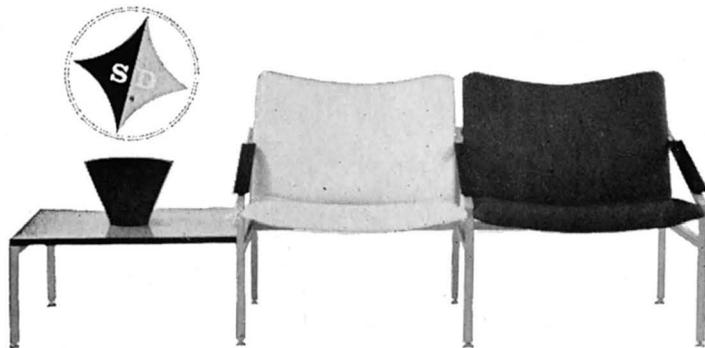
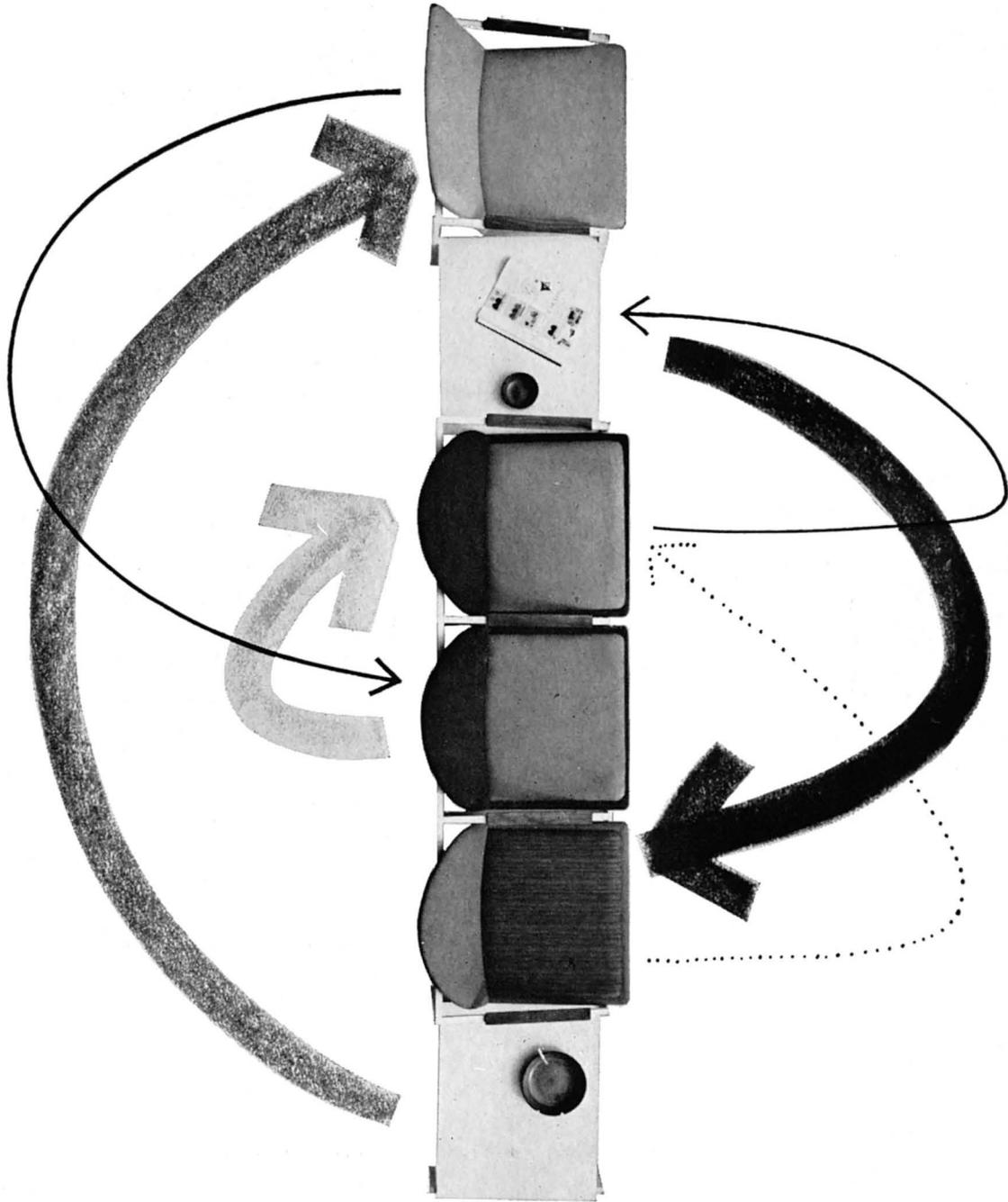


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ART

DORE ASHTON

It takes a long-practiced skeptic to keep his head confronting the barrage of myths loosed upon us during the past ten years. The artist-as-demigod image, rooted in the 19th century and solicitously preserved in our own, is precious property not easily disturbed.

Harold Rosenberg, who is probably the most genial skeptic training his dialectical prowess on the arts today has, in a light-handed way, jostled several myths in his new book on Arshile Gorky (*Horizon*, \$3.75). His intentions are anything but modest. In this small book he speaks of *Arshile Gorky, the Man, the Time, the Idea*. But while he seems to be embracing Taine's ideal of thoroughness in studying "race, moment, milieu", Rosenberg is too much of an impatient skeptic to stay with it. His irony intervenes, and his irony—bluff and good-humored—disguises a romantic distrust of closed systems.

Particularly, Rosenberg seems to be wary of the very system which framed his own development; the historical materialism of the Marxists. Scattered throughout the text are strong hints that Rosenberg is writing primarily against the tyranny of history which caught up Gorky and all his generation in its toils. In what Rosenberg characterizes as "an epoch of historical self-consciousness", Gorky made his way laboriously to the light of freedom from doctrine just as I suspect Rosenberg has himself. His romanticism is confirmed when we find him warning his readers, as had Baudelaire, against considering an artist as a link in the chain of painting progress. Remember, he admonishes, that a chain is made of nothing but links and that there is no particular virtue in being the one at the end.

In those days of history consciousness during which Gorky developed, "time had superseded order, terrestrial and divine alike, as the arbiter of esthetic values." The problem was to be there, in history, at the right moment with the right device, a problem

Rosenberg indirectly writes off as inimical to creation. "To survive—and survival is the only proof accepted by history that one has existed—the artist now had to find the means to shove himself into the historical line-up." This tyrannical line-up (notice the ironic phrasing) is a legacy from the 19th century which Rosenberg believes was successfully displaced by the development of abstract expressionism—or at least, that is the implication. It is plain, he points out, that no one knows for sure how to secure his place in history. "With the practise of art thus turned into a gamble—celebrated by Mallarmé in *Un Coup de Des*—artists crowded around the table in search of history's winning combination."

Gorky, obviously, foremost among them. His whole fixation on the disciple principle, Rosenberg believes, was rooted in his desire to minimize the risk imposed by history. But in contradistinction to many Americans who took the experimental highroad of "mindless energy" to escape the rigors of the gambling table of history, Gorky remained a close student of tradition emerging eventually as an intellectual of art. Rosenberg's admiration for Gorky's ability to analyze and channel his emotions betrays his own growing distaste for the mindless energy approach of action painting. The book is a tract, in a way, on the advantage of art as thought. Coming from the inventor of Action Painting, this is an important modification.

What Rosenberg has to say about "the man" is frankly rhetorical. It would have to be in order to justify his separation of man and artist. I found his declaratory tone bracing. The artist usually stands between the critic and his fantasy, limiting him. But Rosenberg brooked no interference. He says Gorky invented himself, and he, Rosenberg re-invents him. It is a clever and provocative invention to which I subscribe fully.

The colorful aspect of Gorky—his propensity for the artist-as-demigod attitude and what Rosenberg calls his comic-opera side—is examined unabashedly. Rosenberg's stress on Gorky's personal attributes is aimed to clarify Gorky's role as the deracinated immigrant, the stranger to this shore who is obliged to create an image for himself and the world. When Rosenberg suggests that art was a promised land, a refuge for Gorky—and by implication for all the immigrants and sons of immigrants who make up the American avant-garde—I think he is accurate, although estrangement is probably characteristic for the artist regardless of his personal history. Gorky's self-dramatization was germane to the struggle to make a place, literally and figuratively, that felt strange. By the way, Rosenberg does not exaggerate Gorky's exaggerations. There are numerous anecdotes he might have drawn in to bolster his statements. Only recently an American painter told me he had encountered Gorky in the thirties and was moved to tears by Gorky's account of his miserable childhood. A few months later the painter read Dostoevsky's *Poor People* and was chagrined to find the very story Gorky had so skillfully retailed as his own. Gorky was a marvelous fabricator in every sense. The implications of his masquerade and the artist's inevitable resource of artifice are there, though with Rosenberg's characteristic impatient breezy style they are not detailed.

Despite this penchant for donning a mask, Gorky emerges in Rosenberg's essay as a sound and penetrating thinker for whom "to be an artist counted for more than to be himself." Rosenberg lists several virtues characteristic of the painting intellectual: He speaks of Gorky's thorough study of the metier, repeating Ethel Schwabacher's report that "Gorky memorized the forms in reproductions as one might lines of poetry." Of his close study of old and modern masters Rosenberg says "His career was a succession of dialogues with artists living and dead" and adds that he undertook a number of "psychic partnerships" with such masters as Picasso, Miro and finally Matta. Gorky's "voluntary servitude to a succession of masters" is seen as a healthy diffidence, a reticence which enabled him to absorb others' visions without being absorbed by them.

Which brings us to the pith of Rosenberg's argument, carrying beyond Gorky the man and mummer, to the prototype artist:

"For Gorky, imitating Picasso meant not only a way of painting but of approaching world culture. This master taught by example that the artist today ought to be a living embodiment of the entire history of art. The artist's rumination upon the history of art is thus a rumination of himself as well, upon his taste, his intellectual interest, social judgments, the symbols that move him . . . The vision of the work of art as a reanimation of existing art was

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perhaps the most profound and productive esthetic idea of the first two decades of this century.”

This vision, he continues, has deep roots in literature as well as painting—Mallarme, Rimbaud, Joyce, Pound and Eliot. In both, “art as a resurrection of art gave prominence to three formal principles: allusion, parody and quotation.” Rosenberg uses these principles as organizing-principles, as Wolfflin had used baroque and classic as organizing principles. However, as stimulating as his discussion of allusion is, he will have to carry it forward in a future work. It is not enough to say that a characteristic of modern art is allusion which provides “the basis upon which painting could, step by step, dispense with depiction without a loss of meaning.” I feel that Rosenberg is contracting his thought to the point of evasion when he summarizes his brief examination of allusion by saying that it “expresses both the despondency of modern art and its enthusiasm, its awareness of itself as ‘counterfeit’ as well as its clarified assurance of the inferior significance of all less history-conscious productions.” Does Rosenberg think of allusion as *metaphor*? If so, there is nothing that defines metaphorical art as dependent on history-consciousness. In fact, some of the artists once called action painters have doggedly denied history and confined their esthetics to a principle of timeless metaphor.

Many critics write about artists as if they exist in corked bottles. Not so Rosenberg. His abbreviated discussion of Gorky in relation to society—i.e. history—inevitably becomes a generalized discussion of the modern American artist in relation to his society and as such is invaluable.

His opening salvo raises what I regard as a most important question and I hope that Rosenberg will soon give it the full treatment:

“The decade of the Depression and totalitarianism that ended in World War II did not doubt that art was inspired by history. But which history?” The history of art or the history of society then being talked about in a framework of dialectical materialism? (Perhaps neither?) In his chapter “Left Bank versus Left Front” Rosenberg condenses a complicated situation with eye-witness swiftness. The artist was caught in a dilemma. History wielded a big stick and he had to jump one way or the other, or so it seemed at the time. “Holding to the Left Bank notion of an independent history for art they were tempted by the Left Front vision of the artist as collaborator in the creation of living history.” The way out, it appeared, was withdrawal from both positions to an isolated subjectivity. But the question is not thereby banished. The temptation is still there, though carefully repressed. The two clocks, art and social history, still tick loudly in different time, and the artist is still plagued by an uneasy feeling of the futility of his out-of-history sanctuary. Rosenberg himself in another context raises the question when he points out that in those days “crisis-torn Paris had been demonstrating for a decade the impotence of painting to spin a future out of itself in disregard of the conditions of its existence.”

Rosenberg raises a still more interesting question bearing on contemporary painting: Can one doubt, he asks, that it was the challenge to action in the streets that was to lead in the next decade to the response that the action of the artist took place on the canvas? To the pragmatic ideologies of the Depression the pragmatic response of art was to be Action painting.

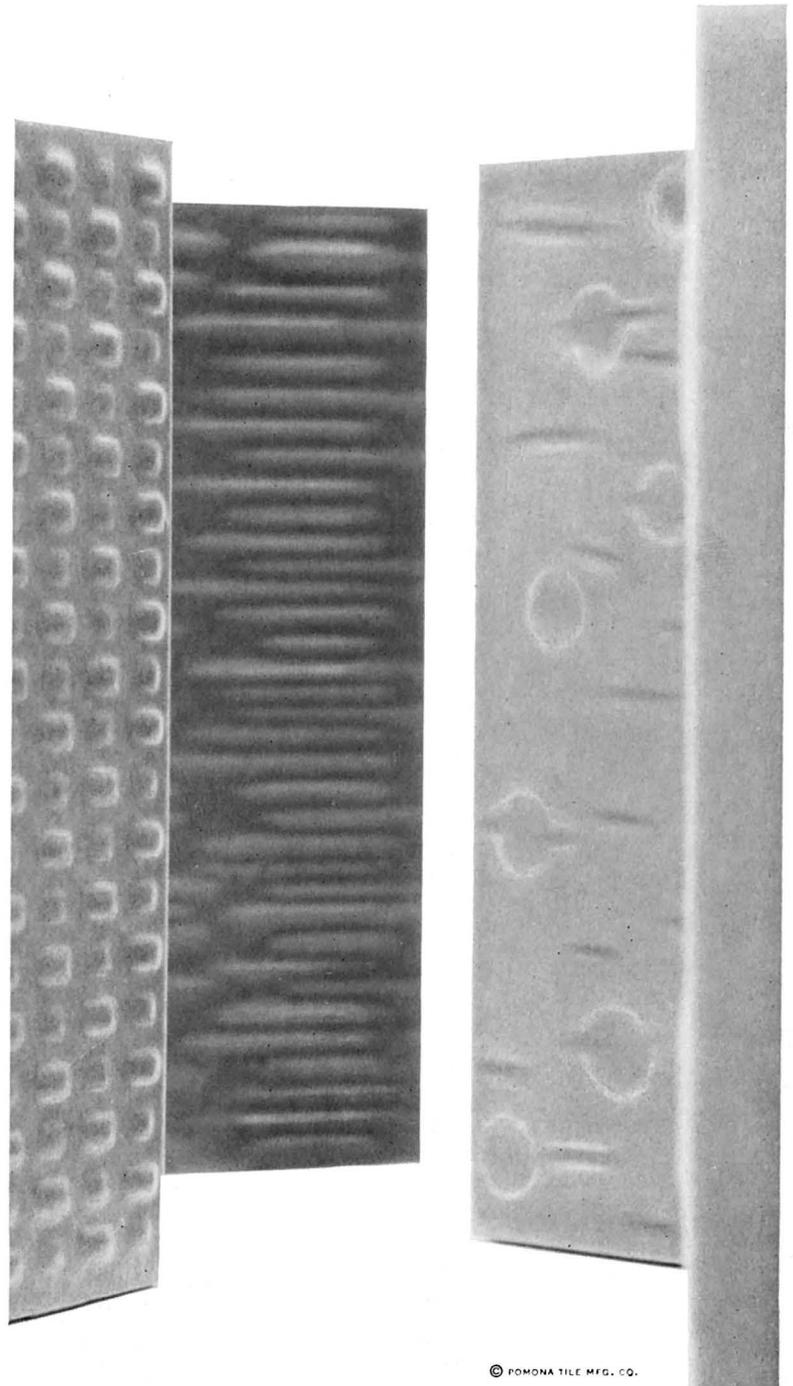
One can doubt. One can speculate that it was retreat rather than action which was the symmetrical response, and a begging of all questions. On this Rosenberg is not entirely clear. He himself once declared the bankruptcy or political systems in relation to art in fairly pessimistic terms (his introduction, along with Motherwell, to *possibilities*). Positing the only salvation of the artist in his ability to “convert his energy” come what may, Rosenberg seemed to be opening the way to action painting—as he defined it—with approval. Now he says that action painting is the other side of a doctrinal coin, pragmatic and programmatic. On the one hand he seems to think art can unroll itself independent of events—that is, man-made history—and on the other, he harbors a nostalgia for a putative time when the artist functioned within society taking a hand in events. (He reminds me of Chateaubriand who complained that he lived in an age when a writer no longer went out to participate in the Crusades in order to write about them.) The fact is Rosenberg seems to have modified his views on action painting. At several points his language takes on the color of disapprobation missing in his pioneer essay. The principle of psychic energy which he once contemplated without either

(Continued on page 32)

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MUSIC

PETER YATES

THE TRUE BELIEVER

I suppose no discovery so shocks the inward mind as the repeated encounter with real evil in real life, evil not by chance but by intent: that villains exist and not only at the safe distance of the newspaper or another part of the city, nor with the emotional right of the passionate criminal or the sporting chance of burglar or sneak-thief. I mean the unheroically ugly who creep or scramble to some knoll of power they do not know how to deserve, who play *King-of-the-Castle* with serious matters so long as they are able to stay on top. Like my choice little villain, Leopold Koze-luh, who whispered to the Emperor against Mozart, they do not risk themselves against established reputation, towards which they must appear slavish, but against living men, who insofar as they are good are vulnerable and when they turn to defend themselves show weakness. "Wolves in sheep-skin," a recent correspondent called those who exert an academic privilege of viciousness. They know that to open a hole in the reputation of a man who deserves reputation will let in the gabbling boredom of the crowd.

Sometimes they let down dicta, as from a height above the stage, and though villainous in wish expose the pretentiousness by the absurdity of the statement. "As we look at the Western Stravinsky, from the depth of his lonely soul there emerge poetic pictures, and yet he is not a poet, for in his marvelous and purely musical imagination matter usually triumphs over matter."

If the imagination were not musical, matter would triumph over manner, and there would be no poetry. The dictum grants no alternative, the supposed dichotomy a pawn's move. The proposition defeats itself as a pinprick intending a small villainy.

"Of late," the candid evaluator proceeds, "he has turned to religious subjects—is he a genuinely religious composer of 'sacred' music? No, he could not be, for his ideal world is too little concerned with the final inwardness of life. In reality, nowhere in the

many works written since he became a representative of contemporary Western music was he able to transcend his egoism, therefore his spiritual center lies somewhere between dream and make-believe. A religiosity in which the last thing is missing cannot become altogether genuine . . . Still, wherever he turns and whatever he composes he remains Stravinsky, the one and only lonesome, vain, and haughty Stravinsky. And one divines that in this highly personal ideal world of his he did not find real fulfillment, for everywhere there is missing a final truth; even in his dreams about himself . . ."

You could of course turn this about and point it at the critic, whose lacks seem the more serious. He attacks the man but concedes the reputation.

To support his spiritual condescending the editor of *The Musical Quarterly* quotes another contributor of this *Special Issue for Igor Stravinsky on His 80th Birthday*, saying, "Mr. Mellers recognized this and expressed the distinction with penetrating insight when he said that in (*Symphony of Psalms*) 'the composer attains, in the last movement, to the love of God,' . . . that in his later works Stravinsky 'seems to be in love with the idea of God rather than with God himself.'"

The Inquisitor at least believed the doctrinal assumptions for which he caused men to be tortured and burned. These are profane musicologists playing at profundities.

One could marvel at the spiritual insight of both commentators, since both have listened to the agonizing "*Lord, I believe, help Thou mine unbelief*" of the *Sacred Cantata*. Reading the article by Wilfrid Mellers one learns that the presumptive insight is tempered by a really intended, though vague, meaning, which the small deliberate villainy of the untempered quotation wishes to put out of sight.

"If a criticism seems to be implied in the previous paragraph," Mr. Mellers continues, "it is not a criticism of Stravinsky. There is a deeply allegorical significance in the fact that he, our spokesman, should be in a sense a composer of denial; and we know that although the rite has not been, with him, an act of incarnation, it has been a historical necessity: the consequence of an



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agonizing awareness of the 'human predicament.' "

This seems to imply that, as far as it is possible for any man to have belief, Stravinsky believes. Mr. Mellers is himself uncertain; he conveys his uncertainty. He speaks of the "fragmentation of line and the disintegration of rhythm . . . at the expiring twilight of the Middle Ages . . ." And he explains: "Doubtless the 20th-century dislocations are necessary too; and we certainly cannot doubt the probity of Stravinsky's 'authority' even though, being man-made rather than god-given, its purpose and destiny are obscure." It is this "probity" that Mr. Lang wishes us to doubt and that Mr. Mellers does question, both being turned spiritual doctors temporarily incapable of honest criticism.

What Mr. Mellers does actually question is the very possibility of true belief. Accepting the common doctrine of a human predicament that needs belief for resolution, he accuses Stravinsky of trying to fill up the void of faith with his man-made authority that lacks the incarnation of a god. This is the commonplace of unmotivated anticlericalism, superstitious in its own fetish-governed tradition, that whirls through the literatures of criticism, psychology, sociology, and other proto-technical literary explaining, showing off its sub-medieval wordy analects for doctrine.

Having thrown out heaven and hell for everyone, the common rationalist has thought up an effective substitute for the latter, *mass-man*, from which, being the speaker of the condemnation, he exempts himself. He is once again the sacred clerk among the herds of unsaved, the Aztec priest who every month of the 22-month Aztec year indifferently tears the hearts out of a holocaust of victims.

His power, as against the mass, is to be "creative." Creativity, Kenneth Burke told us at the Wingspread Conference on the Arts, is presumed to be a good because it reflects the name of the Creator, who is good by definition; it can equally be evil. Listen to Martin Buber: "Artifice has so much got the upper hand that the fictitious dares to usurp the place of the real. The overevaluation of productivity that is afflicting our age has so thrived and its par-technical glance set up a senseless exclusiveness of its own that even genuinely creative men allow their organic skills to degenerate into an autonomous growth to satisfy the demand of the day . . . Instead of bringing forth a natural creation . . . they renounce true necessity and give themselves over to the arbitrary . . . Only the unarbitrary man can grow properly and bear mature and healthy fruit . . ."

It is not a matter of being right or wrong: to oppose the execution of Eichmann, Martin Buber stood against the state of Israel; whatever you may think of his opinion, his doing so was not wrong. It is the duty of the isolated prophet to warn the people and the state. It is not a question of believing or not believing, but of the genuineness of the act. And for that genuineness (or probity) Martin Buber's terms "arbitrary" and "unarbitrary" will not suffice. The prophet is arbitrary; he stands against the common sense. He speaks and acts, often, by his own testimony, for a power beyond himself. Whom he speaks for will test the character of the listener as well. The individual character cannot be done away with; it must stand up for itself. That is Stravinsky's "probity," which Mr. Mellers does not question. Whether therefore its authority is of man or god is scarcely to be challenged by Mr. Mellers or by anyone else, unless he is prepared to test it, *alio modo*, in the torture cell or at the stake.

My dear fellow, someone will by now be murmuring at me, you do go a long way to expound a slight critical difference!

But, you see, the art of the critic, if he himself has any respect for it, must be as subject to minute critical scrutiny as any art. The critic's opinions, however prejudiced, are not privileged. He must stand on them or squirm behind them.

Mr. Lang and others have raised the doubt whether Mr. Stravinsky's opinions, in his published conversations with Robert Craft, are indeed his own opinions, whether they have not been in some way altered or subverted by the opinions of Mr. Craft. I have heard the suggestion made even by persons well acquainted with Mr. Stravinsky. Instead of arguing the point dubiously, I have countered by asking: Have you ever heard Stravinsky utter an opinion that, right or wrong, was not his own? The answer is invariably: No. I have not. Mr. Stravinsky has one gloriously human attribute: he is willing to be wrong; and when he changes his mind he is willing to admit he has been wrong. His enthusiasm for Verdi's *Othello* and *Falstaff* is now as unbounded as when he wrote *The Poetics of Music* it was incorrectly prejudiced against

them. His admiration for the music of Schoenberg goes beyond his liking for many of Schoenberg's compositions. He does not, like some other composers, say, I do not believe in serial composition but out of curiosity I try it; he has made it his own.

I suppose no one can expect of psychologists, sociologists, and other technical explainers the probity one expects of an artist or, because he deals with artists, that one expects of a critic. The warning by Martin Buber I found as the last item in an anthology, *Identity and Anxiety: Survival of the Person in Mass Society*. If the anthologists had not in some part understood the message of Buber, they would not have included him; having included him, if they did understand him, they might have dispensed with more than half the remainder of their massive volume.

But then it would not have been an anthology, because you have to give both sides. This is a curious modern aspect of democracy, which holds that though you should understand what you are saying you should not believe it, because it may not be right.

And truly I am convinced Mr. Mellers did not believe what he was saying; he was trying to say it as if he could believe it. That is what Martin Buber means by "giving oneself over to the arbitrary" . . . "to satisfy the demand of the day . . ."

Identity and Anxiety: The Survival of the Person in Mass Society. Of course that is what we are talking about. In mass society, whatever may be his private anxiety, certainly not in regard to his identity, Igor Stravinsky, the person, conspicuously does survive. (So much so that I shall send him a copy of this article for a belated birthday present).

Every good thing in the book disowns the technical content. Orwell disposes of the technical jargon. Harold Rosenberg indicts with their own indictment the mass-indicters of so-called "mass society."

"Self displacement through one's acts," he tells us, "is the inner most problem of life in America as of that in all civilized countries . . . What is new in America is not the socially reflexive person but the presence of a self-conscious intellectual caste whose

(Continued on page 31)

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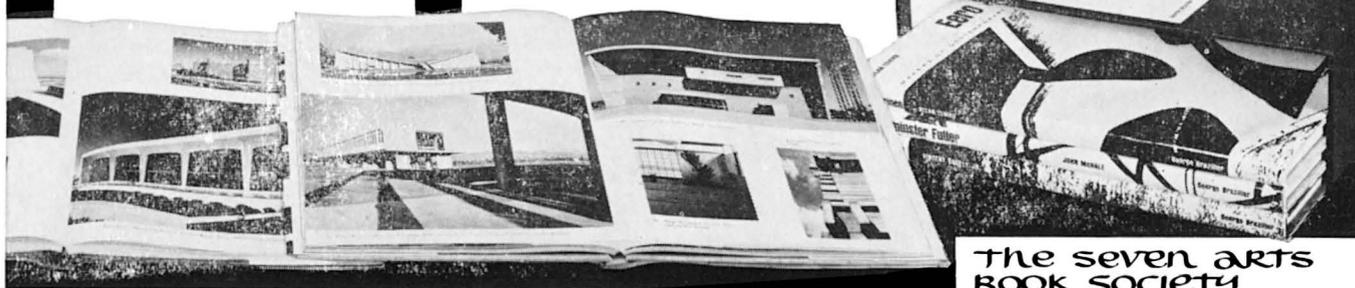
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Architects have been the allies of kings, popes and tyrants. We marvel at the miracles they left behind. But the miracles for which we crave to-day are not the same miracles, nor need we marvel at them in quite the same way.

If we gather together all creative efforts—efforts which alone need not be miracles—we may still bring about what to-day we have come to regard as a miracle: cities of which we can say, without exaggerating, that they are places where it is good to live—for every citizen.

To-day the architect is the ally of everyman or no man.

We shall have to make habitable places of our sick cities before it is too late. We know this and we forget this, as we choose, whilst the border line of the uninhabitable lies just ahead. We are certainly catching up with it at an alarming pace. We must act quickly and dispel the excessive stupidity for which there is really no room.

In the meantime architects continue to occupy themselves with matters, which, although not foreign to our time, are often clearly foreign to the constructive task architects should set themselves, which is simply this: to provide the urban 'interiors' society needs; the built counterform of its dwindling identity.

To those architects who are still inclined to believe that all this has nothing to do with 'the story of another idea' I can only say: go and take another walk in one of the new towns—as an outsider, guiltily implicated. It seems to me that any idea concerning the architect's task which may be lodged in their heads will soon make way for another. And then the 'story' begins—but not until then.

It seems to me, furthermore, that the making of a habitable place for all citizens—and this implies another sort of place—is also a task for another sort of architect. In order to accomplish the indispensable union of architecture and urbanism within a single discipline a severe reevaluation of what both really stand for is a preliminary prerequisite: for the sake of the task and its inherent limits.

The first step—the very first—is really very simple, because as soon as all decide—having had another good look at one of the new towns—never to go in for that kind of thing again, a new era will have begun for our faltering cities; and for those who took the right decision a new and fuller task.

When I say, 'go build the counterform of human association for each and for all', I know this opens the door onto a terrifying paradox, for those who are to live there no longer build it themselves and we who must do so instead

are not yet able to. It is because the 'first step' of which I spoke is still shunned that the terrifying question the paradox encloses: 'can it be built without those for whom it is meant?' remains unanswered.

If society has no form, can architects build the counterform?

So little attention is accorded to the creative potential of the countless millions and what they made for themselves through the ages in humble multiplicity—what I wish to call, the vernacular of the heart. Not merely because it has perished along with the people who fashioned it, but because one still esteems almost exclusively the less ephemeral more enduring accomplishment of exceptionally endowed individuals, or a particular ruling minority. The proud monuments still speak for themselves and for those who conceived them, whilst the houses and streets, where the countless millions once lived their daily lives, have crumbled away and are mute.

The architect has always been concerned with single buildings or a complex of single buildings. They were always particular buildings commissioned by particular members of society. The humble multitudes, those that moved about in the countless little houses and streets, were never his clients. His attention was never directed towards them—sometimes indirectly, but in such cases his client was certainly another; like himself, socially and emotionally an alien.

No, yesterday's multitudes—to-day's 'anonymous client'—contrived what they needed and regarded as good within the narrow scope and uncertain conditions which prevailed. True, they called upon an array of craftsmen from their midst, but their affinity to them was direct; direct also their affinity to the humble miracles which resulted—they extended their own specific behaviour into built form.

Senmut, the Egyptian, made what he was commanded to make: a habitable 'house' for a single dead queen. Are the sons of Senmut to-day unable to make what they are requested to make: habitable places for the millions that live, but are no longer able to make their own house with mud and sticks, no longer whipped as they drag the queen's granite?

And what have we got? Architects everywhere, sitting lucratively on the lap of the particular client (as if nothing had changed since Hatshepsut's tomb was robbed), or ludicrously on the ambiguous lap of some government body—the fake 'anonymous client' of to-day

Surely our primary task is a different one, different in that it concerns—at last—the immediate environment of each man and all men;

(Continued on page 33)

HOUSE BY TIGERMAN AND KOGLIN, ARCHITECTS



The property is located 55 miles west of Chicago in a rural area on a large rolling site. The client's requirements included three bedrooms, living room, dining room, kitchen with breakfast area, family room and two-and-a-half baths, all to be contained in 2,000 square feet.

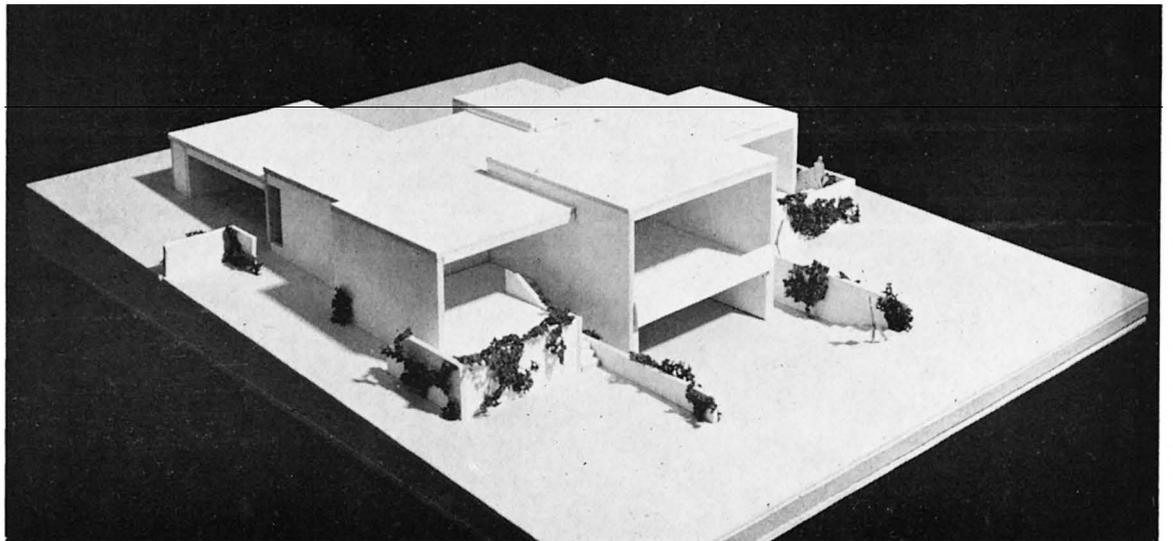
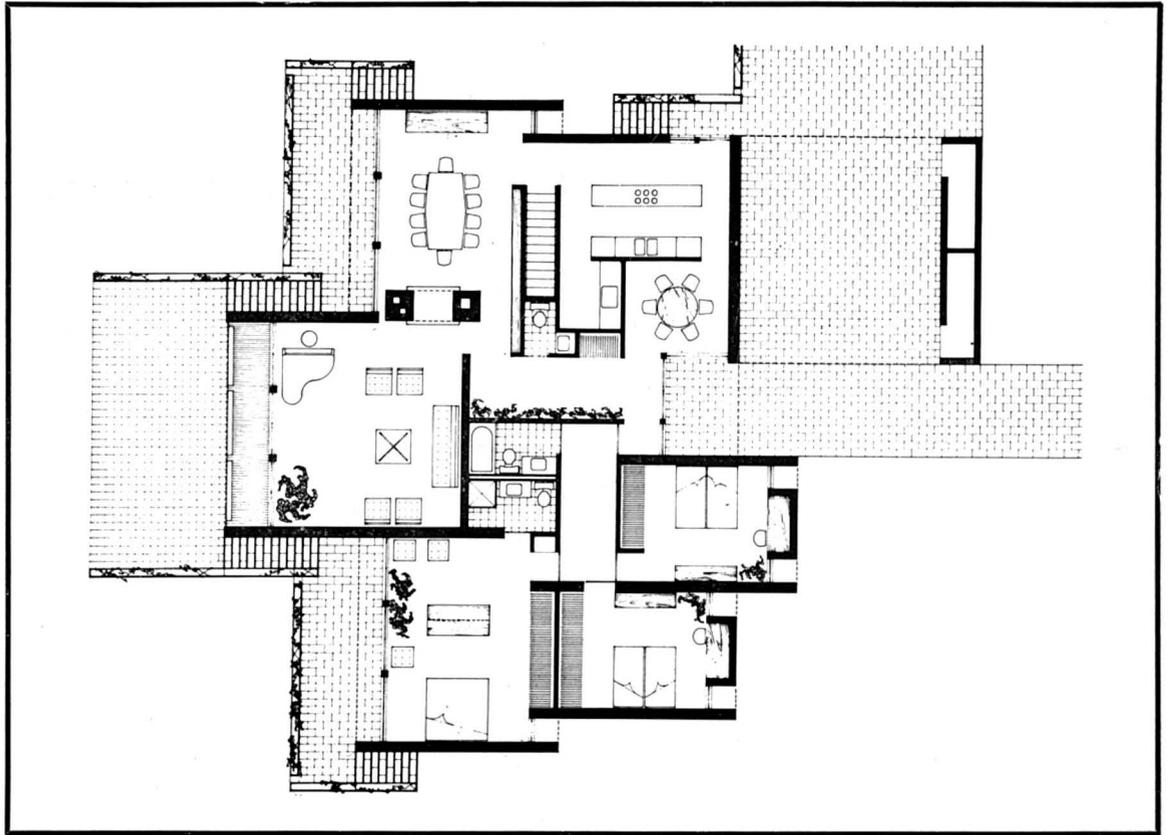
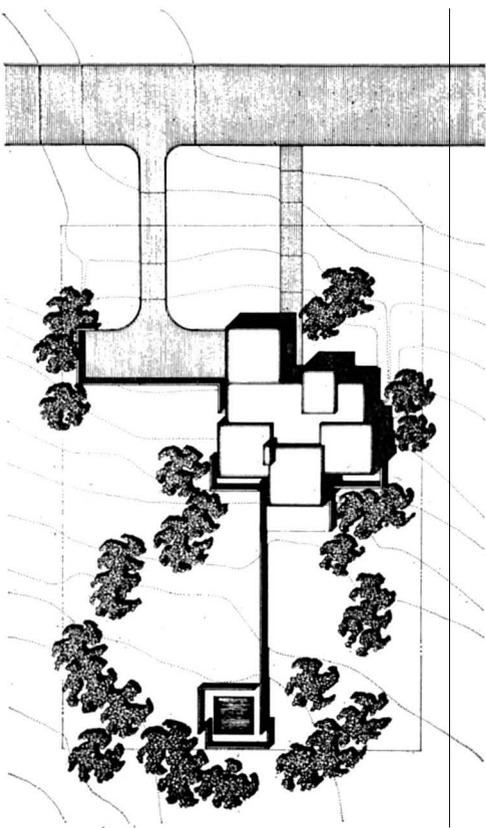
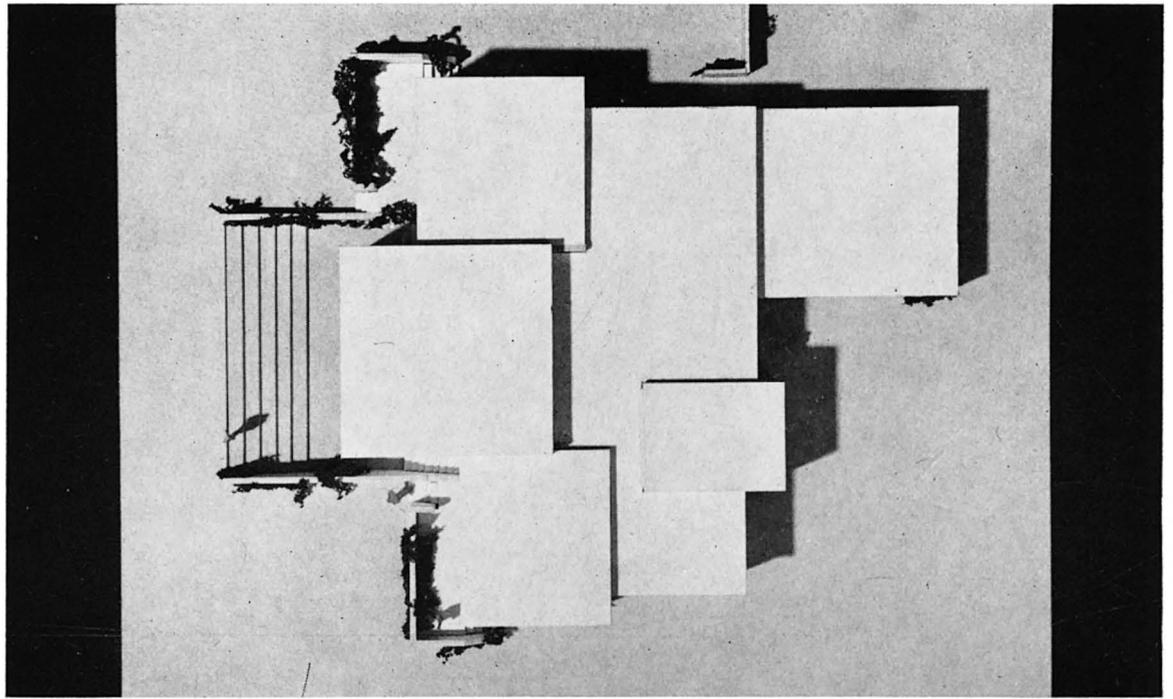
Because of the sloping nature of the site, concrete retaining walls were necessary to define and contain certain functions such as guest parking, terraces, children's play area and wading pool, and outdoor formal entertaining.

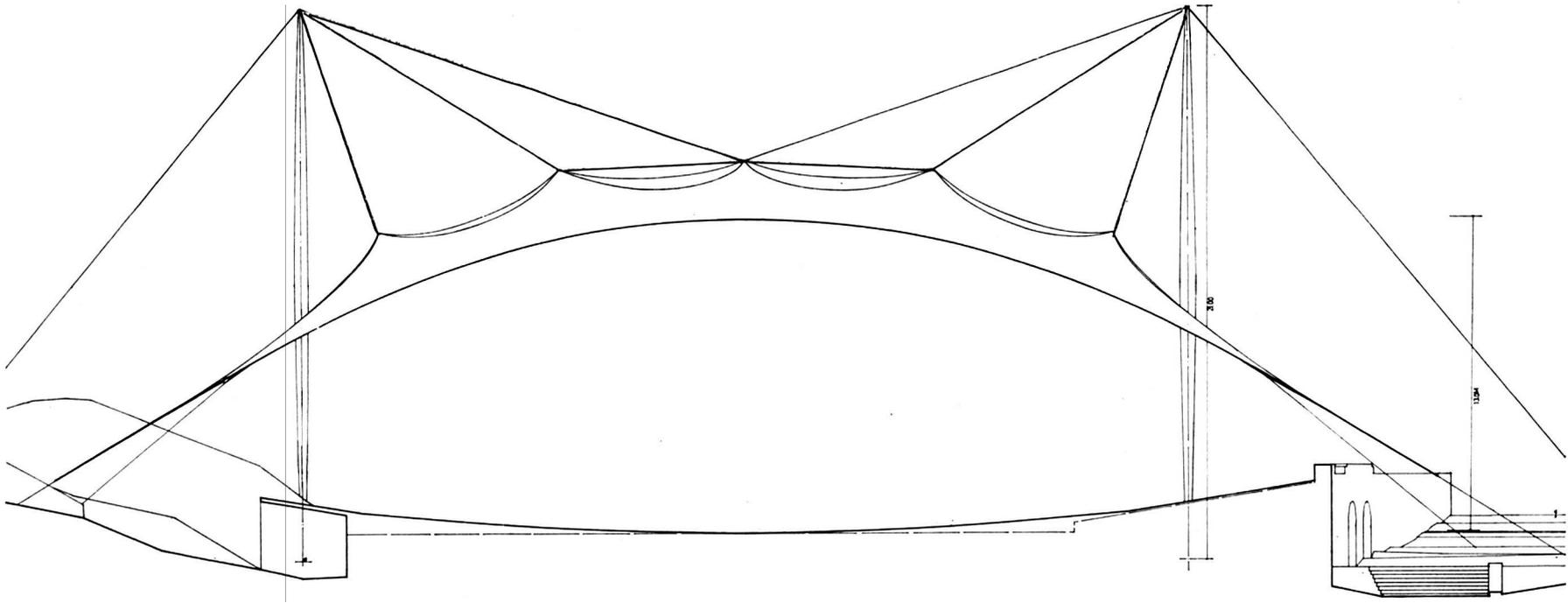
Architecturally, every room is articulated as a structural entity inter-

penetrating with other rooms, both from an interior and exterior point of view. As room sizes and number of persons per room grow, the rooms become proportionately higher, finally culminating in the largest and highest of all rooms, the living room.

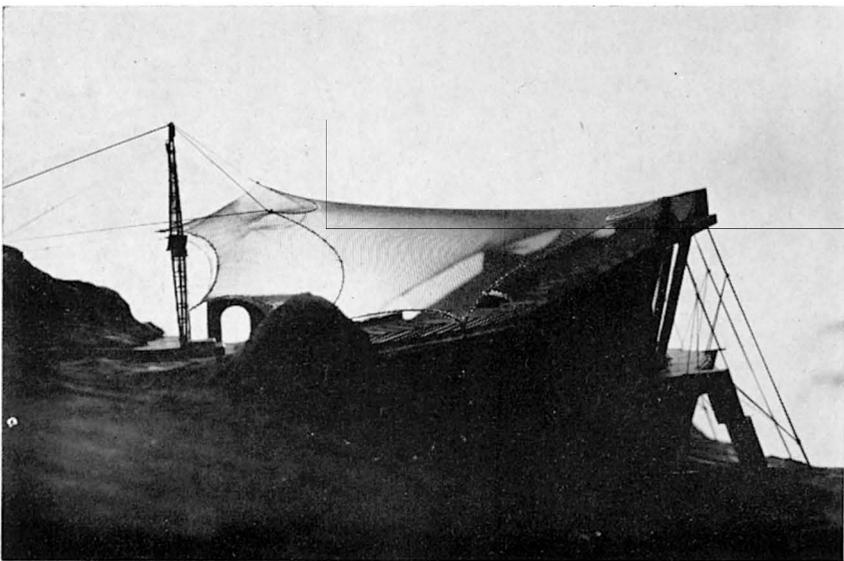
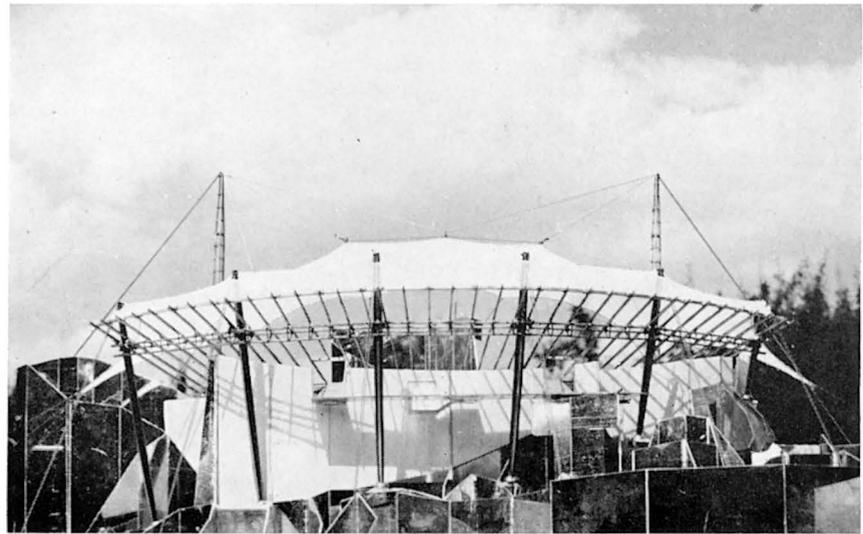
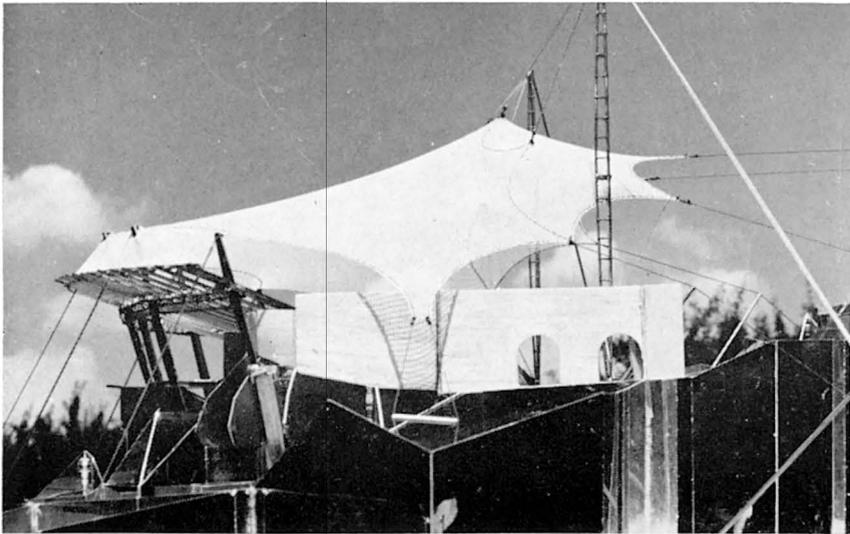
The structure is of wood post and beam relating to the inter-penetrating functional spaces. Exterior and interior walls are of 2" vertical boards.

Direct access to the living area from the foyer is avoided in an attempt to gently progress through the spaces rather than abruptly move from the smallest to the largest space.

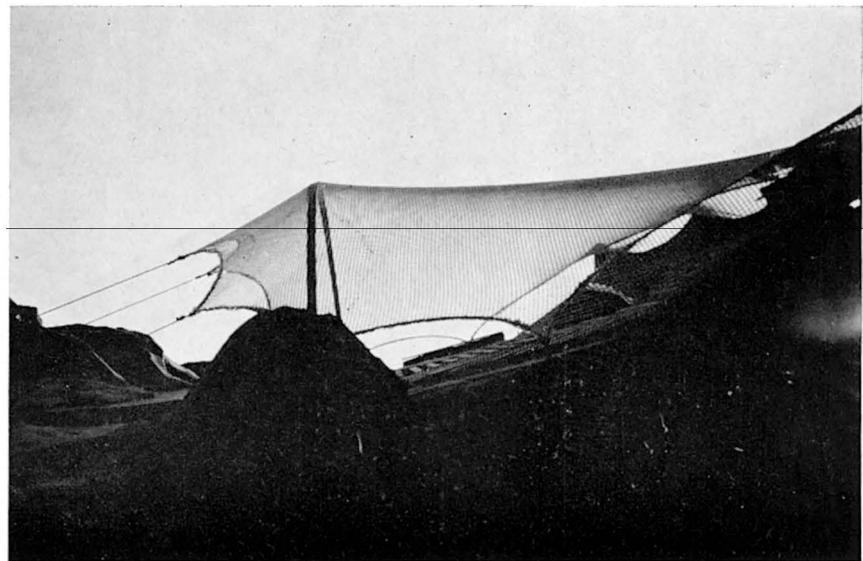




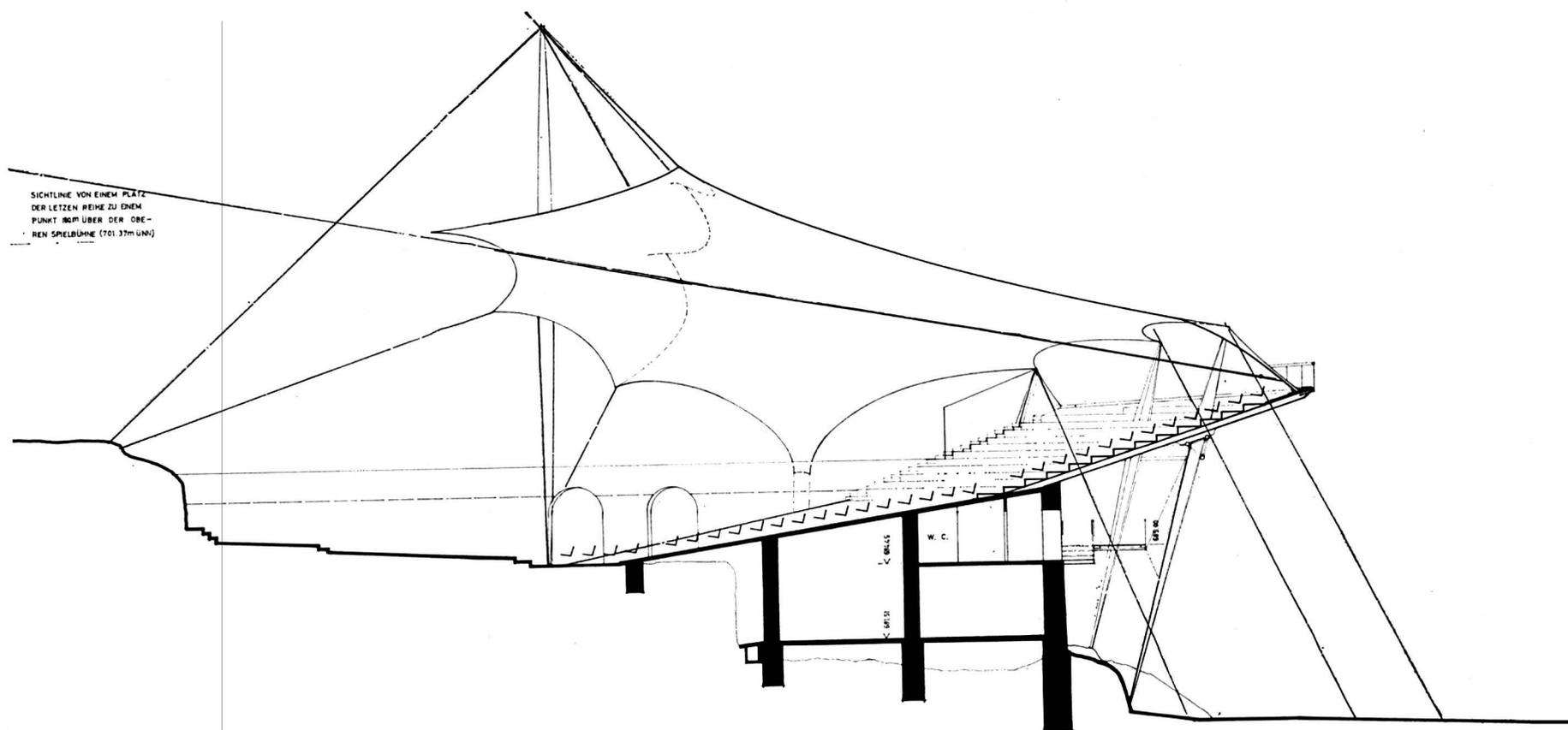
OPEN-AIR THEATER BY FREI OTTO, ARCHITECT



In one possible variation, two steel columns, instead of the steel arch, support the skin



Side view showing the steeply rising tiers



Section, showing extension of the stands

The uncertainty of the weather is a constant handicap for open-air theaters which must of necessity be protected from the rain. Solid roofs are not a good solution as they are in contradiction to the feeling of open nature. A happy answer to the problem is the sail or tent type of roof as it has been devised by Dr. Frei Otto for the theater in Wunsiedel, Germany.

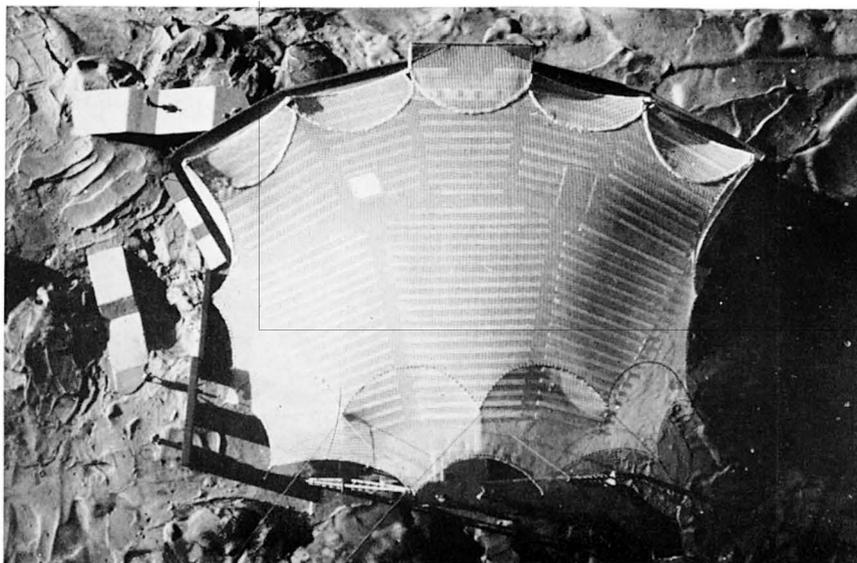
For several years now, Dr. Otto has worked intensively on the development of the tent roofs which have been used mainly to shelter public exhibitions. Surprisingly, little use has been made in modern open-air theaters of the sail or tent roof, though it is well known that in ancient times such roofs protected amphitheatres from the sun and improved their acoustics. The much lower cost of such hanging roofs when compared with the usual massive roof construction is another advantage in their favor.

The tent roof of the Wunsiedel theater is composed of square mesh steel netting, each mesh being approximately 17" x 17", supported by a steel arch, and anchored to the ground on all sides, thus forming a stiff membrane. For protection against the rain this "roof skin" is impregnated with a transparent Fiberglas reinforced polyester skin.

Because of their transparency, their light construction, their airy tent shapes, these hanging roofs are in harmony with the open theaters they shelter from the weather.



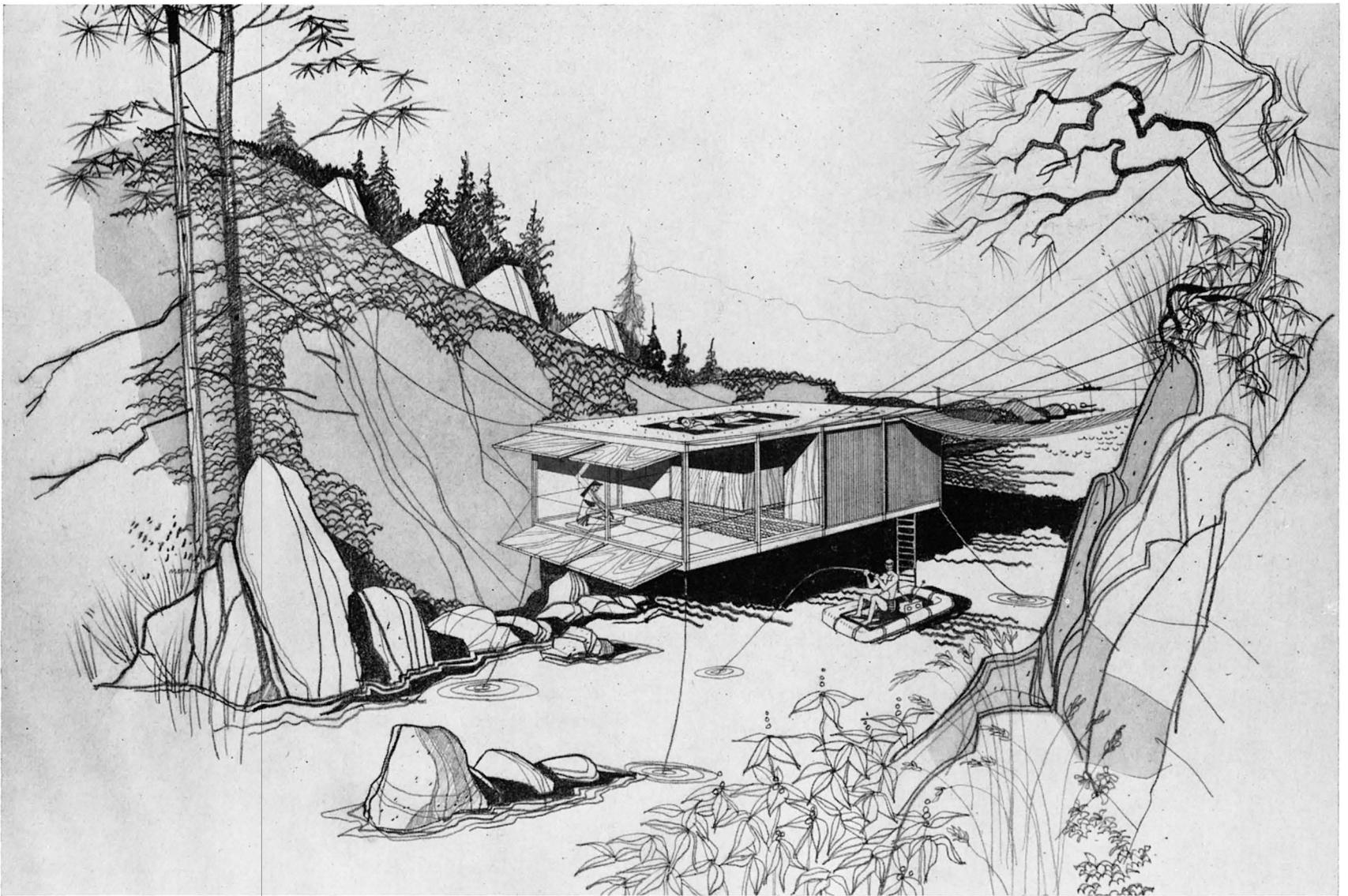
Looking from the stage entrance towards the tiers



Bird's eye view from the stage side



Bird's eye view of the theater



A WEEKEND HOUSE BY RICHARD NEVARA

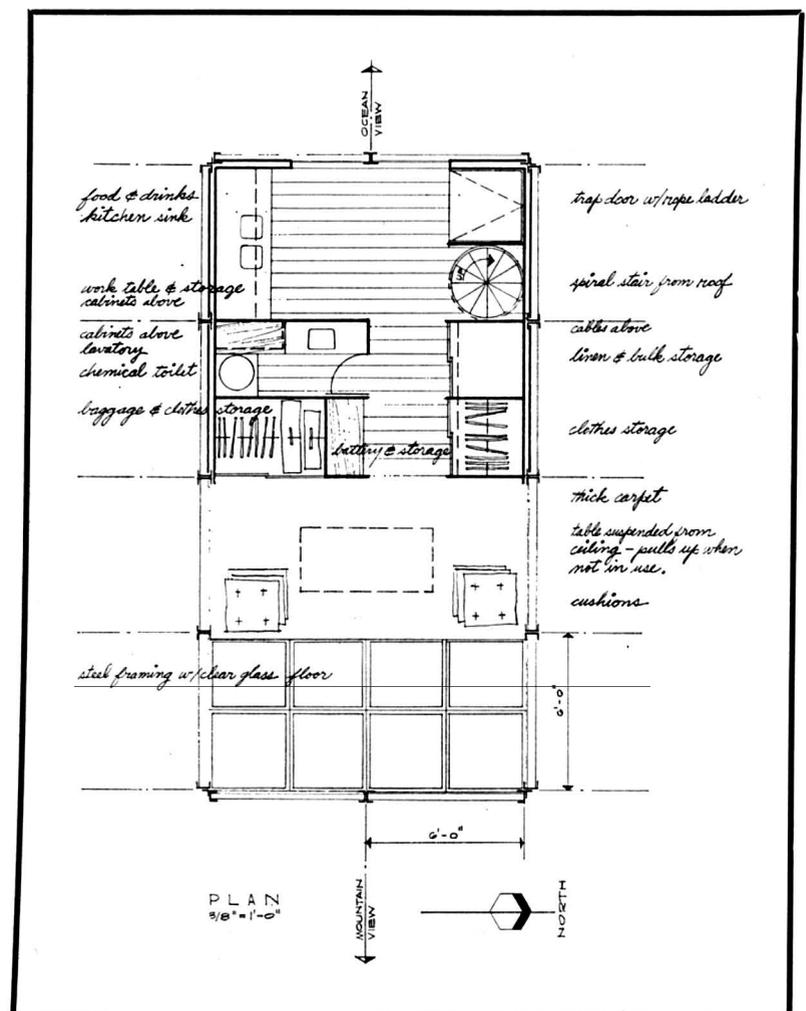
The site is a canyon housing a mountain stream which flows into the ocean. Site selection was based on the spectacular views of mountains, forest, stream, and ocean.

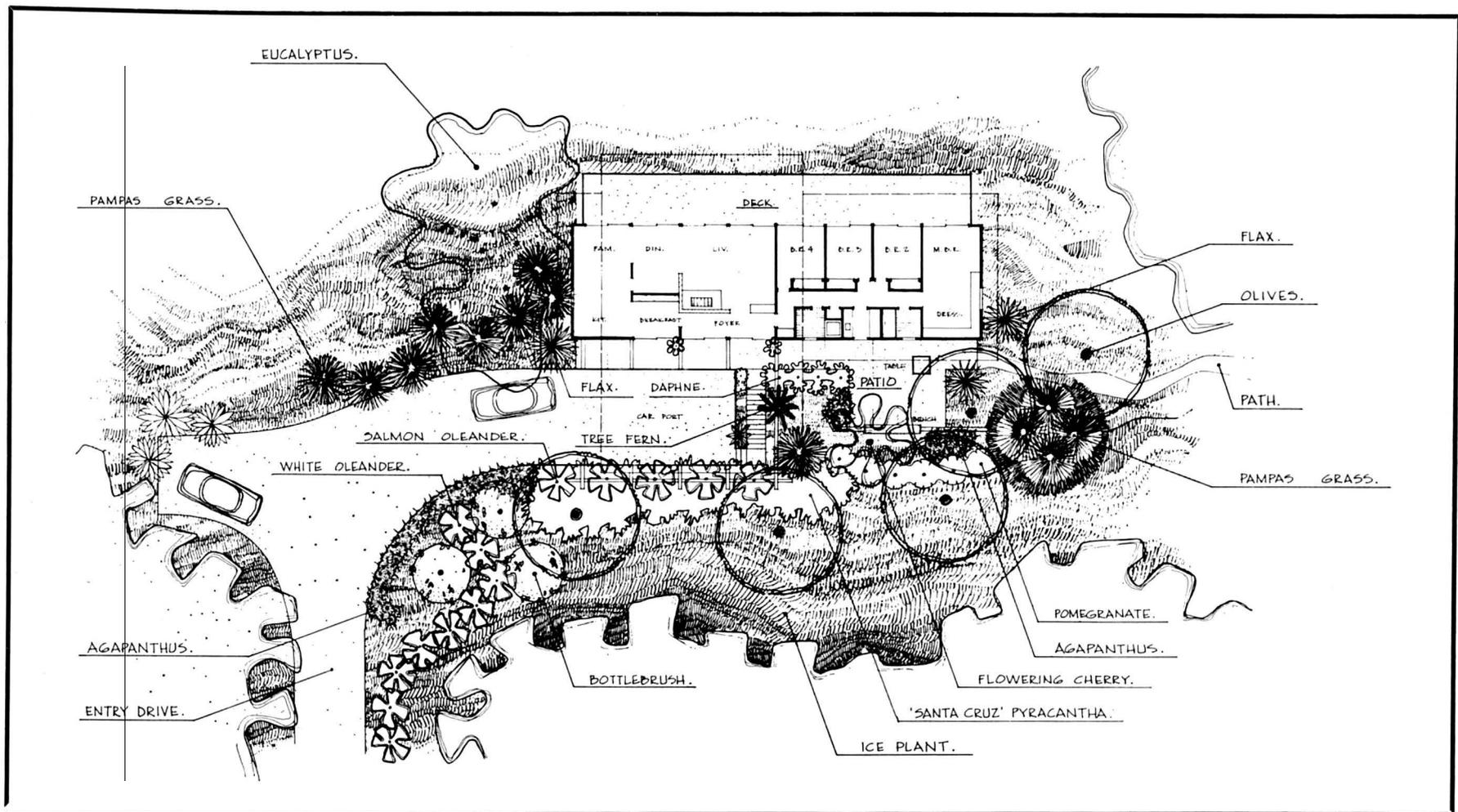
The structure is suspended from cables imbedded in concrete piers. It consists of 12 prefabricated steel sections 6 ft. by 9 ft. high, welded together. This frame is stabilized from wind-sway by cables attached to concrete units in the water.

Heat is provided by a hibachi, ventilation by sliding glass windows. Batteries provide lighting. Shutters (which also control sun and water glare) and wire glass windows give protection from vandalism. Refrigeration is by a portable cold box brought in, and cooking is done by sterno heat and hibachi. Drinking water is brought in from jugs from the "main land" while water for washing is taken from the stream. Toilet is chemical.

There are no furniture units except a low dining table suspended from the ceiling by piano wires. Cushions serve as seats.

The transparent glass floor at one end of the structure lends excitement, and permits full views of the surrounding elements.





CASE STUDY HOUSE NO. 26 BY DAVID THORNE, ARCHITECT

FOR THE MAGAZINE, ARTS & ARCHITECTURE, IN ASSOCIATION WITH BETHLEHEM STEEL

ECKBO, DEAN AND WILLIAMS, LANDSCAPE ARCHITECTS
DON MOYER, CONSULTING STRUCTURAL ENGINEER
BUILDER: 20TH CENTURY HOMES

See ARTS & ARCHITECTURE, October 1962, for structural details

For merit specified products see page 28

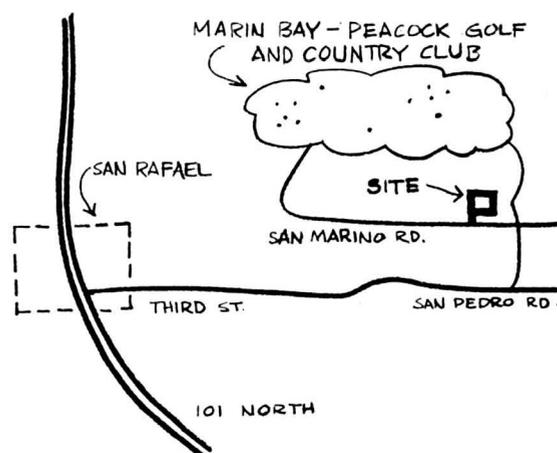
PROGRESS REPORT: The floor plan, as shown above, has been flipped for economic reasons, but after construction began and we were able to be in the space of the living room we found that it was far superior orientation-wise. The view and privacy relationships were improved and the brighter light of the southern sky was better in the kitchen-family-living area and made the clerestory space really sing. This is one of those times when an economic decision improved the total architecture. This fact is borne out by the decision made in the field to open up the two western elevation-corners to the view.

The opening of the corners (mitered glass without mullion) created a more interesting vista from within since the profile of the distant mountain and the surrounding hillsides came into view. This feature was carefully studied on the site, placing plywood panels to form the openings as it was feared that the corners would become weak. However, we found that since the end columns were larger than the intermediate modules, (these end columns are larger, with the x - x axes perpendicular to the long axis of the house to take care of wind and earthquake shears) the open corners actually made the solution stronger architecturally and permitted the steel structure to state the way in which it was working.

The other minor change, or actually not so

much a change but an anticipated, "field-set by the architect", condition, was the extension of the low room into the clerestory space to control the privacy of the living and dining room occupants from anyone driving into the carport. It has been set so that the driver can see through the house to the hills and golf course beyond but not anyone in the rooms. This, I feel, will achieve the sense-of-arrival situation I wanted.

—DAVID THORNE



The house, now under construction, is located in Northern California, at 177 San Marino Drive, San Rafael, California, and will be open for private showing to professionals in the architectural field from November 16 to November 20, and for public viewing daily from 12 p.m. to 5 p.m., from November 21 to December 31, 1962.

LANDSCAPING NOTES: Case Study House No. 26 is a demonstration of how to build on a steeply sloping site without tearing up the natural terrain in the way usually required by conventional building.

It is neither accident nor whimsey that such a solution is concerned with our vanishing natural landscape. Rather, it is the result of responsiveness to the urges of our times, made possible and practical by the development of industry and technique.

The house is a space platform for living and provides all the average requirements of indoor space, as well as outdoor living space. The garden area can, to some degree, be left in its natural state because of the spatial separateness of the living floor and garden floor. We chose in this case to allow the natural hillside grasses and Chapparral (Baccharis and Toyon) to remain on the lower and north sides of the house so that the effect on those two sides is that of the natural slope sweeping up underneath the overhanging platform.

On the uphill, or entry side (east), we have planted ground covers, shrubs and trees in rich variety, because it is here that the house platform comes close to grade, a feeling of intimacy exists and a garden in the old or normal sense is an appropriate contrast to our natural Chapparral landscape. The olive trees provide privacy from the house above and were chosen

(Continued on page 30)

I have decided to talk on the subject "Some Reservations About the Power of Environment," so I should emphasize at once that my intention is not by any means to minimize its importance, or especially the value of our awareness of this importance.

A student of history in particular may first remark how novel such awareness is, and how much difference it has made in our thinking. Although we may find it as far back as Herodotus, and note all along some observations about the power of custom, Plato and Aristotle set the fashion for almost all serious thinkers after them by philosophizing about man and society as if Herodotus had never written, erecting Greek customs into universal principles; Greek beliefs into eternal verities; and later thinkers in Europe simply substituted "Christian" for Greek. None saw that style in art, for example, was organically connected with society or a particular way of life. Little attention was paid to the pervasive power of the social environment before such writers as Montesquieu and Voltaire in the eighteenth century, and very little study of it was made before the last century, when history, sociology, and anthropology became major branches of inquiry. And not until toward the end of this

am not always impressed by the historical sense shown in literary and academic circles, not to mention Congressional circles. Most generalizations about the needs of Man—especially his religious needs—come down to the needs of Western men, or more precisely of some Western men brought up in a particular cultural tradition. Thus when Mortimer Adler introduced some years ago his now popular program of the Great Books, he emphasized that these were designed to meet the permanent, basic needs of human nature, and he attacked the idea that education should fit a man to live in a particular time and place—rather it should make him a citizen of eternity; but he failed to consider how different his little citizens would look if educated, say, on a hundred Great Hindu Books. I suppose that in general what most needs to be emphasized is the power of culture over thought, and in particular, over basic assumptions—the assumptions that men are likely to take for granted, or as we say, that go without saying, and therefore without thinking.

I have also supposed, however, that the importance of environment will receive ample recognition. I have chosen rather to dwell on what seem to me some confusions that have been generated by professional students of the

ENVIRONMENT

BY HERBERT MULLER

century did the word "culture" acquire its present meaning of a whole way of life, the whole man-made environment.

Even so, most thinkers still had a limited awareness of its power. Voltaire was characteristic of the Age of Enlightenment in that he was interested primarily in the uniformities, not the diversities of human society. He assumed a universal, immutable human nature, befitting the beautifully regular laws of Newtonian nature; and though he spoke of "the empire of custom," in effect he implied that the discovery of this empire amounted to a conquest of it, by the sovereign power of Reason. This remained pretty much the basic assumption of most thinkers in the 19th century. Karl Marx, for instance, mistook European ways for universally valid principles in his ostensibly scientific analysis of the social environment; his historical theory of economic determinism was a reflection of a society in which economic interests had acquired a primacy such as they had had in no great society of the past. In our century Freud was still unaware that the "reality" he was seeking to adjust men to was a particular cultural reality, and that to some extent it had molded the psyche which he considered basically innate and uniform.

For that matter, a clear awareness of the empire of culture has not yet got into much serious thought. Although I keep hearing that modern men are very historically-minded, I

social or cultural environment—confusions of the basic issues raised by its obvious power. They bear on such stated objectives as the possibilities of fashioning our environment, the hopes of mastering it—not to mention the elementary objective of simply understanding it, getting perhaps a fuller, sharper awareness of both its power over us and our possible power over it.

To begin with, I want to put in some reservations about the truism that all our judgments are historically conditioned, culturally conditioned. I grew weary of this one at a conference of anthropologists I attended last summer, attended chiefly by British social anthropologists. Types very different, I hasten to add, from our Professor Lewis. Whenever they ventured some judgment, they all kept appending the remark, "Of course, I am culture-bound." There appeared to be a significant exception, or so I gathered from one who was more or less Marxist. An American liberal of my kind was obviously culture-bound, but an economic determinist was a pure objective scientist—not really culture-bound after all. Still, he too kept using this expression, conscientiously or maybe absent-mindedly; so I kept wondering whether it was any longer really very useful or even meaningful in such company. While it appeared that all attitudes are culture-bound, the anthropologists were expressing quite different attitudes. In our culture one may in fact subscribe to almost any con-

ceivable philosophy under the sun. On the face of it, it is in this respect a very permissive kind of environment, some might say not binding enough.

But in particular it seemed clear to me that these anthropologists were not strictly culture-bound. As anthropologists they were trained observers, who had achieved at least a measure of objectivity, of detachment from both our culture and the cultures they were studying. To me herein lies the very value of anthropology, and also of a study of history. It makes possible an understanding of different cultures or ways of life, an understanding at once sympathetic and to some extent impartial or scientific. With such knowledge men are no longer slaves of custom, no longer mere creatures of environment. They may hope to make more intelligent choices among the many different possible ways of thought and of life implicit in our own culture. Or if this power of understanding and of choice is itself a product of our culture, the fact remains that we are much more conscious of the social influences on our thought, and that this sometimes painful self-consciousness is to some extent an emancipation from bondage to environment, or from the tyranny of the past.

However, the anthropologists did not welcome this tribute to their profession. They bristled, too, at some casual observation I made in the paper I had been asked to contribute, on the subject of history. This naturally involved the history of civilization, and I had forgotten that "civilization" is a dirty word to anthropologists. It implies some disrespect for the "primitive societies" they study. Likewise, it implies that civilization is a higher state, which is a value judgment. Anthropologists have agreed with most social scientists that we have no logical right to pass such value judgments, because there is no basis for comparative evaluations of cultures and that such judgments are not the business of a scientist anyway. His business is merely to understand actual social behavior or social process. But again it seemed clear to me that in demanding respect for their so-called "primitive" peoples they were in effect plugging the values of sympathy, tolerance, liberality of spirit, and might almost be accused of displaying a Christian spirit. At the same time I noticed that in attacking the notion that "civilized" meant superior in any way they mostly passed very harsh judgments on our own civilization, so freely that one might think they felt culture-bound to do so.

Now, I take for granted the need of more respect for so-called primitive peoples, as for different ways of life in general. I also think, however, that we need to respect the values

of civilization, which among other things has meant a more conscious, less purely tribal culture, a wider range of thought and of choice, and now more freedom of choice in means to self-fulfillment. I find it easy to appreciate primitive art and myth, and still to believe that Shakespeare, Beethoven, and Michelangelo offer a considerably richer experience. At least the idea of good taste or fine taste in art involves such discriminations. Similarly with what are commonly called the "higher religions." I think even unbelievers can and in fact mostly do agree that they deserve to be called higher, at least in their ideal form, the teachings of Buddha, Jesus, and the other great founders. A historian in particular at least needs to consider seriously their claims to being considered higher; for though he too is apt to say it is not his business to judge, or to decide whether any historic change is for better or worse, the emergence of the higher religions was clearly a very important change in the history of civilization, and what made it important is as clearly the general belief that they represented a spiritual advance. But my anthropologists would have none of such ideas either, especially the economic determinist, who as a Marxist presumably knew

that all religion is merely an opiate for the masses, though this too looked to me like a value-judgment.

More broadly, I am concerned with the tendency to oversimplify and confuse the very difficult issue of the relativity of values. The fact of such relativity, I take it, is undeniable. It is due directly to the diversity of culture, and is perhaps the plainest example of the power of environment. The realization of such relativity also has an apparent value, in terms of appreciation of rich diversity, emancipation from cultural conceit, breadth of view, openness for new possibility. I should add that I myself do not believe in absolute standards of goodness and beauty, or of truth beyond strictly verifiable knowledge. In history—especially the history of Western Christendom—I should stress the common dangers of such absolutism, in bigotry, tyranny, persecution of heresy or dissent—dangers that are now apparent again in Communism.

Yet I used the forbidden word "value" regarding the awareness of relativity. As I see it, it involves the positive values, once more, of tolerance and liberality, or finally of simple humanity, decency, sanity. While the effort of social scientists and historians to avoid value judgments is surely quite understandable and honorable, as an effort at objective, impartial, disinterested understanding, I believe they're kidding themselves smuggling in values without paying the intellectual import duties. With

a historian, notions about value not only influence his interpretations or conclusions but his selection of the facts, his initial decision as to what are the important facts—a decision that necessarily involves some assumptions (generally silent) about what is natural, normal, or good for man. Outside our professional studies, at any rate, we all do keep on judging and we must judge. It is our very business as responsible thinkers to judge. We are necessarily concerned with values insofar as we take seriously any possibility of refashioning or controlling our environment, since we must have ends in view and presumably would agree that our means ought to be civilized and humane. Our problem then is to find firm grounds for our judgments, short of any claim to scientific certainty; and though I assume that it is neither possible nor necessary—nor even desirable—to reach any absolute agreement, I also think it important to assert good reasons for believing that our choices are not merely the subjective preferences or the cultural prejudices that social scientists often say they are.

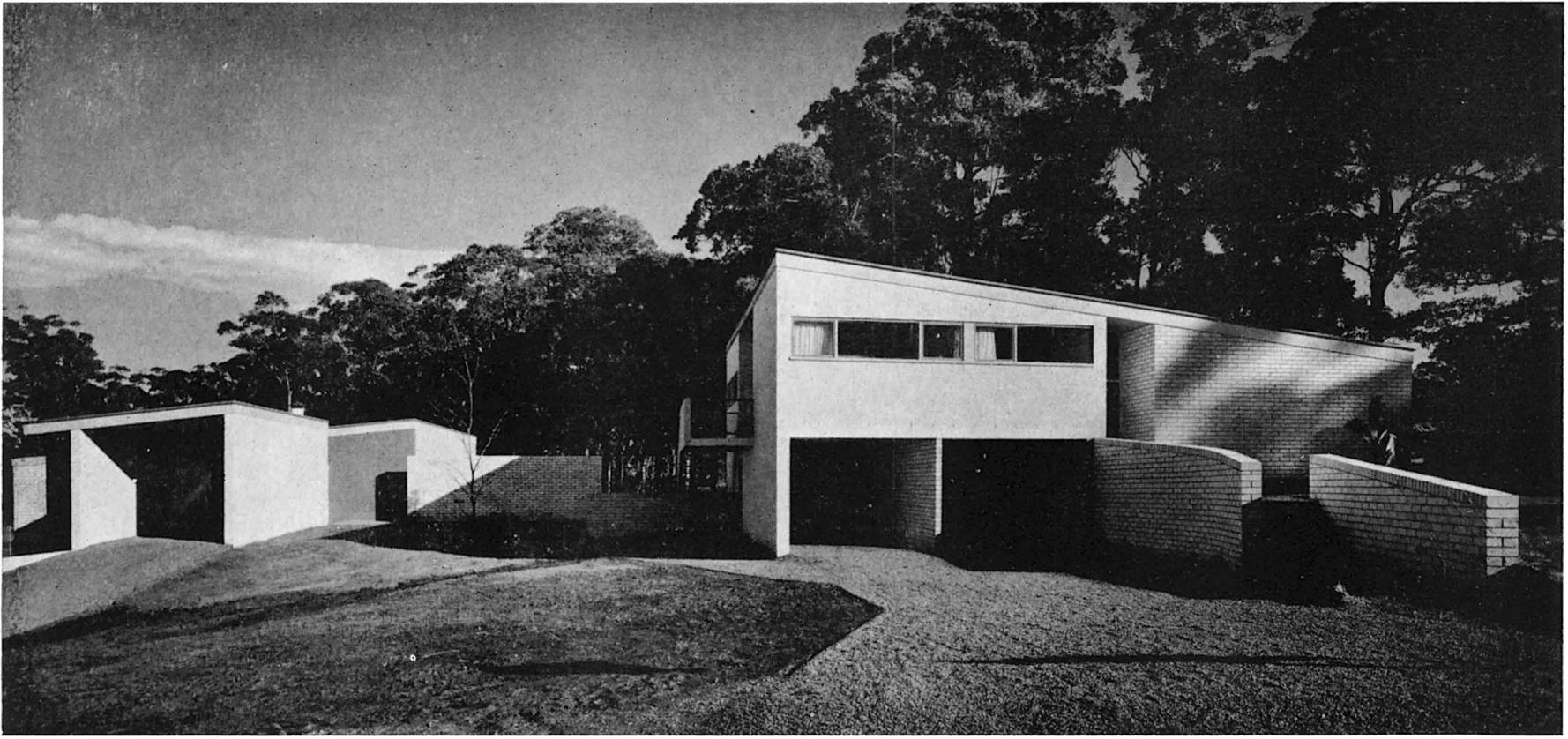
The obvious test case remains Hitler's extermination of some millions of Jews in cold blood. One could say that this was just an old medieval custom; the Germans have their ways,

A paper given at the International Design Conference — Aspen, Colorado, 1962. Professor Herbert Muller is author, historian, and distinguished professor of English and Government at Indiana University.

and we have ours; and who is to judge? I want to say flatly, with a clear intellectual conscience, that it was an evil thing. But I'm also concerned about standards of judgment at home, in particular judgments of cultural values. Social scientists may unwittingly encourage the sloppy kind of relativism that invites the anarchy or the barbarism exploited by the mass media.

As ordinary Americans put it, every man to his own opinions, his own tastes. They confuse the democratic sentiment that every man has a right to his own opinion with the fallacy that any opinion is as good as any other, or more precisely that their opinion is as good. So they resent any criticism of their cheap tastes, any effort to maintain cultural standards of excellence. By this confusion, they manage to be something like absolutists too: Pretty sure of the rightness of their opinions and tastes, and as complacent about the superiority of the American way of life over all other ways. Again I want to say flatly that if a hundred million Americans like to feed their minds on trash, it's trash just the same. And again I should add that such downright judgments may be warranted simply by a knowledge of history and culture. Emphasis on the relativity of values has obscured the universals of culture, based on universal impulses or apparent needs of men; the impulses to cooperate and to "belong" — to inquire and understand, or enjoy at least the illusion of understanding; to

(Continued on page 28)



TWO AUSTRALIAN HOUSES BY HARRY SEIDLER, ARCHITECT

These split-level houses built for an exhibition on sloping ground show how adjacent houses can complement each other and create privacy and desirable space relationships between themselves. It was aimed to produce economically planned and constructed houses that adjust themselves to the varying conditions of different sites, slopes and orientation. The plans are such that they can be used readily on almost any site by simple alterations

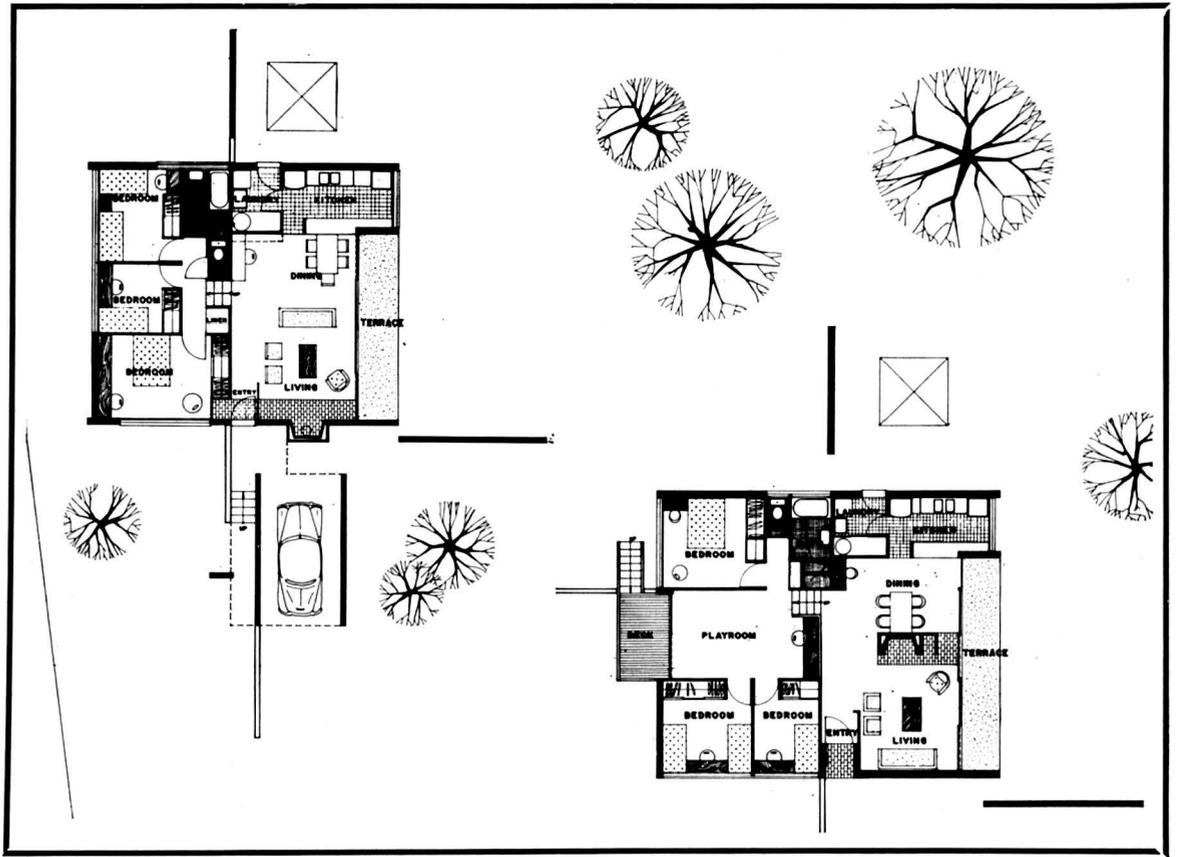
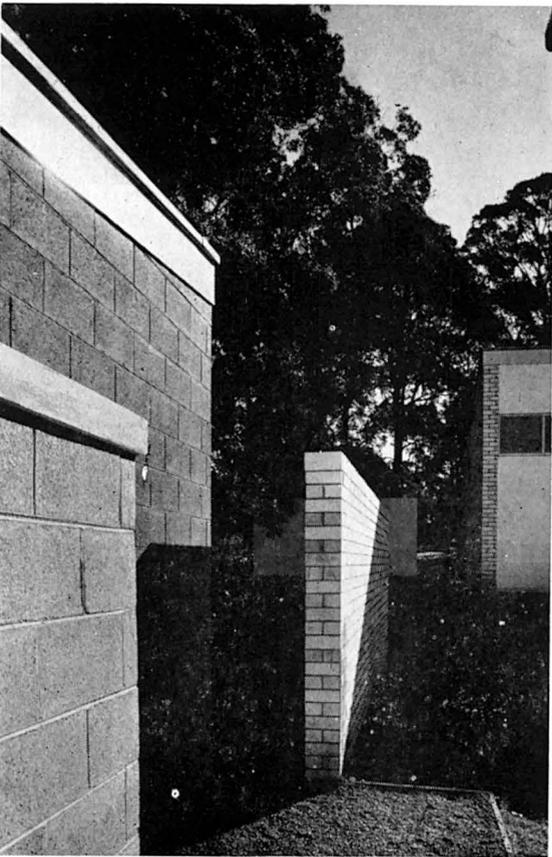
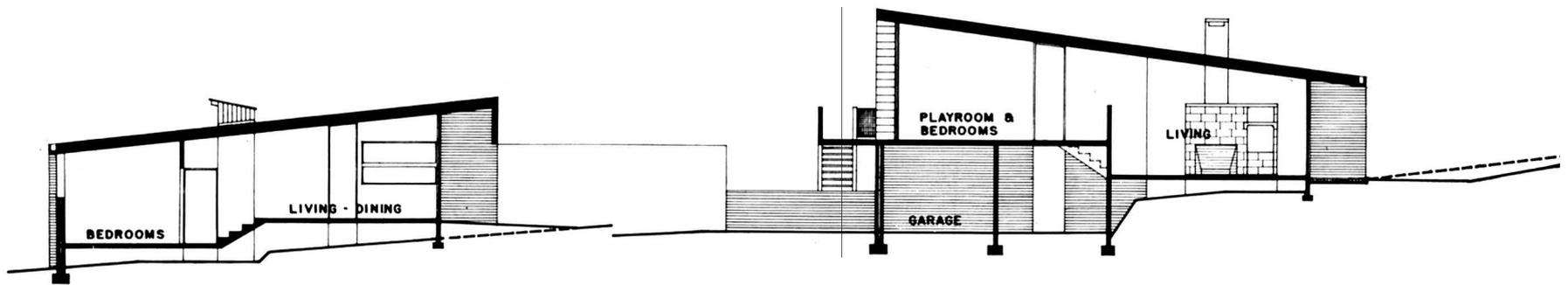
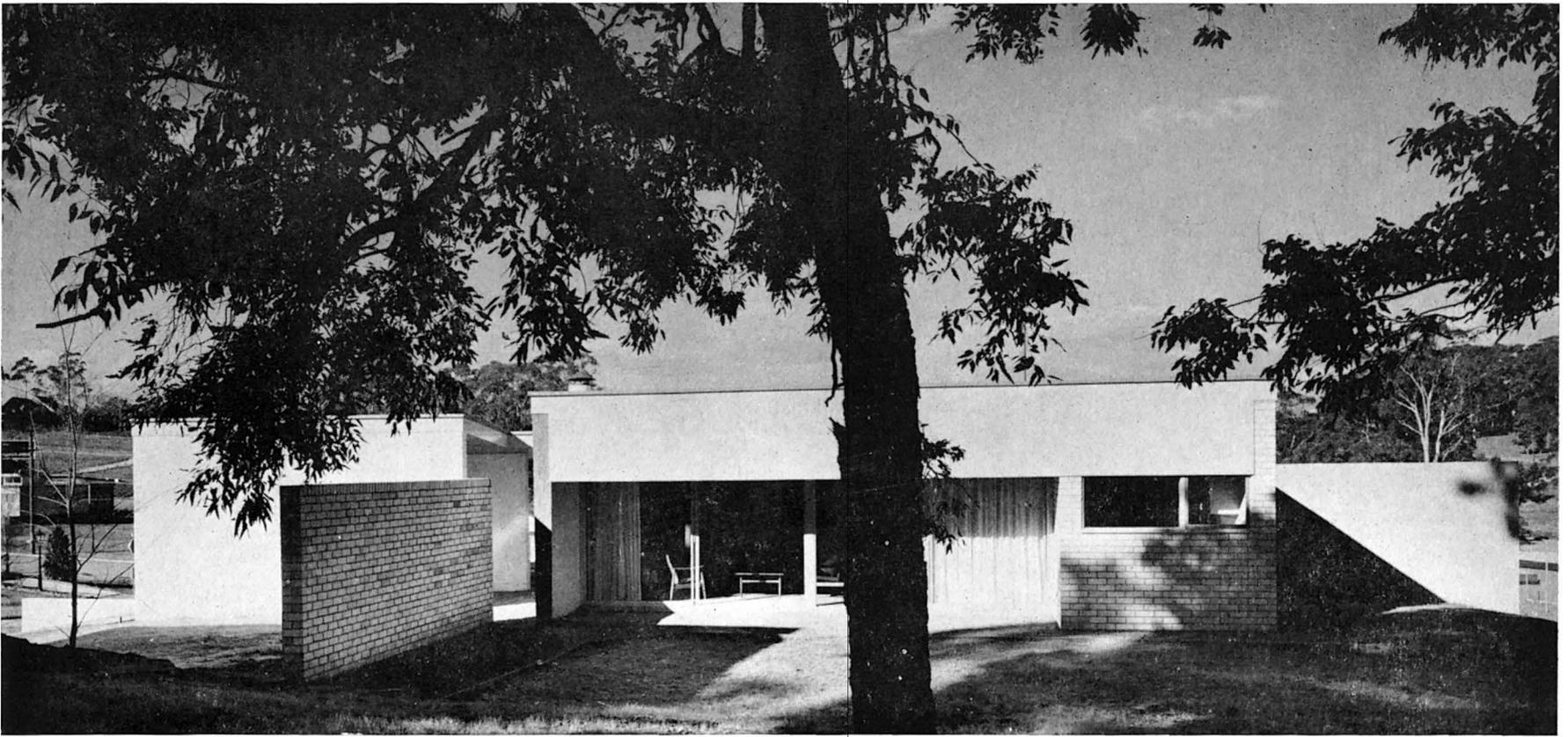
to the approach and details of layout.

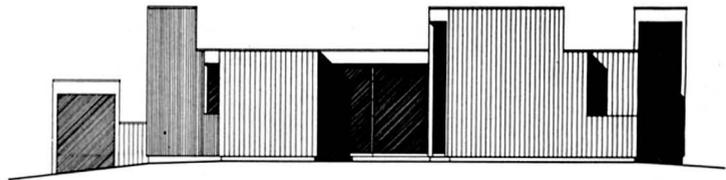
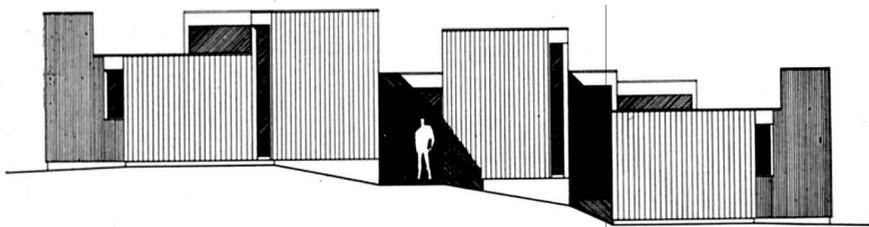
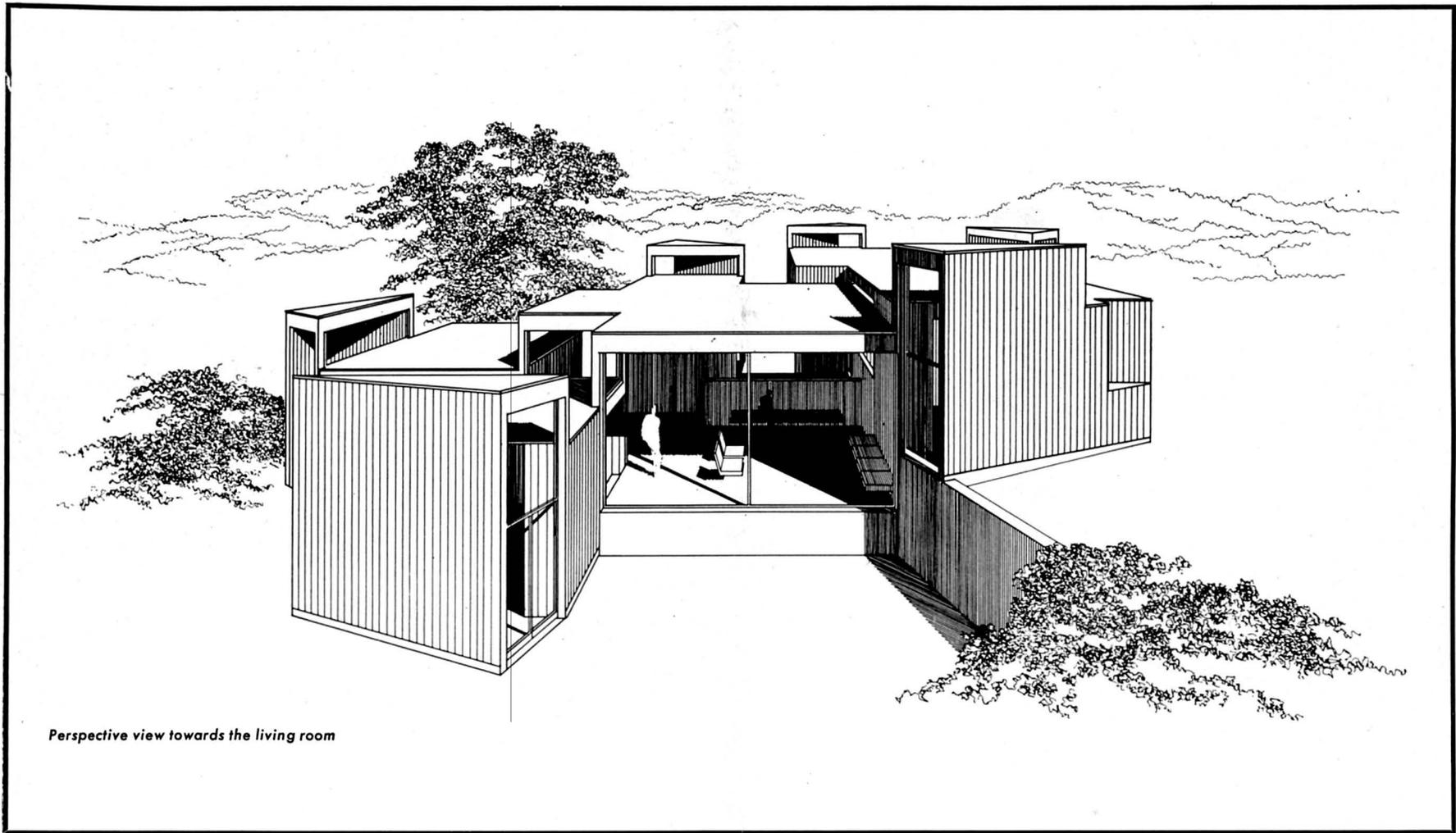
Being located on the west side of a street running approximately north-south, living rooms face to the north toward the side boundaries. The large glass areas are deeply recessed and protected by roof overhangs and downturns. Privacy is achieved by staggering the houses and by screen walls creating open courtyards.

The larger house located uphill, has three

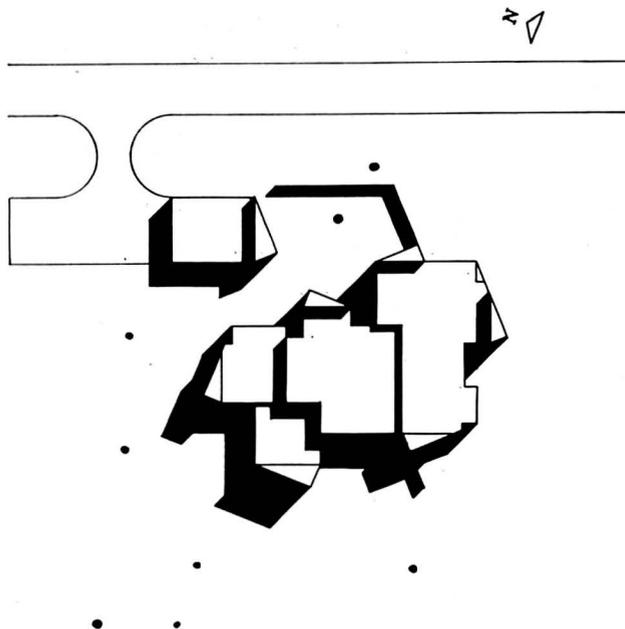
levels with a lower-floor double garage and center living floor which extends to a higher level play area and bedrooms. The interior open space is divided by a free-standing fireplace. The smaller house has a simple two-level plan with a connected carport in front. The one-way pitched roofs of the houses slope in opposing directions following their floor levels. Construction is of facebrick and white, blue and mustard concrete block walls.







HOUSE BY MARTIN PRICE



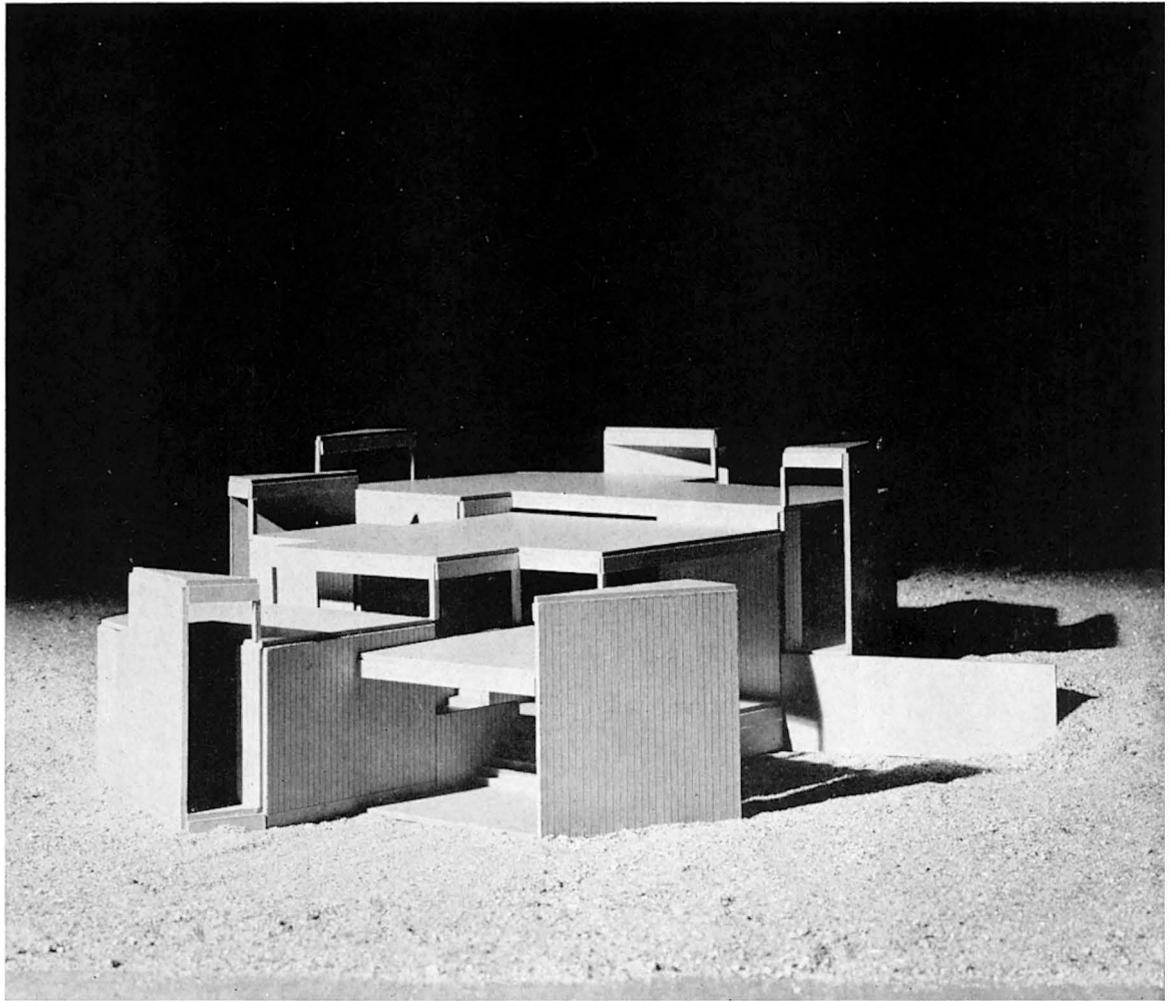
KEY TO PLAN

1 entry	6 children's living
2 kitchen	7 living
3 boys' bedrooms	8 porch
4 bath	9 master bedroom
5 girl's bedroom	10 dining

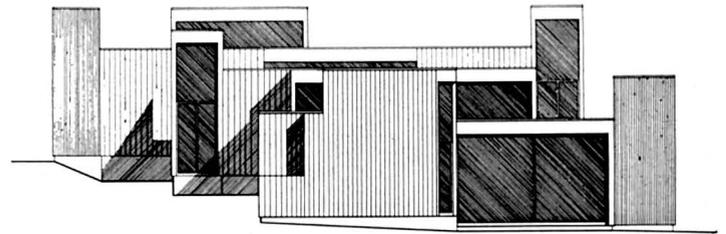
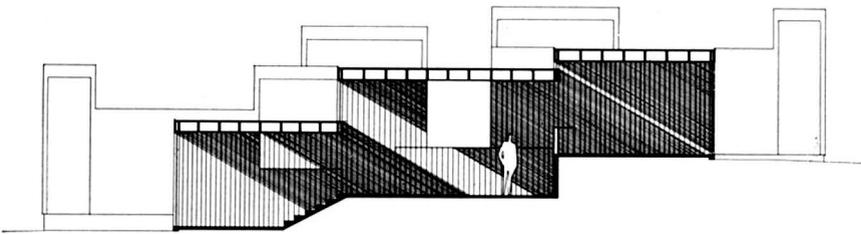
The house is an assemblage of the above parts with the open living spaces defined by the placement of the enclosed cooking and sleeping rooms.

The house sits on a gently sloping site permitting a series of descending interpenetrating living spaces. Since the roof levels correspond to the floor levels the descending planes create a series of clerestories. The juxtaposition and manipulation of the spaces, provides many corners into which one can retreat yet provides a continuity of unfolding advancing and retreating forms and vistas.

This project, for Mr. and Mrs. Lazarus, is to be located in Lafayette, California. There is an area for the five children at one end of the house, the four boys aged 6, 7, 11, and 13 are separated from the girl, aged 10, by the children's living space. Two feet below are the entry, and a kitchen with "counter eating facilities", (the simplest way for a housewife to feed five children). This overlooks the living space with a formal dining area adjacent to the kitchen in front of the master bedroom.



View of the house with the porch in the foreground

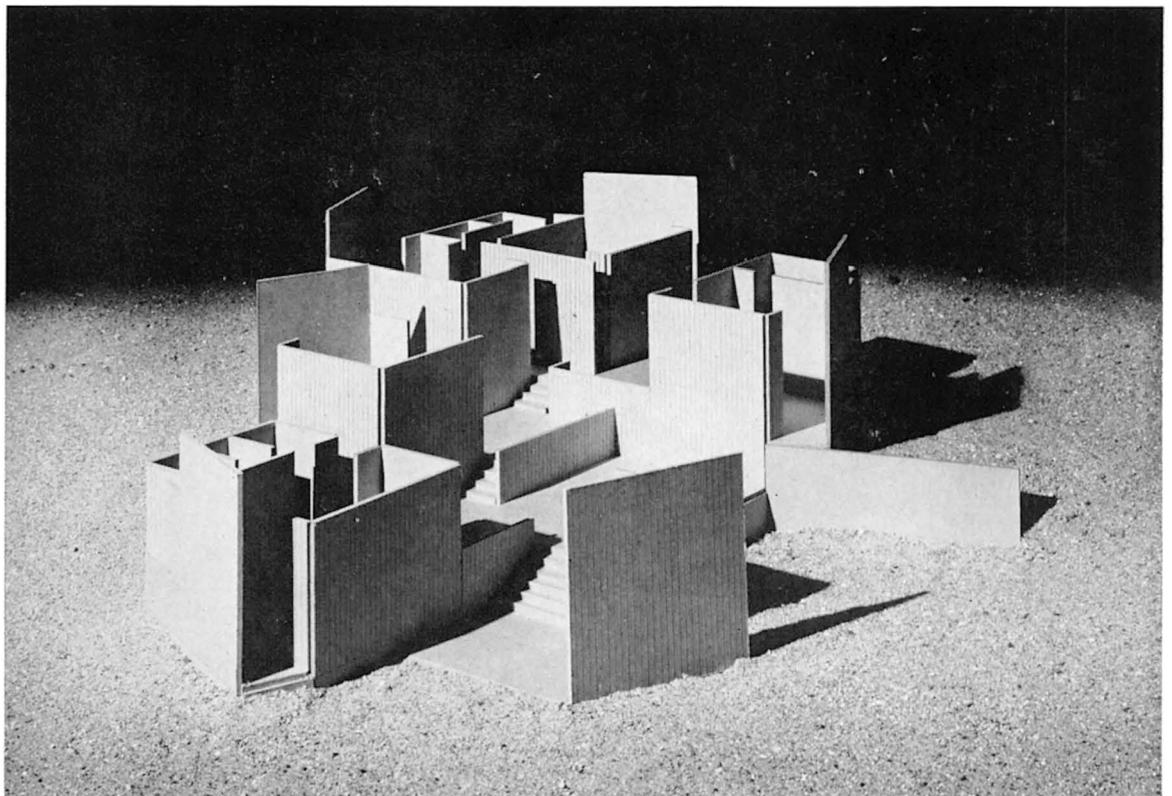


PHOTOGRAPHS BY HEDRICH-BLESSING

Then below and opening up from one corner of the living area is a porch. Privacy was the object in designing the bedrooms. This gave expression to the "reaching out for light" by opening one wall past 90 degrees and raising this wall to permit a clerestory. The wall is then returned to 90 degrees in the baths which provides the same "reaching for light".

The house is related to a view which is toward the west. A solid wall provides a means of protection and escape from the late sun. "The effect of setting the living area two feet above grade, is that of a platform with no indoor-outdoor nonsense."

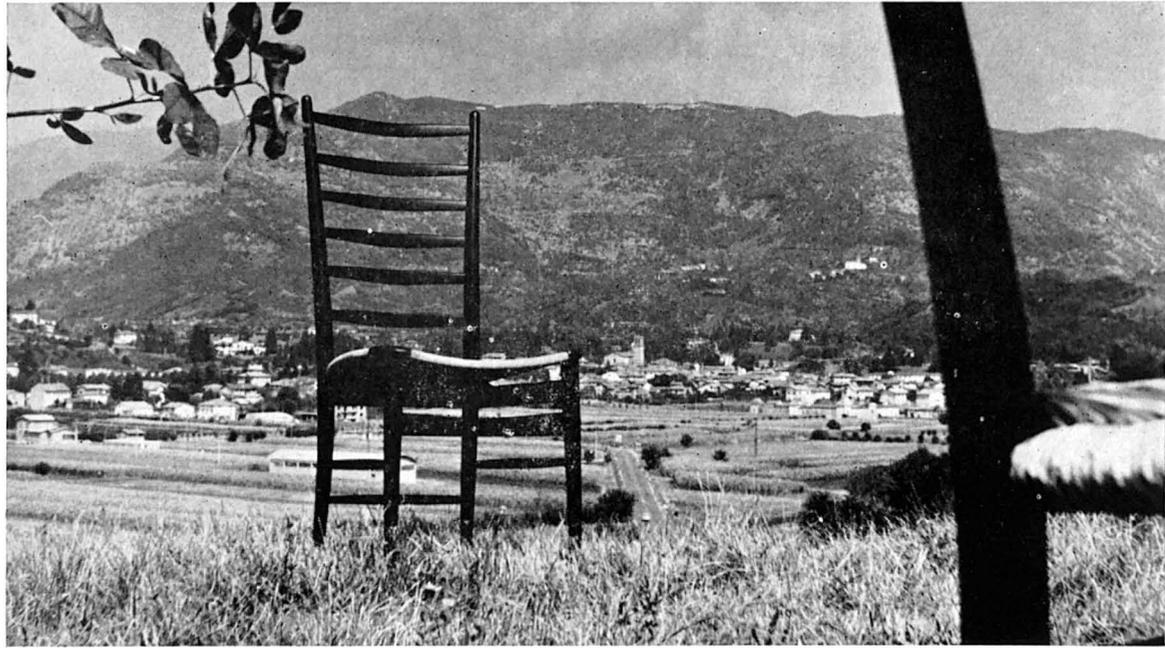
Walls will be stud with exterior and interior covered in bleached redwood, 6" siding. Roof joists and beams will be covered inside with the same 6"-wide redwood allowing for less care in framing and more space for thermal insulation.



View of the house with roofs removed showing various floor levels



CHAIRS FROM UDINE, ITALY



4

These low-cost, knock-down chairs of elm, beech and some hard woods are mass-produced in towns around Udine, between Venice and Trieste, a traditional furniture producing center. The designers rely to some extent upon the principle of the Chiavari chair, conceived over a century ago in the town of Chiavari near Genoa. The principle embodies lightness, grace and good proportions; it travels well in time and geography.

Two of the larger firms around Udine are Zilio of Corno di Rosazzo and Sabot of Manzano; others whose products are shown are Francovig of San Giovanni al Natisone and Tonon of Manzano. Designers for the latter two are several young architects working under the title Studio Tipi; they are Piero Palange, Werther Toffoloni and others.

1. Beechwood chair with wool upholstered seat. Design by Studio Tipi for Tonon.

2. Natural or stained beechwood chair. Francovig, San Giovanni al Natisone.

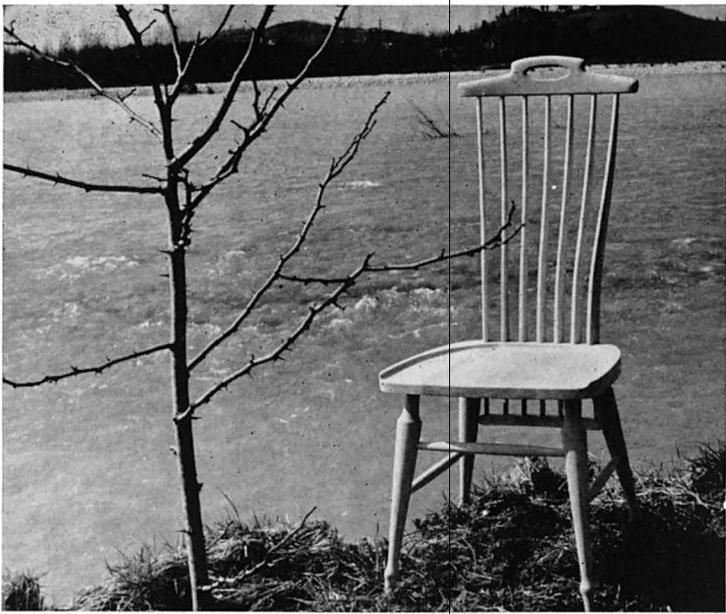
3. Chair from Francovig in beech and beech plywood.

4. Chairs in the Chiavari spirit with rush and wicker seats. Black matte finish on elm. From Zilio in Corno di Rosazzo.

5. Stained beech chairs from Francovig.

6. A variation on the Chiavari from Tonon in Manzano.

7. Another version of the Chiavari from Zilio.



2



3



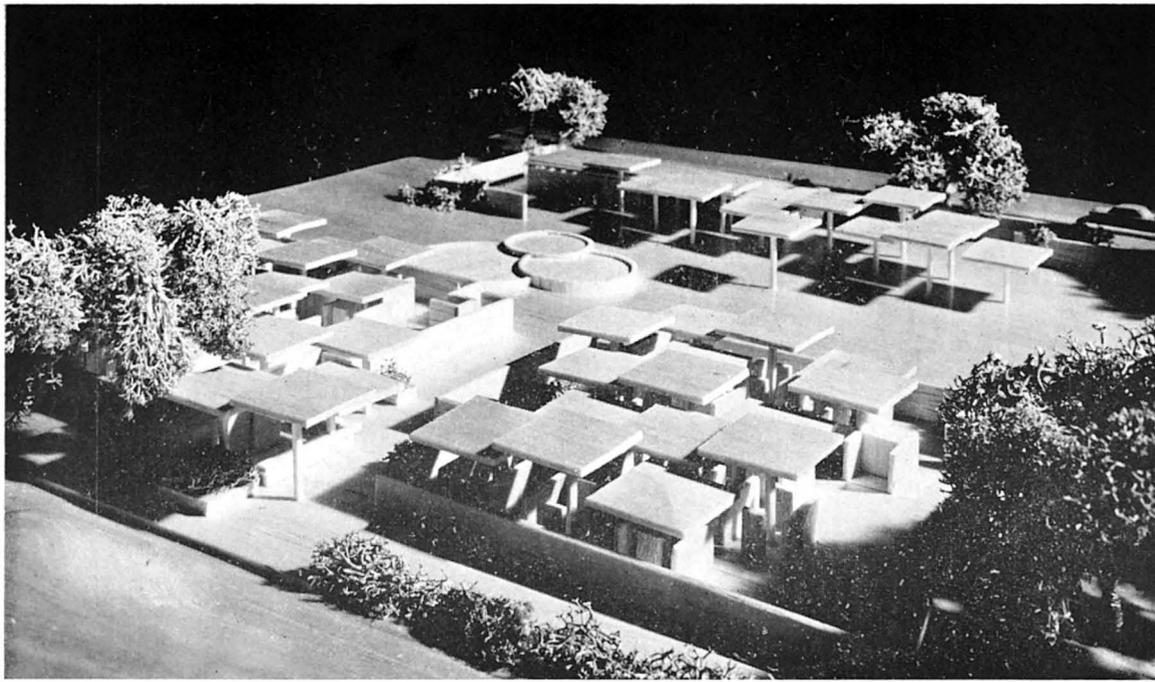
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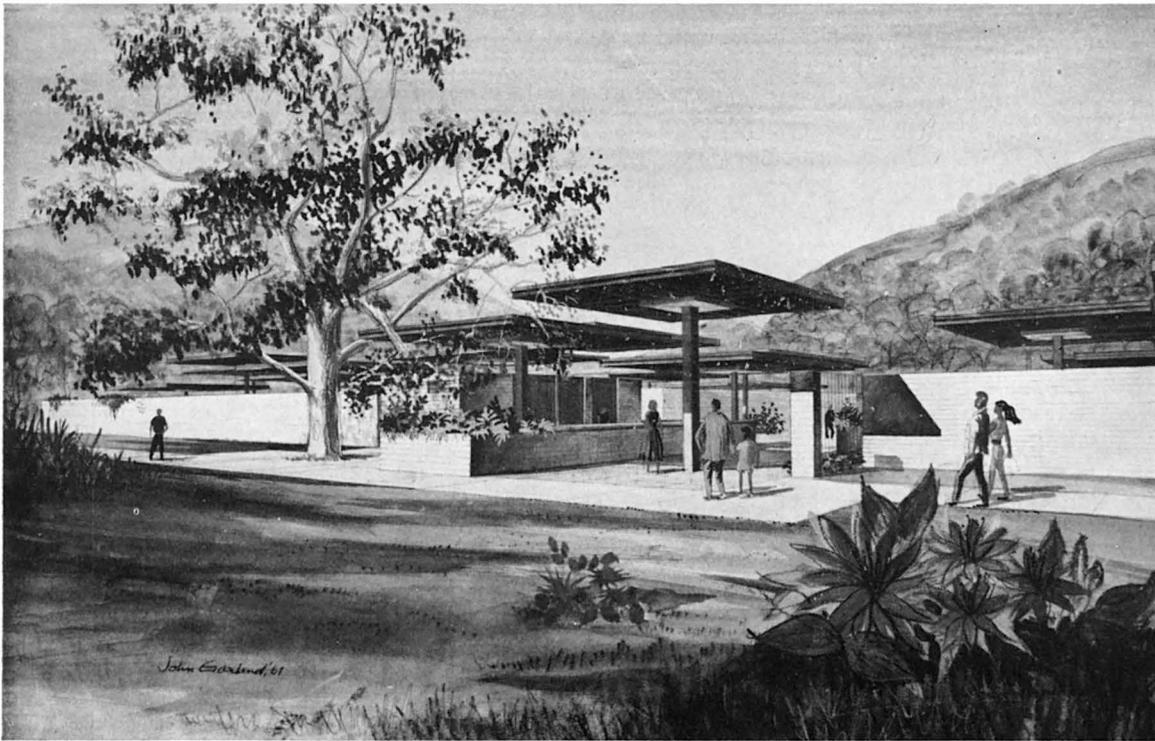
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A RECREATION PARK

BY GOSTA EDBERG,

ARCHITECT

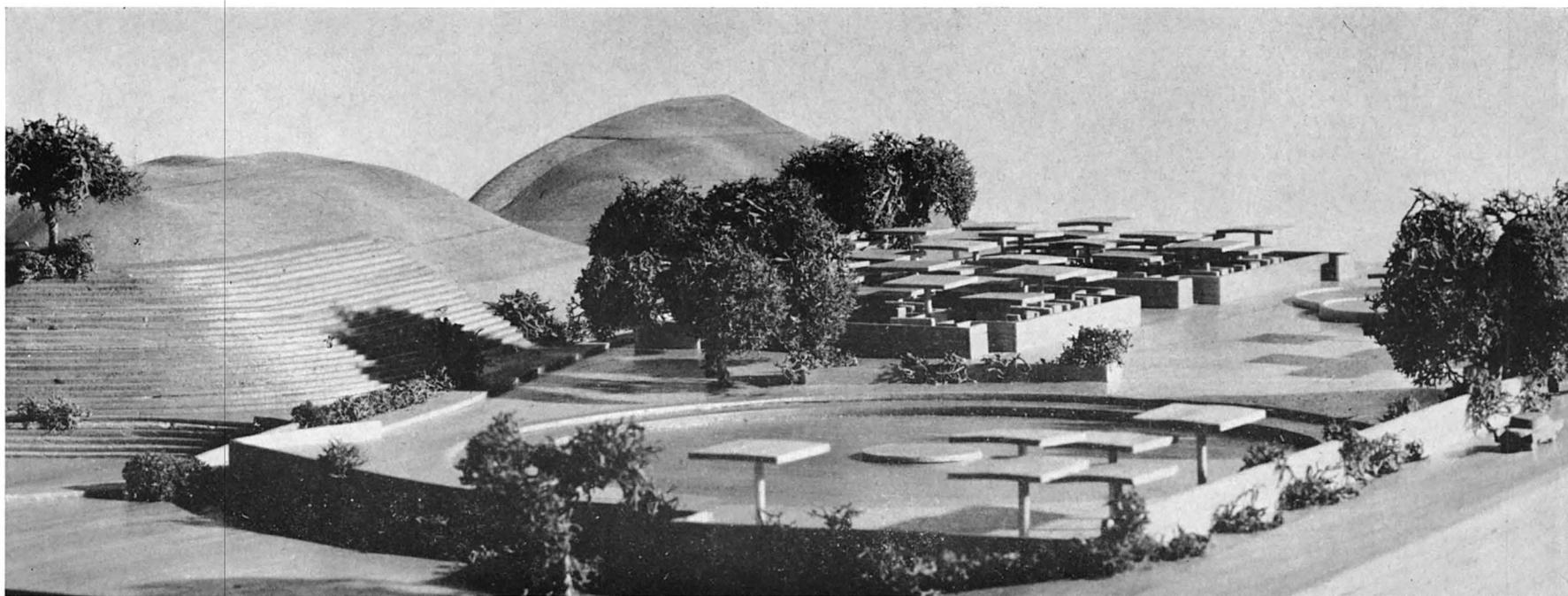


The design shown here is a part of a re-development project for a recreation park in California. Dressing-rooms for bathing guests and a soda-fountain are planned around a swimming-pool.

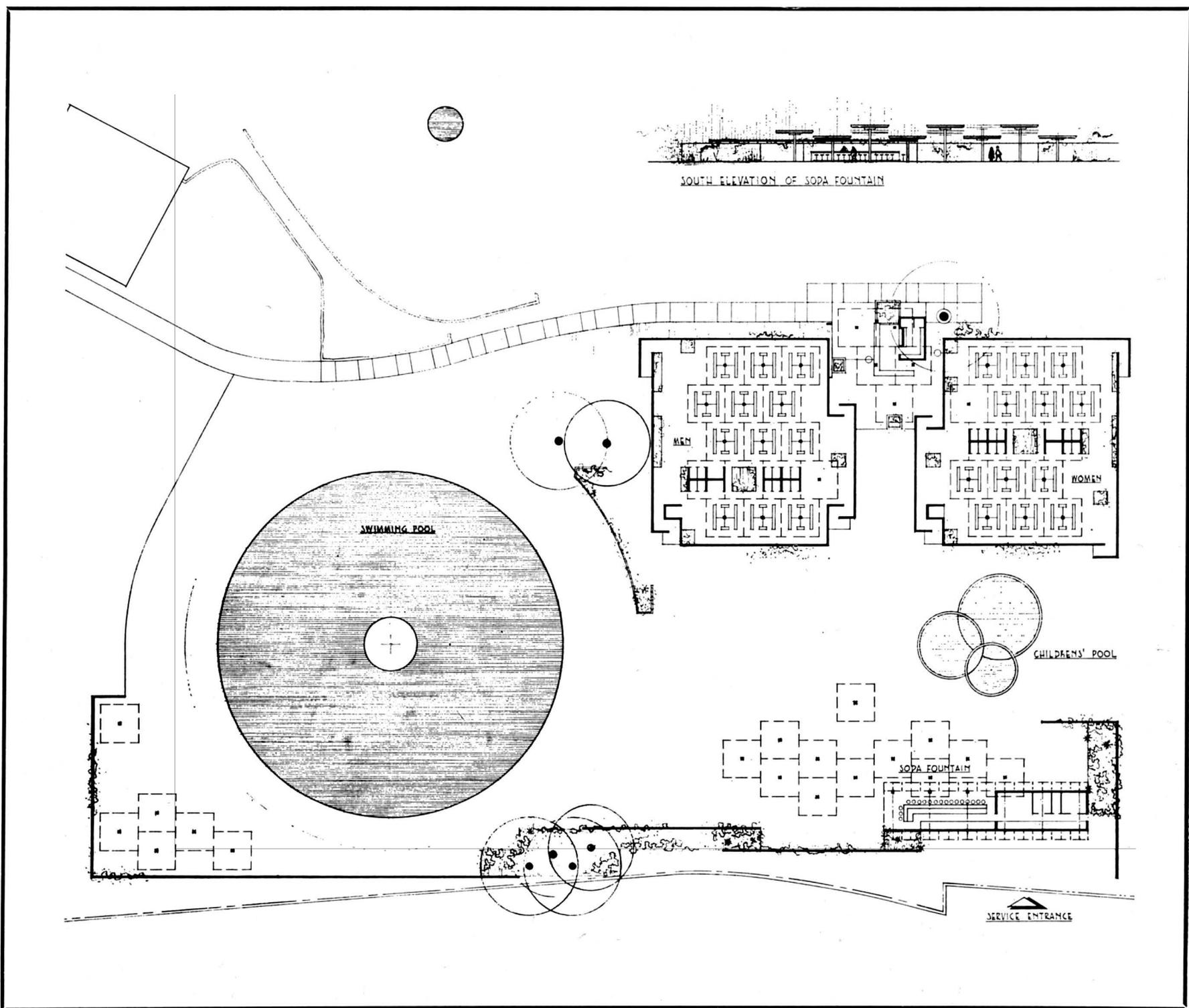
For all structures, a unit in the form of a "mushroom" with concrete stem and redwood roof is being used. The height of the stem is varied in between adjacent units so as to achieve a feeling of spaciousness and openness; also light is permitted to enter under the roofs and rain-water can be led to downspouts on the lowest mushrooms.

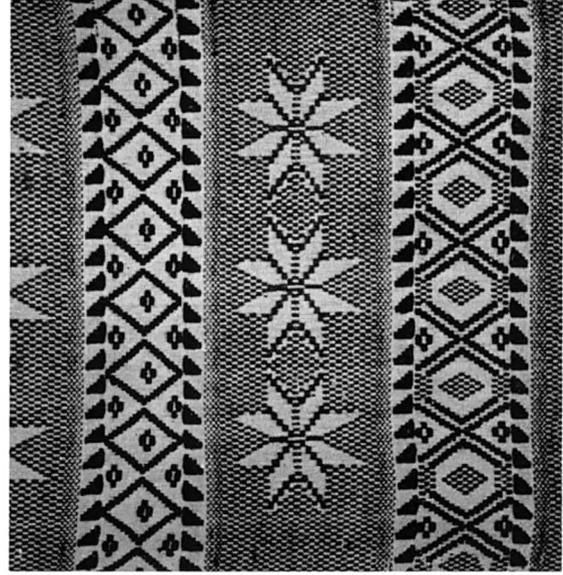
The units are grouped in clusters, one for the dressing-rooms and entrance, one for the soda-fountain and one for the sun-shelters. Walls around these clusters are built up of concrete blocks. The dressing-rooms are equipped with individual lockers, showers and rest-rooms. The aim of the design as a whole was that it adjust itself in a natural way to, and become a part of, the landscape.





PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROLF DAHLSTROM

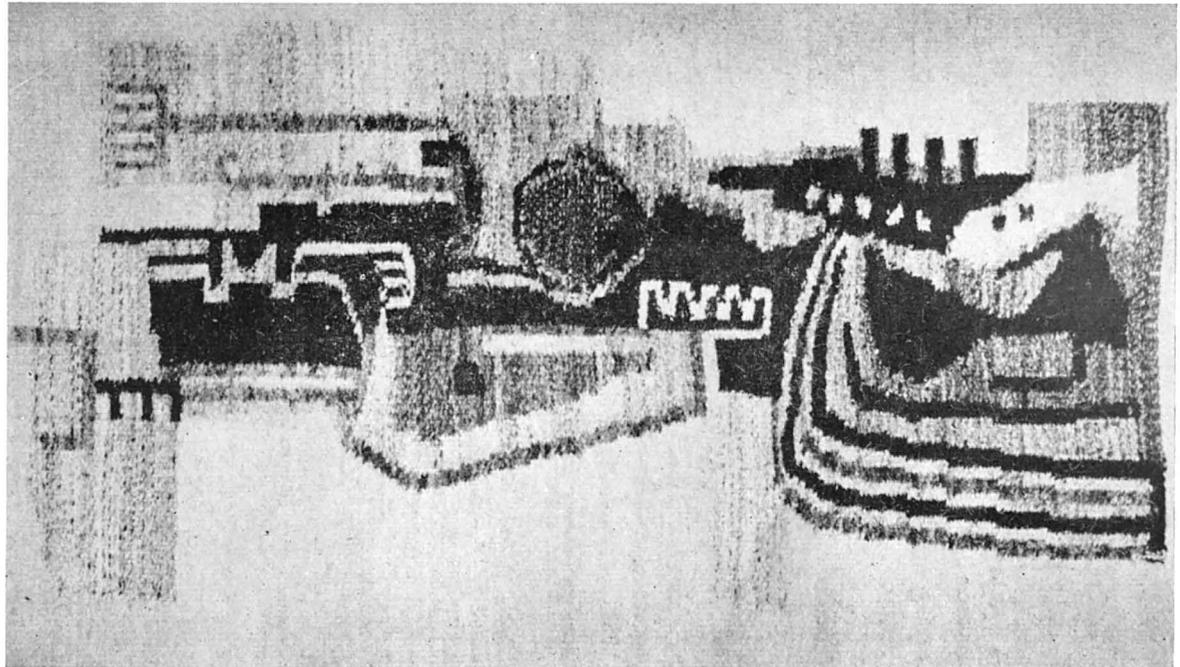




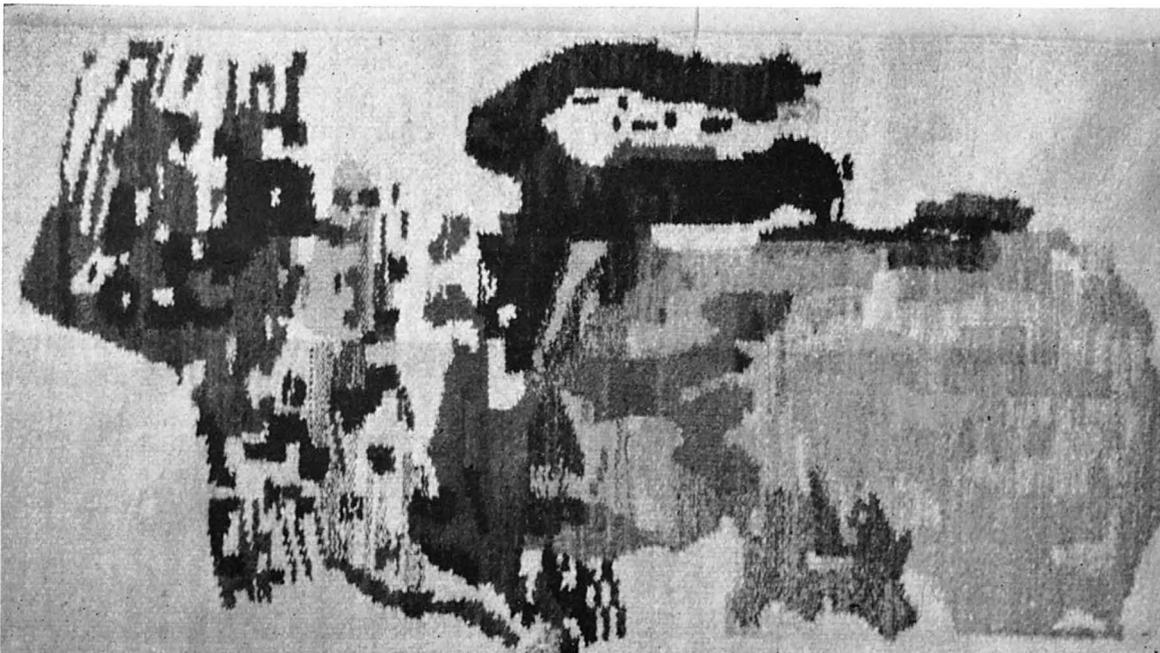
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TRIBUTE TO SARDINIA

BY ESTHER MCCOY



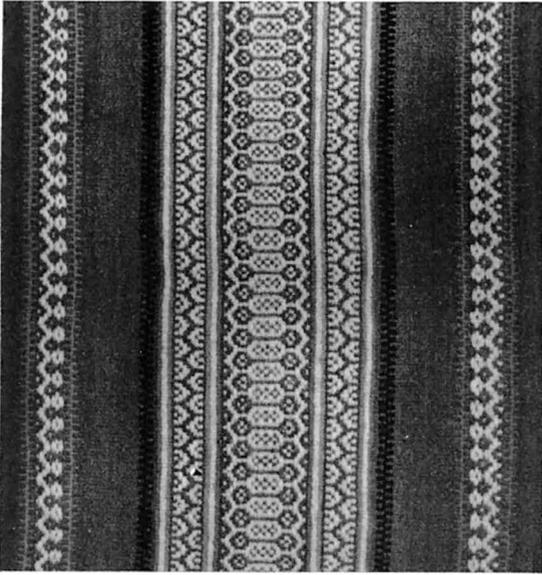
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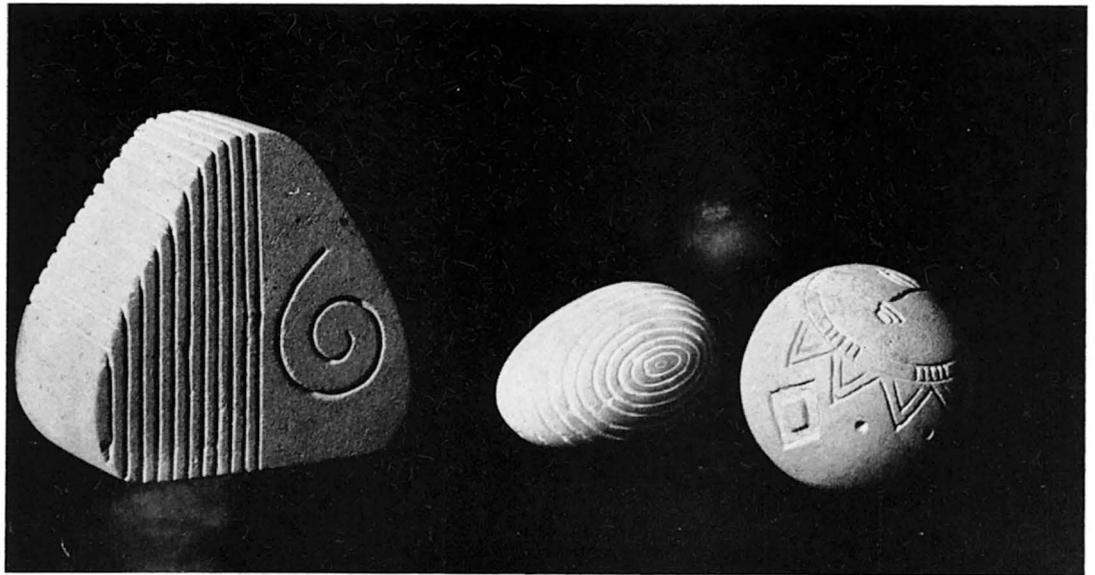
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6

The terrain of the Island of Sardinia is a clue to the survival of distinguished hand-loomed at a time when the machine age is passing into the nuclear age. But the rugged mountains and arid plateaus dotted with "nuraghi" — the cone-shaped mortarless stone fortresses dating from the end of the paleolithic age — are only one of the clues. Sicily, also locked in at the center, popularized most of its crafts, while the weaving of Sardinia retained its purity.

Once a craft ceases to be practiced for a generation it is lost, and although the Sardinian weavers made some attempt between the two world wars to cater to souvenir buyers, they were granted government support before the weaving deteriorated and the ancient symbols were abandoned. Before the old values were seriously threatened thirty-odd weaving centers were established by the autonomous government of Sardinia, and thus the continuity of the craft and the motifs were safeguarded.

It is true, as Herbert Read observed, that folk art in general has to be kept alive by artificial aid, but how effective this is always depends upon who administers the aid. Sardinia was fortunate in having an agency called ISOLA, whose art director is Professor Eugenio Tavolara. He has an intimate knowledge of the island's classical weavings and owns a large collection. In Rome after the war he was forced to sell most of his possessions, but did not part with his weavings. He would, he told me, present himself one day to St. Peter carrying them under his arm.

Professor Tavolara is the clue to the survival of weaving as a great art in Sardinia. A native Sardinian, he knows all the motifs, which are a rich alluvium deposited for two milleniums by traders and a series of invaders — the Byzantines, Phoenicians, Carthaginians, Etruscans, Saracens, Mussulmans, Greeks, Romans, Spanish, Genoese, Pisans and finally the Austrians. From

(Continued on page 30)

1. Detail of a weaving from Orano in which the design is in colored wool on white cotton. Designed by Delitala
2. Flocked rug in black and white wool from Dorgali. Design by Mauro Manca
3. Rug from Aggius designed by Aldo Contini
4. Weaving in straw from San Vero Mills, Design by Tavolara
5. Wool rug from Villanova designed by Tavolara in vivacious colors
6. Sculptured stone by Giovanni Maria Solinas
7. Straw baskets from Sinnai designed by Tavolara



7

PRODUCTS**merit specified****for the new Case Study House**

Case Study House No. 26 by David Thorne, architect, for the magazine, **ARTS & ARCHITECTURE**, in association with Bethlehem Steel

The following are the specifications developed by the architect for the new Case Study House No. 26 and represent a selection of products on the basis of quality and general usefulness that have been selected as being best suited to the purposes of this project and are, within the meaning of the Case Study House Program, "Merit Specified."

STRUCTURAL

Steel Frame—Bethlehem Steel, 100 California Street, San Francisco 19, California.
Fabrication and erection by Solano Steel Company, Vallejo, California.

Douglas and White Fir—The West Coast Lumbermen's Association, 1410 Southwest Morrison Street, Portland 5, Oregon.

Portland Cement—Permanente Cement, Kaiser Center, 300 Lakeside Drive, Oakland, California.

CABINETS

Imperial Cabinet Company, Belmont, California.

PLASTIC TOPS

Formica Corporation, 907 Post Street, San Francisco 9, California.

SLIDING DOORS

The 8'-high sliding glass doors have been custom built to fit between the steel columns. Frames are assembled and locked with plated steel compression bands for quick installation and trouble-free service. The exclusive "Travelock" design prevents the screens from jumping the tracks. Manufactured by Frontier Sliding Glass Doors, 1255 Birchwood Drive, P. O. Box 751, Sunnyvale, California; distributed by Sullivan-Porter Company, San Francisco, California.

INTERIOR WALLS

Pabco dry-wall has been chosen for all interior walls. It was used to give added insulation on exterior walls, ease of electrical wiring, and proper thickness for plumbing. Pabco dry-walls are outstanding for ease of installation, and yet produce an economical wall finish commensurate with good construction. Pabco Gypsum Division, Fibreboard Paper Products Corporation, 475 Brannan Street, San Francisco, California.

SKYLIGHTS

Pam skylights have been chosen because of their attractive appearance and their particularly good weatherproof flashing detail. Manufactured by Pam Company, 1951 N. W. Wilson, Portland 9, Oregon.

KITCHEN APPLIANCES

Tappan kitchen appliances will be used throughout, the color will be white to blend with the white Formica counter tops, and walnut and white kitchen cabinets. The double oven has two broilers, an illuminated control panel, built-in rotisserie, and roast control, lift off doors, and chrome finish inside the ovens for easy cleaning. The cook top has a "Set 'N Forget" element making it possible to dial and set automatically the exact heat wanted. The raised illuminated control panel is in the rear of the unit out of children's reach.

The white light and fan hood is equipped with twin centrifugal blowers, aluminum filter easily removable for cleaning, and twin lamp sockets in a translucent light diffuser.

The Tappan Food Disposer #TA 64 has a sound-insulating plastic case, and a reverse switch which clears most stoppage problems.

Tappan's new model dishwasher is the only automatic dishwasher that measures its own liquid detergent and conditions its own water. A 30- to 90-day supply of detergent and water conditioner is poured into the door, and the proper amount of each is automatically ejected into each cycle. An 8"-diameter roll impeller rotates in turn clockwise and counter-clockwise, directions, distributing water over the dishes from alternate directions. The Tappan Company, 900 David Road, Burlingame, California.

FLOOR COVERING

The architect has chosen Armstrong Montana Corlon for the kitchen, family room, breakfast room, laundry, and children's bath. This is a new hard-wearing, almost indestructible, easy-to-maintain sheet vinyl which appears like crushed rock set in a clear plastic. The earthy colors relate well to the natural soil, and give a sense of integration with the ground, this was particularly important in Case Study House No. 26 which is really a space frame over the hillside. The texture is rugged enough to compete with the strength of the architectural concept.

CONCRETE FORMS

The 23 "Fibretube" cylindrical forms for the concrete foundations piers were made by Fibreboard Paper Products Corporation. "Fibretubes" were used because they are an inexpensive means of forming the concrete piers for the structure of Case Study House No. 26. Fibreboard Paper Products Corporation, 475 Brannan Street, San Francisco, California.

LIGHT FIXTURES

The handsome light fixtures will be Prescolite's new line, designed and executed in hand-blown imported glass ware, in combinations of colored or opal glass, with a nice, silk-like satin quality. Most of the parts in the Prescolite fixtures are diecast so that there is uniformity of design and finish. Manufactured by Prescolite Manufacturing Corporation, 1251 Doolittle Drive, San Leandro, California.

ENVIRONMENT—HERBERT MULLER*(Continued from page 17)*

imagine and to create; to sing, play, and dance, etc. One possible way of sizing up a culture is by how adequately it provides for such needs, or in what ways it tends to frustrate them. Likewise the emphasis on relativity has obscured the wide area of general agreement among civilized men, as in the ethical codes of all the higher religions, or more broadly in the recognition of greatness in creative achievements in art and thought. While we may disagree in our estimate of Confucius, Plato, and Isaiah, we can all agree that these were much greater men than Billy Graham or Norman Vincent Peale.

Another reason for my concern here is the danger of specialization. This has incidentally bred such pseudo-scientists as the specialists in "motivational research," the depth boys, who seem willing to put their skills at the service of an advertiser—as why shouldn't they if values are none of a scientist's business? But it also tends to breed a shallow, possible specious kind of purity or chastity in the social sciences. Among American political scientists, for example, the current rage is behavioralism, purely descriptive or factual studies, which might be all to the good except that most of these scientists now shy away on principle from political philosophy, even from democratic theory, which I should consider not only a proper but a necessary concern for all students of American government. Such purists illustrate a more general tendency to become engrossed in techniques and abstractions for their own sake, and to lose sight of the social ends that presumably ought to be served by the social sciences. One reason is that abstractions are always better behaved than human beings. And this brings up still another basic concern—the traditional claims of the individual.

The study of environment has generally tended to minimize the importance of the individual, or even his reality, by treating him as merely a product of his society or culture. The obvious example, the habit of burying him alive in statistics, or reducing him to that statistical monster, the "average man,"—the one who has 2½ children. But beyond this, some sociologists have gone so far as to describe him as a "discredited hypothesis." To them the scientific reality is the social organism in which he is a mere cell with no independent existence. Others sacrifice the individual to their supreme ideal, which is a community stable and well adjusted to its environment. Thus one describes freedom, and again I'm quoting, as a merely "subjective feeling of personal well-being due to being a member of an effectively functioning society;" and he added, "it is entirely possible that this can be provided by a totalitarian community . . . once the latter has been stabilized or routinized," although he neglected to add that about the stablest, most efficient kind of society is an ant hill. Anthropologists have likewise tended to minimize or ignore the individual as they study culture, which is something that he only transmits and that appears to go on all by itself. In the words of one American anthropologist. "The most realistic and scientifically adequate interpretation of culture is one that proceeds as if human beings did not exist;" and even genius he defines as one "in whose neuro-sensory-glandular system an important synthesis of cultural events has taken place." It is not the individual but culture that creates the master works—as presumably it wrote the book to which this anthropologist carelessly signed his own name. Well, historians, too, have played down the individual, partly in concentrating on the deep impersonal, unplanned processes of historic change. In a similar spirit literary scholars and art historians often treat the creative artist as primarily an exhibit of some movement

or period. While they grant the personal quality of his art, his works may seem most significant or respectable as a reflection of his "age."

Now, this whole tendency is again understandable, up to a point essential. The individual plainly is a product of his society, and his whole being is conditioned by its culture, no less if he is a genius or a rebel. Most have a very limited awareness, if any, of the larger processes that properly concern social scientists and historians, and that can't be properly understood in the terms of conscious individual effort. I suppose there is now more need of emphasizing such commonplaces for practical reasons. Senator Goldwater, for instance, writes in his latest best-seller. "It does not help any to adopt the false notion that communism is spawned by poverty, disease, and other similar social and economic conditions. Communism is spawned by Communists, and Communists alone." So it follows that all we godly Americans have to do is be realistic and root out the villains. On higher levels, where some thinking still goes on, perhaps artists need to be reminded that they owe to their society their very cult of self-expression, a conscious ideal that was rarely, if ever proclaimed, in past societies. Intellectuals generally do not need to be told that they owe to society their common feeling of alienation or anxiety, but it might be remarked that this most fashionable theme also testifies to the distinctive ideals of our society—the common assumption that men have a natural right to self-realization and a proper grievance against their society if they feel frustrated.

Yet this testifies most obviously to the reality of the self, the individual. To me it suggests a further danger in the habit of regarding him as merely a product of his society, for intellectuals themselves may find it too easy to blame society for all their problems, perhaps shirk their own responsibilities by indulging self-pity and making something of a cult of alienation or anxiety. Chiefly, however, it suggests the need of reaffirming the importance of the individual, immediately for his own sake, finally for the sake of understanding our own environment. I assume that none of us really doubt his reality, which is our own reality, our precious selves except when we get drunk on our professional abstractions.

So I should merely remark that a society is not in fact a biological organism, neither is the individual a mere cell. Unlike all the cells in his own organism he has some independent existence simply because he can make up his own mind, maybe sulk or misbehave, maybe suffer from anxiety. As for the culture he absorbs and transmits, he has enough consciousness of it to inform anthropologists about it. But he may also add something to it. The creative individual remains the most apparent agent of cultural change; it seems obvious to me that every new invention, every new idea must finally be traced to him, and since I have been indulging some aspersions on anthropology, a subject I find fascinating and to which I'm deeply indebted, I am pleased to cite a little-known anthropological study by Margaret Hodgen, *Change and History*, which I found especially illuminating, and which incidentally contains enough statistics to impress sociologists, too.

This is a thoroughly documented study of technological chances in England over a thousand years, based on the records of more than 12,000 parishes. Some of the changes were due to major inventions by well known men. But perhaps more significant is the fact that of these 12,000 parishes, fewer than 20 per cent ever introduced a new craft or occupation, and of these the great majority accepted such an innovation just once over the long centuries. All the rest clung to their traditional ways, resisting change—in time only accepting new tools and products that more enterprising men had developed elsewhere. In short, it was not

strictly "England" that made technological history, and took the lead in the Industrial Revolution—it was a number of Englishmen, individuals mostly unknown, some of them inventive, more of them independent and bold enough to take up a new craft, to risk setting up a new shop in the inveterately conservative village.

Well, this recalls us to the distinctive tradition of Western civilization. It has made more of the individual, both in theory and in practice, than has any other civilization. Making a gospel of individualism as early as the Renaissance and the Reformation, it has provided him with exceptional opportunity, scope and incentive; and, it has been rewarded by the longest historic record of continuous creativity in all branches of art and thought as well as technology.

It has been said that never before has mankind owed so much to so many. But this in turn brings up a depressing reason, finally, for stressing the importance of the individual. On all sides we now hear a rising chorus of alarm over the groupism and togetherness, the pressures to conformity, the threats to individuality, in an ever more highly organized, mechanized society. The alarm itself emphasizes the novelty of our conscious ideal of individualism, for to my knowledge, no previous society ever worried so much over the dangers of conformism. Most political thinkers like most rulers and churchmen, wanted nothing more than they wanted conformity. Nevertheless the alarm also points to the paradox at the heart of the present crisis of civilization, that while achieving the *Brave New World*, in which almost all men realize the American dream of being well adjusted, almost none of them have any individuality worth speaking of.

So it forces the basic question. History never repeats itself, we say; but broadly speaking, it has repeated itself most conspicuously in the story of rise and fall of peoples, societies, nations, empires, whole civilizations; and the breakdowns of societies in the past may in general, I think, be attributed to a loss of control of their basic institutions, a loss of mastery of their social environment. The question is, can we control the mighty forces that we have set in motion, the apparently irresistible, irreversible tendencies of a technological society?

Immediately, the common fear that we have lost control of our history, if we ever had any, brings up still another paradox. Science still looks like the most triumphant demonstration of the power of the human mind, the source of man's distinctive freedom; it bred the faith of the enlightenment on which democracy rose. But in the last century science also bred theories of determinism that effectively denied the actual freedom of man. Many thinkers declared that his behavior was absolutely governed by the same mechanical laws that governed the physical world. A typical statement is the famous one by Taine, "that what men call virtue and vice are really only chemical products like vitriol and sugar."

Well, today, few thinkers, to my knowledge, hold to a rigid, consistent determinism, but a good deal of current thought is colored by hangovers from this way of thinking. And, a good many social scientists, as I have been remarking, conscientiously narrow the range of conscious choice, minimize the power of conscious ideas and ideals. The prevailing tendency of students of society and history has been to find the "real" cause or the deepest truth in economic processes. Freudian drives, impersonal forces—generally in more or less unconscious determinants.

Well, I don't have time to go into the difficult issues of determinism and freedom, and the metaphysical mysteries they involve. For my present purposes, I should say that a sufficient proof of both the reality and the value of human freedom is simply creativity—creativity in art, in thought, in practical skills—in every branch of culture. As for science, I'm content to stick to the empirical fact that it has immensely increased the actual power of man over his environment. Through it we have also learned much more about

some actual determinants of human behavior—biological, psychological, cultural—but again I should emphasize the positive value of such knowledge. Having it, we may hope for more intelligent determination in policy, possibly some measure of control, just as physicists and chemists acquire more power and freedom of operation as they learn more about the laws and the necessities of the natural world. With much more understanding of our environment than men ever had in the past, we have the advantage of a much clearer, fuller awareness of our problems and our possibilities, for better or worse.

So, with the basic question, whether we can control the mighty forces we have set in motion, master the kind of environment we have created. To me as to most of us, the answer seems highly uncertain. But at least this is also to say that the question is still wide open; and in a historical perspective it looks more so. In the last centuries of ancient Egypt, Rome, Byzantium, the Ottoman Empire, and other declining societies, one may note a basic rigidity in system and policy, an inability to readapt their major institutions to changing conditions, or at best a very limited ability to experiment, adventure, create new institutions. We are very much aware of our failures to control the immense power at our disposal, such failures as two world wars and a world depression, so we may forget the historically remarkable efforts at control, as in world affairs the unprecedented effort to establish the United Nations, and in government at home the continuous effort at a mixed, democratically controlled economy, involving various combinations of government and private enterprise — a system that may look pretty messy, distressing to both liberals and conservatives, yet is unusually inventive, too, and so far flexible and resourceful in meeting unprecedented demands. Likewise, we may not appreciate how much difference is made by another of our most fashionable and most characteristic words—the word “challenge”. It can get pretty tiresome, as every day we’re exhorted to rise to some new challenge, we might be forgiven a desire just to relax now and then, maybe even to forget the alarming absence of a clear National Purpose; yet the main point is still that no previous society in deep trouble ever kept resounding with ringing challenges or pouring out such a flood of urgent writings on just what must be done, and done at once. The word is another sign of a much livelier sense of both problem and possibility than most men ever had in the past. Or, since this conference has to do with matters of design, I might end by remarking that individuals are still maintaining Western tradition by displaying plenty of creative energy in all fields of activity. We may disagree about the quality of their work, as in modern art, and yet recognize a creative response, an effort to design an art suited to a radically new kind of life and even though I think maybe we have too many conferences in our kind of society, this one suggests to me that we’re not all simply culture-bound.

CASE STUDY HOUSE No. 26—DAVID THORNE

(Continued from page 15)

because of availability, drought-tolerance and appropriateness to the hillside situation. The Ice Plant ground cover was chosen not only because of its rapid growth and low maintenance characteristics, but because it is used as the ground cover on the neighboring slopes above the site and we wished to extend it to obliterate the sense of property lines in the area (property line fencing as such is not permitted in Marin Bay). Other plants used in the east and south areas and reasons for their use are as follows:

Pampas Grass—the silky plumes and grassy foliage contrast in line and texture with the lines and felt-strength of the steel beams. This same contrast is carried further with the Flax.

Eucalyptus — provide vertical linear contrast with horizontal

plane of the platform.

Salmon and white Oleanders and blue Agapanthus provide summer and fall color, the flowering Cherry provides spring color and the Santa Cruz Pyracantha spring and fall color.

One of the challenges of this kind of construction concept is the treatment of the densely shaded areas under the platforms. Lack of sunlight and lack of rain water pose problems in plant selection and maintenance. We accept these conditions on the downhill side of the house and allow the native grasses to thin out naturally as they go beyond the influence of light and natural watering. Maintenance in the bare earth areas is limited to keeping the area clean.

In the space under the carport, shade loving, tropical and indoor plants, such as Ivy, Aucuba, Philodendron, Ferns, Brassia, will thrive with attention to watering and feeding and provide a luxurious view from the entry and breakfast areas.

—EDWARD A. WILLIAMS

SARDINIA—ESTHER McCOY

(Continued from page 27)

Byzantine peacock to Austrian double eagle, the record of conquest is preserved in the motifs.

In the sixth annual exhibition of Sardinian handcrafts in Sassari this June there was a noticeable move toward extracting old motifs from intricate patterns and using them as rhythmic bands or as the basis for development of simple compositions. Most of the designs were Professor Tavolara’s although some came from his assistant Aldo Contini, a young Sardinian artist. (Some of Contini’s own paintings were executed in deep pile rugs by weavers from the village of Agguis.)

Professor Tavolara, an artist and formerly a director of the State Art School of Sassari, has known personally two generations of weavers. His direction of design under the ISOLA program is based on his trust of the judgment of weavers; he taps the collective memory, pressing them ever closer to their heritage. Colors are left almost entirely up to the weavers themselves, who have an astonishing ability to execute subtle chromatic compositions with little aid and few suggestions.

Most of the ISOLA weaving centers are in villages locked in the mountains; the difficulty of cutting roads in the granite has been responsible for villages twenty or thirty miles apart developing totally different types of work on the hand looms. Ancestors of the villagers originally inhabited the coastal areas, fleeing centuries ago to the central strongholds to escape raiders. That an advanced culture existed on the plains is evident from the discovery of numerous exquisite small bronze sculptured figures, and more recently the excavation of an important piece of sculpture from the neolithic age, the Macomer Venus, carved from black basalt.

Nule is one of the mountain villages, cut from granite, and the poetic weavings grow out of symbols as enduring as the stone. I had for a long time wanted to see Nule, and Professor Tavolara arranged one day last June an itinerary of weaving centers which would include Nule.

Unfortunately it turned out to be a fete day and many of the centers had covered their looms and weavers were off to Sassari to see the handcrafts exhibition. Also, as always when one passes near the San Antine Nuraghe there was the temptation to visit again the complex of gigantic truncated cone fortresses joined by courtyards; the large central nuraghe and three smaller ones are situated at the vertices of a triangle and united by a nuraghe wall. We spent an hour there, pressing against the cyclopean stones as we climbed the circular stairs to the upper chambers of the central nuraghe, then winding down the outer

spiral to stand again in the courtyard and simply listen to the 2500 years of history sigh through the archery slits and the ruined roof.

By the time we reached Ploaghe, a village pre-dating the Punic conquest, the weavers were gone. I had, however, been there several years before and recalled the enormous spreads covering old beds so large and high they were reached by a ladder; the old women in doorways carding wool.

But in Bonorva, Giovanangela, mistress of the looms, had her girls at work, two to a loom. Here the designs are freer and less geometrical than work in Ploaghe; 130 gradations of colors are used in important wall hangings. It struck me that the more inaccessible the village the less geometrical the patterns, and the greater number of colors used. The rectangular form imposed by the Greeks in the 6th century B.C. upon the spiral holds for weaving as it did for architecture. In Ploaghe the square had won out over the circle; animals and birds in the designs are brought into a stricter rhythm than Bonorva's.

Ittiri, also previously visited, is noteworthy for "granello" work (little grains) in which the design is in high relief; steel rods hold in place the coarse wool of the design during the weaving operation. Paulilatino also works in "granello."

Time was too short to get to Villanova, one of the few centers which shows a European influence. The colors run to Swedish blues and yellows, which piqued the curiosity of the Swedes to the extent that they have someone investigating what wind of chance in the past blew from one country to the other.

Finally, late in the afternoon, we reached by roads winding around pale granite mountains the remote village of Nule. From a sternly simple whitewashed house came the boom of the ancient vertical looms. It was the house of Querica Dettori, a woman whose serene face might have been sculptured from the granite out of which her village was hewn.

Girls at the looms parted the vertical warp threads to inspect the visitors, their faces veiled behind the gauze of threads. Five girls sat at a loom on which half of a 5¾-meter-long rug had been completed; it was an intricate pattern of stars and horses — symbols of Nule — in olive green and earth colors, with the horsemen dressed in pale and dark blues. I faced the light source, and it was moments before my eyes adjusted to the rays of the low evening sun; then I saw in a courtyard great hanks of wool dyed in red and gold drying on a line. Grasses and barks are used as dyes, although many now are synthetic.

Presently the girls began working again, passing wooden spindles rapidly through the warp threads, then beating down the wool with heavy wooden combs. The loom was without pedals — the oldest type of loom; the vigorous combing, regulated by the eye alone, accounts for the toughness and resiliency of the Nule rug. It was like a rumble of many drums as the five girls in unison combed down the wool threads, followed by cymbal sounds as they strummed the warp threads before taking up the shuttles again.

All village women in Sardinia weave. In Nule they begin as soon as their required schooling is over, usually at the age of twelve. Each woman weaves her own household cottons and woolens and one of the patterns common in weavings for their homes is based on the lightning motif. The background color is usually an acid yellow (from the bark of the tuia tree) and the diagonals are in vivid colors. When I had mentioned to Dr. Giovanni Tucci, the Italian ethnologist (when we talked at the Sassari show) that the lightning motif was popular in Guatemala, he told me that it came originally from India; from there it migrated to Southern America, moved north to Guatemala, finally was brought to Europe by Spanish colonizers, and the Spaniards introduced it into Sardinia.

A tiny woman, dressed entirely in black, Quirica put my hand in the crook of her arm and took me to her parlor. On the wall was a framed certificate from the Italian Government awarding her a gold medal for "originality, harmony of colors and perfection of execution" of weavings. Near it was a superb small "balletto" rug in golds, browns, bronzes and olives, with the barest trace of rust in the sashes of the dancers. She brought out many of her weavings, and when I became interested in one she had done as a girl she offered to sell it. She was silent for a moment when I said I preferred the one on the wall. The "balletto" took more time to make, she said. I nodded. And those are the old colors, she added. I nodded again, then told her that she must not part with it. But no, she wanted me to have it. (Later when Professor Tavolara asked me her price, he pronounced gravely, "Fair. Very fair.")

Before we left, she asked us to walk through the town. We picked our way to the edge of a granite cliff, looked at the wide panorama of hills and valleys, then returned to the car. But today when I look at the "balletto" rug I see the granite in it; I see the small, neat, bird-like woman in black and hear the sudden laughter.

It was collective laughter, as the weaving was a collective art, dominated by no one personality, unsigned — or signed, as was the Sung ware, by the artistry that existed in one time and one place in history.

In Sardinia collective hands dip into the past to bring up what belongs to them, and because of the unbroken continuity it is the living present.

MUSIC

(Continued from page 7)

disillusionment has induced its members to volunteer for the part."

The sincere examining and explaining of contemporary human failing that terminates in a universal indictment is no new game of the intellectuals, though the game-boards and counters are given new shapes. It is the same parcheesi, with the tossing of dice and the spaces that cost a move or throw you back. It is the language of sophists, rhetors, schoolmen, rationalists, or that obscure progress that now leads to a doctorate of what is even more obscurely called "philosophy." Beginning with the potentiality of experience it imposes its crude, pessimistic tentatives as if these were finalities—facts. The hypothesis becomes the explanation and, with the addition of examples, representing the scholarly process, the conclusion.

The prophets of this new dubiety have no more belief in relativism than in belief itself. They have discovered a scientific procedure that leads predictably to their own negative conclusions, but, as they suppose, leaves them clear and free outside—not a new procedure but dressed in a new format and new language.

Any action that involves commitment can be tabulated by them as an evil: that is to say, not necessarily an "evil" but a pattern no man can escape. Eric Hoffer is prized among them for the warning he has given in his book, *The True Believer*: "It is necessary for most of us these days to have some insight into the motives and responses of the true believer. For though ours is a godless age, it is the very opposite of irreligious. The true believer is everywhere on the march, and both by converting and antagonizing he is shaping the world in his own image."

But in this book the image we are to be shaped by is the image of Mr. Hoffer, as he states it in his Preface.

"All mass movements generate in their adherents a readiness to die and a proclivity for united action; all of them, irrespective of the doctrine they preach and the program they project, breed fanaticism, enthusiasm, fervent hope, hatred and intolerance; all of them are capable of releasing a powerful flow of activity in certain departments of life; all of them demand blind faith and singlehearted allegiance.

"All movements, however different in doctrine and aspiration, draw their early adherents from the same type of humanity; they all appeal to the same types of mind.

"Though there are obvious differences between the fanatical Christian, the fanatical Mohammedan, the fanatical nationalist, the fanatical Communist and the fanatical Nazi, it is yet true that

the fanaticism which animates them may be viewed and treated as one."

So here are the hypotheses; apart from denying them, one can only note that they are already the argument, the evidence, and its conclusions. John Brown is a fanatic. A fanatic is the product of a mass movement. Therefore John Brown is the product of a mass movement.

Alfred Luthuli is a believer who is prepared to die for his beliefs. He is therefore the product of a mass movement, which has bred in him, among other things, fanaticism. He is therefore like John Brown, a fanatic. He demands a blind faith and single-hearted allegiance. Though there are obvious differences, the fanaticism which animates them may be viewed and treated as one.

These are not true statements; they are no more than the application of Eric Hoffer's fanatical conviction that certain facts he has premised must be true in every case.

John Brown, an impatient, believing man, led an unsuccessful small insurrection, a wrong-headed impulse to violence in a cause as good now as it was then. Alfred Luthuli, the spiritual headman of the Zulus, was awarded a Nobel Peace Prize for refusing to resort to violence when his people became cruelly oppressed. He could have refused to go back when he was allowed to leave the country to receive the prize; he went back instead to house-arrest and refuses to go underground to encourage his people to violence.

Was Gandhi a fanatic or the leader of a mass movement, when, as a true believer, he foresaw that the concession to the Untouchables of a fixed number of seats in the Indian parliament would seal the Untouchables as a class into the new nation? He was prepared to fast until he died, if that was necessary, against the mass belief of the Untouchables and their leader, the best intentions of the British government, and the combined religious and social inertia of his countrymen who were convinced that the Untouchables should remain a class apart.

Hoffer weasels at the end of his Preface, as one would expect: "The assumption that mass movements have many traits in common does not imply that all movements are equally beneficent or equally poisonous."

He cannot escape so easily. The True Believer is one person, not a mass-movement. A True Believer who stands alone or leads a movement is not a product of the movement. A True Believer may or may not be a fanatic. Mass-movements may result from the breaking up of long social inertia, as slow and dangerous as a glacier but unled, or from resistance to an intolerable situation or condition, or by the fire of a new enthusiasm that destroys a power that has held men chained, or simply from the following of good or bad leadership. Each of these types of movement is quite distinct from the others and draws its leaders and followers from quite different types of persons. The zealots of Islam were not Quakers or Quietists; peasant revolts or religious reactions against change are not revolutions that provoke change; passive resistance is not violence. John Brown, Luthuli, Gandhi, Lenin, Confucius, Buddha, Mohammed, Moses are quite unlike persons. As, in spite of superficial resemblances, the product of their common century, were Joseph Smith and Mary Baker Eddy.

This is an era of mass-movements; it is also an era of the breaking up of mass-inertias. The two phenomena are opposed and altogether unlike, though the one may include the other. Dangerous as these are to millions of persons who do or do not participate in them, I would say that we are perhaps in more danger from the fanatic rationalist who cannot, by any rational process, believe what he preaches: the man who believes he thinks but cannot think sufficiently or act sufficiently to stand against outrage as a single person. If as a scientist he cannot be a racist, he has the same willingness to exempt himself and lump his victims. It makes no difference that the victims are only types or cases, lumped together by his generously partial premisses. It is less than a hundred years since the theoreticians of race-differences began lumping together their victims in the name of science. More victims have died to annihilate their premisses than have died by fire or atomic bombs.

Except to the extent that he upsets the headlined instability they have adjusted their minds to read over the coffee cups, the true believer, saint, prophet, artist, or fanatic, means nothing to the swallows of such arguments. They can be moved by sentiment more readily than by shock: Gandhi or Luthuli in prison are the more amiable; Gandhi fasting to death or Martin Luther King inciting men to pray passively in public may appear detestable

and in need of correction. Gandhi dead is a news item.

"A crime like this cannot be felt toward in a positive or practical manner; insofar, in fact, as we are positive and practical people, it is impossible for us fully to react to it," Mary McCarthy wrote in outrage at the death of Gandhi in 1949. "It is God, metaphorically speaking, i.e., some ideal assumption of an unwritten law governing human conduct, that we call to account for such an outrage; it is this assumption, indeed, that is injured."

We were even less able to react to Winston Churchill's informed prophecy that the too rapid liberation of India would let loose hatreds that would cause the deaths of ten million people, as did happen when the saintly but isolated Gandhi and the power-grabbing Jinnah insisted on immediate freedom anyway. Perhaps by then it was too late, as Lord Ismay, who represented Britain in these negotiations, wrote in his *Autobiography*. The British government, Gandhi, Jinnah, did not lead or release the mass movements of religious inertia, inert for centuries, that began the massacre. The unknown leaders of the bloodshed certainly were not the true believers who are shaping the world in their own image. Gandhi, the true believer, in final solitary resistance, gave his life trying to correct them.

Gandhi at the end must have known that if he had stood against the unprepared liberation of India as resolutely as he had fasted against parliamentary recognition for the Untouchables, the massacre of Hindu, Mohammedan, and Sikh in mutually uprooted terror might not have occurred. After that tragedy how small a tragedy he would have thought his death. In her despair over the death of one good man Mary McCarthy, calling on some impersonal, unwritten law for justice, had forgotten the ten million dead. The man who shot Gandhi has been called a fanatic—a chip of ice struck from the breaking of a glacier.

I have written enough to show how one small human error, the nasty failing of a critic, the false premise of a scientist, the tragic imperception of a saint, may involve consequences more far-reaching than those we are warned against by Eric Hoffer's errant rationalism.

ART

(Continued from page 5)

distaste or disapproval now seems less than satisfactory. Gorky's distinction, he says, is that for him the gesture was never a sufficient starting point. He now finds that intellect, is paramount. Gorky personified it in his "clarified vision of the contemplator that manifests itself on his canvas, not the tangled or locked masses experienced by the participant. He observes the image that rises before him, he does not 'get into it' as into an arena."

Yet, Gorky was a "pioneer" in establishing the primary principles of America's new abstract art. For him, as for the Action Painters, Rosenberg says, the canvas was not a surface upon which to present an image but a "mind" through which the artist discovers signs of what he is or might be.

Gorky's release from history was won with considerable effort, and finally represents the distinguishing characteristics of American vanguard painting. Rosenberg documents the steps in the flight from painting as a set of pre-ordained principles to painting as the free vehicle of creativity it became after the war in New York. He suggests that the change of attitude toward history-making—that is, when the artist began to see himself as part of the fluid medium of history rather than as a perpetrator of events—is responsible for the emergence of the American vanguard. In Gorky's particular case the arrival of the Surrealists was decisive, not in the usual way as an influence, but rather, by personal example. The Surrealists helped Gorky to rid himself of history-making ideals by their "programmatic union of art and daily life" showing Gorky that art and the artists were one. (But are they? Even Proust said that it was "un autre moi" who creates.) Gorky was able to see, through the example of the Surrealists who came to New York, that the secret lay "not in the rigors of emulation but in the gifts of insight of which one's art was the unique record." At another point, Rosenberg remarks that "having rid himself of the ideology of art's-next-move, Gorky had become content to comb the beaches where passion and esthetic memories meet."

There is nothing pat about Rosenberg's reflections and even his inconsistencies are virtues rather than faults for they point to the crucial questions and force us to focus on subjects that are uncomfortable. It is not in the province of Rosenberg's book to ex-

pand the questions or plug away at trying to answer them, though I hope he will do so soon. To my mind he has done us a great service by merely raising questions. Only a good mind can spawn fruitful questions. The main questions are: can art sustain itself for long when removed from external events and environments? Can the artist live within the confines of a canvas eliminating the third entity (the canvas, the world and the creator being the conventional trio.) Can the man and the artist be separated? Can art continue to feed on art? (For even though Rosenberg demonstrates that Gorky left this behind, subsequent experience has indicated that art is still feeding on art and foundering just as it had in the late thirties.)

NOTES IN PASSING

(Continued from page 9)

different also in that it is numerically vast (for to-day the architect is the ally of every man or no man). But the task is still handed to us by the wrong client, reaching us hopelessly garbled. It is left to the muttering multitudes to make the best of the inferior absurdities which are then handed to them—to inhabit not as 'people' but as 'population'.

It is true, of course, that we face the real task our period sets with two left hands. Yet, between the real task and the real client—the silent passive one in whose name the false one trespasses 'democratically'—a monstrous barrier of administrated pusillanimity has been thrown up behind which the majority of architects and urbanists have chosen to hide. Architects, see to it that the erroneous and feeble gets what it deserves—just this: 'No.' For the constructive potential of this great word is still there for the service it can render.

— Aldo van Eyck

CURRENTLY AVAILABLE PRODUCT LITERATURE AND INFORMATION

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

NEW THIS MONTH

(417a) Sun Louvers: New 1963 20-page catalog provides detailed information on vertical and horizontal aluminum exterior louvers. Models include fixed vanes, movable, and automatic electronic control. Includes many design and installation details, information on sun angle charts, photos of large and small installations. New architectural sun screens and also illustrated and described. Write to Lemlar Manufacturing Company, P.O. Box 352, Gardena, California.

✓ (418a) Reiner Industries' Swepe system of remote control can provide instantaneous control of all electrical devices from master control points. The Swepe units may range from the light control of a single room to the master control of the whole building or home. Each unit consists of illuminated, name-plated buttons mounted in a continuous strip, which can always be extended. Available also is a portable remote control unit. Write for details to Reiner Industries, Inc., 7875 Telegraph Road, Pico Rivera, California.

APPLIANCES

✓ (350a) Appliances: Thermador presents two new brochures. The 14.2 cubic foot Refrigerator-Freezer is featured in one brochure. All

sections of the interior are explained in full; choice of colors and detailed specifications are given. The second brochure colorfully illustrates Thermador's Bilt-In Electric Ranges. The special features of the Bilt-In Electric Ovens, such as the Air-Cooled door, 2-speed rotisserie, scientifically designed aluminum Broiler tray, are shown. The Thermador "Masterpiece" Bilt-In Electric Cooking Tops are detailed. For these attractive brochures write to: Thermador Electric Manufacturing Company, 5119 District Boulevard, Los Angeles 22, Calif.

DOORS AND WINDOWS

✓ (393a) Northrop Architectural Systems' product lines include Arcadia sliding windows, available in a wide range of stock sizes, and Arcadia aluminum sliding glass doors in stock and custom designs, including the Acme 500 sliding glass door for light construction. The details of the single glazing and insulating glass and all other well known features of Arcadia doors and windows are presented in three catalogs—a 12-page catalog on doors, an 8-page catalog on windows and one dealing with the Acme 500. Write: Northrop Architectural Systems, 5022 Triggs Street, Los Angeles 22, California.

1962

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(405a) Recessed and Accent Lighting Fixtures: Complete range contemporary recessed and surface designs for residential, commercial applications. Holiday pendants, gay, colorful combinations of hand-blown colored or satin opal glass as well as metal shades. Light-form fixtures—soft satin thermal glass in glowing geometric shapes for unusual decorative effects. Prescolite Manufacturing Corporation, 1251 Doolittle Drive, San Leandro, California.

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(403a) Lanterns, a major innovation in lighting designed by George Nelson and manufactured by the Howard Miller Clock Company, are shown in a two-color, four-page brochure just issued. The illustrations show all 21 styles in four models—ceiling, wall, table and floor—and include the large fluorescent wall or ceiling unit designed primarily for contract installation. Each is accompanied by dimensions and price. Distributed by Richards Morgenthau, Inc. Write: Howard Miller Clock Company, Zeeland, Michigan.

(410a) Lighting: A completely new 12-page, 3-color brochure of popular items in their line of recessed and wall mounted residential lighting fixtures is now available from Marvin Electric Manufacturing Company. The literature includes typical installation photos as well as complete specifications on all items. It is free by writing Marvin Electric Manufacturing Company, 6100 Wilmington Avenue, Los Angeles 1, California.

✓ (415a) Write for complete new catalog on Wee-Mac accent, recessed and surfaced 12-volt lighting fixtures that are adjustable, blended and hidden light with choice of finishes. Also Allura-Lite complete 12-volt garden lighting system that yields a soft glow rather than usual harsh light, featuring simplicity of installation and flexibility. Montrose Lighting, 3527 North Verdugo Road, Glendale 8, California.

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(412a) A complete package of information literature on new Armstrong Ventilating Acoustical Ceiling systems has been compiled for architects and engineers by the Building Products Division of the Armstrong Cork Company. Fully illustrated brochure gives complete details on basic operation of the new ceiling system, shows how it reduces air conditioning costs through elimination of air diffusers and a large amount of supply duct work; case histories of actual installations; available at no extra cost from the Armstrong Cork Company, Department IS, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

(404a) Selections from the diversified decorative accessory collections designed by George Nelson for the Howard Miller Clock Company are presented in a new illustrated, four-page brochure, available to architects and interior designers without charge, upon request. The brochure covers clocks (both built-in and surface mounted); Bubble lighting fixtures; Net Lights; planters; room dividers; and the versatile space divider, Ribbonwal. All information necessary for specifying is provided. Write Howard Miller Clock Company, Zeeland, Michigan.

STRUCTURAL MATERIALS

✓ (411a) Two new pamphlets on folded plate roofs and stressed skin panels are available from the Douglas Fir Plywood Association. Each brochure contains structural details, illustrations and descriptive text; valuable addition to any collection of data on components; updates previously available information; other booklets in the component series describe box beams, curved panels, trusses and pallets. Available free to architects, fabricators, and builders; write to Douglas Fir Plywood Association, 1119 A Street, Tacoma 2, Washington.

✓ (349a) Available from the West Coast Lumbermen's Association is an excellent 44-page catalog entitled: "Douglas Fir Lumber—Grades and Uses." This well illustrated catalog includes detailed descriptions of boards, finish, joists, and panels, and light framing with several full-page examples of each; conversion tables, stresses, weights, properties of Douglas fir. For a copy write to: West Coast Lumbermen's Association, 1410 S.W. Morrison St., Portland 5, Oregon.

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JOHN D. ENTENZA, Editor, Publisher

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 24th day of September, 1962.

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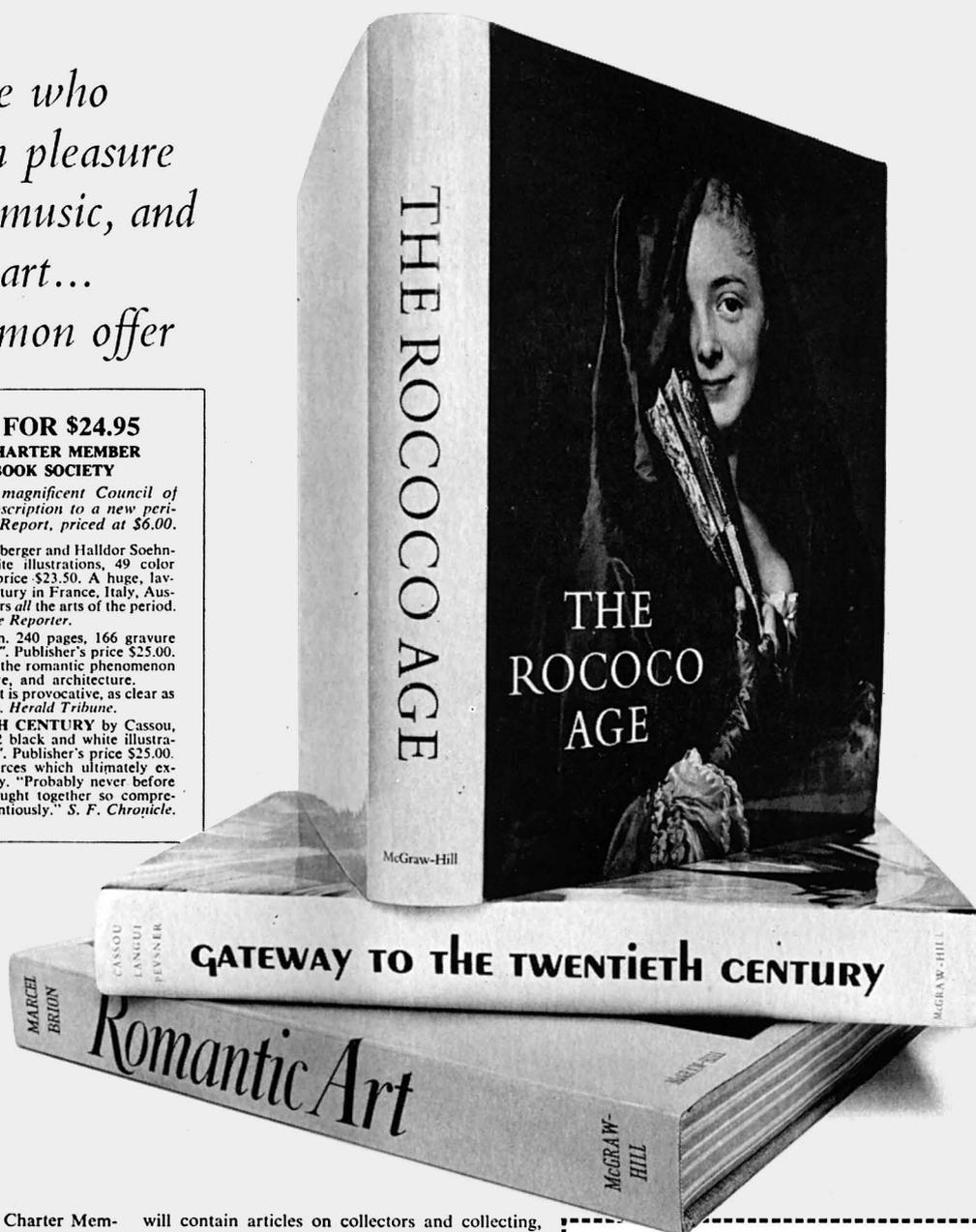
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