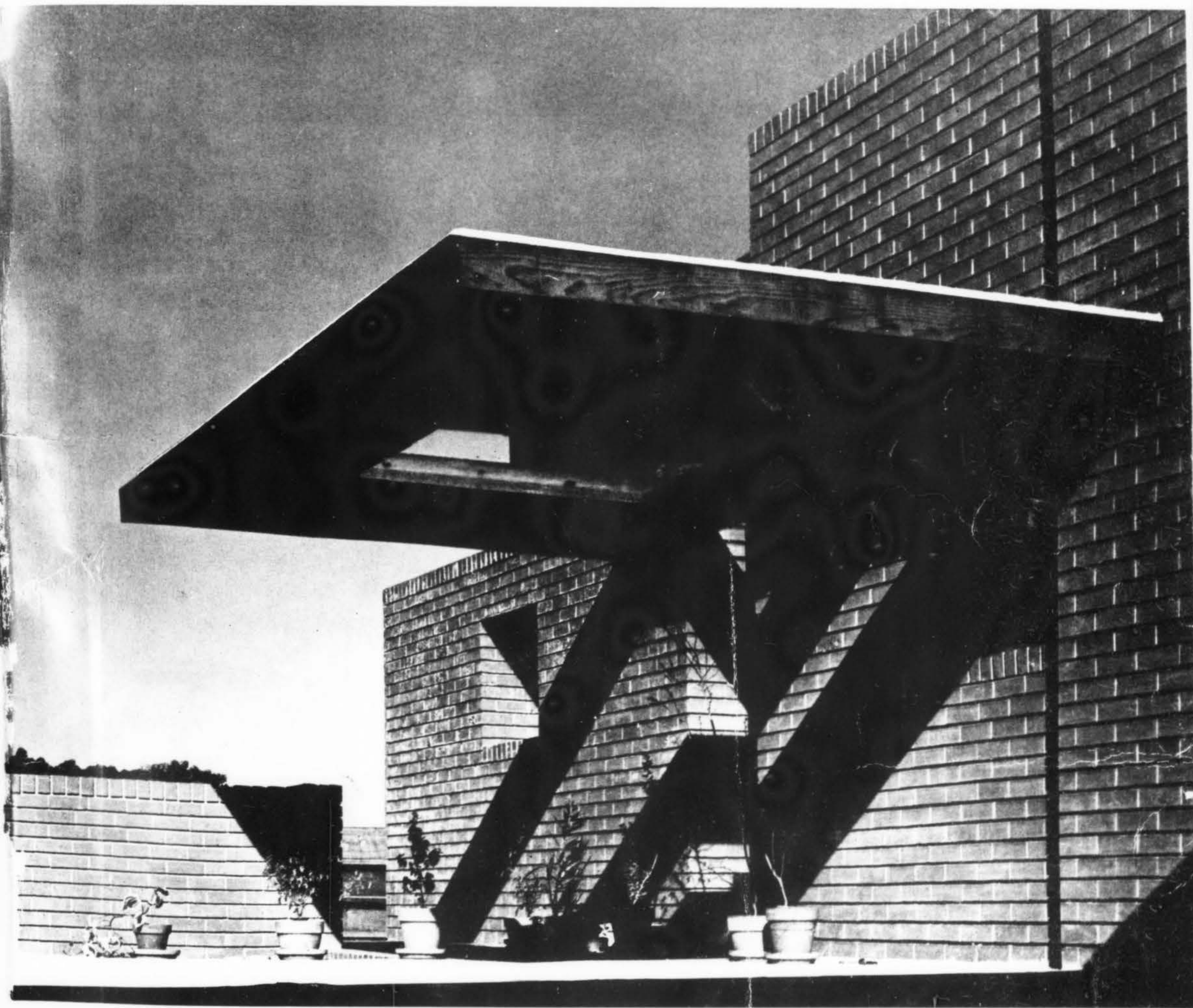


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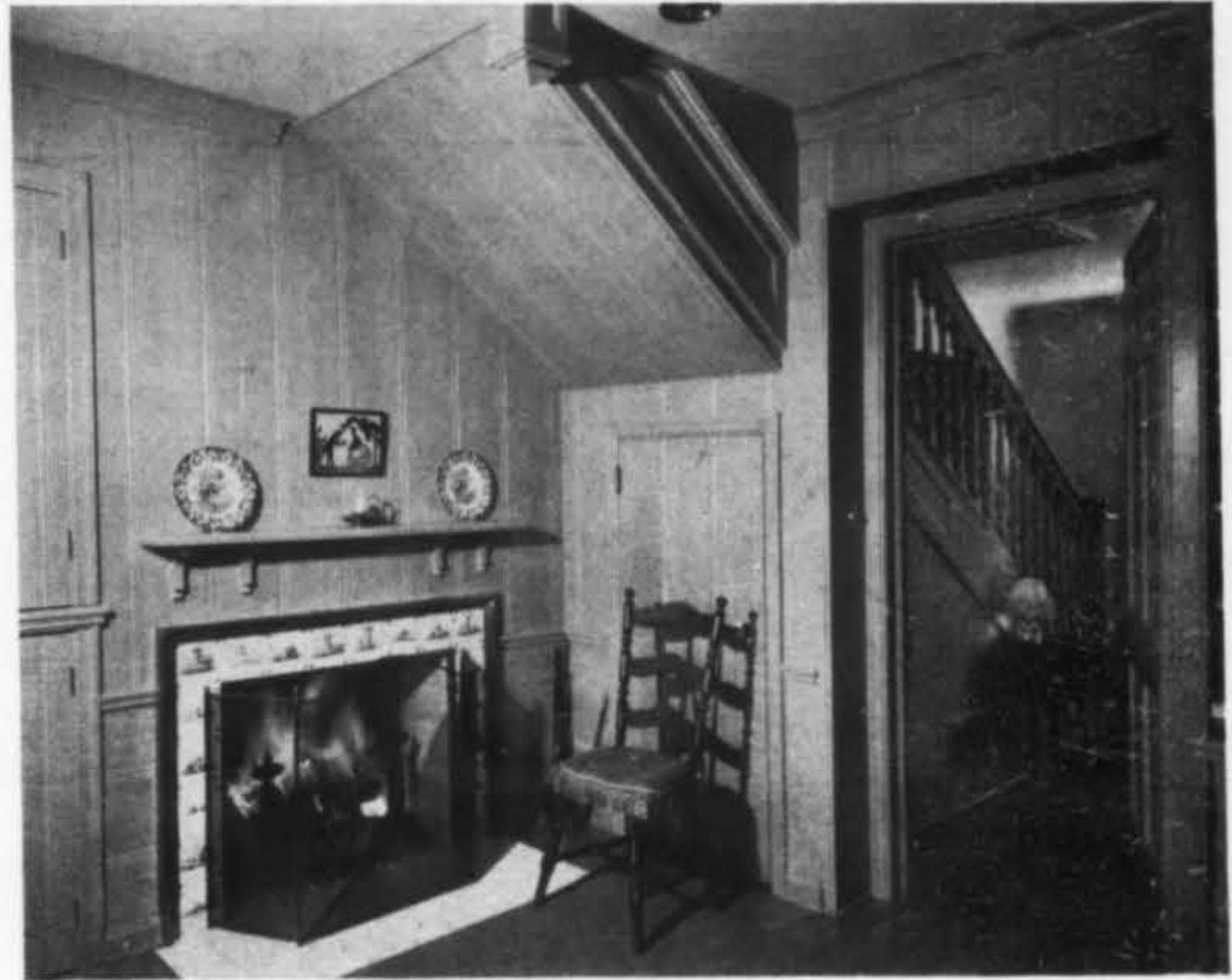
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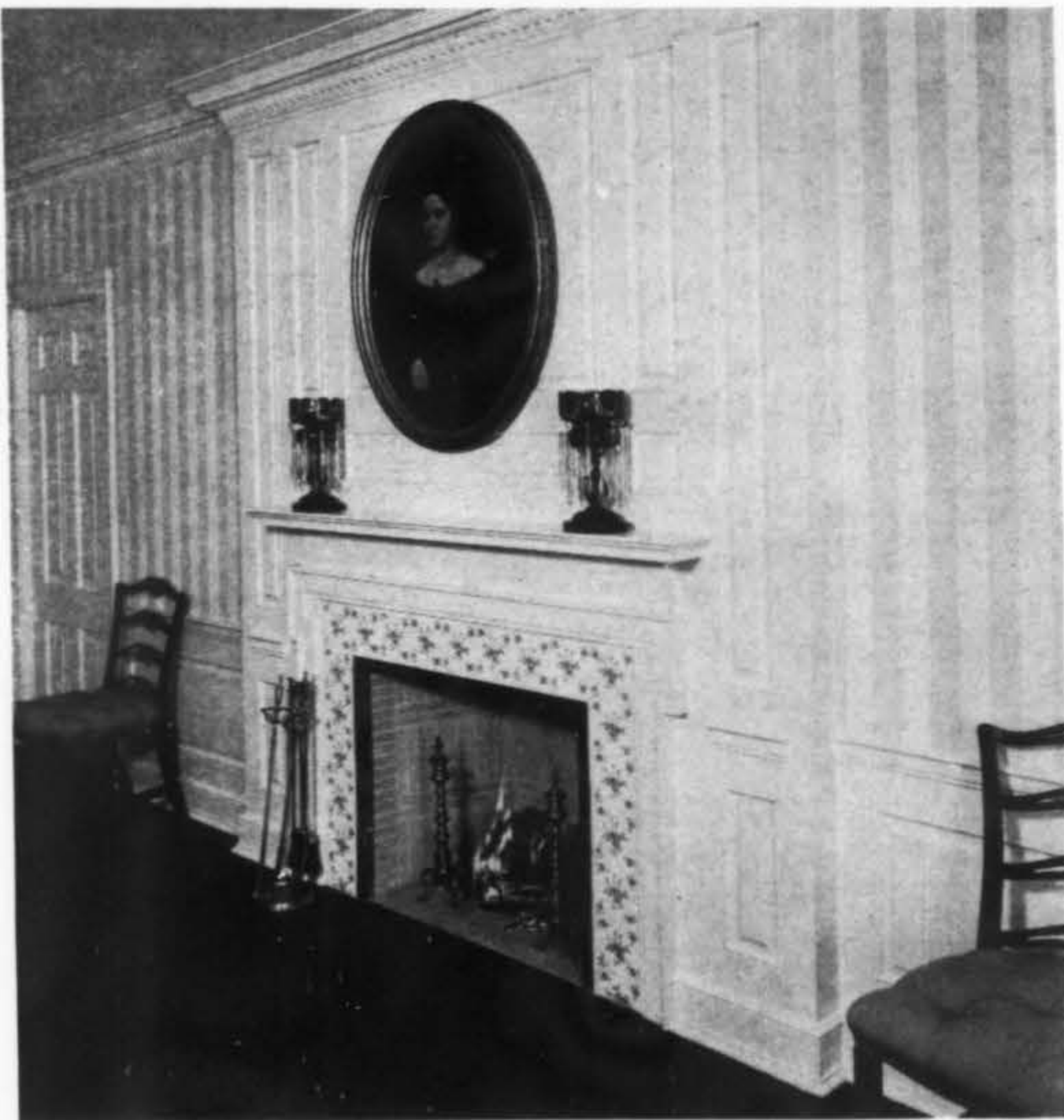
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THE CALENDAR

ART CALENDAR

LOS ANGELES

MUNICIPAL ART COMMISSION, Room 351 and the 25th floor, City Hall: An exhibit of oil paintings by members of Painters and Sculptors Club of Los Angeles, during the month of April.

STENDAHL ART GALLERIES, 3006 Wilshire Blvd.: Recent works by Jack Wiboltt, April 1 to April 15; paintings by Kandinsky, April 1 to April 20; special showing of modern French paintings.

CHOUINARD ART INSTITUTE, 741 South Grandview St.: Original illustrations by Har- die Gramatky, to be exhibited from March 25 to April 15.

WALKER GALLERIES, 8630 Sunset Blvd.: From March 25 to April 7, an exhibit of sculptured enamels, jewelry and objects of art by George Austin Dennison and C. Frank Ingerson. Also, watercolors of Hawaiian and Tahitian flowers by Fannie M. Kerns. April 11 to April 27, mosaics by Jeanne Reynal; modern French paintings from April 28 to May 18.

LOS ANGELES MUSEUM, Exposition Park: Through the month of April, Bellows prints will be shown. Pre-Columbian art exhibit continues until April 30. The first exhibition of paintings, sculptures and miniatures by the Los Angeles branch of the Society for Sanity in Art will be held during April.

OAKLAND

MILLS COLLEGE ART GALLERY: An exhibition of architecture and design from the Bauhaus, April 3 to May 5.

OAKLAND ART GALLERY: 1940 Annual Exhibition of Sculpture, May 5 to June 2.

SAN FRANCISCO

PAUL ELDER'S GALLERY, 239 Post St.: From April 1 until April 20, watercolors by Morris Wortman; from April 22 until May 11, lithographs by Marjorie Eakin.

M. H. DE YOUNG MEMORIAL MUSEUM: 24th Annual Exhibition of the Society of American Etchers, through April 25; 17th and 18th Century European Textiles, opening April 4; reproductions of famous paintings of children, opening April 14.

CALIFORNIA PALACE OF THE LEGION OF HONOR: Mildred Anna Williams Collection, through April; paintings by Jose Ramis, opening April 15; art section, Northern California Junior College Association, opening April 22.

SCHAEFFER GALLERIES, 1155 California St.: Old Master paintings through the month of April.

SAN DIEGO

FINE ARTS GALLERY, Balboa Park: For the month of April, drawings by Diego Rivera, International Photographic Exhibit, Art Guild Group show, modern paintings, and prints owned by the Gallery.

SEATTLE

SEATTLE ART MUSEUM, April 3 to May 5: American Excavations in the Near East, watercolors by Cleveland artists, paintings by Jean DeBotton, paintings by Dorothy Hewes, Typography Tercentary.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

FLOWER SHOWS, the man-made variety, are held throughout the month, while Nature sprinkles the hills and valleys with the glory of the wild flowers. Among the shows announced are:

April 5-7, La Primavera, meaning the Spring Flower Show held at the National Guard Armory, Santa Barbara. Always noted for its beauty, the show this year has added interest in the water culture displays, or the use of "hydroponics" as exhibited by examples from the Riven Rock estate.

April 25-28, Southern California Spring Flower Show at the Fannie E. Morrison Horticultural Center, Brookside Park, Pasadena. Thirteen Southern California Garden Clubs make entries, there are models in spring garden styles, landscape gardening, commercial exhibits, and chemical plant growth.

April 20-21, San Marino Garden Club holds the Spring Flower Show at the Huntington School.

April 13-14, San Gabriel Women's Club exhibits spring flowers at the San Gabriel City Hall.

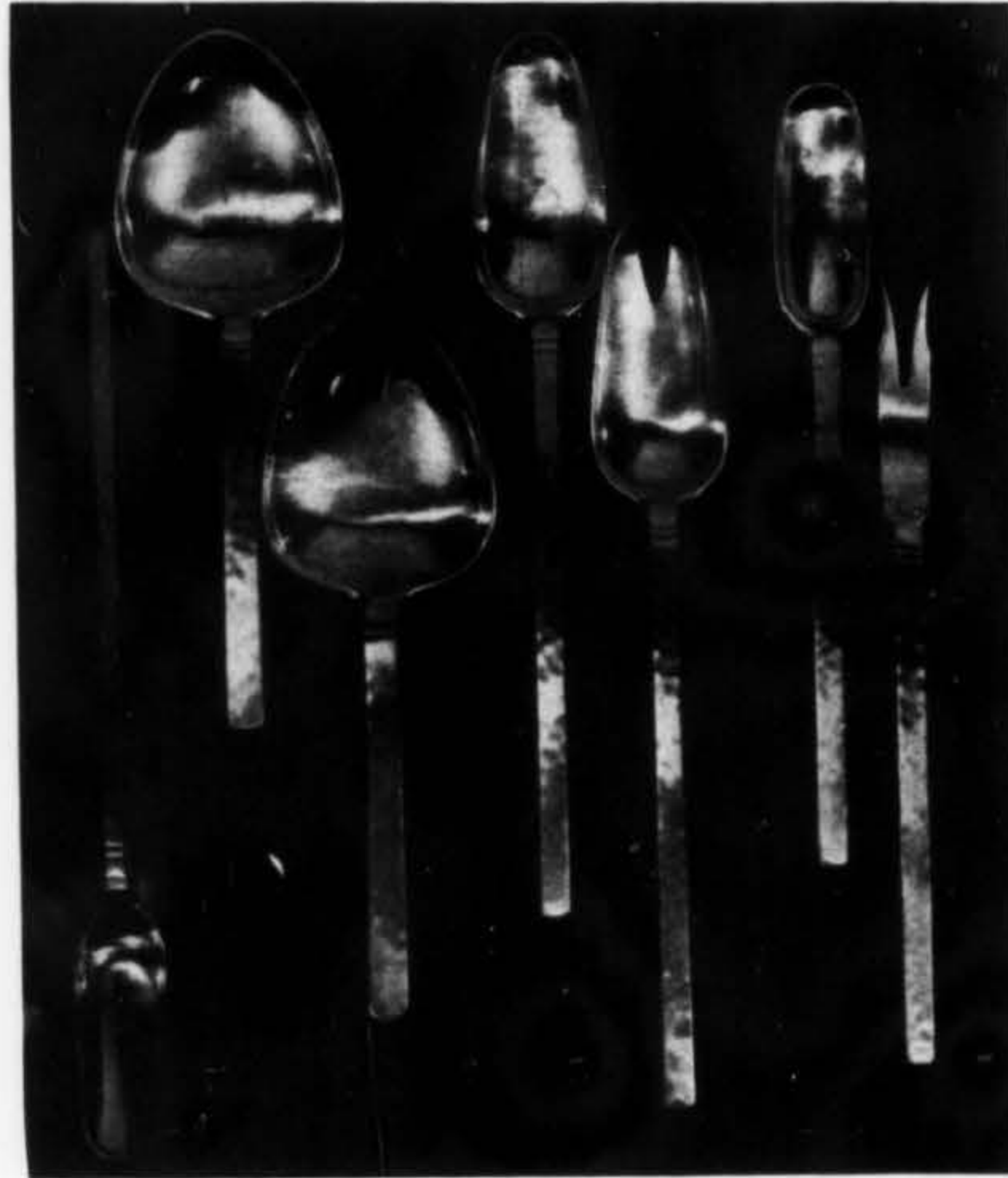
April 25, Flower Show, American Legion Hall, Temple City.

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April 20-21, Spring Flower Show at Chula Vista.

April 27-28, San Diego Floral Society offers the Spring Show at Balboa Park.

April 13-14, Coronado Floral Association presents the annual exhibition.

April 12-13, San Francisco Garden Club holds annual show at Fairmont Hotel.

GOLDEN GATE INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION at San Francisco opens May 25. Flower gardens are being replanted, buildings painted in a new color scheme, and new lighting arrangements perfected. Foreign participation, on the part of Central, South and Latin-American countries, will be stressed, and California with her 58 counties will be well represented.

ASSOCIATION of Junior Leagues of America hold the annual national convention at Seattle, May 13-17. The members of these Leagues throughout the country sponsor interesting events and maintain shops from which all proceeds are devoted to charitable organizations.

CALIFORNIA GRADUATE SCHOOL OF DESIGN, Carmelita Garden, Pasadena, in association with Pasadena Art Institute, holds an exhibition of "The Things We Use," together with related lectures on the subject, to April 14, afternoons and evenings, including Sunday. The exhibition traces the development of the things of daily use from prehistoric times to today.

DEMONSTRATION LECTURES by the plant physiology department of California Institute of Technology at Pasadena have been resumed and will be held the first Mondays of April, June, October, and December. Beside the regular lectures the Pasadena Chapter of the Plant Culture League conducts public lectures at the Pasadena Public Library.

STUDENT FORUM SERIES at Pasadena Junior College have been reorganized, with meetings held on Thursday nights. Current dates and speakers are: April 11, "Let's Abolish the Proletariat," Dr. Max W. deLaubenfels; April 25, "Science and Religion"; May 9, an all-student panel on "What About Student Academic Freedom?"; and May 23, "The Ethics of American Democracy," discussion led by Dr. Raymond McKelvey of Occidental College.

MILLS COLLEGE announces Community Forums are held April 1 and April 15 at Science Hall on the campus at 8 p. m. No admission charge.

LORITA BAKER VALLELY, reviewer of world affairs and the latest books, gives a series of lectures at the Hotel Huntington, Pasadena, at the Montecito Country Club, Santa Barbara, and is also a part of many club programs during the winter season. At Bullock's Book Shop, third Saturday of each month, Mrs. Vallely reviews the new books.

EXHIBITION OF THEATER ARTS from the primitive to the contemporary period, prepared by Dr. Kurt Baer van Weisslingen of Occidental College, art and speech depart-

ments. April 7 to 26, the theater arts of the 19th and 20th centuries are presented, with original designs for famous European productions. Monday through Friday, 2 to 4, Sunday, 2 to 5 p. m.

SPRING GARDEN SHOW is held at Oakland the first week in May. On the property, adjoining the Garden Show building, recently purchased by the city of Oakland, out-of-door gardens may be planted and shown in connection with the indoor arrangements. The garden clubs are interested in this angle and many are planting lawns in the space allotted them.

MODERN-DANCE CONCERT is given by Marian van Tuyl and her group from Mills College at the Ebell Theater, Los Angeles, April 22, and at the Pasadena Playhouse, April 21.

EQUESTRIAN EVENTS, fine horses and horsemanship mark the celebration held April 28 in Soquel Canyon, Hidden Valley, near Chico. The original event was held two years ago to celebrate Chino's 50th anniversary.

MILLS COLLEGE announces its 15th residential Summer Session, June 11 through August 3. The courses of study, open to both men and women, may be taken for graduate or undergraduate credit or may be audited.

SOUTHWEST MUSEUM, Highland Park, Los Angeles, announces a special exhibit during April. Dorothy M. and Donald Bush Cordry show a collection of costumes, dance regalia, textiles, implements and utensils of the Aztec Indians in the region of Cuetzalan, State of Puebla, Mexico. The Aztecs are far from extinct in Mexico and carry on many of the native arts and industries of the days of Montezuma. Open daily, except Monday, from 1 to 5 p. m.

CHINESE JADE is shown through April 13 at the Ebell Club of Los Angeles, 4400 Wilshire Boulevard. There are 300 pieces in this remarkable collection, including the Jade Memorial Gateway, known as "Pai Low," and the "Altar of Sacred Jade," a seven-storied pagoda, cut from a nine-ton block of jade.

MUSIC

SYMPHONY ASSOCIATION of Southern California concludes the sixteen weeks of Philharmonic Orchestra concerts with the presentation of the concert paid, April 4-5, in Pantages Hollywood Theater under the direction of Albert Coates, with Josef Hofmann as soloist. The program includes the world premiere of Meredith Willson's Symphony No. 2, subtitled "The Missions of California." This is the third consecutive premiere of an American work presented under the baton of Mr. Coates. The previous compositions were Charles Wakefield Cadman's "Pennsylvania Symphony," and the choral symphony by Elinor Remick Warren.

SAN FRANCISCO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA, Pierre Monteux, conductor, continues

the concert pairs through April 19-20, at the Memorial Opera House. The season is made up of pairs of Friday afternoon and Saturday night concerts. A notable list of guest soloists has marked the season.

ART COMMISSION OF SAN FRANCISCO closes the series of Municipal Concerts this month. April 2, John Charles Thomas, baritone, sings with the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, Pierre Monteux conducting; and April 9, Josef Hofmann, pianist, appears with the orchestra, again directed by Mr. Monteux. Both concerts are given at the Auditorium. J. Emmet Hayden is chairman of the music committee of the Art Commission and Joseph H. Dyer, Jr., is secretary.

THE BEHYMER CONCERT COURSE at the Philharmonic Auditorium, Los Angeles, provides five notable concerts for the month. Jose Iturbi, popular Spanish pianist, opens the series with a recital, Tuesday evening, April 2. John Charles Thomas, American baritone, sings Saturday evening, April 6. Tito Schipa, lyric tenor of the Metropolitan Opera, gives an evening of song, April 16. Josef Hofmann, great pianist, is heard Tuesday evening, April 23. The final event is the first appearance in Los Angeles in song recital of Jeanette MacDonald, Thursday evening, April 25.

MILLS COLLEGE announces the music calendar for the month at the Hall for Chamber Music: April 3, concert by Ernst Strauss, pianist; April 17, proficiency piano recital, Dorothy Larmour of Berkeley; April 21, concert for young people; April 24, student recital.

ATHENAEUM MUSIC CLUB at Caltech, Pasadena, now in its third season, was founded for the purpose of presenting each year to its members a young artist of national or international reputation in a cycle of concerts devoted to one particular composer. This season Rosalyn Tureck, young pianist, plays three piano recitals devoted to the work of Johann Sebastian Bach on Tuesday evenings, April 16, 23 and 30.

CIVIC LIGHT OPERA ASSOCIATION of Los Angeles, Edwin Lester, producer, and David R. Faries, president, opens the third annual season, Monday, May 9, at the Philharmonic Auditorium for a four weeks engagement. Four operettas will be presented, each production scheduled for a week of six night performances and two matinees. It is planned to stage one operetta not previously shown on the Pacific Coast, or one original production.

OPERA READING CLUB of Hollywood continues the programs under the direction of Leon Rains, with Florence Joy Rains as accompanist. The opera outlined in April is "Don Pasquale," by Donizetti.

PAUL POSZ closes his season of events at San Francisco with a song recital by Jeanette MacDonald, Friday evening, April 19, at the Opera House.

THEATER NOTES

THE PLAYHOUSE, intimately referred to as the Community, and legally adopted as the State Theater, is found on South El Molino Avenue, Pasadena, and is a popular dramatic center. Two plays are offered each month and a Midsummer Drama Festival accents each season. Each play runs approximately two weeks, opening on Tuesday evening. Matinees on Saturday only, no performance on Sunday. Gilmor Brown is production director. Charles Prickett is business manager. Schedule is:

April 2-13, "Texas Nightingale," by Zoe Akins.

April 15, 16, Eleventh Annual One-Act Play Tournament.

April 17-27, "What a Life," by Clifford Goldsmith.

April 30-May 11, "Heritage of the Desert," by Zane Grey.

AT THE LOBERO THEATER, Santa Barbara, the Community Theater Group continues the spring productions, offering "Dinner at Eight," April 18-19-20, under the direction of Dan W. Sattler.

ANDRE FERRIER'S little French Theater of Art, 1470 Washington Street, San Francisco, is devoted not only to entertainment but to education, and will present this month "Leopold Le Bien-Aime," by Jean Sarment, and contemplates the production at the Opera House of Moliere's "Le Malade Imaginaire," complete with ballet and orchestra on the stage.

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Miss Cravath first showed in 1925 and since has been one of the most important contributing sculptors to the Pacific Coast exhibitions with occasional showings in New York. Her fountain group at the San Francisco World's Fair won national acclaim and remains an excellent example of the charm and ease with which she creates.

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V A N C O U V E R

TRAVEL

In a year when plans for a holiday must include prudence as well as gaiety, many Californians are considering a trip to Mexico. The conservatives estimate that this summer about ten thousand Americans will cross the border each month for what is technically a foreign holiday. Though the season is just beginning, tourist agencies, hotels and transportation companies are urging us to consider Mexico in terms of escorted parties, all-expense tours, or simply by traveling as rugged individualists. Undoubtedly the timid traveler, remembering the days of Diaz, is inclined toward the escorted tour, but from the point of safety, an escort on a trip to Mexico is about as superfluous as a bodyguard at the sheriff's annual barbeque.

Regimented sightseeing is a formidable horror that can be avoided even by the tourist vagabonding in Mexico City. Engaged by the hour, the Mexican taxi — not a limousine, to be sure — is so inexpensive that there is time to prolong a tour through the Palace of Fine Arts; to pause for more than a cursory glance at the murals of Orosco and Rivera in the National Palace.

Near Mexico City two dude ranches have been opened. One of them, in times past, was the most famous of all haciendas frequented by the country's aristocracy. Through political changes, it became vacant for a time, but it has emerged as the Mexican version of the American dude ranch, complete with badminton and tennis courts, a bar, swimming pool, and horsemanship under the supervision of native grooms. On Sundays and holidays the American menu is varied with Mexican dishes, including some that are barbequed in ancient Mexican style.

Probably it has been this very caution with regard to food and drinking water, recognized on the dude ranch and in the better hotels, that has deterred many a potential visitor to Mexico. Even loyal Mexicans recognize the supreme difference between the American and Mexican cuisine. For adaptable though you may be in spirit, your interior nevertheless may trouble you, if suddenly you substitute for your accustomed fare the hot and spicy dishes that surround you. The patriots of the republic concede that the only solution for the American who must drink water is fidelity to that which has been bottled, and, in dining, a temperate helping of, let us say, Mole de Guajolote, their luxury dish which consists of turkey with a thick sauce of chiles, ground almonds, spices, sesame seeds and chocolate.

Colorful though the Mexican market place may be, and tempting in price its curios, in this land of craftsmen there is every incentive to emerge with keepsakes that have true distinction. Mexicans pride themselves on their ability to work in silver, and as copyists they can produce from sketches or photographs a tea or coffee service as modern as tomorrow at a price that still is duty-free. The comparatively low cost of silver, together with the prevalence of native opals and turquoise, challenge the amateur to design bracelets, earrings and necklaces that omit Indian folklore and symbolism and instead contribute a lift to the American ensemble.

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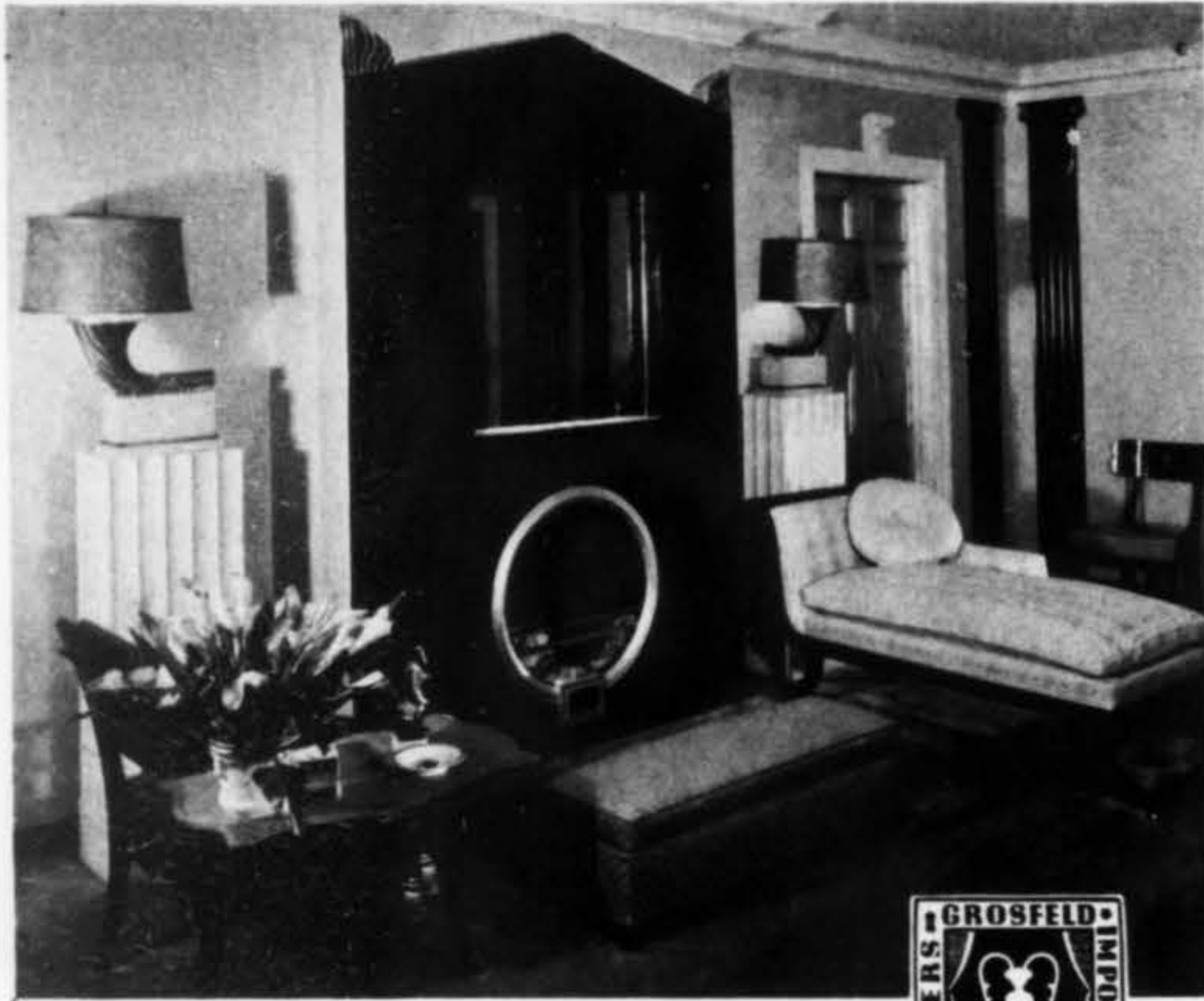
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ART

Now that the magnificent Seven Centuries of Art shows have departed, San Francisco has settled down to a period of quiet digestion, interspersed with small but interesting exhibitions, in anticipation of the big Picasso show to be held here in June.

The San Francisco Museum of Art is showing pictures from their permanent collection, including such fine things as Van Gogh's "Ploughed Field at Sunset," a shimmering mosaic of yellow and lavender and mars violet, and two other Van Gogh's, a blue portrait of Mlle. Ravoux, and one of his paintings 'after' Millet which are really improvisations on a theme — this one entitled "The First Steps."

On the opposite wall are two Carl Hofers, his "Card Players," and a boldly composed picture of a woman draped in white, entitled "Sybil." These two paintings are very arresting because of their poster quality. Planes are suggested very solidly but with great economy of means, so that the pictures have at the same time a satisfying decorative quality and sculptural solidity, a combination not so easily achieved, as every artist knows.

Amedee Ozenfant has a collection of sketches and paintings leading in logical sequence to the piece de resistance, a large oil entitled "Life." This painting is an intricate arrangement of human bodies in a composition of involved symbolism, the meaning of which is set forth in a book by Ozenfant entitled "Journey Through Life."

In most of the sketches oil paint is apparently built up in bas-relief on a light ground, with all modelling done plastically and not by color change within the silhouette. This seems to be stretching one medium rather far into effects that can be more effectively obtained in another. However that may be, the show is an unusually complete exposition and analysis of what one particular artist does to produce one particular painting, and as such is extremely interesting. There are also fine abstractions by the same artist, and a few early things done quite realistically, but even in these early paintings there is an interest in the plastic modelling of pigment. It is startling to see this developed into colored sculpture, on canvas.

A show of limited edition prints from the Association of American Artists has succeeded the Rouaults, and this, together with some drawings by assorted artists and sculptors, rounds out the artistic menu for the month. And very nicely, too.

D. W. P.

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DOROTHY LIEBES

Dorothy Liebes was born in Santa Rosa. She took her A.B. at California in 1922 and later went on to Columbia University, taught at Horace Mann, and began to win first prizes for design. The Paris Exposition, 1937, the Nieman Marcus award, the American Institute of Architects with a few important one-man shows sprinkled throughout her career. Besides leading the field in textile design, she is a director of the California School of Fine Arts and is now in New York assembling material for exhibition at the New York World's Fair.

JEAN CHARLOT

Jean Charlot was born in Paris in 1898. Out of a collection of relatives much concerned with early Mexican culture, he drew a heritage that held him close to what is now fashionably called Pre-Columbian Art. He began to draw at the age of three. An admiring biographer who was probably more enthusiastic than truthful claims that he was sharply critical of the family art collection at approximately age five. Charlot went to Mexico in 1921. There he did wood cuts and became interested in murals. With Rivera and de la Cueva he taught the craftsmen to prepare walls for the application of the true fresco. With every available wall covered, Charlot left and now lives and works in New York City.

California ARTS & ARCHITECTURE

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Notes in Passing

- It would seem that no one has the slightest intention of doing anything about bringing the Picasso Show south. Come June, therefore, and you will find us roller-skating sedately along the coast highway in the general direction of San Francisco. Perhaps someone would care to pack us a box lunch.
- There is also a little something called Romeo and Juliet that has opened in the same city, to critical hosannas. At the moment it plans turning its snoot to the East and making tracks for New York. The casting of this particular production is a show man's dream. Lawrence Olivier and Vivien Leigh, two new top figures in the cinema and front page romancers, are, incidentally, pretty fine actors to boot. Los Angeles theater fare is temporarily limited to a Tom show in Southgate and Aimee Semple McPherson, who now features a Monday night broadcast in the entrance foyer of her temple. It seems that everybody thinks it's just fine and dandy, and there is a lot of kidding about how much the visitor dropped in the collection box and a bit of giddy chaffing on the part of a mighty pert announcer when he corners a pretty girl. Sister is still the best actress on the local boards.
- Elsewhere in this issue one will find quite a lot that is Pre-Columbian, but it might be well to mention the mounting of the show at the Los Angeles Museum. Roland McKinney has gone magnificently dramatic in the presentation and the lighting effects do stunning and sometimes terrifying things, particularly in the case of a black onyx mask that will scare the britches off you.
- There is an amazing story that concerns the reasons for the filming of "Of Mice and Men." It can't be told out loud, but after seeing the picture one is only glad that everything happened as it did. It's a beautiful job honestly done, and the score is something to cheer about. Aaron Copeland did the music, and one hears for the first time the promise of what can be done and might be done again when a first-rate composer is turned loose on a good script and allowed to go about his business in his own way. A fine and honest artist, Mr. Copeland gave point and depth and stature to an excellent production.
- Line from a studio story conference as a fat, tweedy gentleman dashes out of the room after being handed a note by a nervous secretary, "My God, seven actors and no dog."
- Sweet moan and lamentation of the month: Agna Enters sneaked out to U.C.L.A., gave a recital and we missed it. The things she did in town were good enough for anybody's money, but we hear that she did some new and sly bits for the boys that are not usually on her programs.
- We like the story about Miss Emmy Whittington, whose gentle innocence has been the delight and, lately, the trial of her friends and relatives in Sausalito. It seems that a rather giddy little botany professor came all the way from Berkeley to address the ladies of the local garden club on "Flowers and How They Grow." A man of obscure and somewhat precious humors, he changed the title of his scheduled lecture at the last minute and decided to talk about what he cutely called, "The Love-Life of the Flowers." Next day a passing friend stopped for a word with Miss Emmy, who was gingerly snipping at her garden and regarding the blooms with the surprised suspicion of the very pure. "And how," asked the friend, "did you enjoy the lecture last evening?" Miss Emmy straightened and regarded two roses in her hand

as though they might do something utterly unspeakable right then and there. "Well," she faltered, "I suppose it was all very interesting to many people, but really now I — well, I just don't think that we ought to know what the flowers do at night."

- A friend on the last lap of a nervous breakdown has taken a house on the edge of Westwood. The back of the property sweeps up a small hill. Along the ridge, there is a high wire fence with the Sawtelle Soldiers Home on the other side. Every day, as she watches from her bedroom windows, stragglers walk up to the high place and stand with their backs to the fence, watching something going on below. In a little while she hears the sound of taps, followed by three rifle shots — then the old figures walk away and out of sight. All this happens sometimes two or three times a day. The old men standing silently on the ridge, the sound of the bugle, the rifle shots, and then nothing on the hill top.

She should have minded her own business and enjoyed her breakdown while she had the chance, but being something of a snoop she worried the mystery until she found out what it was all about. Last Sunday she was wheeled out into the yard. The little drama was being played and she could not resist calling up to one of the mysterious watchers. A very old veteran turned and quietly volunteered the information that the hill was the best spot from which to watch the daily funerals and now if the lady would please excuse him he had to hurry down with the rest so as not to miss the band concert. In a few moments, the wind being just right, the stunned lady heard the military band plunge lustily into, "Oh Johnny, Oh Johnny, How You Can Love."

- Now that we are sitting up all night again waiting for the latest war news, the following letter might serve to remind us that on the other side of the world a great people still struggles in blood and agony to preserve something called peace and freedom. It is a letter of gratitude for so small a thing as a complimentary subscription to this magazine. Between these lines, there is the calm, scholarly dignity of a great culture quietly pursuing its observation of man and life and time and cruelty and love in a world of butchers. Perhaps after reading it you can think of some forgotten books or periodicals that might be useful, or a coat for a great poet, or something to warm the hands of a little student who will die tomorrow or a year from now, nurturing the flame of an idea that makes life possible for all of us.

Read the following aloud . . . and slowly:

NATIONAL LIBRARY OF PEIPING
Kunming, China

February 14, 1940.

Dear Sirs:

We are most grateful to you for your kind letter of December 22, 1939, and for your courtesy in placing the name of this Library on your mailing list to receive the "California Arts & Architecture" for the year 1940. On behalf of the National Library, I beg to convey to you our heartfelt thanks for your scholarly cooperation and assistance.

As Chinese universities and scientific institutions have been forced to migrate to the interior to carry on their work without books and journals, your notable gift will undoubtedly aid materially the cause of education and culture in China, particularly at a time of our national emergency.

With renewed thanks for your cooperation and assistance,

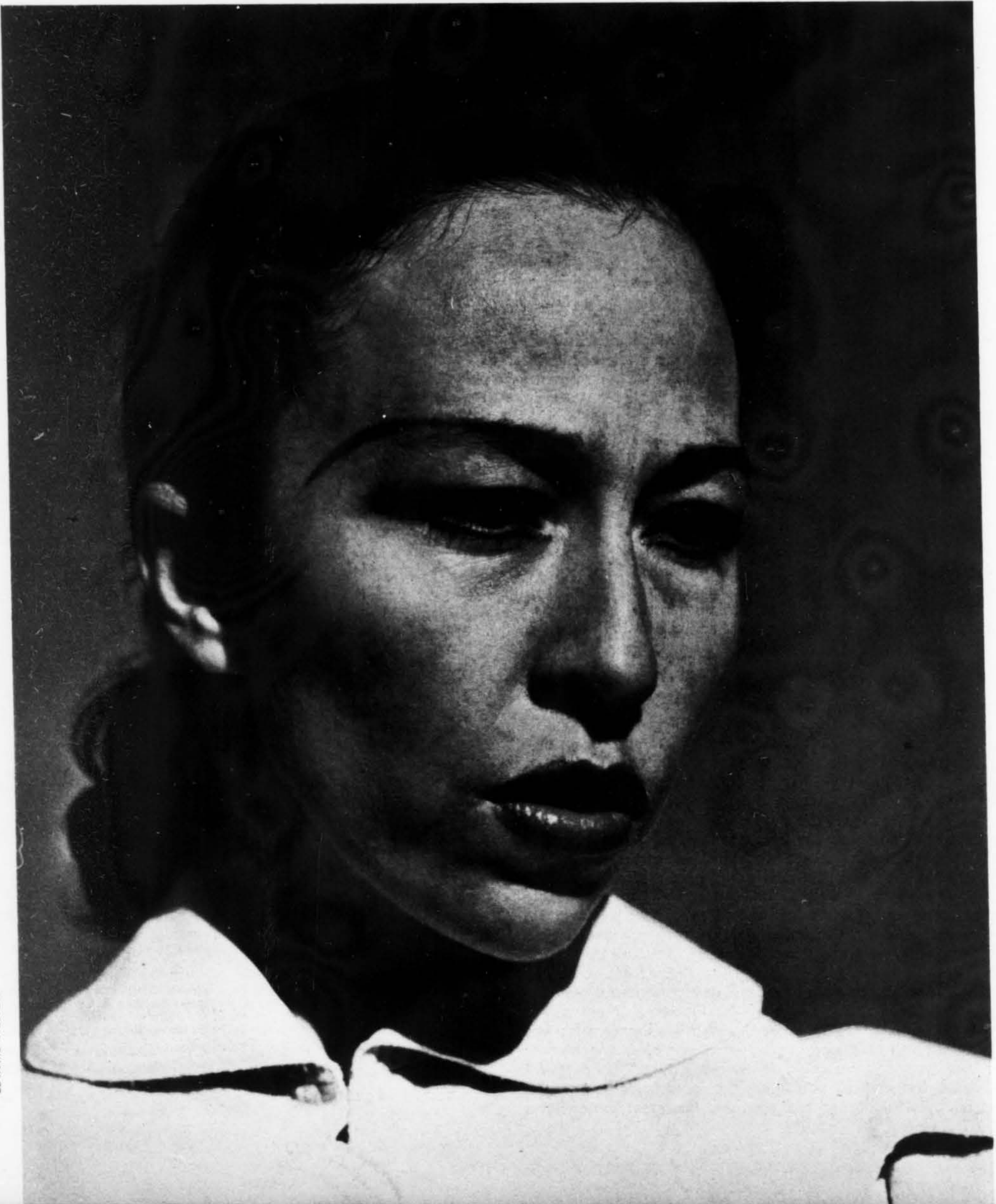
Yours sincerely,

(Signed) T. L. YUAN,
Acting Director.

Ladies and gentlemen, we give you a free China.

J. E.

CARMALITA MARACCI



EDWARD WESTON

© 1954
EDWARD WESTON
CALIFORNIA ARTS AND ARCHITECTURE

THE DANCER

Carmalita Maracci is a dancer without a passport. She is not of any country. She defies classification. She dances herself.

Although of this day and age, she is no "modern" dancer. Intensely pre-occupied with themes of a Spanish character, she does not do authentic dances of Spain. But whatever the fire of her art touches bears the stamp of instinct and feeling true to the spirit of the theme of the dance.

Perhaps her racial background of many peoples accounts for the creative energy through which she expresses fundamental traits of humanity. Perhaps it also explains why she shuns the execution of dances of the "hand-me-down" tradition. For her the dance is a personal memoir that the floods of memory can, with equal dispatch, exalt or despair.

This young artist (whose strong face with its restless, inquisitive expression Edward Weston has so truthfully captured with his camera) of the flame-like body of tempered metal and exquisite symmetry, has Spanish, German, French and Italian blood. She was born in Uruguay, raised in the Sacramento Valley country, the product of typical American school life, and (to the dismay of her dear public) speaks with a definite western twang.

One critic, Charles Levitsky, struck upon the keynote to her art. "It is," he said, in essence, "planetary whirl and gravitational restraint."

She soars with a body of white heat, between the earth of dull, aching humanity and the horizon of man's hopes. She soars through the recesses of man's consciousness, stripping off layers of barriers which keep her from reaching the meaning of the heart. In split seconds like these, with its illumination and terror, the torrent of heel-stomping and hand-clapping is gone. The fury is spent. These flashes of bed-rock emotion, with their sudden changes of moods shoot out at you with the rapidity of a machine gun.

Human emotions, abstracted but powerfully projected, are her constant theme. The dance is sheer ecstasy to her, as it was to ancient man and as it is to peoples close to nature. Hers is the insistent echo of Novarre, the great innovator of the eighteenth century ballet, who cried out in the wilderness of Versailles, "The dance must have truth and passion."

Sometimes that ecstasy paints a gay picture. "Two Caprices," for example. Man is neither struggling with fate nor resigned. He is as happy as a lark. The first "Caprice" has the chic of a Schiaparelli gown and the sophistication of a Collette novel. The other is your main street honky-tonk, where Maracci with tinkling bells on her bolero and bells jangling from her knee-garters rollicks with the swagger and exuberance of a cantina entertainer.

An incomparable ballet dancer, she utilizes it, not as a means in itself, but to a poignant delineation of psychological frustration. "Dance of Elegance" is the study of a dancer who wishes to recapture the ecstasy of the dance and is unable to reconcile it to the realities of life. Running through the composition like a leit-motif is an exquisitely executed bouree. John Martin of the New York Times was prompted to say in his review of her Broadway debut at the St. James Theater, "that her bouree might well serve as a model for what perfect bourees should look like."

The same dramatic suddenness which makes Picasso found one school of painting to discard it for another makes Maracci turn around and virtually lambast the ballet off the map. "Post-mortems" is a mad shuffling around of ballet logic, in which the members of her group are referred to as "corps de ballet of belated ones." No wonder balletomanes look upon her as the l'Enfant Terrible of their precious art.

No dancer could be so brutally true to the spirit of her work and include a social commentary. But it is not tagged on; it's danced into the very essence of her interpretation.

Her desire to "dance the race" brought forth "Cante Jondo." All the fury and passionate despair of the Spanish gypsy is exemplified through the flame-like body of Maracci, burning, it appears, with the heat of all mankind. The dignity and compassion with which it treats of a dispossessed, abandoned strata of society is comparable to the Joads of John Steinbeck's "Grapes of Wrath." The Spanish gypsies have known bitter bread for centuries. The Joads have just tasted it. The gypsies have the snarling fury of a resigned people. The Joads have the fire of hope in their gaunt faces. The gypsies have their Cante Jondos (Deep Songs) to make them forget. The Joads are too close to the pioneer tradition of plenty to have developed a folklore out of their tragic consequences. Both artists, one the American dancer, the other the American writer, exalt the dignity of human life wherever they find it, and in language, more often rebellious than not, strike out for a fuller, richer expression of living.

ART AND THE MOVING PICTURES

When Berlin's UFA made its first successful experiments with talking pictures, about '28 or '29, I was invited to record myself in picture and sound. The speech I delivered was an enthusiastic address of welcome to the new invention through which I expected a renaissance of the arts.

The silent film had reached the lowest point of vulgarity at this time, and save for this new invention it would probably have been dead in a few years. Now I expected a renaissance of the word — of thoughts, of ideas — dealing with the highest problems of mankind.

How wrong I had been!

When I expressed these desires, I had in mind the audiences of the Viennese Burgtheater or the Deutsches Theater in Berlin: audiences which consisted mostly of people who knew not only a few quotations, but could recite by heart whole pages of Shakespeare, Schiller, Goethe, Wagner; audiences which did not go to the theatre only to burst into laughter, but which followed the finesses of a dialogue with a fine, quiet smile; audiences which discussed for a long time afterwards the problems of a drama. They also liked their stars, but their real interest centered in the characters — whether they hated or admired, pitied or envied a hero or a villain. No actor could succeed merely by his personal appeal if he did not possess the power of personification — bringing to life a King Lear, a Piccolomini, a Goetz von Berlichingen, or a Wotan — if his use of the word could not overwhelmingly affect the emotions of his audience as well as satisfy its intellectual expectations.

How wrong I had been: a few months afterwards my dream was destroyed by the appearance of the first "fullsized" film, "fullsized" also in vulgarity, sentimentality and mere playing for the gallery. It was the first step downward to the lowest kind of entertainment and never since has a step in the opposite direction been ventured with such success. The production of moving pictures abandoned entirely every attempt towards art and remained an industry, mercilessly suppressing every dangerous trait of art.

Astonishingly, after some reluctance, the more highly educated class of people bowed to the facts. Enchanted by the new technical wonders, they renounced superior ideas and found themselves satisfied with a cheap happy ending. I had dreamed of a dramatization of Balzac's "Seraphita," or Strindberg's "To Damascus," or the second part of Goethe's "Faust," or even

Wagner's "Parsifal." All of these works, by renouncing the law of "unity of space and time," would have found the solution to realization in sound pictures. But the industry continued to satisfy only the needs and demands of the ordinary people who filled their theatres.

There was no compulsion to renounce the demands of the intellectually minded. Though there were always those works which satisfied the whole of a nation, or even of

the entire world, like Mickey Mouse, or some of the films of Charlie Chaplin, Harold Lloyd, and the Marx brothers; like some operas of Rossini, operettas of Offenbach and Johann Strauss, and plays by popular poets, like Raimund and Nestroy; or popular music of Strauss, Offenbach, Foster, Gershwin, and many jazz composers; though there existed works which had the same appeal to the more highly educated as to the average citizen, there still remained unsatisfied those minds whose desires were served by the religious spirits of a Calderon, a Tolstoy, or by a mass of Bach or Schubert; or by Maeterlinck's "Jakob Boehmas," or Swedenborg's mysticism, or by Ibsen's social and Strindberg's matrimonial problems.

Ignoring the very problems of our times — these religious, philosophical, psychological, social, "Weltanschauungs," economical, national and racial problems — can one ignore the fact that an Offenbach of our times would not dare to write satirically against a Napoleon III, nor could our Moliere venture today to expose our physicians or "nouveau-riches" to the laughter of an audience? No doubt, a present-day Beaumarchais would not succeed to see his "Barber of Seville" and "Marriage of Figaro" undermining customary privileges of the Grandes. At least not in moving pictures could he see them, unless their tendency, right or wrong, were cut down to that zero point which allows for a happy ending — it can't happen here — remember this. Or rather, it can't happen in the movies, where there is as well no space for the ideas of the fighters for liberal freedom, as presented in "Fidelio," "Rienzi," "Sicilian Vespers," "Massaniello," or "Uncle Tom's Cabin," as for the expression of religious ideas like those found in Liszt's "Christus," or "Saint Elizabeth," or in Wagner's "Parsifal," or in my own "Moses and Aaron."

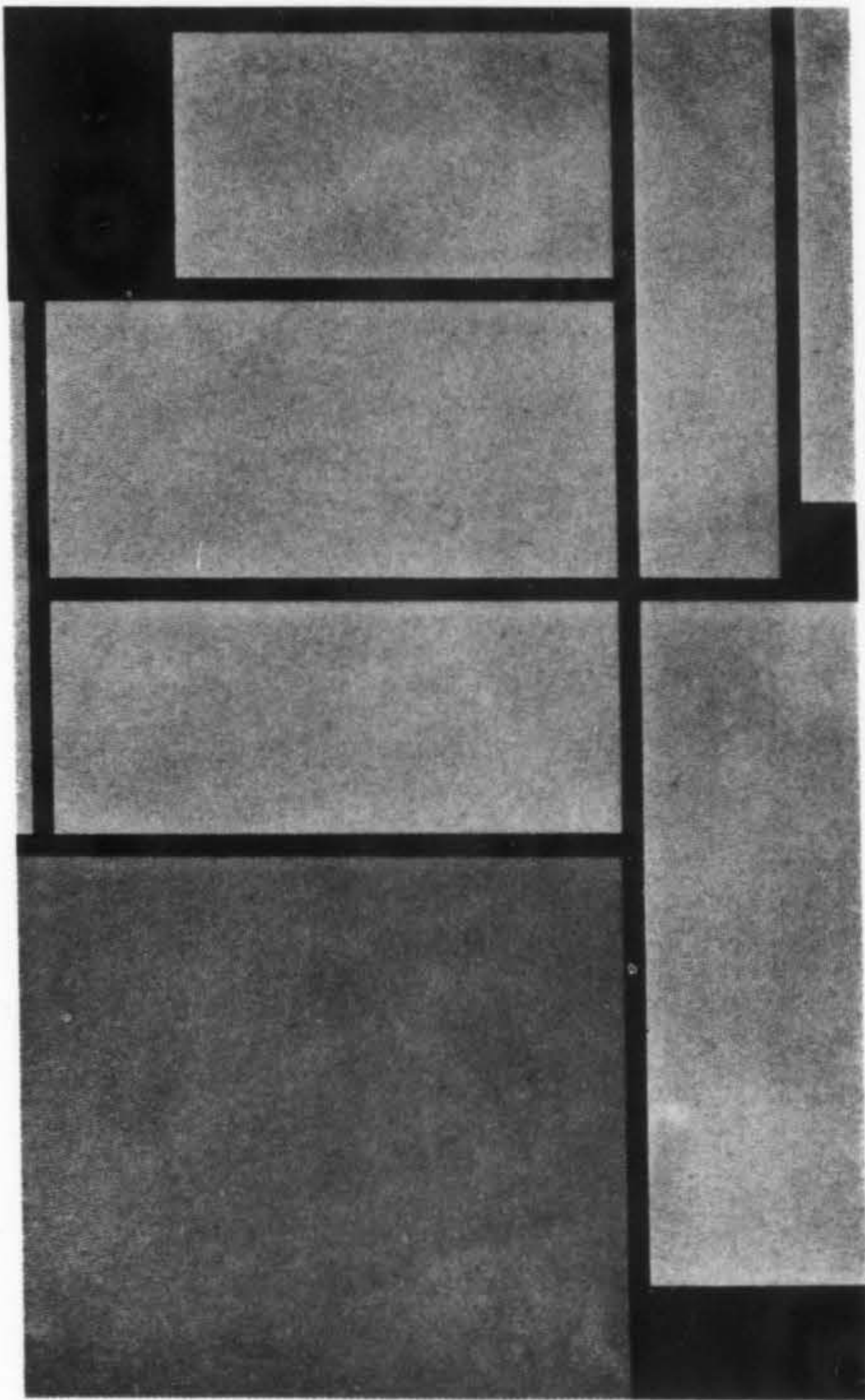
Is it admissible to forget the painter, the artist, who, of course, also produces pictures? In moving pictures one meets only with that which corresponds to the period of realism in art. But one knows that since that time great artists have gone through a number of styles, schools of which never a hint has been made in the films.

So much for poetry and painting. As regards music one needs not speak about modern music. With a few exceptions the industry has not yet admitted the classic music from Bach to Schubert, not to mention Brahms, Wagner, Berlioz, Debussy, Richard Strauss, or Mahler.

I do not believe that a great majority of the people as a whole would object seriously against being served occasionally with classic music. There is at least no evidence of that. But there

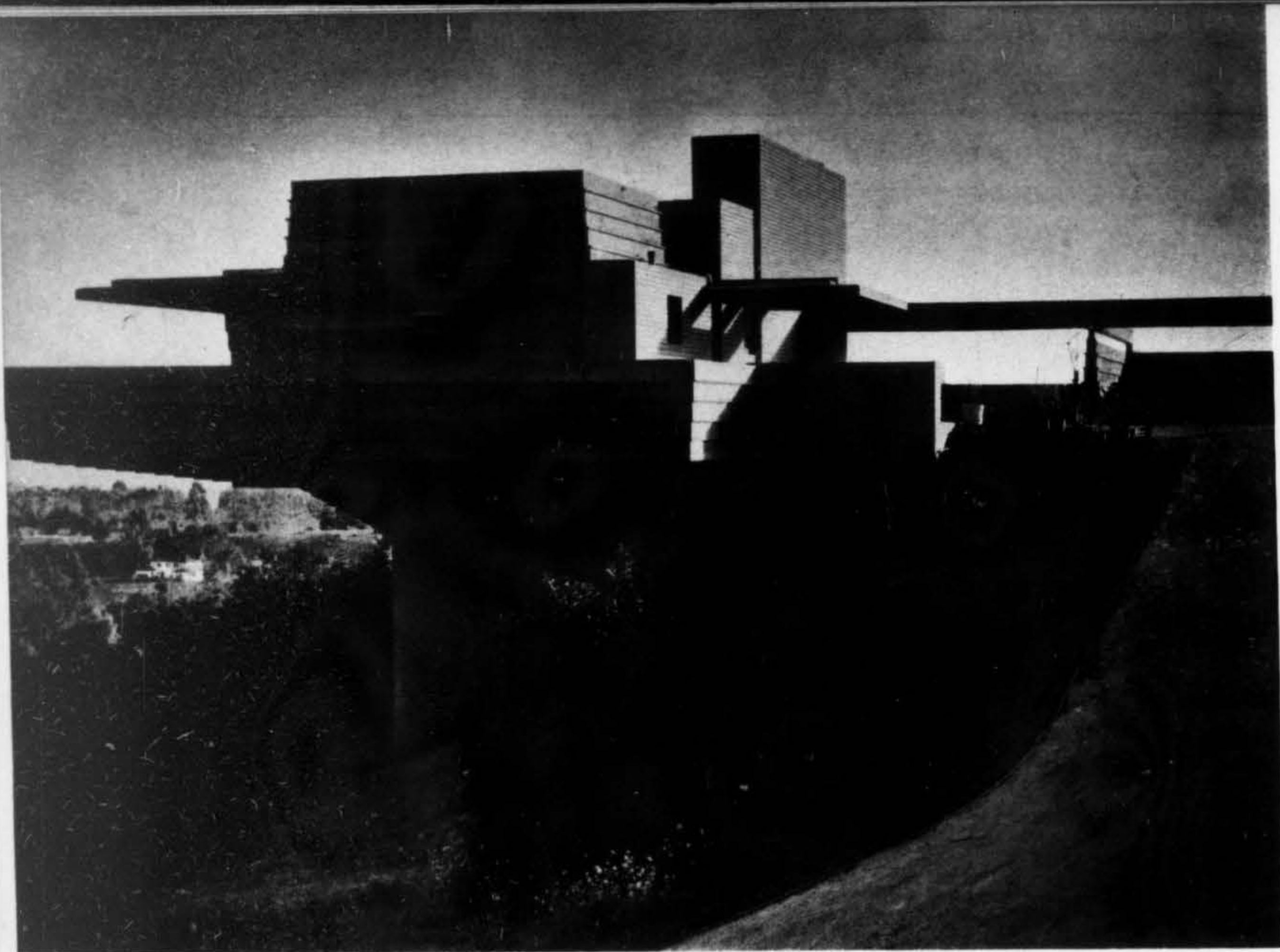
ARNOLD SCHOENBERG

COMPOSITION BY PIET MONDRIAN



3 *modern california houses*

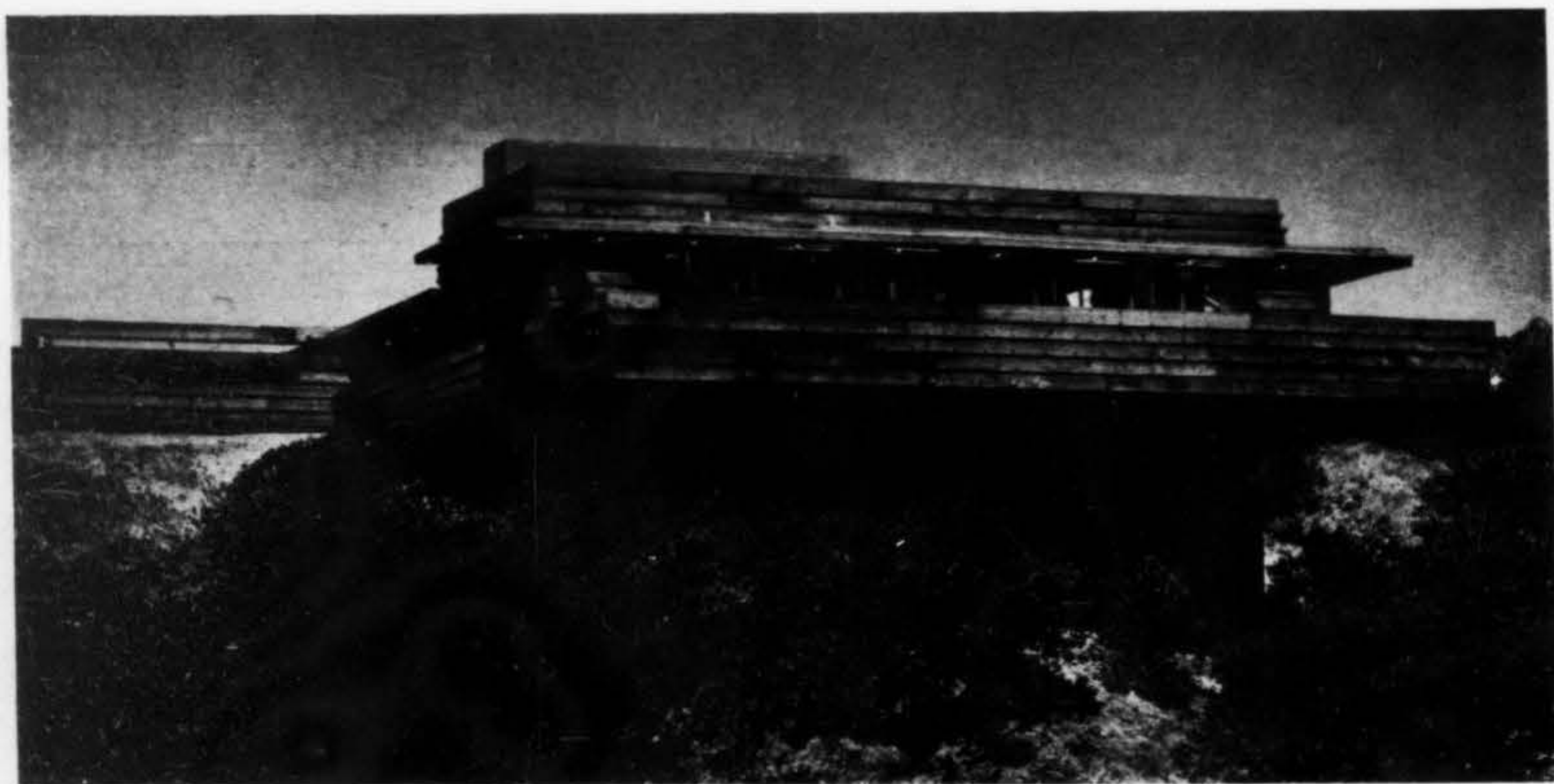
THE DESIGN OF A BUILDING IS THE DESIGN OF A PATTERN FOR LIVING. THE PATTERN GROWS IN THE MIND AND IMAGINATION OF THE DESIGNER. THE SHAPE OF THE BUILDING IS THE OUTCOME OF THIS PATTERN, CONDITIONED BY THE CIRCUMSTANCES OF SITE, MATERIAL, AND MONEY — BUT, ABOVE ALL, BY SOCIAL CONCEPTIONS.

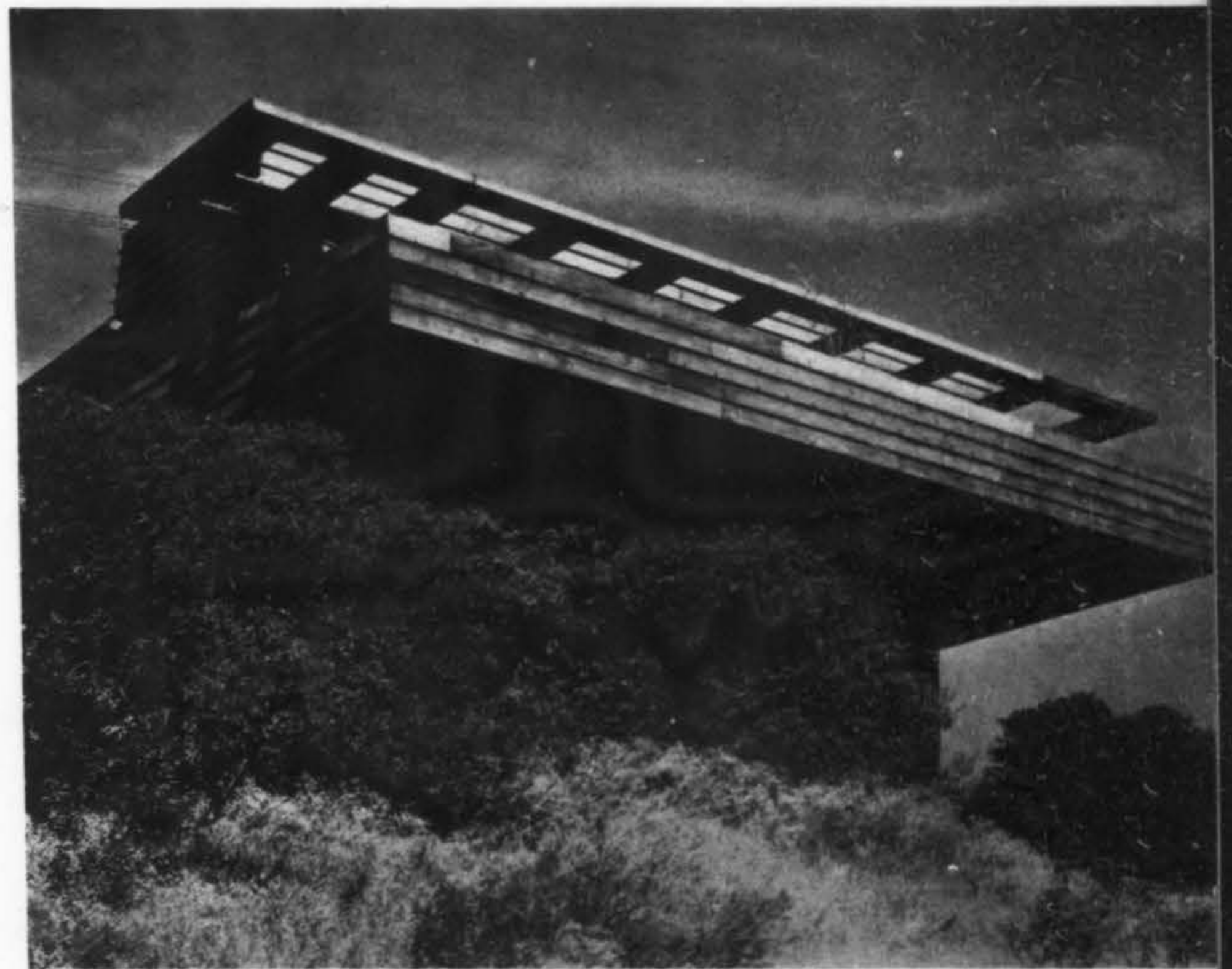
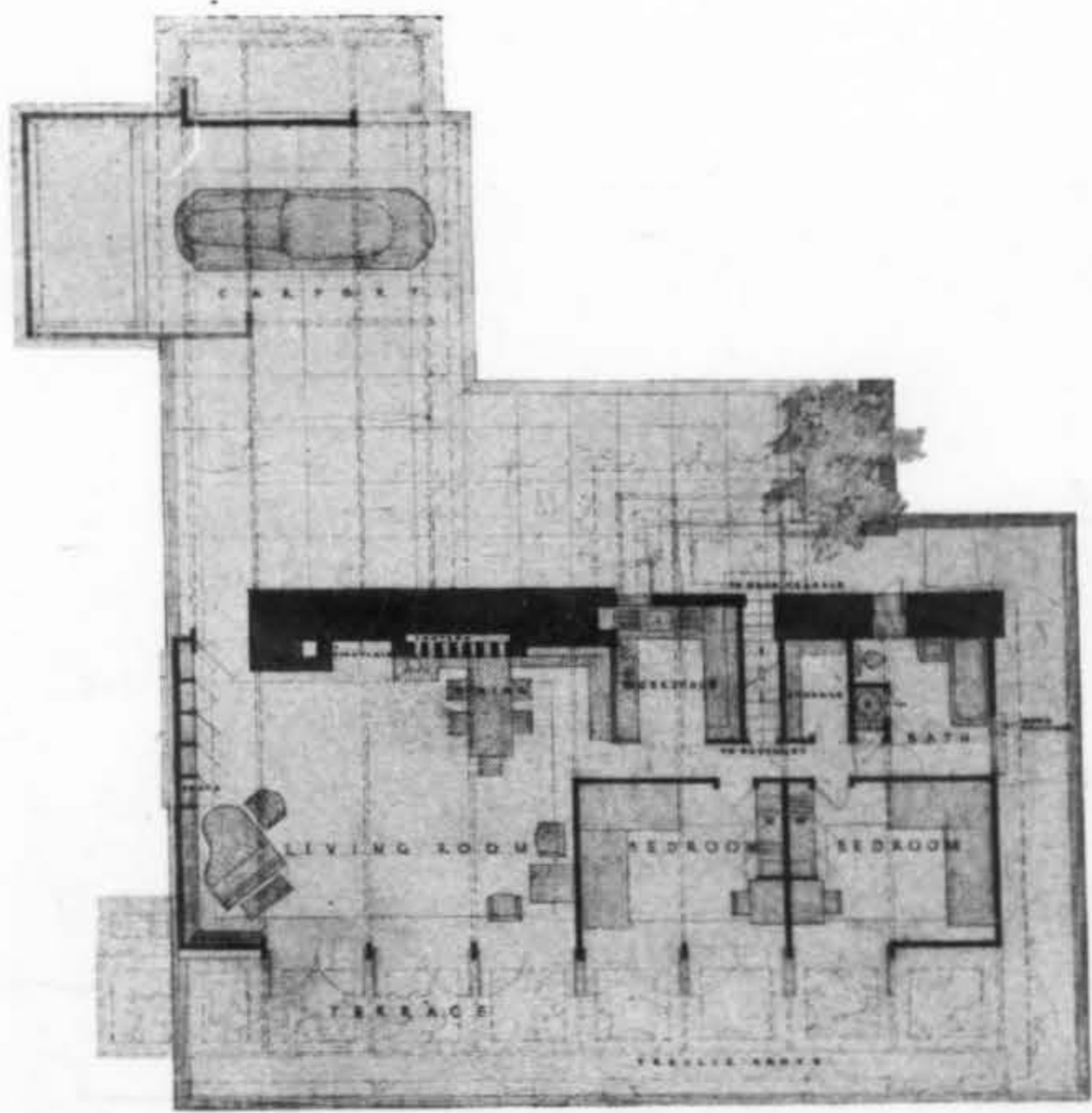
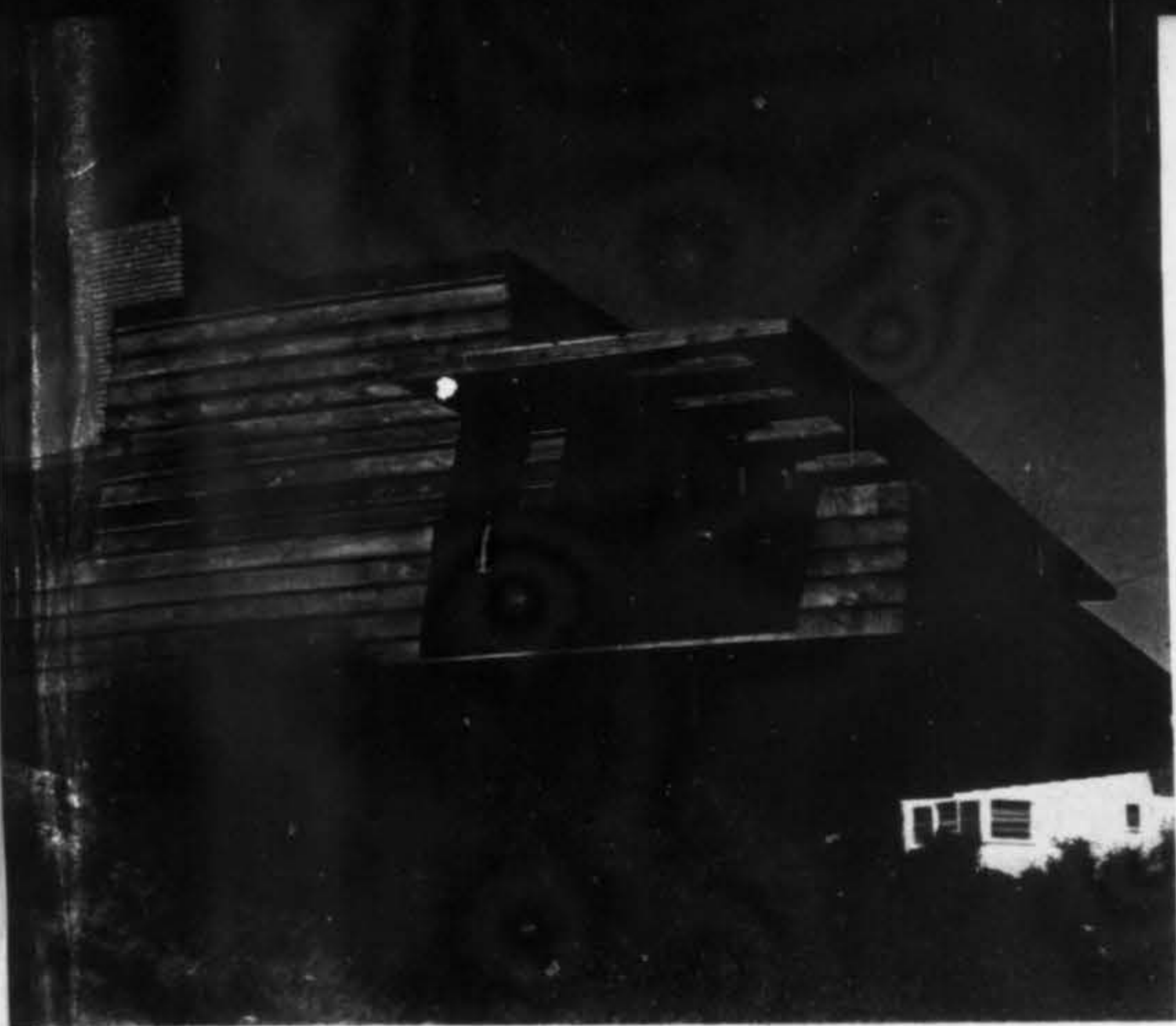


Gilbert Cooper

FRANK
LLOYD
WRIGHT

THE RESIDENCE OF MR. AND MRS. GEORGE D. STURGES, BRENTWOOD, CALIF.

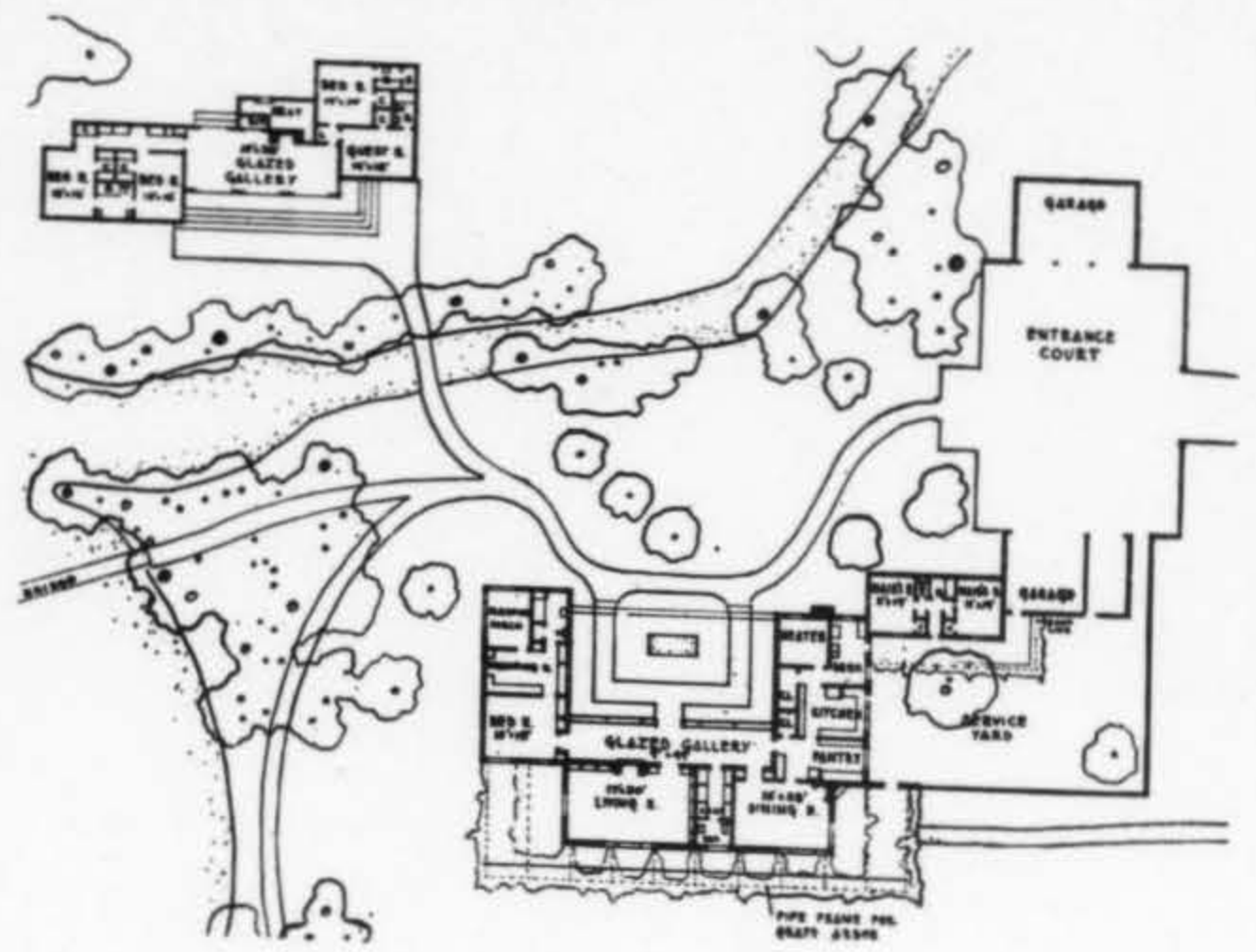




Here we see an extension of the hill clearly expressed in a direct statement unfettered by the artificial. This is the American architecture of Frank Lloyd Wright, full of style but never a style; always growing, changing, expanding. With each building one finds an organic entity formed by a sense of wholeness in structural continuity.

Every element is articulated and integrated as part of the pattern which is architecture. Lighting, heating, and furniture are all absorbed and built in as part of the house. There is a genuine freedom and fundamental strength-out-of-the-ground. This house springs from the hilltop, free and complete in its time and place.





THE PERCY T. CLEGHORN RESIDENCE, STOCKTON





WILLIAM WILSON WURSTER A.I.A.

Another architect whose conception of the good life is as American as that of Wright, is William Wilson Wurster of San Francisco. But whereas Wright takes a new conception of structure and design and solves the problems thereby created, Wurster takes accepted shapes in architecture, strips them of their false faces and leaves the honest and good features that have been inherent in them since the beginning.

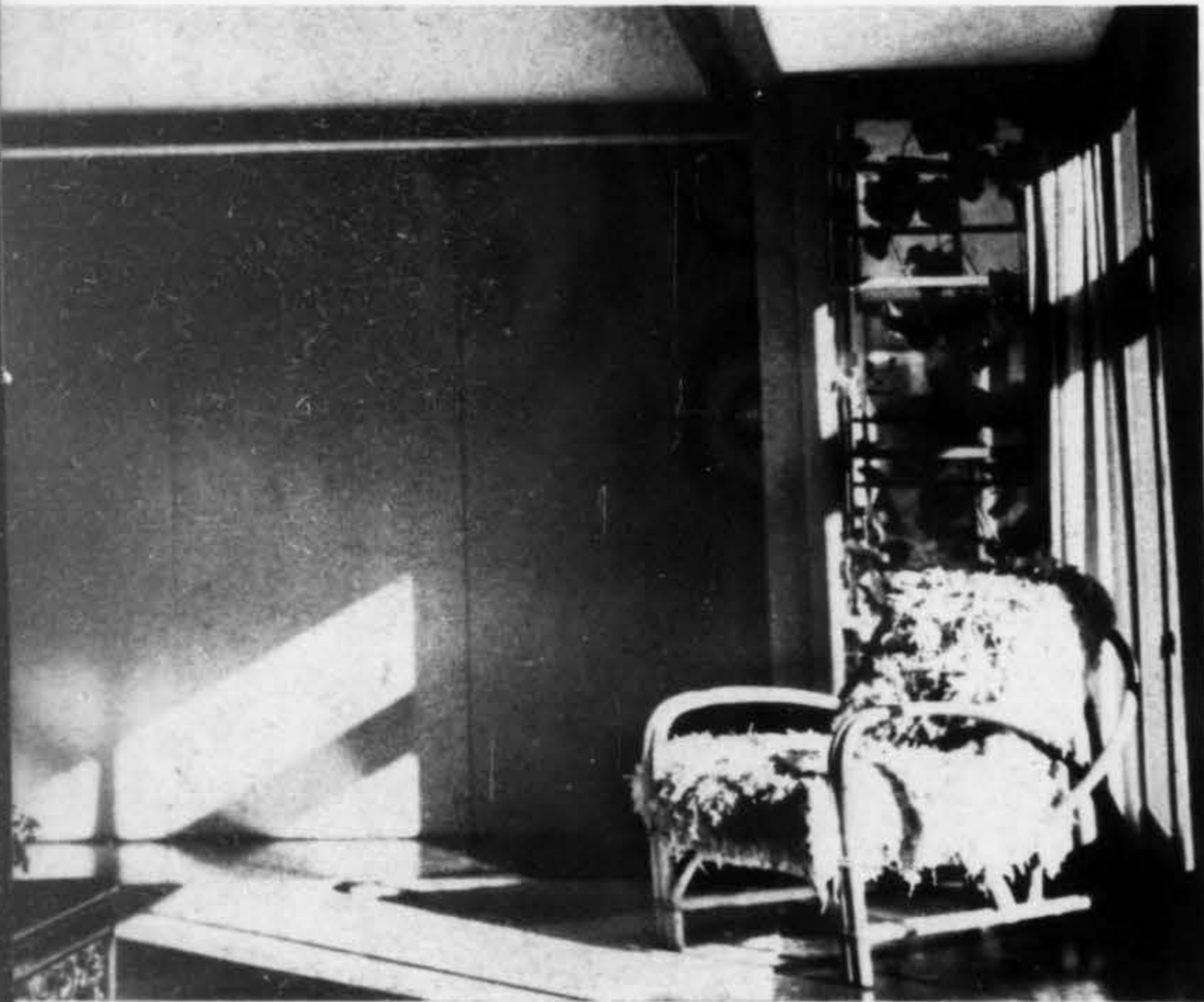
Wurster's houses have a livability a plan or photograph cannot adequately convey. A close inspection of this plan will reveal a scheme for living that is patently delightful. This quality, combined with emphasis placed on good construction, is at the basis of the enormous popularity of Wurster's work.



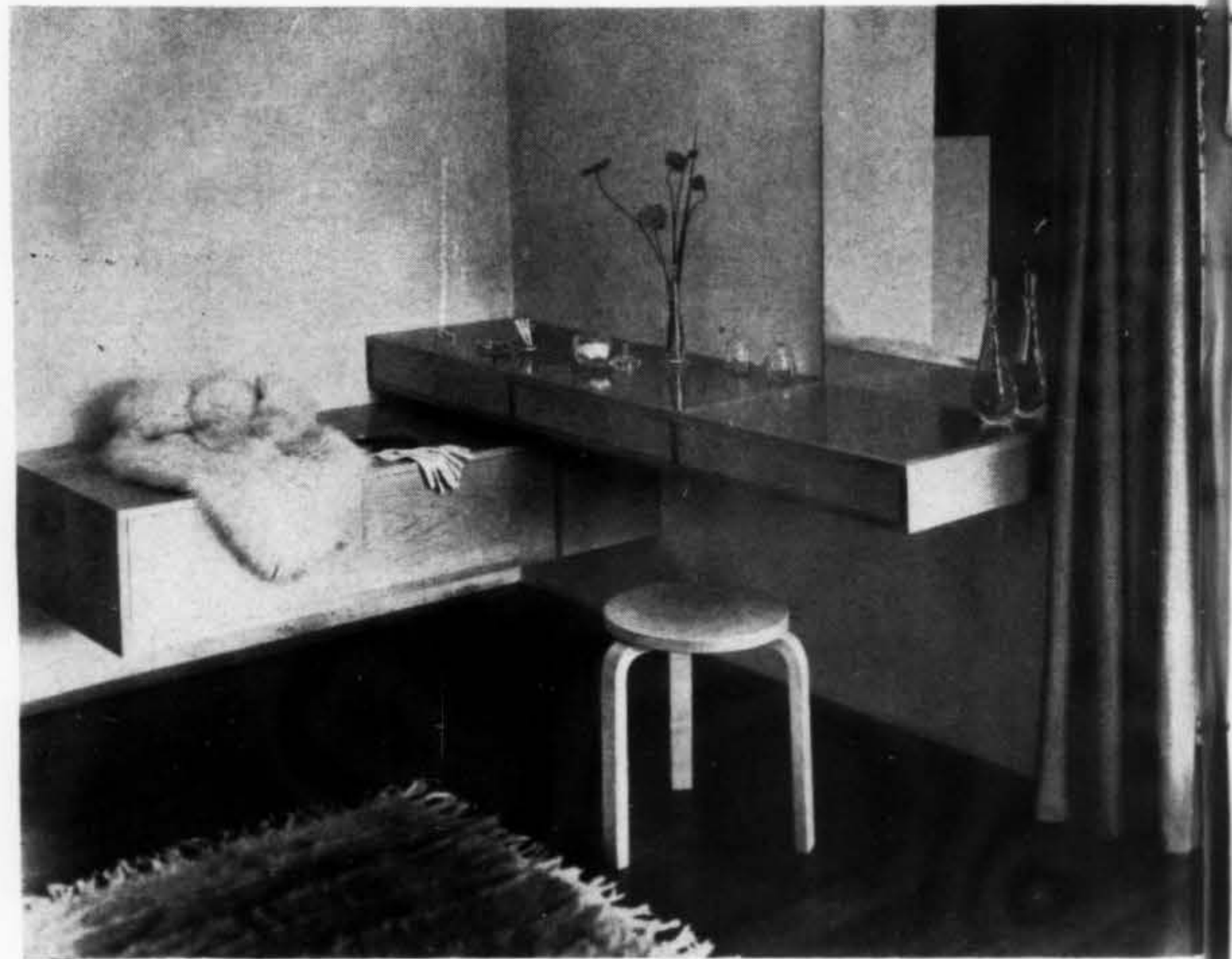
Roger Sturtevant

HARWELL HAMILTON HARRIS

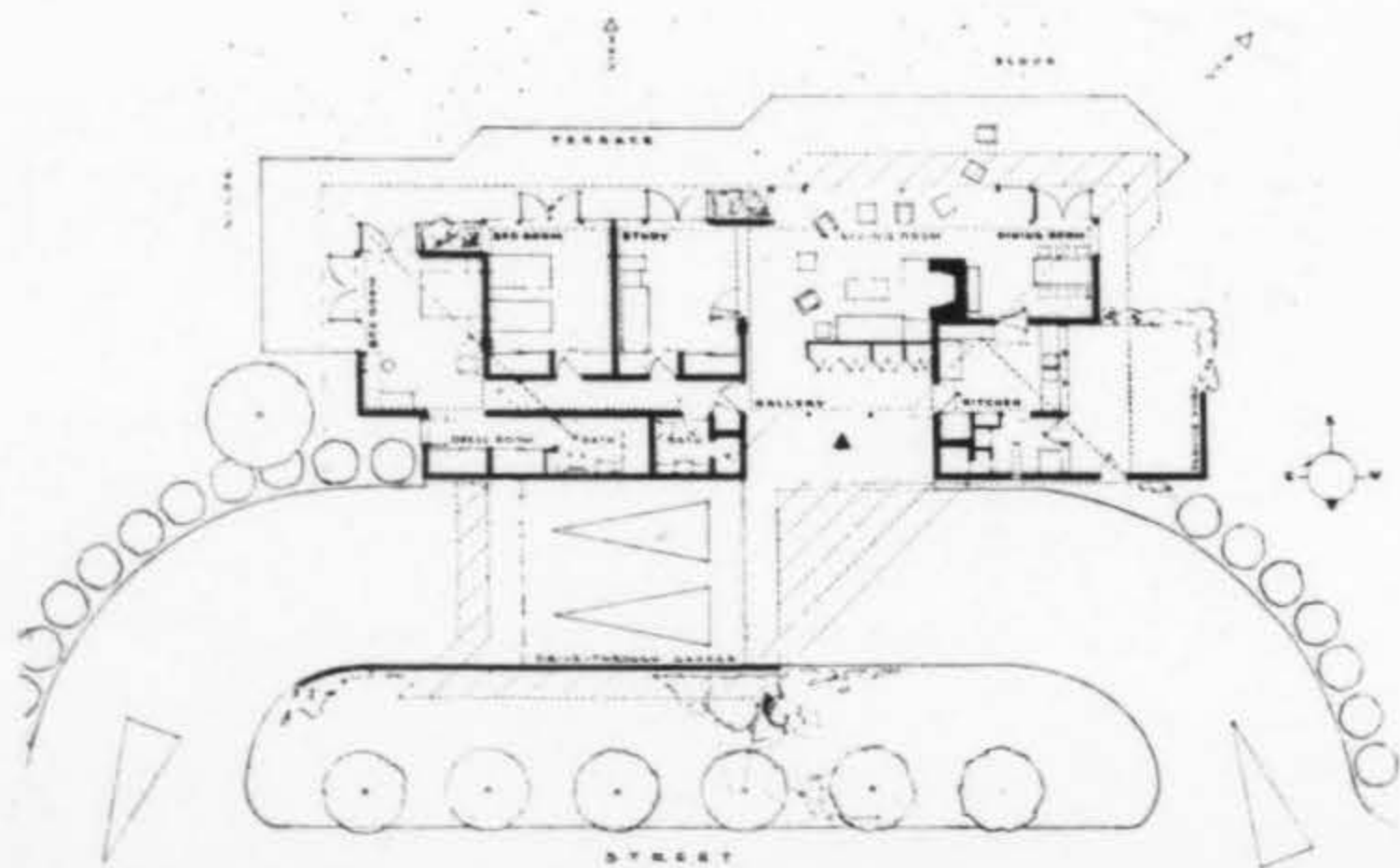
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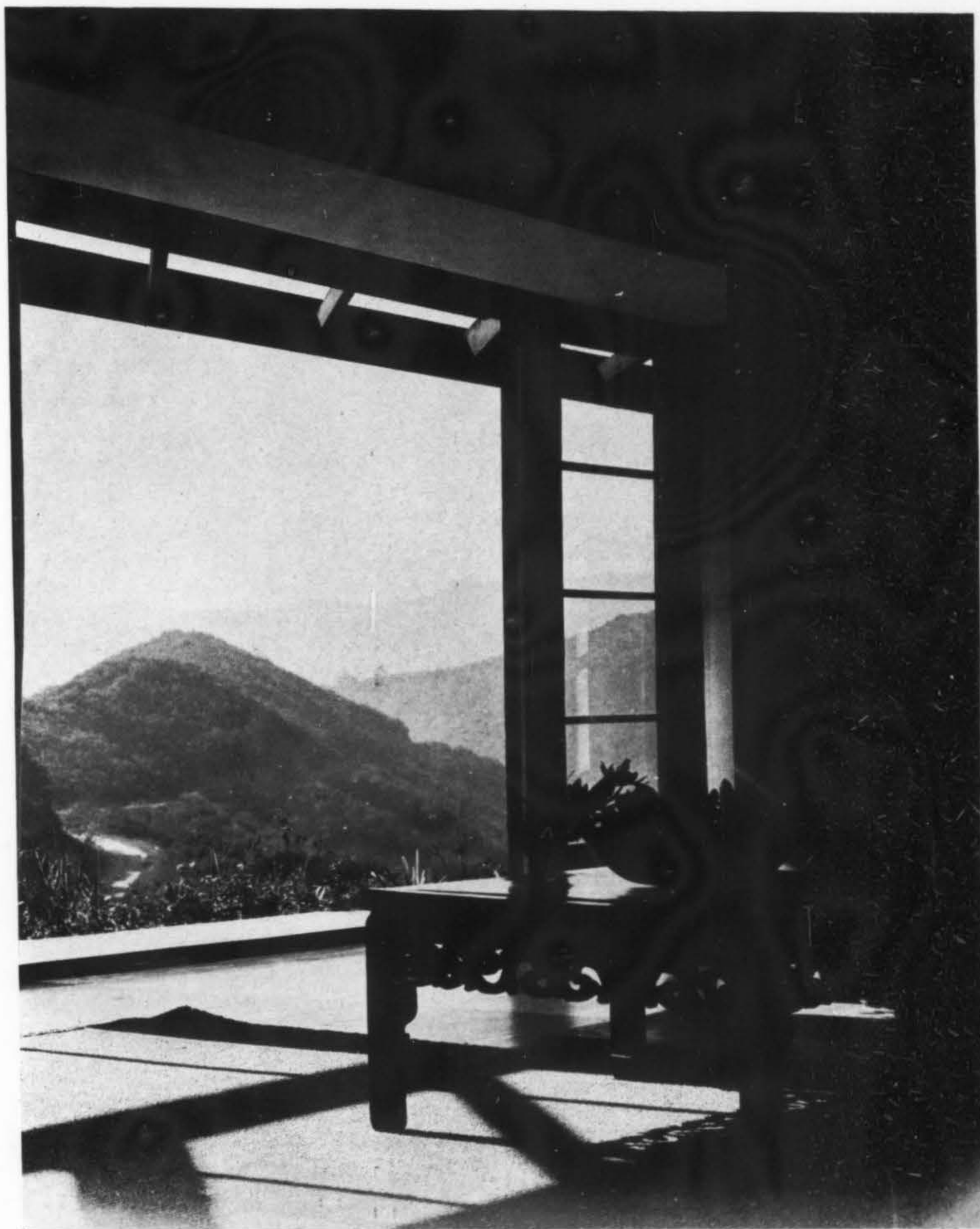


Avitia



La Valle





Avitia

THE GRETA GRANSTEDT RESIDENCE, HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

This house, like the two preceding it, is the work of a man who is trying to preserve the American way of life. The site is a finger of land about one hundred feet wide, bordered on each side by small ravines. The arrangement of the plan strings the principal rooms out along a line parallel to the road. This gives all the rooms a south exposure, a good

view and considerable screening from the noise, the dust, and the gaze of passers-by. The drive through garage gives the advantages of a motor court while only taking a small space. In this case it also makes it possible to lower the garage floor to the level of the house floor, since a longer approach to the street is provided.

by Jean Charlot

EDWARD WESTON

By definition, photography is a most objective medium. By vocation, Edward Weston makes it more so. To survey chronologically his "oeuvre" is to witness a purposeful shelling away of subjective addenda, of trimmings that, to the average observer, transform a photograph into a work of art.

In his earliest work, lyrical qualities strive to express themselves against the logic of the camera. He idealizes objects through "flou" effects or spider webs of shadows, much as a French chef will induce a fish to look like a chicken and taste nearly as it looks. Those trickeries soon discarded, Weston tried to retain a well-earned right to unusual photographic angles, subtle space composition and sophisticated layouts. It seems that, without such pride feeders, an artist's personality would cease to be. But his destiny was to strip himself still further. In his present work, the last vestiges of self-obsession have disappeared. In the concrete, implacable way which is its own privilege, the camera records whatever it is, rock, plant or trunk, that Weston innocently squares plumb in the middle of the lens.

The increased effacement of the man behind the machine has resulted in deepening and heightening the aesthetic message. With a humbleness born of conviction, the artist distracts our attention from himself as a spectacle. The search for a super-objectivity produces an art which accomplishes the inner aim of all great art, to make us commune with the artist's clairvoyance in the minute of creation.

This application of the apologue of the man who found himself by losing himself clashes with this epoch of artistic theorizing. People now profess that objective vision and subjective understanding are incompatible, that the former is trash compared with the latter. Yet man speaks but of himself: however objective his aim, he does not describe objects, but only his own sensuous contact with them. The more tenaciously a painter clings to normal vision, the more clearly will he state, as does Vermeer, that the human optic is a more perfect means of emotion than of cognizance. The camera, too, gives us not the object, but a sign for it written in terms of light and dark, often at odds with the experience gathered through touch, smell, mental knowledge or even an average eye. As concerns the supposed hierarchy between an inner and an outer world, let us remember that the only possible commerce of the optical arts is within the realm of the visible, deals with the description of physical bodies. This does not

mean that art must be de-spiritualized. The very fact of the visibility of the outer world is proof that it has laws, rhythms and phrases to which, both being attuned to the same diapason, the laws, rhythms and phrases of our spiritual world answer. To describe physical biological phenomena, erosion, growth, etc., is to refer to similar happenings in our mental world. There is a mystery in the objective realm as loaded with meaning as are the voyages that one makes into oneself. Weston has understood those things as few others have. More exactly, as artists—at least in the heat of creation—do not think, Weston has lived these things. The more objective he strives to be, the more inner chords he strikes, and in so doing points to a means of liberation for his fellow artists, away from the current and exasperating creed.

There is nothing in his photographs to enthuse the kind of aesthete who expects from art the same soothing or tickling that one demands from an ivory scratcher. Poussin justly stated, "the aim of art is delection," but many mistake pleasure for delection. Superseding the physical, and even the emotional, true delection is of the real of the spirit.

The physical exertion inherent to the technique of painting, the multiple twists of arm, wrist and fingers, as well as the time that goes into the creation of a picture, are too often deemed the standards of its excellency. Yet they often result in a muddling of the mental image that the painter forms at the start, and then patiently mutilates. The Chinese understood better this fact that physical exertion is incompatible with the highest forms of meditation; their greatest masterpieces, devoid of color, jugglery or patience, were created in five minutes with a broken reed, a feather or a finger smeared in ink.

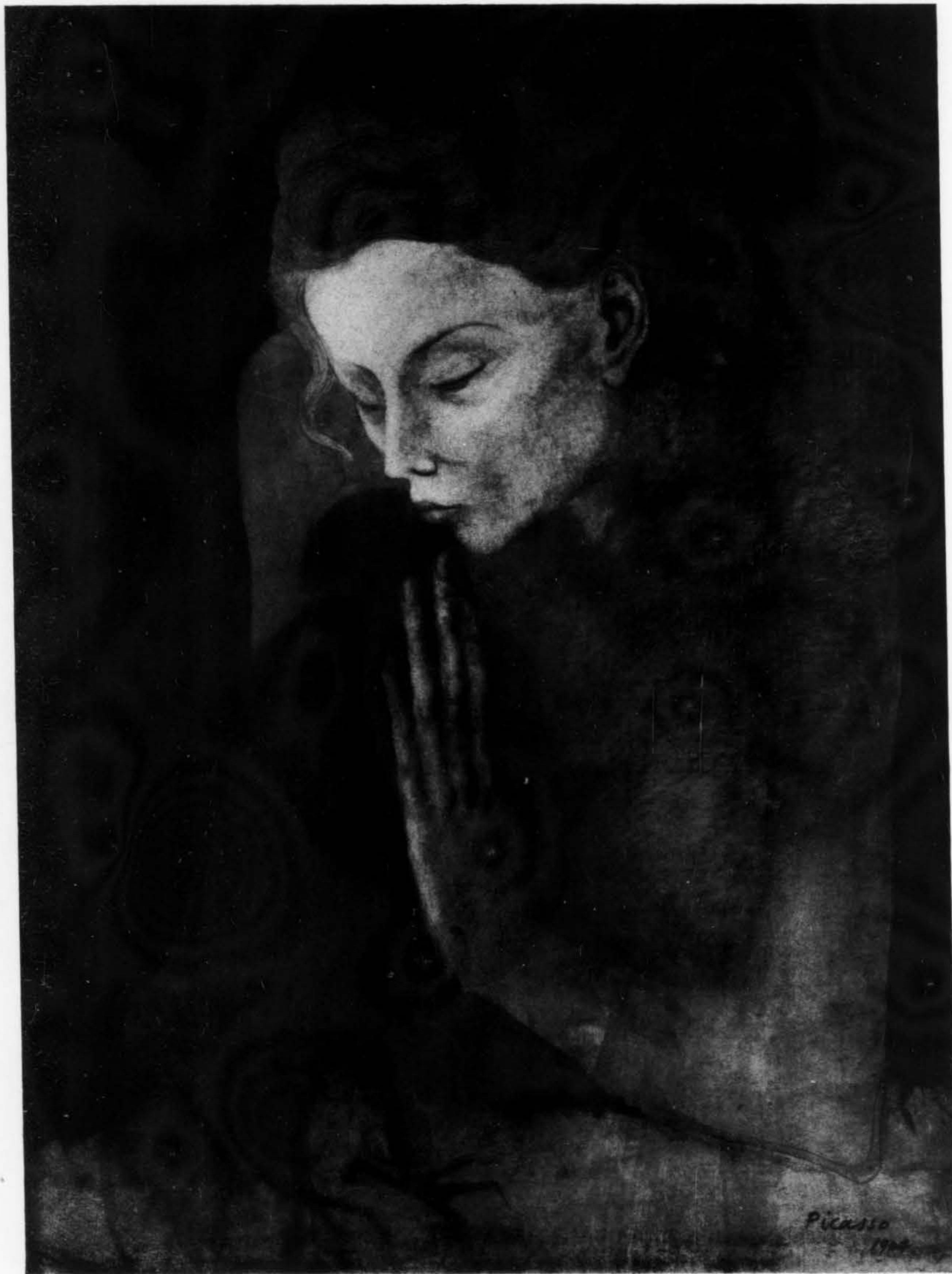
Weston's art is a culmination of the Oriental concept. Hand and wrist work give way to the mastery of the machine, eliminating such uncertainties as are corollaries of muscle and time. Under the stupendous concentration of the artist's mind, 1/35 of a second suffices to create an image with which to perpetuate his spiritual passion.

Weston's world of ordered bodies is as fitted a tool towards contemplation as the hierarchy of blacks in the greatest ink paintings—with this added security, that Nature being actually such as revealed in his well-focused photographs, we come closer to the mechanical proof of its being, in essence, divine.



ABOVE: ONYX MASK, VALLEY OF MEXICO, TOLTECAN CULTURE FROM THE LOS ANGELES MUSEUM PRE-COLUMBIAN EXHIBITION. RIGHT: PAUL GAUGUIN — "WOMEN OF TAHITI," PAINTED IN 1891.





PABLO PICASSO • WOMAN WITH A CROW [GOUACHE]

The Americas' rediscovered

Before the opening reception of the Pre-Columbian art exhibition at the Los Angeles Museum, the telephone in the art office rang pretty steadily. "What is Pre-Columbian art, anyway?" asked would-be guests, cautiously making sure it was something that rated a black tie.

Pre-Columbian art rates not only tuxedos at receptions, but pride and admiration on the part of Americans. It is the art of the peoples of America before Europe dreamed of the existence of America, before Christopher Columbus made his historic mistake. More accurately, the term usually refers to the art of the civilizations of Mexico, Central America, and Andean South America before Cortez in 1520 won the first of the bloody battles that were the Spanish Conquest.

The cause for pride lies in the fact that this Pre-Columbian art ranks almost as high aesthetically as does the art of ancient Egypt and Greece. Archeologists often compare the Mayas to the Greeks, and the Aztecs to the Romans, while the Toltecs are comparable to the Etruscans. Although isolated from outside influences and living in stone age culture, these peoples developed great civilizations, particularly the Mayas. They built wonderful pyramids, temples, roads and bridges. Their sculpture awes and confounds present craftsmen. They excelled in the minor arts of pottery, gold work, and weaving. As agriculturalists the world is indebted to them for corn (maize), potatoes, sweet potatoes, tomatoes, pumpkins, squashes, lima beans, pineapples, strawberries, tobacco, cotton, rubber, and many other things. They conceived a numerical system based on the number twenty, and they invented "zero" centuries before it was conceived in the Old World. They evolved a calendar more accurate than the Julian one and nearly as accurate as the Gregorian one which was adopted as late as 1582 and is used in the present day. They had no alphabet but used a system of hieroglyphics, only about half of which is now known to us. There once were libraries of books in these hieroglyphics, folding panels of maguey fibre; but the pious Diego de Landa, Bishop of Yucatan soon after the Conquest, convinced that they were the handiwork of the Devil, burned the lot. The burning of the library at Alexandria was less of a tragedy for human knowledge. Only three Mayan books are now known to exist, and they have yet to be completely deciphered.

The history of those ancient times must be read by the archaeologists from such objects as are on display in the current Pre-Columbian exhibition. Those who are not archaeologists may stumble a little over unfamiliar forms and unfamiliar gods and unfamiliar names (Providence prevent the unwary from tripping over Mixcoamacatzin and Huitzilihuitl), but the universal language of art makes it clear that many of the things in this exhibition are masterpieces judged by the standards of any age.

The very first object that greets the eye as one enters the galleries is one of these. It is an Aztec mask in that extremely hard and brittle volcanic material, obsidian. Modern sculptors congratulate themselves when they succeed in mastering this difficult medium. The unknown Aztec who created this mask succeeded brilliantly. The thick-bridged nose with the flaring nostrils, the faint pouches under the narrow eyes, the long, thin-lipped mouth, the strange animal form on the forehead are modeled smoothly and harmoniously to

give an impression of implacable cruelty. Some of the masks are obviously intended to be amusing, such as the one with the W. C. Fields nose; all of them are beautiful in their materials, whether jadeite, alabaster, or onyx.

In the huge, stone head of a Mayan warrior is the calm of Buddha, the Olympian nobility of the Greek gods. Here is a warrior worthy of Valhalla. The serene countenance and the elaborate headdress were intended as architectural decoration, and the artist who carved them knew what our present day artists are still learning — that architectural sculpture should be broad and simple, with few details.

The marble vases with their deep surface patterns and their jaguar-form handles are amazing products of an age that had no metal tools. Another example of skill is to be seen in the shell work. The shells have been bored from the back to form the delicate tracery of the designs. These designs are elaborate and here and there can be seen traces of color showing that the pieces once were painted. The damsels who wore ear ornaments like these really had something.

The gold ornaments also are apt to cause stirrings of covetousness in the bosoms of moderns. The crab-shaped bell, the tiny bell with the bird on top, the pendants with the half-human half-eagle figures all are marvelous examples of the goldsmith's art, while the gold staff handle in the form of an ibis is superlative. Seeing such gold, the greed and cruelty of the Spaniards is more understandable, if still unforgivable.

The humor, the humanness, the daily life of these native Americans is perhaps best revealed to us in their pottery. What wins us to a sense of kinship are such figurines as the delightful young miss, reclining with gleeful ease on her couch, or the woman, child and dog that are tiny in stature but monumental in grandeur. Some of the heads of old men remind one of the Hellenistic portraits that have the same insight into character, while the painted pottery vase, with the scene of the noble being carried in a litter, is equal to any Egyptian painting.

The stone figures of the monkeys and the fat, little jaguars again bear testimony to the sense of humor in these ancient predecessors of ours, even if we did not see the infectious smirks on some of the human figures.

A sense of color and design and great technical skill is evident in the textiles and the feather work. The weaving of the women of Caracas many centuries ago has held its own with the best in the world. Even more spectacular is the feather work. The brilliant, unchanging hues of the feathers in the mantle and helmet shown in this exhibition are blended into beautiful patterns. The patience and care that went into the making of these garments and the intelligence that designed them deserve our respect.

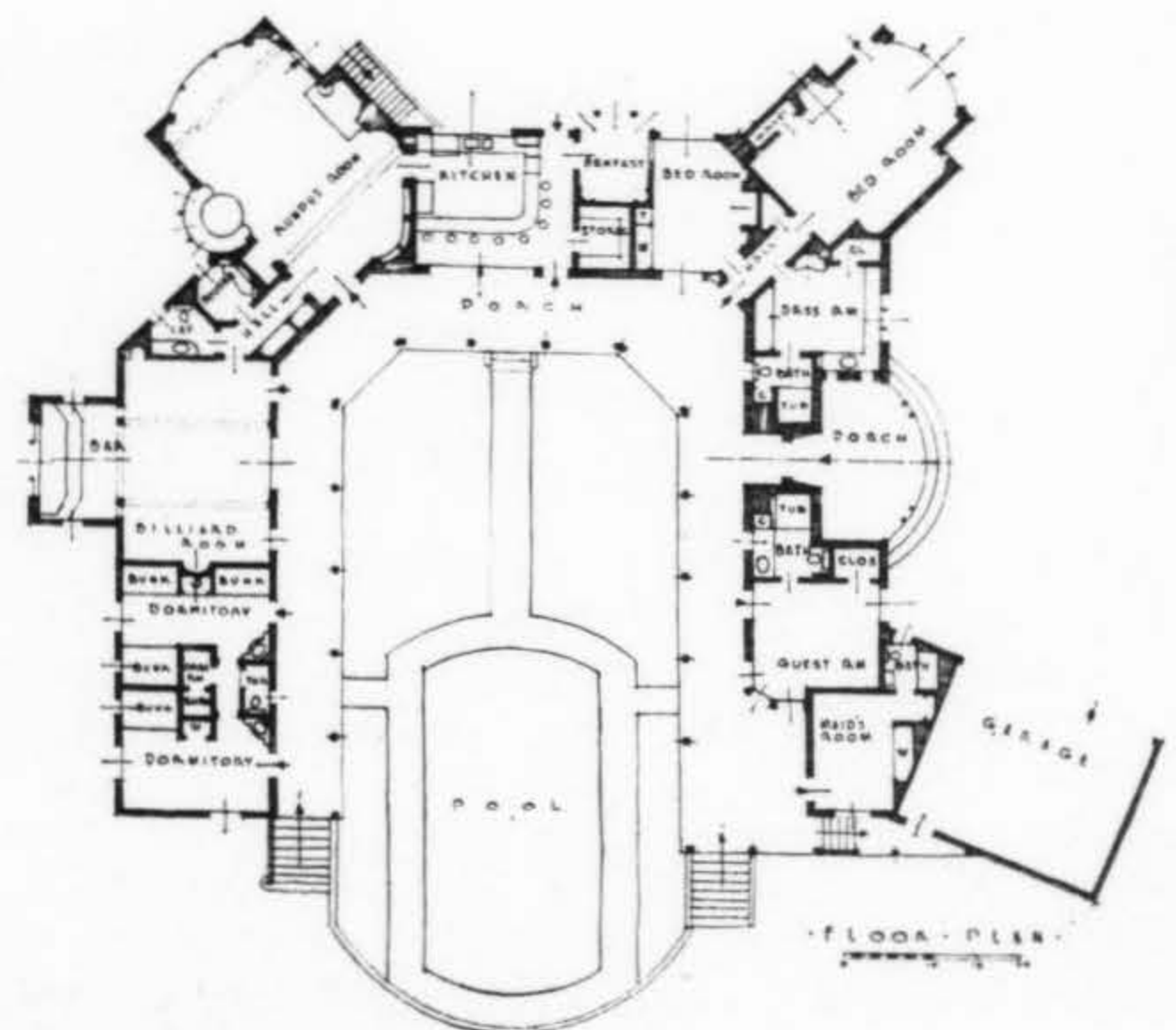
The more we learn about these earliest Americans the more difficult it is to preserve the fiction of the invading Europeans being the superior race. True, the native lacked the white man's knowledge of fire-arms and the more efficient ways of annihilating one another, but in his knowledge of the fine arts and in his ability to combine the beautiful with the useful in his everyday life the Pre-Columbian craftsman acknowledged no master.

LOUISE BALLARD

THE RESIDENCE OF MR. AND MRS. T. R. CRAIG, CHATSWORTH, CALIFORNIA



Fred Dapprich



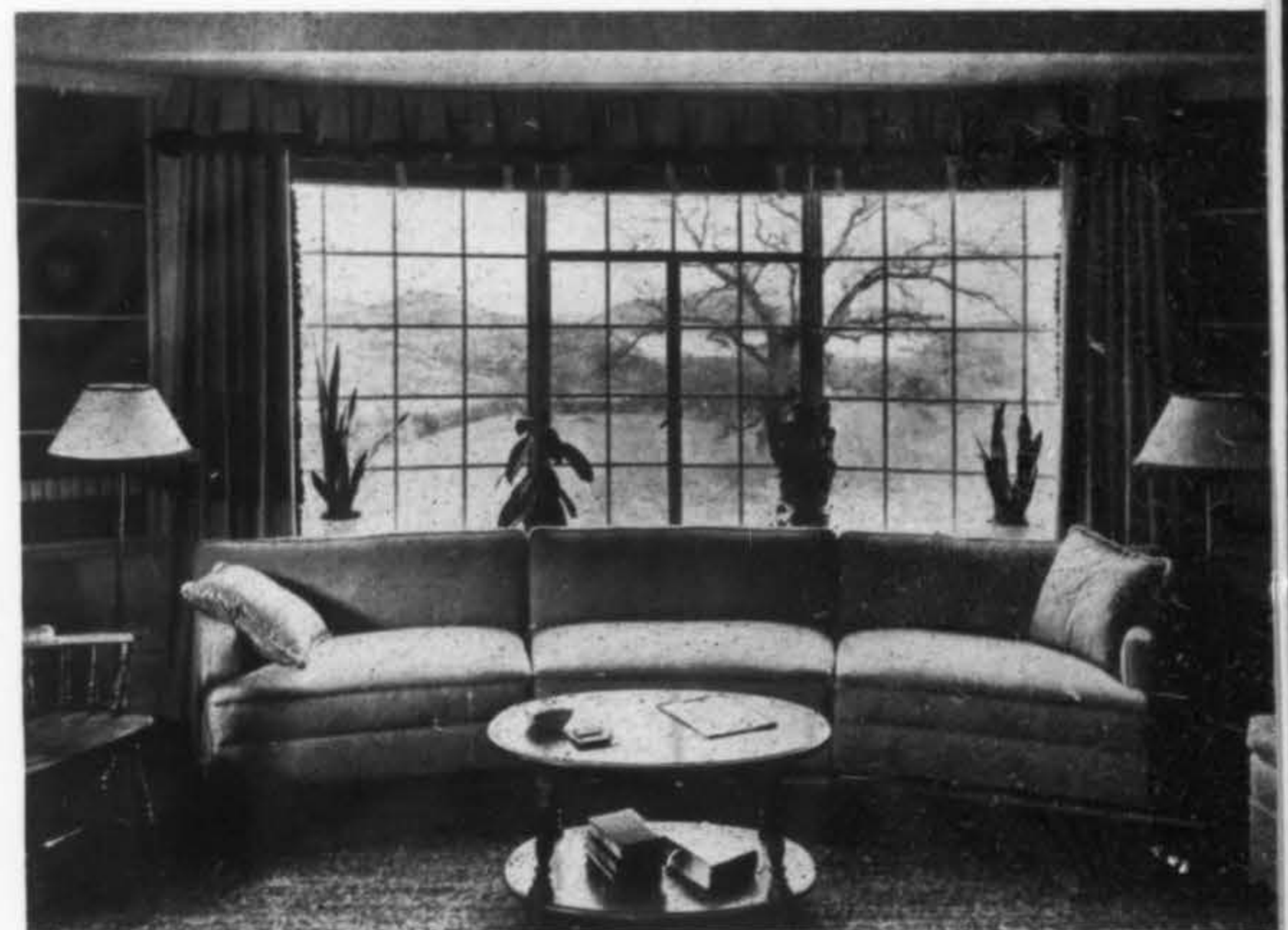


PAUL R. WILLIAMS, A.I.A. ARCHITECT

JOHN F. LUCCARENI, A.I.D. DECORATOR

This California rancho type house situated on a knoll overlooking a broad valley is typical of the early hacienda. The general plan in the shape of a "U" embraces a large swimming pool. The exterior is finished in an interesting combination of stucco, vertical boarding, and stone veneer. The interiors are treated with charming informality. In the living room, textured draperies in beige blend with the old yellow of pine furniture and a rug in cranberry tones.

The walls of the boys' dormitory are panelled in pine with the ceiling painted dull red. The general interior adeptly combines white painted brick, acid treated pine panelling, and textured plaster. The entire house lends itself to graceful, expansive living.





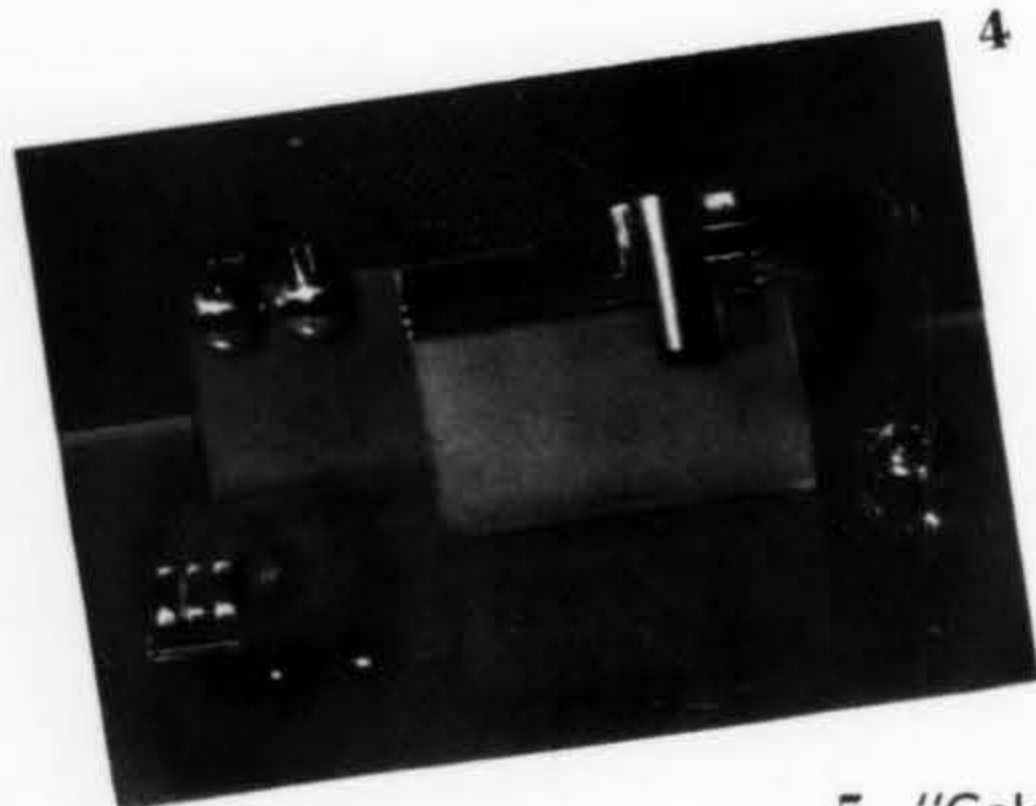
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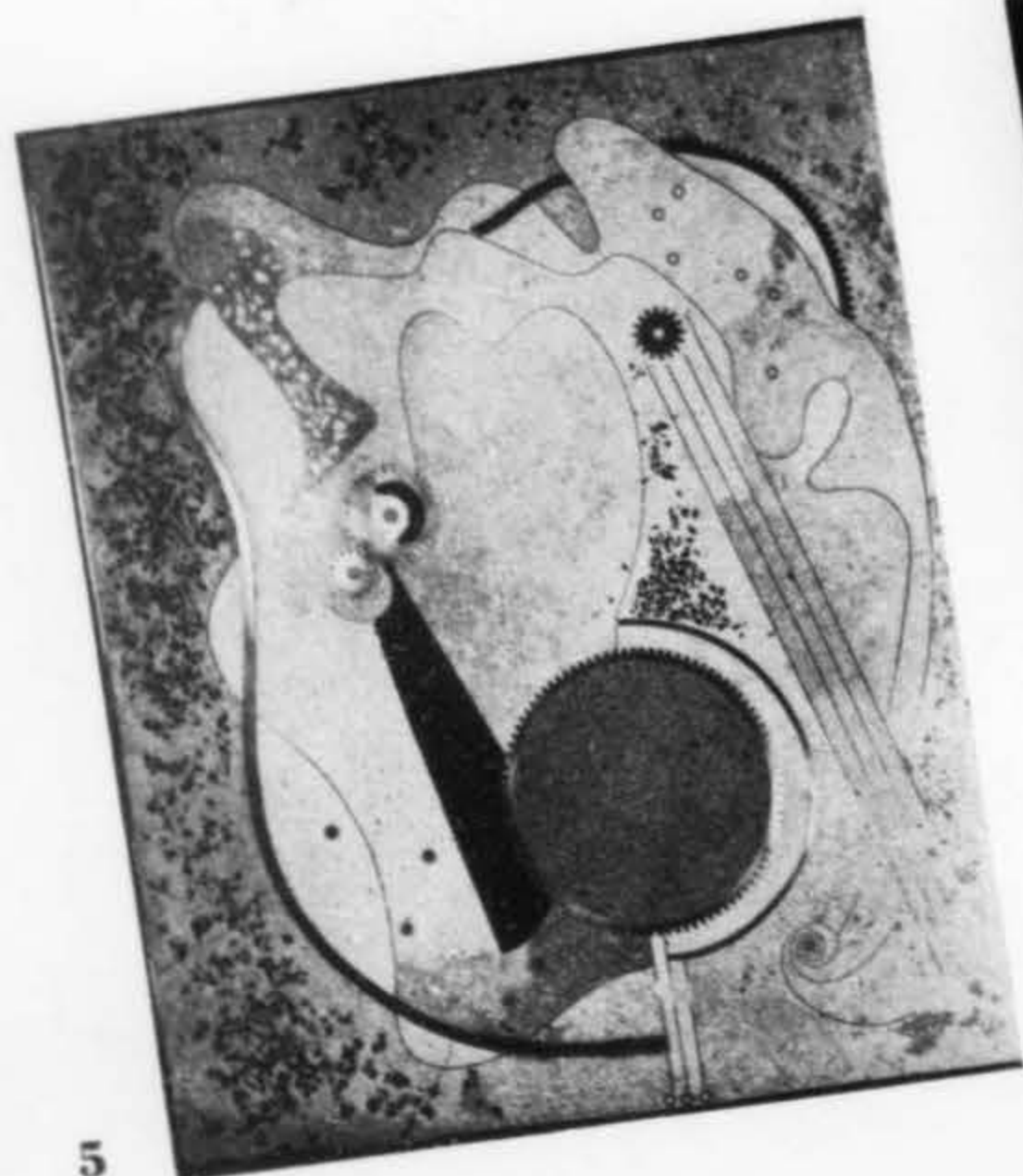
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1. "Tithonia and Myosotis," a bas-relief panel with background of selected pebbles.

by Helen Bruton of Alameda.

2. Rug and chair textiles by Dorothy Liebes, San Francisco. 3. Rawhide furniture designed by William Haines, Los Angeles. 4. Jewelry designed by Margaret di Patta, San Francisco.

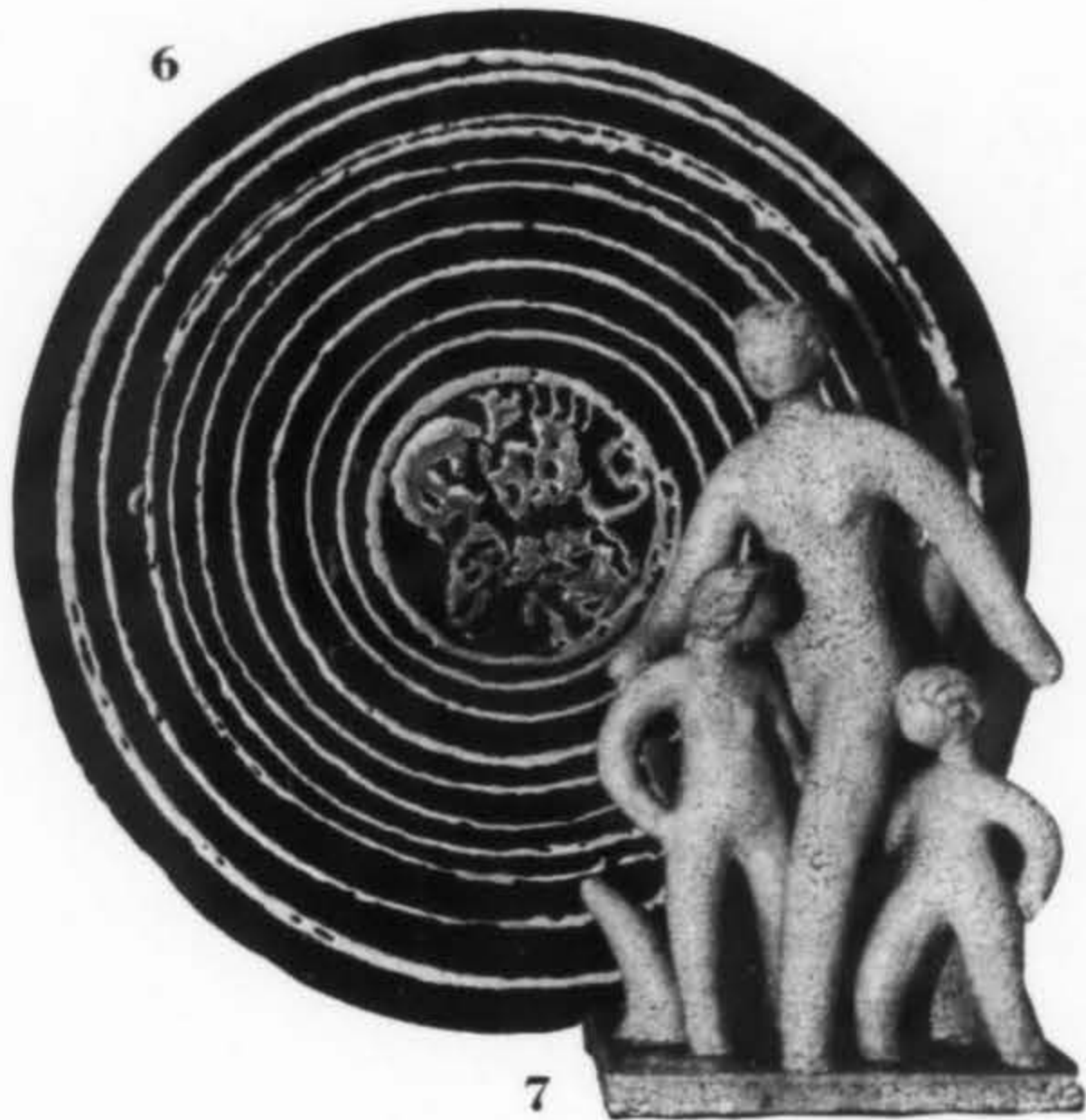
5. "Celestial Movement," terrazzo with metal designed by Esther Bruton, Alameda. 6. Bowl executed by Glen Lukens, ceramist, Los Angeles.

7. Decorative ceramic figures by Adolph Odorfer, Fresno.

8. "Summer Night," carved glass panel by Jacques Schnier, San Francisco.

9. Ware designed and executed by the Winfield Potteries, Pasadena.

10. Hand-blocked textile designed by Lanette Scheeline, Berkeley.



7

Californians are frequently disturbed to hear Easterners criticize the Pacific for not being the Atlantic Ocean. We are grateful, therefore, to hear even Easterners admit, albeit with regional reluctance, that California is experiencing a renaissance in creative endeavor. This is particularly true in the realm of arts and crafts.

Geographical remoteness from the East has actually favored our cultural freedom. True, this very freedom has at times become license, resulting in various atrocities of bad taste. Nevertheless, it has established artistic freedom, and a surprising amount of creditable craft work is being done in our State. In the main, Californians are unhampered by many stuffy Eastern traditions. European tradition still dominates the Atlantic seaboard.

Though the Californian artisan-craftsman may be said to lack a certain follow-through in relation to industry, he possesses freedom of creative expression and a wide variety of working materials. Several of these are imported. Workers in ceramics have access to numerous native clays. For such reasons, ceramic activity promises to be increasingly significant in California.

In the production of textiles, California is represented by many creative artists. The greater proportion of textile craftsmen continue to reproduce the patterns of the past. Really creative artist-craftsmen are less numerous. Richly original creations of California looms provide glowing evidence as to the rebirth of achievement in this craft.

If for no other reason than sheer practicality, Eastern buyers have been obliged to turn westward. Ample recognition of local arts is evident in the tendency of Eastern buyers to appear with growing regularity, their aim being to purchase Californian art products. Behind the satisfying monetary returns from this good stewardship of talent, however, is the more abiding satisfaction that the artist-craftsmen of our State are becoming increasingly able to indulge their basic urge for self-expression.

Dorothy Liebes



8



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10

GARDENS

If a garden grows into a disappointment, a variety of errors may have been responsible. To professional gardeners, nurserymen and landscapers, they are well known. To the amateur (non-professional) gardener, they often remain a mystery.

The smaller the garden, it seems, the more determined becomes the owner to fill it with as many kinds of plants as possible. Nurserymen know, however, that much of what they sell will never mature in anyone's garden. To start with, probably half the plants that die are lost for want of a thorough watering when the plant is set out. The first watering is the most important—without a soaking, the plant has small chance to pull through. When many professional men lose plants continually, for this reason, is it any wonder that the home gardener may make the same fatal mistake?

Lack of knowledge of the ultimate size of the plant set out accounts for the loss of effectiveness of many shrubs and plants. Small shrubs are planted a foot away from the house, to mature as trees, hanging half across the yard, tied to the house with wires or ropes. Frequently they grow higher than the house, shutting out the light from even the second story windows. Shrubs that droop and arch are planted where they must grow into upright columns, while a shrub that is a wild sort of thing—one that tosses its branches to the sky—is trimmed to become a low hedge.

Many a grand shrub, that spreads full and low from the ground, is pruned away at the base so the lawn mower will get "close up." The beauty and the symmetry of the thing is thus lost forever. An inverted feather duster stuck in the ground could almost take its place.

Sometimes the small area comprising the lawn is broken up with assorted plantings, making it impossible from then on to have either a lawn that is a lawn, or shrubs that are shrubs. The sweep of green turf cannot be treated as such. The cluttered shrubs cannot mature because of continual robbing of their food—even before they get it—by the hungry grass.

Trees are planted on boundary lines without the slightest regard for the neighbors' existing planting. A pepper tree, right across your fence, can, in five or six years, cancel all your garden ambitions for an area twenty or thirty feet away. On this count alone many a garden "plan" or blueprint loses much of its value—it does not show what a neighbor has already growing that will interfere with the proposed planting.

How much stuff is killed off because of improper fertilizing may never be known. The philosophy that "if a little is good, more is better" does not always apply when using fertilizer. If a little helps, more may kill. Some gardeners are like the man who planted the large olive trees, removed from 40 years of quietude in the hills, where it was watered only by nature and pruned by the wind and the storms, to the haste of his garden, where it was guyed tight with wires to prevent swaying in the wind, ruthlessly killed with applications of fertilizer, and drowned with water. But fertilizers today are made up for almost every purpose and, if purchased and used correctly, will give excellent results.

A common mistake, too, is that when purchases are made at the nursery they are usually confined to things then in bloom. The result is that few places have a varied or staggered season of bloom. This is especially true of camellias, which have a much

longer blooming season, if the varieties are so selected, than many people realize. Persons who spend their summers out of town would do well to plan lavish bloom in the spring or fall, and omit summer bloom entirely. This is common practice on some estates.

Strangely enough, many gardens are robbed of their importance because the owner insists on having a little dab of this and that in bloom practically all the year around, with the result that what bloom there is lacks dignity and force—it makes no show. One is reminded of the little boy who hollered "Wolf!" Gardens which have a stringing out of insignificant flowers the year around never stage a compelling moment. Then after a prolonged display of bloom there is rest to the eye and satisfaction to the spirit in just the sight of the brown earth, turned up to the sun for rest and air. A drive through the older parts of Pasadena at this time of year, to witness the azalea displays, helps bring this point home.

Sprinkling systems inadequate or poorly laid out add to the burden of anyone's garden. Nothing is more discouraging during the summer, when a gardener would relax and enjoy the fruits of his labors, than to have to rush here and there with a watering-can or a hose. A properly planned watering system would easily minimize this labor. Sprinkling systems cannot think, nor can they get up and get about—they can only function as laid out. But many were installed without any forethought. If you buy any watering system, buy the best—and remember, you only buy it once. The water pressure, the amount of water necessary to a given job, the correct size of pipe (larger than usually used), proper types of heads to cover specific areas, direction of prevailing winds when the system is used, ability of the system to throw water in the face of a prevailing wind—these are factors that none but first-class installers are concerned with. All others who sell, "sell pipe," as gardeners say. Too much emphasis cannot be laid on good watering equipment. A gadget that makes a fine display of water in the late afternoon sun may be worthless—frequently is. Save the money and buy the correct thing the first time.

Good tools make work easier and help prevent disappointment. Tools are divided by gardeners into two classes—those made to sell and those made to sell to gardeners. The latter usually have as many tools as could be counted on the fingers of one hand, but they are the best, the ones proven indispensable, the ones that do the most work in the least time. The first named are the tools that after purchase and a proud Sunday display to the neighbors find their way to the rear of the garage—which is usually a good place for them. Any first class nursery will tell you what tools professional gardeners use.

All of these sum up into the main reason why many gardens are a disappointment—the maintenance runs away with the garden. How much is too much is a question only experience can answer. Many a home has been sold because the garden overpowered the owner. His discouragement grew to such bounds that he could see no other way out.

If the man of the house has to spend every Sunday through the summer trimming a mile of cypress hedge, he soon learns he would have done better to make another choice, say, of a shrub that would need but



A NEW INTEREST INDOORS



Many changes have taken place since the parlor shed its slip-covers, rolled away its moth balls, and pulled back its pall-like draperies to invite the sun indoors. The parlor became a living room, cellars and attics became rumpus and hobby rooms, and the "sun room" is no more. Instead, we have an outside living room. The sun is welcome through all the house.

Cane or rattan furniture suits contemporary living. As comfortable as grandma's rocker and relaxing as your old swing hammock, furniture made of cane lends itself equally well to spacious terraces and budget homes. The lazy lounge chairs, some with ottomans, some with hoods, have long been a familiar sight outdoors, but in the last season or two cane furniture has taken on a new versatility and achieved a new dignity. It has been scaled down to suit indoor quarters. In most instances, it stole quietly indoors by way of the play room or hobby room. Gradually, however, it has demanded and received a respected place for the scheme of any room in the house. Wherever the emphasis is on informality and ease, furniture of this type is completely at home.

Cane is native to the Far East. In simplified form, however, the oriental touches with cane slip unnoticed into contemporary effects. On a more formal note, one acknowledged traditionalist surrounded a lovely 18th century table with graceful cane chairs in one of her most dignified homes, pointing with authority to the revered Mr. Chippendale himself.

Photographs on this page from the Universal production, "It's a Date," show settings from one of the important backgrounds in the picture. The locale is Honolulu, and largely cane is used for both interiors and exterior. The motion picture decorator obviously saw possibilities and created effects that will undoubtedly startle designers and manufacturers of rattan furniture into new pride in their wares.

DOROTHY SHAGRIN



The Residence of Mr and Mrs Henry M. Boyd

MERRILL W. BAIRD, A.I.A. ARCHITECT

GEORGE C. SAGAR & SONS INTERIORS

This house in the colonial tradition was designed to achieve a forceful and dignified simplicity. A beautiful circular stairway dominates the entrance hall which opens on the left into the living room and to the right into the dining room where the center of attention is held by a beautiful Czechoslovakian chandelier. A breakfast room is papered in soft mulberry tone with brilliant canary yellow drapes.

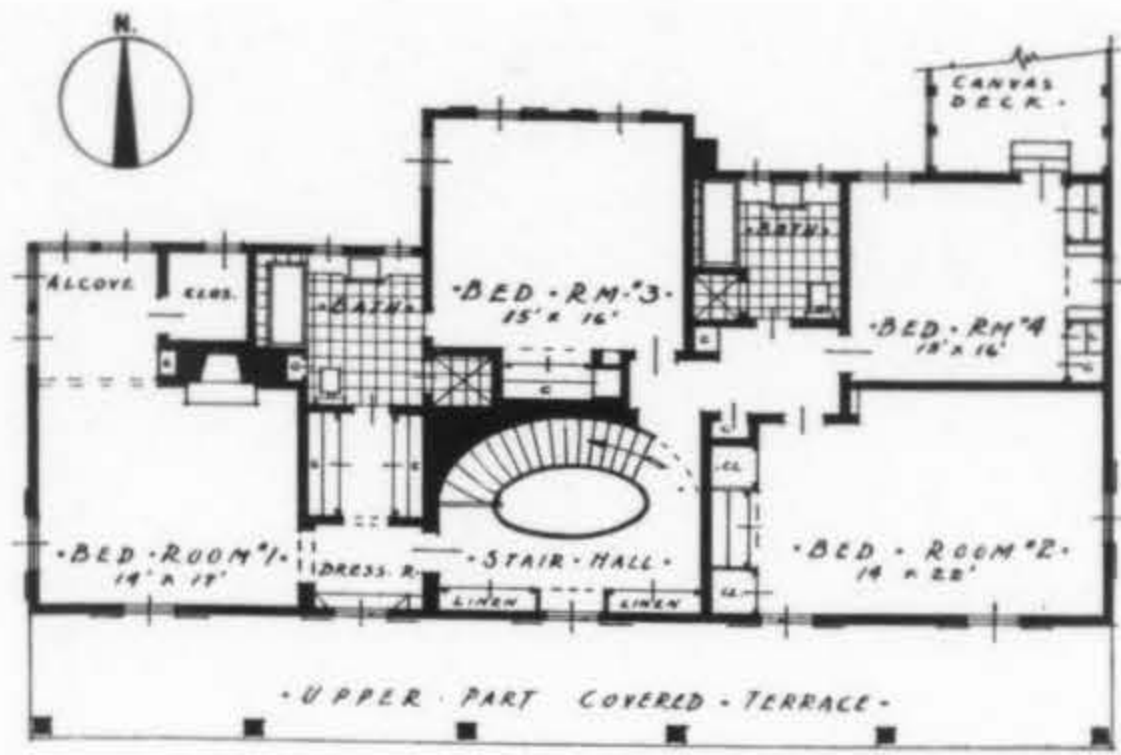
The library is finished in paneling with a French wallpaper of parchment texture in green.

The entire first floor is solidly carpeted.

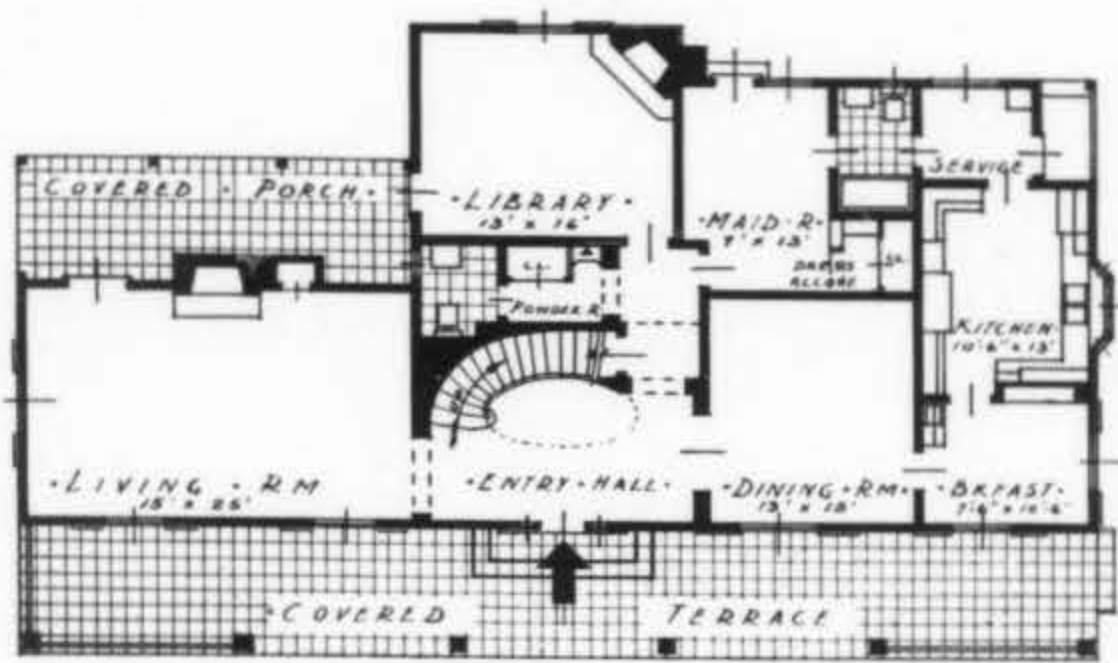
The living room walls are smooth plastered panel in soft off-tone rose color.

A deck projecting from the second floor has a stair which leads down to the service yard and rear garden.

This house was built for the parents and three boys and has successfully solved problems inherent in the way in which they have chosen to live.



• SECOND FLOOR •

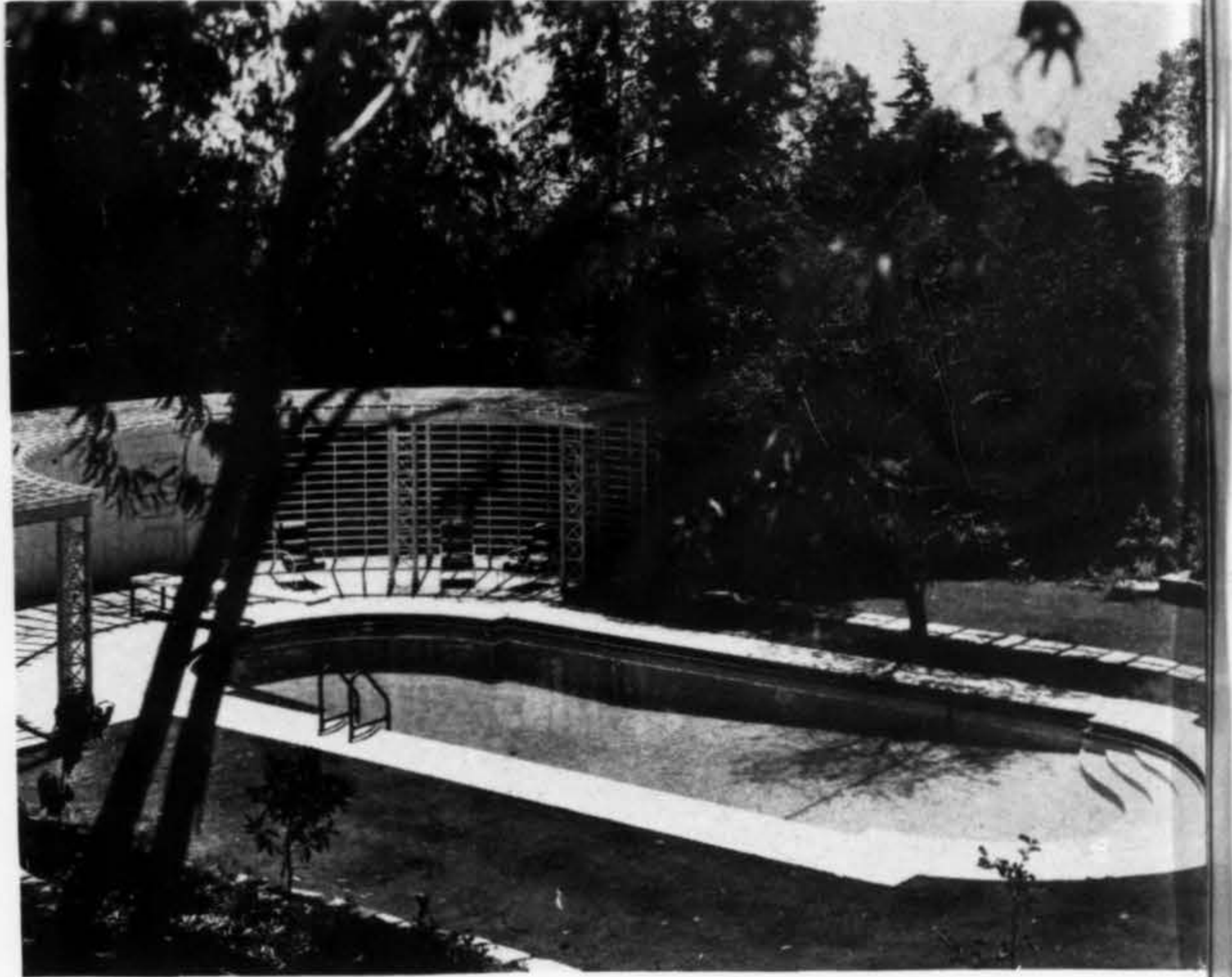


• FIRST FLOOR •



Miles Berné





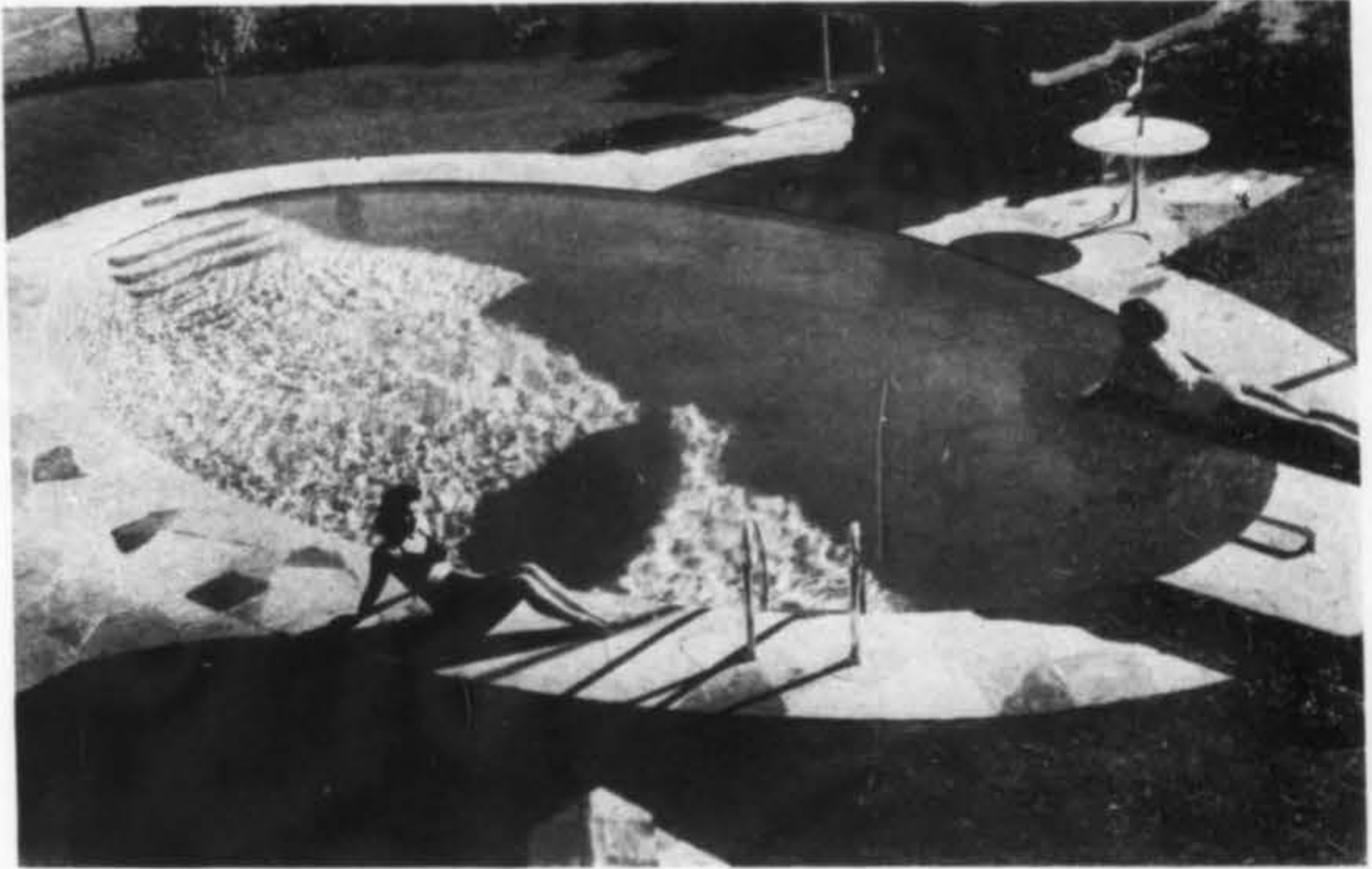
CALIFORNIA POOLS

Amazing to Eastern visitors who chance to fly over Beverly Hills, Bel-Air, or Brentwood, is the predominance of private swimming pools in southern California. As much a part of the Southland as orange groves and movie stars, the number of pools is legion. In certain sections of Beverly Hills there are more per block than in many sizable Eastern cities.

There are several very good reasons why southern California leads the nation in pool installations — both private and public. Most important, of course, is southern California's climate (no superlatives necessary) and a predisposition on the part of southern Californians to live under the sun they boast so much about. Swimming has always been a number one sport here, and we've produced far more than our share of aquatic stars during the past two decades.

The result of this ideal climate and an almost universal participation in outdoor living has been the installation of not only more swimming pools, but better swimming pools. Los Angeles has become preeminent in the field of swimming pool construction. Out of the vast experience gained from thousands of large and small installations, many fundamental improvements in design, construction and equipment have originated. Pioneered here were such important developments as monolithic construction which eliminated unsightly expansion joints, dazzling white silica surfaces which cause filtered California water to assume a gorgeous turquoise color, and, most significant of all, the new "inverted dome" design which has brought lovely, inexpensive pools within reach of modest-income homeowners.

Photographs courtesy Paddock Pools, Inc.



Most architects, engaged in the field of residential design, have recognized swimming pools as part and parcel of the California scene and are successfully incorporating them into original plans. They have found, too, that pools can be designed to complement any style of architecture. In some cases pools have been done in the Classic style to conform with southern Colonial mansions. Others have been planned informally to harmonize with the landscape scheme. The possibilities, in fact, are as limitless as the ingenuity of the architect and the engineer.

No longer need the multiple benefits of the private swimming pool be restricted to the high-income groups. Many a new house in the \$7,000 class boasts a real swimming pool in the backyard. This recent contribution of California's growing swimming pool industry promises to make the ever attractive California home an even better place to live.



By Ramsay Harris

THE SMART OF LIVING

I gurgled my malt-straw meditatively to inform him I had finished.

"Really," he said (for the fourth time), "for a good, used house I think it's a marvelous buy! I've signed all the papers. It's mine for keeps."

I gurgled my straw.

"Sorry," he said apologetically.

"There are those," I remarked airily, "even recent purchasers of marvelous-buy houses, who take a library for a book dump. Personally, I learn things in a library, so you're coming with me. There's no tax on learning a bit of this and that. You've bought the house—fine! She's going to fix it up. From the dotted line that now supports your signature there stretches out into the problematical future her career as an amateur interior decorator."

"I should worry," he said, lightly, "just as long as the final result is —"

"— solid comfort," I broke in.

"O.K. What's wrong with solid comfort?"

"Solid comfort, Sir" (good old Dr. Johnson!) "is what we all aim to achieve. Our results, alas, are too often merely solid. Look at poor old Cheops."

"I'd ask you to explain," he growled, "but that reminds me; I was to ask you to come to supper this evening. Lamb Cheops!"

"Provided they're not contemporaries," I said, "I shall be glad to come—after we've been to the library. My wife will undoubtedly talk about fixing up the place, a diabolical indoor sport often misnamed Interior Decoration. You ought to be prepared to make—er—intelligent suggestions."

It was late afternoon when we emerged from the library. He had gained a glimmering comprehension of his problems. We caught a street car and rumbled along to the house of the marvelous buy.

It was a marvelous buy, with trees and shrubs and a lawn that sighed wistfully of Bermuda. Indoors was another matter. The furniture from their apartment made a brave but pitiful showing in the house of high ceilings and large rooms. An overstuffed davenport squatted challengingly in a wide section of living room. An incidental chair seemed to be saying "Boo!" to a shadowy corner. A silhouette of unbleached wallpaper made silent wail for its lost upright piano.

"You're admirably located," I assured them, "and I think highly of the setting that time, sunshine and a liberal watering-can have achieved."

During the demolition of several tasty chops we agreed amiably that the best building materials had been used unskimpingly. With dessert was broached the real problem: What could be done to make the marvelous buy into a livable home?

"You have good oak floors," I said, "but they creak badly. Of course, it may be the ceiling that creaks, but I'd try to do something to stop it. Then, it's clear to see that the paint on the woodwork needs to be removed and the natural wood exposed. As for the wallpaper —"

"What is wrong with the wallpaper? I matched it downtown at a surprisingly low price."

"It would be a low price," I said. "As to what is wrong with it, I am simply reminded of the poor chameleon that

tried to adapt itself to a background of Scotch plaid."

"How do you think our drapes from the apartment will fit?"

"Hung here I think they ought to give you a pretty good fit—possibly several good fits!"

"Well, then, what about the furniture?"

"Dear Lady," I said, "don't misunderstand me. A gas will expand to fill a given space! A piece of furniture is less obliging."

He stirred uneasily and cleared his throat. "I suppose to furnish a home one must learn . . ."

"Of course," she said oversweetly, "one must."

". . . must learn the needs of that particular home, the kind of . . . the kind of . . ."

She stared at him with wide-open eyes.

". . . the kind of material being made, and . . . and . . . and where such material is available." He finished in a perspiration.

"Very well," she said to me with a cheerful desperation, "how would you go about solving the whole problem?"

"In two ways," I said. "First, presupposing a thorough familiarity with all principles concerned, I would itemize what I wanted, find out where I could get it, and check the price. I would take room by room, specify my needs, correlate them all in some fairly logical way, and then find where the various items could be obtained."

"In furniture, there is magazine advertising, local store displays, and furnishing exhibits. I'd take in everything, with the prices. Moreover, I would not necessarily plan to get everything at once. I would be reasonably certain as to my completed needs. And I'd take my time over everything."

"Then, self-expression. I would try to express myself, but I would first try to ascertain the best self to express. I might even spend some money developing my taste. It would all take time."

"Time? But if you have a home —" He fidgeted as he talked — "you want to be —"

"Of course," I said, soothingly, "you want to be comfortable. And you might not be very comfortable during the long pauses."

She toyed with a crumb, with the astuteness of a diplomat.

"Couldn't you help us do — well, arrange things sort of — why, help us do it ourselves?"

"Gentle Lady," I said, "it is not long since I did not know a flying buttress from a flying tackle, or an andiron from an end-run. Until but recently I had "rococo" identified as a popular beverage and "baroque" as an American financier. I say, I would do it in two ways. So far I have outlined only the first."

"And the second?"

"The second way is that I wouldn't do it myself."

"You wouldn't? But —"

"No, I wouldn't. Why? Because it would take too much time and too much money to equip myself for the job."

"Well, what would you do?"

"I would be modest and intelligent in the matter. I would locate a good and reliable interior decorator — and not the cheapest, either — and work out the entire problem in humble collaboration with him — or her."

"But could you save anything that way?"

"Unquestionably! Much money — and endless grief!"



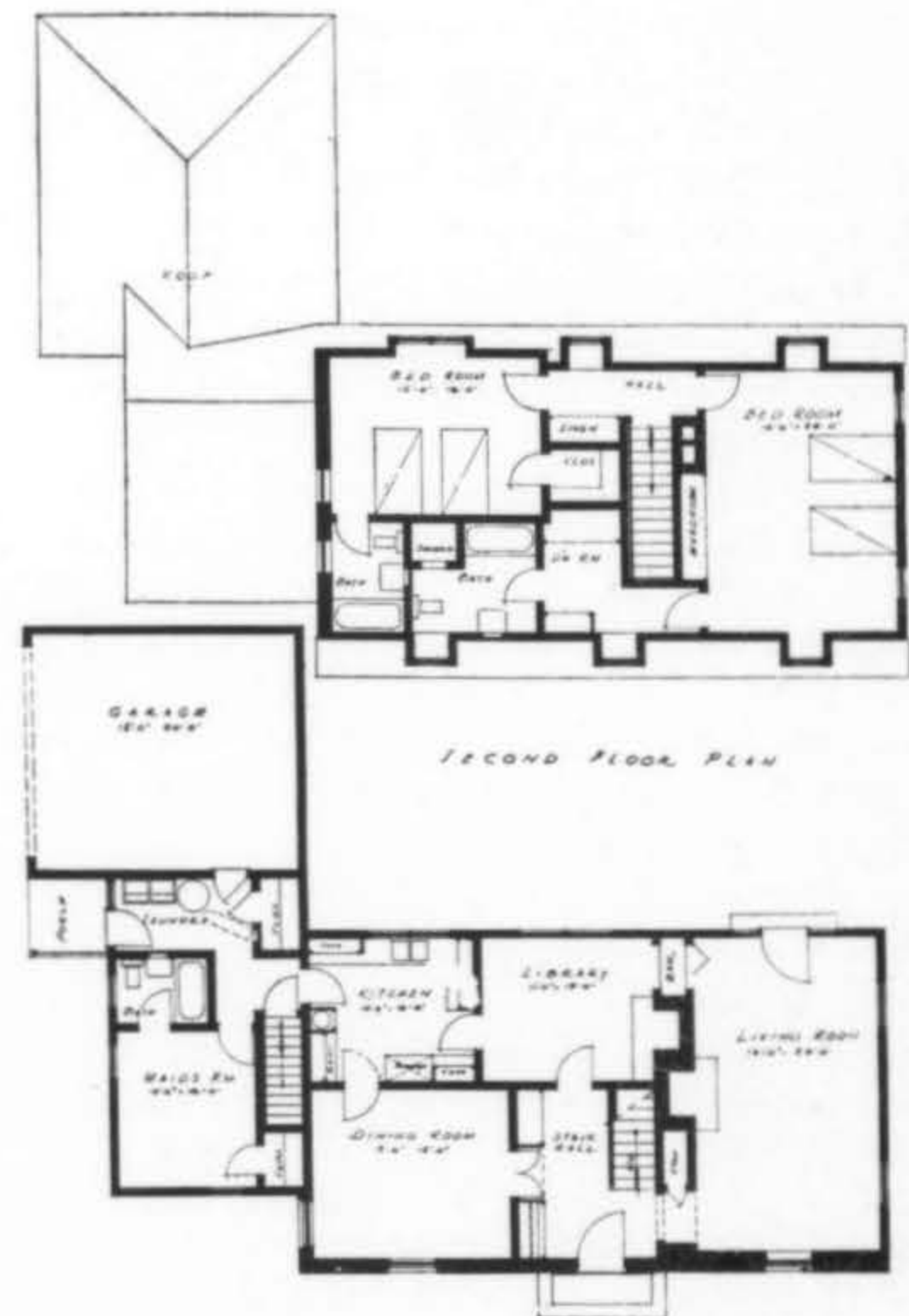
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This pleasant Dutch Colonial house has a solid, comfortable air. The use of stone is typical of the style. The natural shingles which form an important detail of the exterior have been left unfinished. Interesting clipped eaves give the bedrooms a sense of height and avoid any box-like feeling. The organization of the living spaces has been kept direct and simple, giving the house an open, honest quality of livability.



BOOKS IN REVIEW

"Personal Record" by Julian Green

America may well be proud of her Frenchified son, Julian Green. He is now more at home in French than in English, he tells us. He is not at home in either France or England. His appears to be a wistfully homeless mind in a wandering body.

Few Americans have read *The Dark Journey*, that splendidly terrible tale of tragedy in a French provincial setting. Green's understanding of the French mind, of the mainsprings of French conduct, is there apparent. His latest volume, *Personal Record*, shows the writer in the throes of seeking to fulfill the Socratic injunction, "Know thyself!" He is in pursuit of a deeper understanding of life, and documents it in terms of his personal experience in the unexplained scheme of living.

The entries begin September 17, 1928, and end on February 5, 1939. Not all of the original journal appears. Several passages have been excised, for reasons best known to the author. What we find is irregular, with large gaps of time between entries. It is a journal written from the heart, not dictated by the mere successive appearances of the sun.

In the opening lines he says: "This journal which I propose to keep as regularly as I am able will, I believe, help me to a clearer realization of my inner self." It is to be a bit-by-bit, time-to-time polishing of a full-length mirror, as it were, in which he hopes to see the vision of his "inner self," in which we undoubtedly see a full-statured figure of an intelligent and thoughtful human being.

The picture builds in terms of what Green puts into his record. The death of Clemenceau, the crowd outside his gate, the fact that his cries of pain were heard as far as the street — there is something of Leonardo in the man who notes this forlorn passing of the decrepit "Tiger of France." At a meeting of writers, Cocteau brings in a sick bird found in the Champs-Élysées. "Colette took it, examined it, and went and wrung its neck in the garden." The absence of comment on such incident is commentary of a high order. He reads a newspaper account of a young Hungarian at Budapest who shoots himself. "He puts a bullet into his head, but does not die at once. There being time for him to do so, he then makes a very strange display of courage; he goes to the washstand, washes his face, and then lies down on his bed and waits for death." ". . . Ever since yesterday I have been able to think of nothing but the young man at Budapest. He has lain down right across my novel, and it is quite clear to me that he will have to come into it."

Green frequently mentions Andre Gide. The humanity of these two men is apparent in one passage. "While I was at Gide's I called up Roger Martin du Gard, but his telephone rang in vain. 'But he is certainly there,' said Gide, who was standing close to me. 'Well, I like that! He knows how to protect himself all right, he won't answer . . . 'I should never be able to do that,' I said, as I hung up the receiver. 'I'm sure I should die of curiosity.' 'So should I, by Jove!' Gide exclaimed. 'I always answer the merest tinkle!'"

The book as a whole appears to be the sincere, if at times naive, attempt of a penetrating mind to look inward, hungry for self-realization. One is reminded of Edwin Arlington Robinson's lines: "There's more of you for you to find, Matthias, than science has found yet, or may find soon." Julian Green has set out upon the strange road of self-discovery, and may his most beautiful and most mysterious dream in essence come true for this lonely wayfarer, whose parting remark is, "Who could say that all our waking life was not a dream?"

R. H.

The Weed in the Garden Books

Since Pliny's "Historia Naturalis" every spring has been fruitful of texts to aid the "compleat gardener." But, as many readers of the new books regret, they now contain too much space on flowers that nobody knows and, more regrettably, that nobody can smell. The consequence is that some gardens now present an array of mysterious plants which have the medicinal redolence of the laboratory. A stroll through one of them constitutes for a guest an information quiz contest, where the owner plays Professor Puzzlewit.

The common garden variety of gardener — which includes most of us — may still believe mainly in two rules as stated by Francis Bacon and Henry Ward Beecher. Bacon, in his essay, "Of Gardens," observed that "because the breath of flowers is far sweeter in the air than in the hand, therefore nothing is more fit for that delight than to know what be the flowers and plants that do best perfume the air."

Beecher, in "A Discourse of Flowers," wrote that "as for marigolds, poppies, hollyhocks, and valorous sunflowers, we shall never have a garden without them, both for their own sake and for the sake of old-fashioned folks who used to love them."

Let us hope that the garden books—and the seed catalogs — may again tell us how to grow the flowers that "best perfume the air" and the ones that have long been cherished friends.

P. S. — Having just completed the above, I received from George Palmer Putnam a copy of his newly published book, "Gardening for Fun in California," written by Jean-Marie Consigny with Charles Palmer. In mentioning it here, I find myself reversing the old quotation about "damning with faint praise." I praise Putnam's book by my faint damns of others.

"Gardening for Fun in California" does have the desirable virtue of simplicity—and of popular applicability. While there is a photograph on the jacket of Miss Consigny bending over forward in her garden, in the book you will find her bending over backward to indicate that gardening can be more darn fun.

In a letter accompanying the review copy Mr. Putnam said, "I hope you may accord 'Gardening for Fun in California' the final critic's accolade—a place on your own home bookshelf." From his publishing experience, Mr. Putnam should know that such an ultimate disposition, while more flattering than the ashcan, is not the critic's highest tribute. The greater compliment is to give a review copy to a friend. I may do that with this book.

Carl Van Doren has revised his history of the American novel, bringing it from 1789 to 1939. The Macmillan Company has not revised its opinion of the book's marketability and is again publishing it.

For both the student of literature and the casual reader Van Doren's investigation merits counter-investigation. Curiously enough, the novel was the last of the literary types to develop. Poetry had been known for centuries and drama had essentially matured when Samuel Richardson wrote what is now commonly regarded the first English novel — "Pamela," 1744.

The first American novel was "The Power of Sympathy," by a Mrs. Sarah Wentworth Morton. Whether out of sympathy or not, Americans bought Mrs. Morton's book, and its popularity gave sentimentality a momentum in American prose that did not spend itself before the twentieth century.

E. T.

OF MUSIC

Moriz Rosenthal, veteran of ages long gone by, had the dubious honor and undoubted task of playing an old familiar program for an exceptionally torpid audience. Chopin and Liszt were brought out to their fullest beauty through the experience of a lifelong devotion to music. Fifty glorious years at the keyboard show through his playing.

In contrast, youth was also triumphantly presented in a recital by Raya Garbousova, cellist, and Donald Dickson, baritone. Miss Garbousova proved to be the more mature and surer of the two artists. Her sterling musicianship, brilliant technique and rich tone favored her in tipping the balance. Although Mr. Dickson shows serious study, his vocal powers have not yet reached their zenith.

Thanks to Albert Coates, Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra subscribers and two composers had the opportunity of taking part in two world-premieres within a fortnight. Charles Wakefield Cadman's "Pennsylvania Symphony" employed a traditional form of development, was finely orchestrated, and showed a tendency toward a light and enjoyable mood. Although the thought is a bit unsettling, it is purely program music. "The Passing of King Arthur" by Elinor Remick Warren, local composer of national rank, termed itself a choral symphony which disappointed Miss Warren's admirers and confirmed the opinion of others. Possibly the soloists were not presented to the best advantage, being utterly drowned by the heavy orchestration, so one should reserve opinion on the work as a whole. However, its chief fault seems to be that its reach exceeds its grasp.

Three dance groups of divergent schools appeared during the past few weeks in Los Angeles. Brilliant, ultra-modern, geometrical Martha Graham presented her abstract and often intangible art to the accompaniment of wearying music. Adequate for short spells, variety of style would have enlivened the background for her intensely structural dance creations. Ranging from fantastic humor to political seriousness, the performances of the Joos Ballet are distinctly Middle-European in essence. The different numbers in which the group appeared did not always measure up to its best standards. When full of fun, the entertainment as entertainment is best. Carmalita Maracci, exotic Latin, fired her audience with scintillating rhythms and a spirited capriciousness. She says more, constructively, for the dance than most of her contemporaries, and shines because of the sheer perfection of an original art.

D. G.

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ART AND THE MOVING PICTURES

(Continued from Page 12)

Is evidence that the audiences of classic music are growing constantly and that classic programs are played over the radio several times each week and operas are broadcast from the Metropolitan, coast to coast, and also by recordings from many a smaller station. Would the people do this if there was really the same objection against artistic feeling as producers pretend?

I do not expect that producers will change their attitude towards the arts, nor will they admit that the people can become educated and accustomed to art, to that which they themselves, the producers, cannot be persuaded. And I think there is a different and better way to fulfill the demands of the intellectually minded.

One can assume that, though people of higher ranks may have participated in "panem et circenses," devoted primarily to the plebes, there might also have existed entertainments devoted to adherents of intellectualism. At least one knows for certain that there exist opera and operetta houses distinctly devoted to the demands of different kinds of people. It may be admitted that operas, in contrast to operettas, were generally not self-supporting. Though I knew also opera theatres whose administration was perfect and accordingly self-supporting. But with moving pictures it can be different.

In Vienna I once met a man who had heard the Ninth Symphony, when I conducted it, only for the fiftieth time. Another man told me he had heard the "Merry Widow" more than a hundred times. When I was twenty-five I had heard the operas of Wagner between twenty and thirty times each. The average non-professional music lover in Germany or Austria could likewise claim such a record; he had heard "Butterfly" twenty times, "Tosca," "Bohème," and "Cavalleria" eighteen times each, "Aida," "Carmen," and "Il Trovatore" fifteen times, "Tannhauser," "Meistersinger," and "The Barber of Seville" twelve times, "Lohengrin," "The Flying Dutchman," and "Tales of Hoffman" nine times, "Faust," "Figaro," and "Tristan" about eight times each, "Manon," "Fra Diavolo," "Magic Flute," and "Salome" about seven times, "The Prophet," "Don Juan," and "Freischütz" six times, "Fidelio" four times, besides lesser known operas once or more.

This investigation was made in a circle of typical music lovers about 1910, and checked somewhat in later years. Twenty-six operas are listed which comprise 285 opera visits. That means that each person questioned attended each of these operas, on the average, more than ten times. Operas which at present are seldom played are not listed. Those listed have been favored by the regular opera audiences, on the average, for more than four decades, some for more than a century. That means that four generations of opera lovers have seen these works, all told, at least forty times.

(Continued on Page 40)

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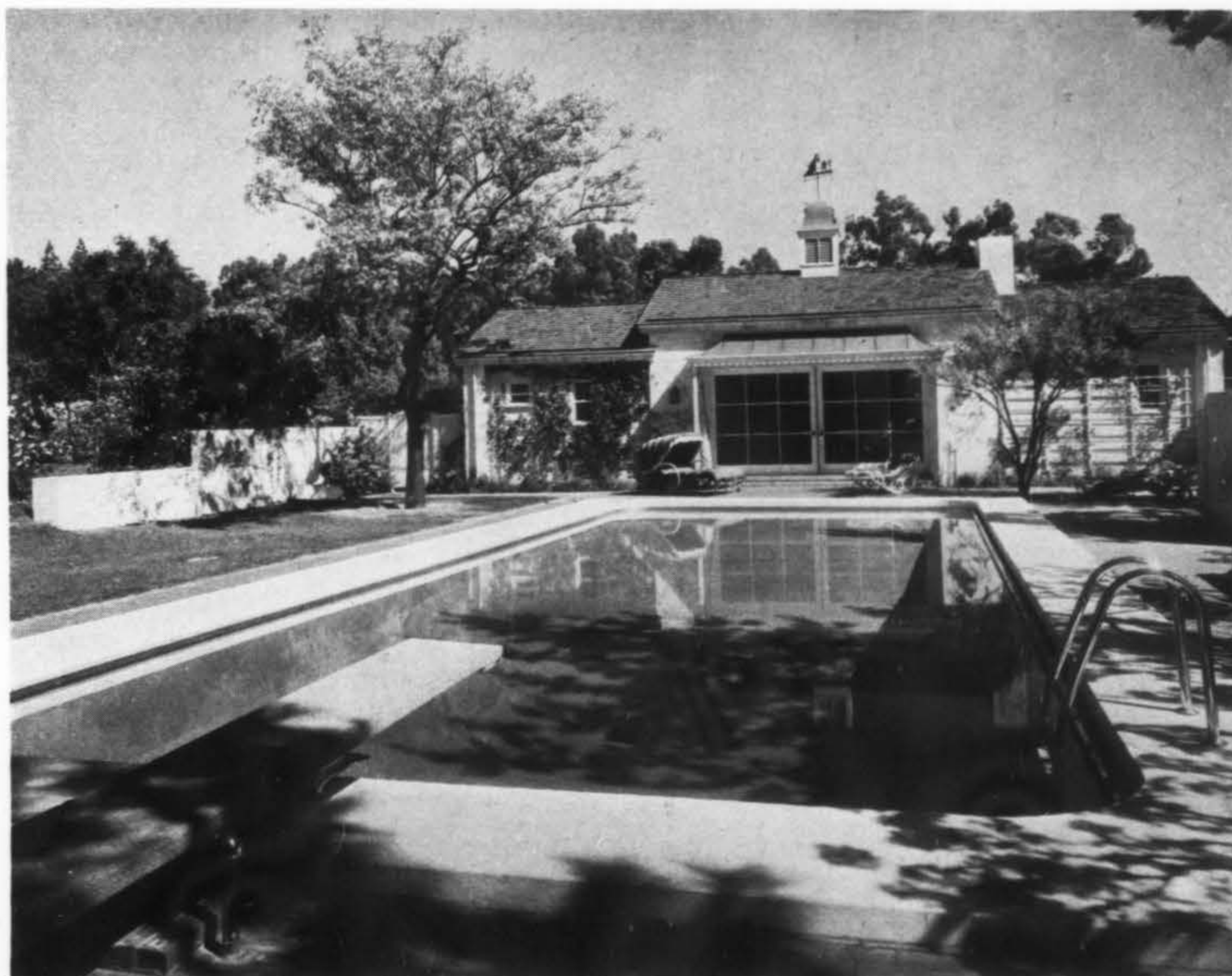
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ART AND THE MOVING PICTURES

(Continued from Page 38)

But let us assume that each opera has been attended only twenty times. What conclusion can be drawn?

I know only a very small number of people who have seen a movie more than once.

Producers of movies can obtain an attendance of 100 per cent of the movie-going population only in the case of a great success.

Suppose the audience which can be acquired for serious plays and operas is only 5 per cent of the people (which seems not too exaggerated a hope if one considers how symphony audiences have grown), and in four generations every single person of these audiences would see a work (not ten times, as my account shows) only five times: five times four generations means twenty times for each work. Twenty times 5 per cent of the population amounts to the same 100 per cent of the population for which the movie industry aims so badly.

Now, my conclusion.

There can, and must be, founded a production of plays and operas to satisfy the demands of the more highly educated, plus the demands of art.

I do not assume that the industry, which at present produces moving pictures, could, or cares to start such a turn towards pure art. This could only be done by men who had not used their talents in the opposite direction. This can only be done by new men.

I, further, do not assume that the theatres which are owned by the industry should be used for such works of art. Art does not need so much pomp. Its own splendor created a scene of dignity, which cannot be surpassed by materialistic profusion.

There are, of course, many problems involved. They need not be discussed at present. There is time enough to do this, especially as the industry might shortly be forced to consider some problems of its own, imposed on it by the advent of television. Perhaps people might come to realize then that art is less expensive than amusement, and more profitable.

GARDENS (Continued from Page 28)

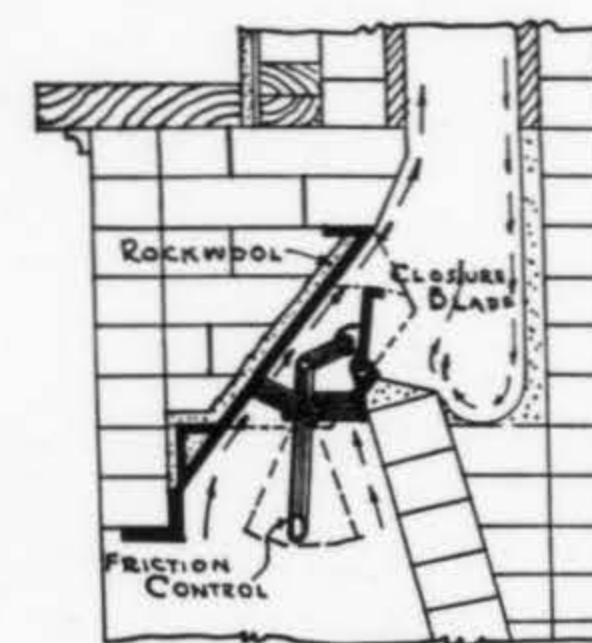
a few prunings a year, a shrub that would have given some style and more privacy, altogether something of more permanent value. The initial outlay need not have been greater.

Perhaps you have your own list of reasons why your garden has been a disappointment. At any rate, add them all together, and you'll find they are things that can be corrected and avoided when you rework your present garden, as many do, or when you plant your next one.

WESLEY HARDY

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