

California

arts and architecture

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NOVEMBER

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IN LOS ANGELES

GRACE McCANN MORLEY

"CHARLES IVES"

MODERN ROOMS FOR

MODERN CHILDREN

DR. GRACE FERNALD

LLOYD WRIGHT

1940

PRICE 25 CENTS

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THE COVER

The entrance of the Paul T. Frankl house showing an interesting treatment of the dark brown tile pavement. The chairs are covered in shaggy beige material in contrast to the sleek lacquer frames. The antique Korean chest is trimmed with black wrought iron. The entrance door is enriched by carefully selected redwood burl panels.



Stuart O'Brien

California

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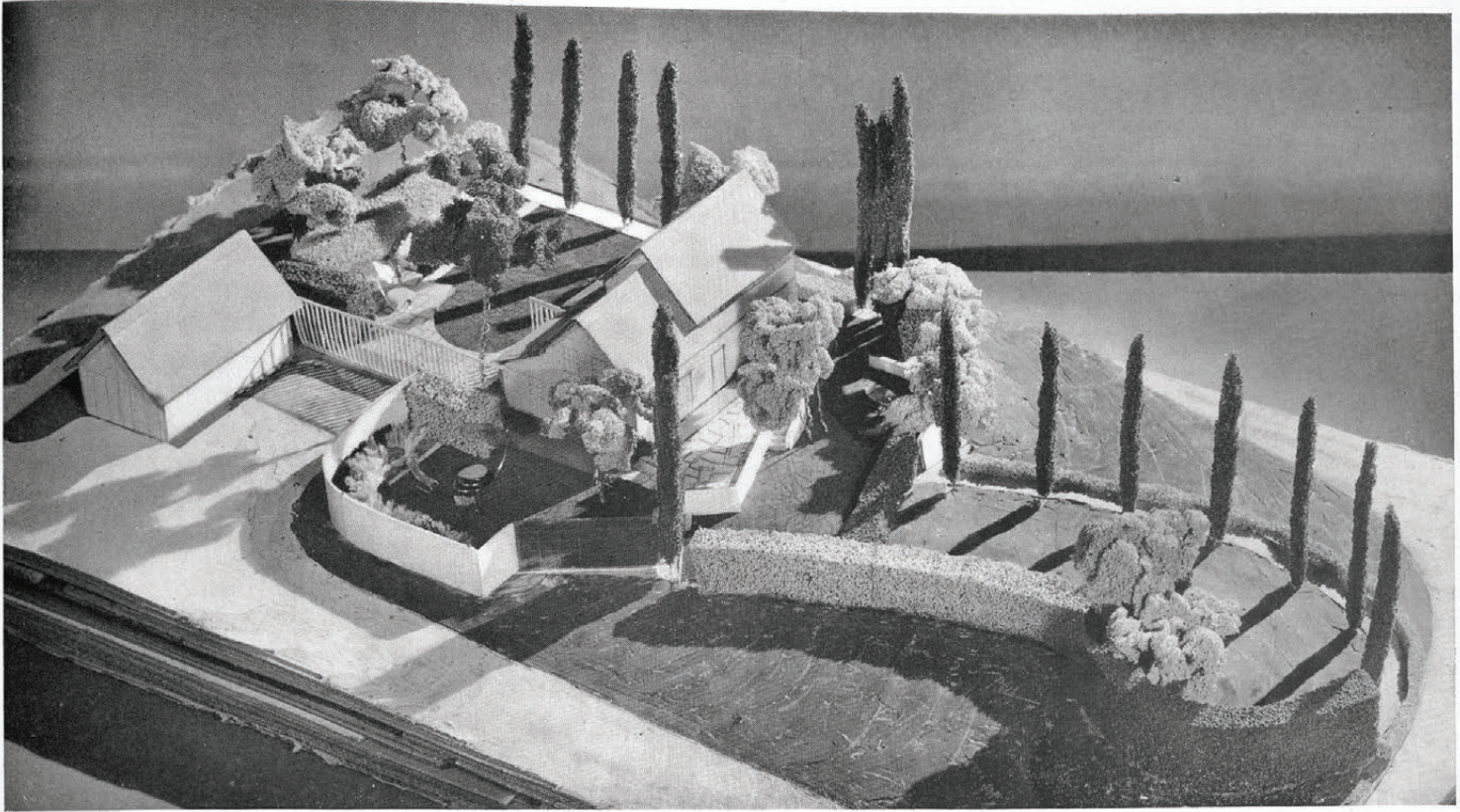
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Terraces directed toward the view follow the natural slope. A glass wall for sun is curtained for privacy.

Photographs courtesy of Pencil Points

BOGEYS IN THE LANDSCAPE

by James C. Rose

ONE THING you learn, and very quickly, when you begin to do landscapes or houses for people, is the tremendous power of past experiences and associations. The homing instinct is probably one of the strongest, and at the same time one of the least adequately provided for. The discrepancy sets up a series of frustrations which often find no other expression than the heart-shaped flower bed on the lawn.

It has been popular to blame every conceivable misfortune in house and landscape planning on the client because of a simple illusion or sentimental wish that could have been easily resolved at the beginning. One simple fact is generally overlooked — that planning is neither imposing the will of a designer upon the trusting client nor the feeble catering to absurd whims of those who can afford them. The process of providing a satisfactory environment for an individual or a community goes through nearly as many stages as a psycho-analysis in that it brings up all the emotional fears that result from our conditioning. And because the landscape is closer to the primitive than building, it probably brings into play more irrational fears. But only when these fears are resolved — not gratified — will the client have a place of enduring satisfaction.

Like so many of the traditional bogeymen, heard of but never seen, I have never met a client who didn't resolve all these fears in the process of planning. Usually, one is confronted with experiences and associations of the client, and discovering their real meaning amounts to black magic. In the landscape illustrated I was confronted by my own as well, and that is a little of the physician curing himself.

A friend of mine had inherited a farm in Pennsylvania, and she asked me to do the landscape. A charming old place in the hills, it had orchards and old stone walls, and a magnificent view across the valley. With a fireplace in every room and a great lawn that swept down to the view, with gnarled apple trees spotted here and there, it was everyone's dream of a house. I had lived in just such a house as a child, and in the same community and I knew the life that centered around it. What is more important, I knew how it *felt* to live in such a place. I knew both the virtues and the faults. I understood the pleasant sense of family life held together by its closeness to the soil and its remoteness from distractions, the good things like a cellar full of preserves and a warm kitchen with food that has never tasted quite the same anywhere since. And then the other things like the smothered sensation you get when you first realize that the world is large. The inconvenience of a broken pump, and the chore of fixing a windmill.

(Continued on page 38)



Above: The original homestead

The rear of the house is planned for outdoor eating and minimum upkeep

