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Wide World Photos

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER III
GUEST HOUSE, N.Y., N.Y.

“WE are born, we live (mostly), and we die in architecture.”

Eliel Saarinen would have dearly loved to see this come literally true, to have the setting of human life be planned and designed instead of being haphazard and slovenly. He rounded out a fruitful and orderly career on July 1 at the age of 76 as an architect and planner of the Twentieth Century. His life was a measured, loyal, and filial kind of life, leavened with wit and courtesy; his work was a considered and soundly wholesome work, done with unstinting care as well as originality.

When he came to the U.S. in 1923, he had already won European fame with works such as his Helsinki railroad station, his Finnish exposition building at the Paris fair of 1900, his numerous plans for Finnish cities. Above all, he had won the famous second prize for the 1922 Chicago *Tribune* Competition (Louis Sullivan heaped withering scorn on the jury for denying him the first prize) and his drawings set the U. S. skyscraper pattern for the next 20 years.

Like every one of our major architectural leaders of these times, he had to find himself at least one backer who was more than just a client, and had to isolate himself on some kind of an island to work from. George F. Booth, publisher of the *Detroit News*, came forth as his major patron, flinging \$17,000,000 into that ramifying group of schools at Bloomfield Hills, 40 miles west of Detroit, which Saarinen built up into his major demonstration. Cranbrook was his island. Its handsome groups of school buildings and residences, set among hills and against lakes, next door to America's roaring center of headlong industry, was a place where one could see what beauty was, and leisure, and unhurried contemplation. Here Eliel Saarinen could teach—and not only as head of Cranbrook Academy and director of its school of architecture. For the most effective school of architecture is the masterly building, or better yet, the masterly group set up

ral surroundings. If Cranbrook's breath-taking quality of that building, it had a unique value of understanding of the community; its craftsmanship; it made architecture's "allied arts." Eliel Saarinen's distinguished work, Carl Milles.

From Cranbrook, in partnership with his son Eero (and during the years 1925-1947 also with J. Robert F. Swanson), Eliel Saarinen sent forth his designs and his city planning projects. His buildings were primarily institutional and civic—they proved that throughout the whole of the "functional" era there was a strong thirst for the monumental. The Kleinhans Music Hall at Buffalo, the Tabernacle Church of Christ at Columbus, Indiana, the Des Moines Art Center—and finally the Christ Church at Minneapolis (see the July FORUM) were among the best known of the firm's buildings in which his hand was dominant.

In 1947, Eliel Saarinen received the gold medal of the American Institute of Architects, and in April of this year, the coveted gold medal of the Royal Institute of British Architects was added.

Like all our major architects he suffered many a heart-break. The remarkable competition plan for the Smithsonian Gallery, which might have set a new standard for thread-bare Twentieth Century Washington, was sidetracked by a doctrinaire Art Commission; and his civic center plan for Detroit has been destined for execution by the less able—whom, nevertheless, he would have generously guided. His ideas for centralized cities published in his book on *The City*, will work themselves out only through untraceable channels.

Yet Eliel Saarinen was a cheerful warrior, and his greatest gift was one of self-transcendence. It showed when his son Eero returned in 1934 from Yale (where he had won high honors) filled with a new awareness—the American awareness of industrialism as a human instrument. The Saarinens had worked always as a family—Loja, the wife, as a top weaver and sculptor, Pipsan the daughter following after her mother, Eero after his father. The battle between the father's views and the son's new ideas was strong and open; but they composed it and worked on, each as an individual yet in close friendly association. Said Alvar Aalto, their mutual Finnish friend, "What a wonderful critic Eero has in his father." When each sent a separate entry to the high-staked competition for the Jefferson Memorial in St. Louis, the first prize notification was sent mistakenly to the father. He would tell the story, and smile: "when we learned it was really for my son, we had to celebrate all over!"

In a family which shows so hearteningly the real old-fashioned meaning of tradition, who knows but the celebration will come some day for Eero's son, and Eliel's grandson, Eric!

—D. H.

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Like every one of our major architectural leaders of these times, he had to find himself at least one backer who was more than just a client, and had to isolate himself on some kind of an island to work from. George F. Booth, publisher of the *Detroit News*, came forth as his major patron, flinging \$17,000,000 into that ramifying group of schools at Bloomfield Hills, 40 miles west of Detroit, which Saarinen built up into his major demonstration. Cranbrook was his island. Its handsome groups of school buildings and residences, set among hills and against lakes, next door to America's roaring center of headlong industry, was a place where one could see what beauty was, and leisure, and unhurried contemplation. Here Eliel Saarinen could teach—and not only as head of Cranbrook Academy and director of its school of architecture. For the most effective school of architecture is the masterly building, or better yet, the masterly group set up

in a masterly handling of the natural surroundings. If Cranbrook never quite equaled the breath-taking quality of that other architect's mecca at Taliesin, it had a unique value of its own. It was closer to the understanding of the community; it was built with conscientious craftsmanship; it made generous and thoughtful use of architecture's "allied arts," most especially the sculpture of Saarinen's distinguished friend who followed him to Cranbrook, Carl Milles.

From Cranbrook, in partnership with his son Eero (and during the years 1925-1947 also with J. Robert F. Swanson), Eliel Saarinen sent forth his designs and his city planning projects. His buildings were primarily institutional and civic—they proved that throughout the whole of the "functional" era there was a strong thirst for the monumental. The Kleinhans Music Hall at Buffalo, the Tabernacle Church of Christ at Columbus, Indiana, the Des Moines Art Center—and finally the Christ Church at Minneapolis (see the July FORUM) were among the best known of the firm's buildings in which his hand was dominant.

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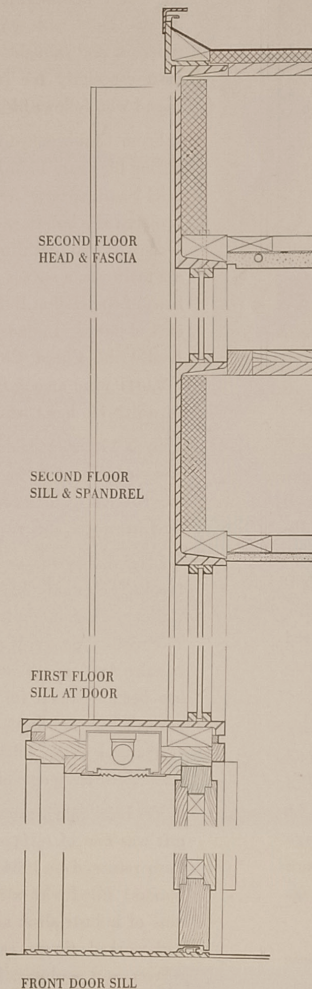
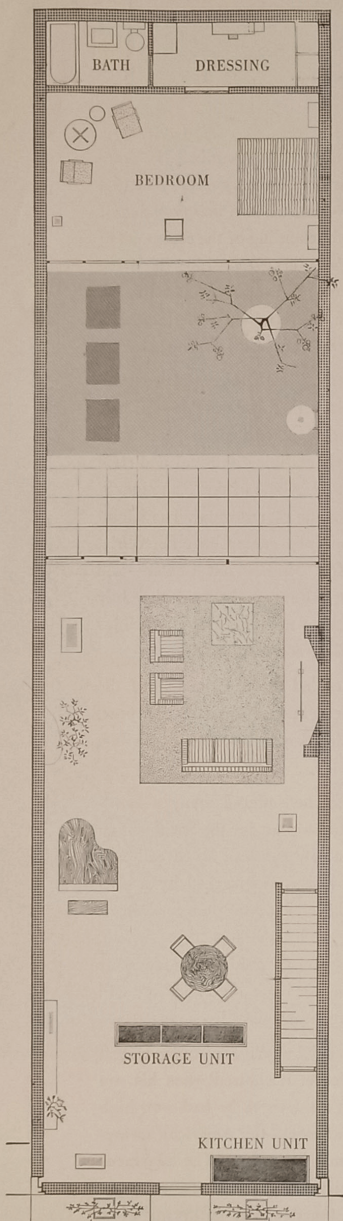
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PLAN AT CORNER

GUEST HOUSE

PHILIP C. JOHNSON, Designer

LANDIS GORES, Associated

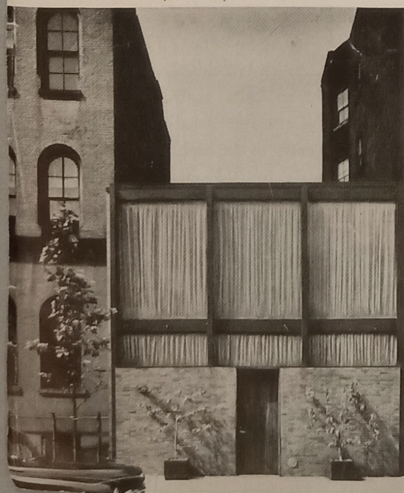
Water is rapidly becoming a favorite plaything of the modern architect. Its use as a chief decorative feature in houses as remote and different from one another as a New York party house and a Palm Springs desert home suggests that ultimately wading pools and lily ponds will be attractions even in subdivisions.

At the heart of this remodeled New York house, kinetic designer Philip Johnson has introduced a restful patio. It is water-floored and can be crossed only on large square stepping stones. It is filled with the sound of water splashing in a fountain or dripping into the pool as artificial rain from the glass canopy above. Glass-walled, the patio is actually an open-air inward room upon which the rest of the house is focused.

This inward-directed plan, so contrary to the concept of Johnson's own well-known "glass house" at New Canaan, came into being very simply as the result of tying an old coach house, at the rear of the lot, to the master house, so that a departed Victorian coachman was responsible for this rebirth of the Victorian conservatory.

Redesigned to serve a rich art-loving family as a guest house and a place for parties, the main dwelling had its first floor converted, as befits the new kind of *salon*, into a king-size living room served by a buffet kitchen. Upstairs two guest rooms draw some light through the discreet translucent glass of the street facade, but their windows face the garden. To the rear of the patio is the spacious master bedroom.

Having designed the house around a light-filled and glass-faced water well, Johnson proceeded to let its ever-changing light and reflections do most of his painting for him. A white linoleum floor, white plaster ceiling, and the white painted common brick of the party walls give this light the requisite large surfaces to play on. The dark rich colors of upholstery and carpet make the color-scheme almost black and white, enhancing the owner's paintings and sculpture. And museum-man Johnson turned to lighting-man Kelly for illumination which washes his walls with soft light from recessed ceiling floodlights while the downlight, also on dimmers, comes through pearly plastic louvers.



A strange front to find on 52nd Street, this simple-looking arrangement of glass, brick and steel is contrived by relatively intricate detailing. As a typically Miesian expression, the vertical H-sections are not columns but the mullions of the fixed windows.

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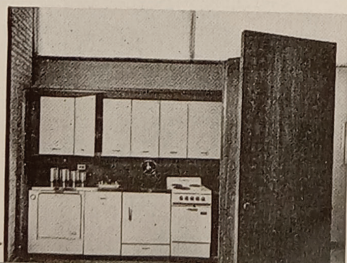


For small conversational groups a restful fireside arrangement of furniture creates a feeling of intimacy. Low, chair-height indirect lamp is Johnson-Kelly-designed.

Photos: Robert Damora

A predominantly black and white color scheme, accented by low-keyed colors and simple wood finishes, does not compete with works of art from the owners' collection.

When not in use, a compact kitchen at the front of the house may be closed off by folding doors which, when open, screen kitchen activity from the main entrance.



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The idea of a quietly serene and empty space at the very core of a house and its busy life is one that might have appealed to Lao Tse the philosopher. Its appeal is perhaps even greater for our hectic century. And Johnson's water-floor protects the space perpetually from physical intrusion, leaving the honey-locust tree, a simple bronze fountain, and the climbing vines, in sole undisputed possession.

The main room may be opened to the patio by sliding two glass panels back over the door panel. Guests sitting on the open terrace may then enjoy the final romanticism—a curtain of "rain" dropped just beyond the edge of the travertine from a pierced pipe at the fascia of the glass roof over the terrace. At night, strip lighting concealed between the two layers of the glass roof brings the show alive.



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Like the ancients, architect Johnson would combine fine arts with sports in an outdoor setting. The private art gallery stands next to a sixty-foot swimming pool, contains dressing rooms as well as works of art.

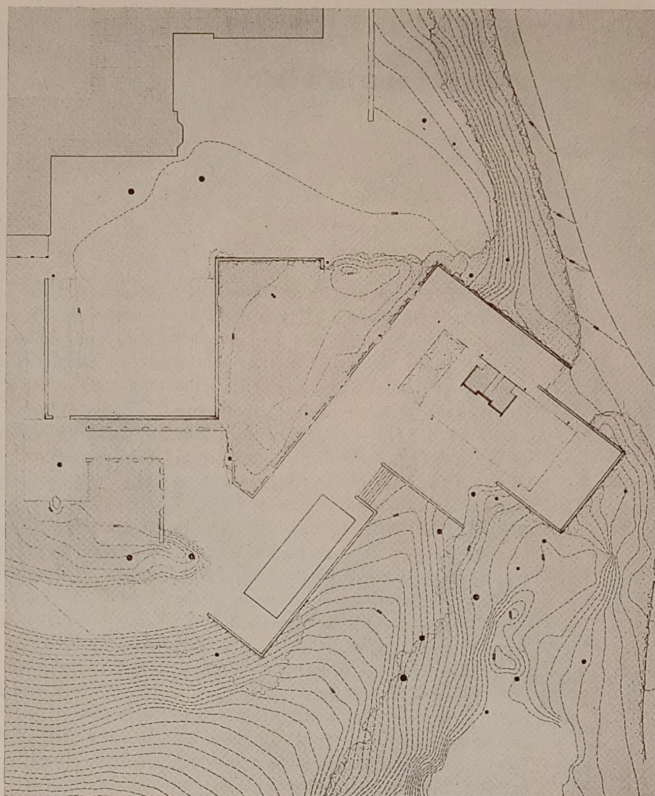
Philip Johnson, New York City

New-world Xanadu, of steel and glass

There is one idea which most staunch advocates of modern architecture share with its staunch enemies, and that is that magnificence and luxury, like romance, are things of the past. Even those of us who indorse the efficiency, healthfulness, and beauty of modern structures are apt, when we dream of splendor, to picture Kubla Kahn's pleasure dome in Xanadu, Hadrian's villa, the pavilions of Croesus, or the Petit Trianon at Versailles. These fabulous buildings, whatever their size, period, or location, had certain characteristics in common which are rarely seen together today: 1. They were playgrounds, privately owned. 2. Their

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For a purist like Mr. Johnson, the triangular relationship of the main house (upper left) to the pool and pavilion (lower right) may seem to be an unpardonable breach of the rules of architectural composition, but the fact is that each unit is invisible from the other because of the steep rise of the thickly overgrown ground. Not shown in plan are the indoor partitions of the pavilion.



outdoor settings were as important as the buildings proper. 3. They were lavishly studded with works of fine, as well as of decorative art.

That is why we are pleased to present Mr. Johnson's "Interior to Come." As everyone knows, Mr. Johnson is not merely one of our most gifted and most competent architects, but also one of the most rarified purists in the field. His project is a perfect example of the sheer geometry in steel and glass that has come to symbolize the words, "modern architecture." That is why it is so that in letter and spirit, this striking project fits into the tradition of the pleasure pavil-

ion. Mr. Johnson's pavilion, separated from a main house, stands in a lovely natural setting. Indoors it incorporates glass partitioned space for an art collection, for social gatherings, a huge fireplace, and dressing rooms; outdoors—a sixty-foot swimming pool, and walls and planting designed as backgrounds for sculpture.

The airy structure consists of thin steel columns with bronze trim, glass walls, and a roof. Brick walls facing the rising hills at the sides not only serve to set off the sculpture to be placed out-of-doors, but help to fend off the brisk winter winds. This is a useful protection since the building is de-

signed for year-round use, and is located in New York state.

This may be called disappearing architecture. The elements, in themselves precise, machine-like, and supposedly cold, give way completely to the setting, so that the final result is perfectly natural, instead of extremely mechanical.

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NEW YORK TIMES, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1964.

MUSEUM BUILDING ON 52D ST. IS SOLD

Modern Art Center's Guest House Is Work of Johnson

The Museum of Modern Art has sold its Guest House, which was designed by Philip Johnson for Mrs. John D. Rockefeller 3d in 1950 and later given to the museum.

The new owner is Mrs. Robert C. Leonhardt, the wife of a Manhattan business consultant, who also owns a Johnson house in Lloyd's Neck, L. I.

The two-story museum building, at 242 East 52d Street, is considered one of Mr. Johnson's most striking designs. Among the other buildings he has worked on are the Seagram Building, the Dance Theatre at Lincoln Center and the New York State Pavilion at the 1964-65 World's Fair.

According to Mr. Leonhardt, the transaction was agreed upon in April, 1962, and involved about \$100,000. The actual transfer will take place in September, but the Leonhardts plan to move in, with their two children, in May.

By then, the museum hopes to have completed part of its construction program, including a new east wing with a penthouse. The penthouse will be used for the conferences and special exhibitions now held in the Guest House.

This week, a private exhibition of works by The Eight, a group of early 20th-century American painters, is on display there. It will run through tomorrow.

Although the museum has known for almost two years that it would be giving up the house, it has never publicly said

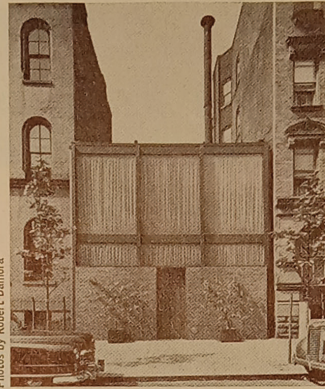
so. Mr. Leonhardt said he had been eager to avoid publicity "because we don't want to be bothered."

The house is of unusual design, with no front windows on the street level. Except for a kitchenette, the entire first floor is given over to one large room with a wall of glass at the rear.

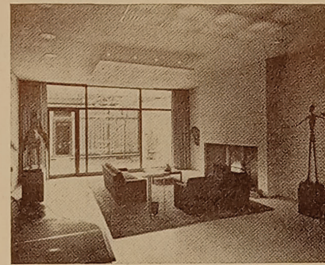
Beyond lies a pool crossed by rectangular stepping stones, and beyond that a small second building. Its front wall—the one facing the pool—is also of glass.

On the second floor are two bedrooms and a bath. The house is sparsely furnished in the manner of Mr. Johnson and his mentor, the Dutch architect Ludwig Mies van der Rohe, but the effect is not spartan.

Mr. Leonhardt, who specializes in negotiating mergers and acquisitions, was once a business partner of Alexander Guterman, the Wall Street operator who was later convicted of fraud. Mr. Leonhardt testified for the Government at the Guterman trial.



Photos by Robert Damora



MM Art Guest House Sold

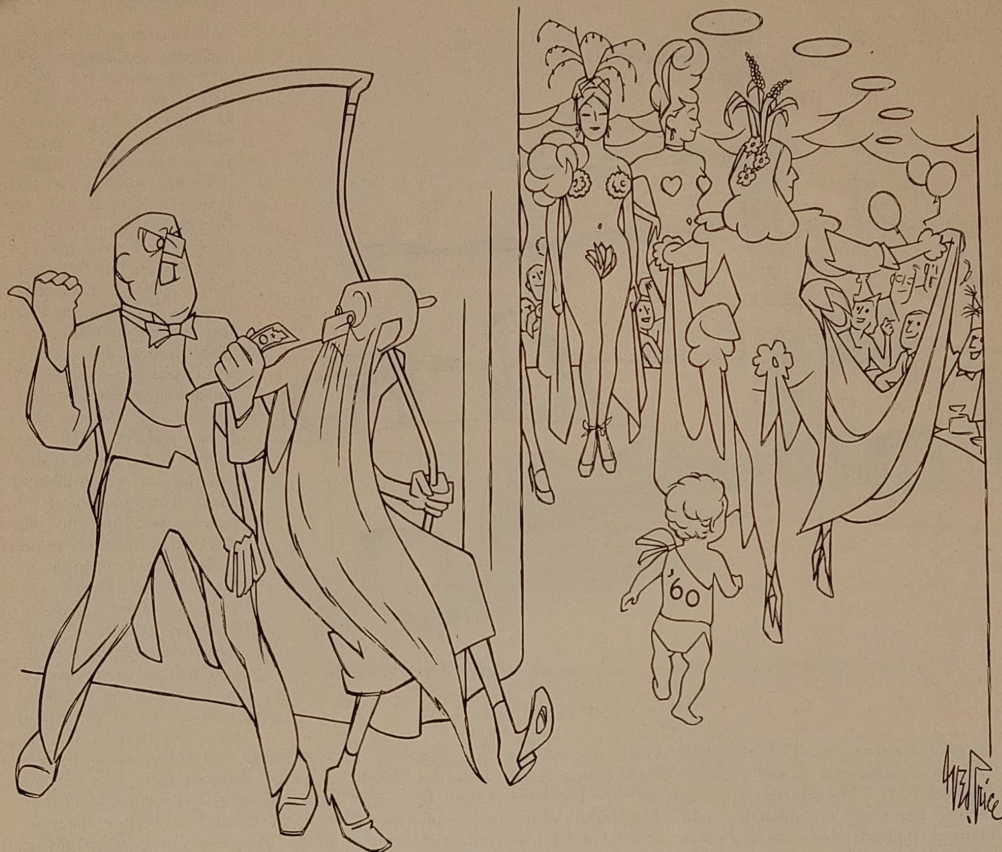
The guest house of the Museum of Modern Art in New York, designed by Philip Johnson for Mrs. John D. Rockefeller III in 1950 and later presented to the museum, has been sold to the wife of a Manhattan business consultant who also owns a Johnson house on Long Island. The new owners plan to occupy the house on East 52nd Street in May. Facilities for which the residence provided amenities—receptions, visiting dignitaries, and so on—will be shifted to a penthouse in the additions to the parent museum, also designed by Johnson (p. 68, SEPTEMBER 1963 P/A) and currently under construction.

The last function in the guest house was a private members' show of "The

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"Here's your twenty bucks. Now scam!"

ing in its place a large white spot. Because of this peculiar event, Schmidt argued that there was certainly activity on the moon, if only an occasional moonquake, and while the mystery of Linné's disappearance has never been satisfactorily explained, most contemporary astronomers tend to agree with Schmidt that the old satellite isn't altogether defunct.

With the advent of photography, mapping the moon became much easier and also much more complex. In 1850, a New York man, John Draper, completed the first photographic study of the moon; since then a number of increasingly detailed atlases have been produced, the latest having been published in 1951 by the well-known English astronomer Dr. H. Percy Wilkins. Most authorities believe that Dr. Wilkins' work will remain the standard lunar

guide until surveyors actually land on the moon's surface and set up their tripods in the Sea of Nectar. Besides Riccioli's two hundred named craters, mountains, and seas, there are some five hundred other moon sites with officially recognized names, and the Russians are now in a position to supply several hundred more. Among Americans for whom sites have been named up yonder were E. C. and W. H. Pickering, of the Harvard College Observatory; Simon Newcomb, of the Naval Observatory in Washington, D.C.; and Benjamin Franklin, after whom a crater was named in 1838.

The Birthday Cake

WE ran into a young Park Avenue mother of our acquaintance on an escalator at Bloomingdale's during one

of the last, feverish shopping days before Christmas, and, guiding us into a turbulent cove on the lee side of Bar Accessories, fourth floor, she poured out to us a sad tale of her efforts to throw a small birthday party the week before for her small daughter's two kittens, named Roughie and Toughie. The kittens were going to be a year old, and she telephoned a neighborhood bakery to order a small cake, asking that it be inscribed "Happy Birthday, comma, Roughie and Toughie." She was told that this wouldn't fit on a small cake. "Happy Birthday, comma, Kittens," she suggested. Still too long. "All right," she said. "Make it 'Happy Birthday, comma, Cats.'" Hanging up the phone, she explained to her daughter that, being a year old, the kittens were now cats. This explanation was accepted graciously. Then, on the appointed day,

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"Pardon me, but can you tell me what's wrong when a car won't run?"

the cake was sent over. The inscription had no comma, and it said "Happy Birthday Katz." We offered the young mother the season's condolences and plunged on in search of a Martini mixer that doesn't play a tune when you tilt it.

Modest President

WE called on Mrs. John D. Rockefeller III, the new president of the Museum of Modern Art, the other afternoon, at her apartment, on Beekman Place, and found her a tall, slender, poised, candid, unaffected woman, with a nice voice, who told us she majored in music at Vassar, got married, had four children, became a Vassar trustee, and, around ten years ago, began to collect modern art. "I think I started out because I wanted something to cut loose on," she said. "I may have been influenced by Johnny's mother, who had begun collecting on her own; the Museum of Modern Art grew out of that. All of us girls really adored our mother-in-law. There were four of us; Nelson's wife was the first, then me, then Laurance's wife, then David's. She was such a human person, and so interested in her daughters-in-law. We'd sit and knit and talk about things.

Well, one of the first purchases I made was a bronze horse by Marinto Marini—I ordered it from Italy after Alfred Barr showed me a photograph of it—and it arrived in the elevator one day. It didn't go very well with what we had, so it was put in a storeroom downstairs. I wanted a place to show this kind of thing, so I got Philip Johnson, whose architecture I admire very much, to remodel a little house on East Fifty-second Street into a gallery and guesthouse. I paid for it with my own money, which I also used to buy paintings and sculptures, and I later gave it to the Museum, which does some of its entertaining there. I learned a lot working with Philip on the house; it was like a laboratory lesson in modern design. I had great fun with it; the whole family went to spend the weekend there one time. The Marini horse is still in the house, though it still belongs to me."

We asked Mrs. R. when her work with the Museum began, and she said that in 1949, at the instance of Nelson Rockefeller, who was then its president, she set up its Junior Council, to bring young people in. "Nelson wanted to get new blood into the Museum," she said. "I think he felt that some

of the board members were becoming too distinguished to work around the place. The Council, which grew to thirty or forty people, started the Art Lending Service, among other things. Beth Straus—Mrs. Donald Straus—succeeded me as chairman, and in 1955, by which time I was a trustee, I got into another Museum body, the International Council. The Museum had been running circulating exhibits around the country and in Canada—an important and successful program, directed by Porter McCray—and in 1950 the trustees had the idea of doing this on a worldwide basis. The question of finances came up, and the Rockefeller Brothers Fund made a five-year grant to get it started. It did very well indeed—it sponsored Museum exhibits all over the world—but by the last year that the grant covered no provision had yet been made for its future financing. Foundations like to

start things, you know, and then have them go along on their own. So we talked about it, and formed the International Council to further the program. My job was to recruit members, to help underwrite it; we now have eighty-eight, from all parts of the country. They're a wonderful group of people. Meanwhile, the Rockefeller Brothers Fund had made another five-year grant, but on a diminishing basis; in another year or two, it will come to zero. Well, I got the International Council sort of started, and a couple of years ago Eliza Parkinson—Mrs. Bliss Parkinson—succeeded me as its president. The Council is doing all kinds of exciting things, such as trying to get good art hung in American embassies. Douglas Dillon, whose wife is one of our trustees, was very helpful when he was Ambassador in Paris."

Looking pleased at the thought of Douglas Dillon, Mrs. Rockefeller continued, "When I resigned from that, I took a year or so off from the Museum. I'd been on a number of its committees. I especially enjoyed the Collections Committee, over which Alfred Barr presides; he's a professor at heart, and exudes information and feeling. It was really fun. I stayed on the board, but I sort

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of extricated myself for a breather. Then the old magic of the Museum got after me, and last spring, when Nelson had to leave as chairman of the board—Jock Whitney had had to resign this post earlier, when *he* was wafted into public life—I was put in as chairman. Bill Burden was president, and then he had to leave, this fall, to become Ambassador to Belgium. We were horrified. We'd lost three of our major officers in a few years. We were about to start this twenty-five-million-dollar fund drive, and we couldn't be without a president. So I, kind of by default, slipped in, and Henry Allen Moe became chairman. I think the justification for having a woman president is that men are too busy."

We asked Mrs. R. how often she goes to her office in the Museum, and she said she doesn't have any office. "There isn't room," she said. "I don't even have a desk there. One of my Japanese friends—my husband and I are very much interested in Japan, and I've been there with him eight times—was here a few days ago. He was frightfully impressed with my being president of the Museum and wanted to call on me at my office; I had to confess the truth to him. I meet once a week with René d'Harnoncourt, the director of the Museum, and sit in his office. If I may make one point about the Museum, it's that it has had an extraordinary career for the last thirty years, and it's very important that, from here on, it shouldn't lose its quality of freshness. I think there's too much of the status-seeker approach to art. We must put on exhibits that make people think for themselves."

We asked Mrs. Rockefeller about her interest in Japan—she had received us in a small library, and we'd noted, in an adjacent hall, many shelves of books on Japanese art and history—and she said, "My husband first took me there in 1951, when he went out as cultural adviser to Mr. Dulles on the Peace Treaty Mission. We began to realize how important it was to try to undo the hatred between our two countries. Later, I took some courses in Oriental history at Columbia—I went there three winters, and I took the last course Sir George Sansom gave in Japanese cultural history—and I got

within six points of getting an M.A. You need thirty points. The trouble was I had to stop in the middle of an Oriental-art course to go to Asia. We generally go in January and February, and I think we've made a number of friends there. We took two of our children with us on one trip, and one of them, John, has been living in Tokyo for the past three years. The bug really bit him. He's going to be an Oriental specialist of some sort. We keep having our friends here meet our visiting Asian friends. The Japanese are shy, and there's a language difficulty, so it's a little uphill, but it's a joy to be with them and try to make them feel at home; they're so appreciative. It's all very nebulous, but the Japan Society and the Asia Society have grown out of this—my husband is president of them—and I think it adds up to good feeling, perhaps."

It has also added up, we learned, to more of an eye-to-eye attitude toward art on the part of Mrs. Rockefeller and her husband. "Johnny was a little stand-offish about abstract art when I began to collect it, but, through the Orient, we have come closer together in our feeling for art," she said. "He has always admired Japanese art, which, especially in its calligraphy, is very closely related to abstract art, and he

now sees a little more beauty in the understatement of abstract art. And I've become terribly interested in his collection of Asian art." She showed us a serene, four-foot-high stone Buddha in the drawing room, and, on our raising a fiscal point, said that her extra-Rockefeller money comes from her father, the late Elon Huntington Hooker, who was a direct descendant of Thomas Hooker, one of the founders of the Connecticut Colony. Elon Hooker was active in timber, mining, railroads, chemicals, and hydraulic engineering. "Father worked his way through the University of Rochester and later took a Ph.D. at Cornell," she said. "Then he did more graduate work, in Zurich and Paris. He started the Hooker Chemical Corporation, in Niagara Falls, and it is still a good company."

As she showed us to the elevator, she said, "It's sheer recreation working for the Museum, and I shouldn't get any credit for it."

OVERHEARD in the Grosvenor Bar, on lower Fifth Avenue, a feminine voice lifted more in anger than in sorrow: "That was one marriage I was *certain* would last. They met at a Bach festival."



"Is it O.K. to return the father part of a father-and-son outfit?"

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MORE, AND STILL MORE, MEMORIES OF THE NINETEEN~TWENTIES

WHAT a summer! Everyone was in the South of France. Willie Maugham was at Antibes. Margot Asquith was at Jimmy Sheean's. Jimmy Sheean was at Margot Asquith's. In June, we all went up to Paris to watch the Prince of Wales, then the most popular man of his time, fall off his horse at Auteuil. When he did, the crowd rushed across the track, picked up the young heir apparent, and carried him on their shoulders all the way to his room at the Ritz. Despite the twenty-two-mile walk through heavy traffic, with the Prince in obvious pain from a broken collarbone, it was a stirring occasion. Later, in the lobby of the hotel, I noticed a slight, dark-haired American lady making her way discreetly toward the service elevator. "We shall be hearing more about that girl," I remember remarking to Sherwood Anderson, who was covering the spectacle for the *Seattle Post-Intelligencer*. I was right. That girl was Helen Wills Moody.

This was in 1928. Back in New York, Jimmy Walker was mayor and the whole city had embarked on a frenzy of high spirits and wild living. On Broadway, Fred and Adele Astaire, fresh from a season's triumphs in "Kumquats of 1928," were polishing new routines for the opening of "Kumquats of 1929." Out in Hollywood, a young Spanish actor, Rodolpho d'An-

tonguolla, was already making a name for himself (Rudolph Valentino), subject to approval by the Los Angeles District Court. It was the era of prohibition, bootleg gin, and the infield single. Charles D. Flent was the best-loved man in America, and Calvin Coolidge was in the White House.

We were living at the time in a fashionable apartment on upper Fifth Avenue. On the advice of Bascomb W. Bascomb, my father had invested heavily in the rising bail-bond market, and our house was then a gathering place for many of the famous luminaries of the day. On the same evening, one might see such glittering personages as William S. (Big Bill) Thompson, William T. (Big Bill) Tilden, or William S. (Big Bill) Hart. Often, Otto Kahn, the banker, would come busting in late in the evening with a bagful of money or Radio stock, which he would distribute to the guests. Noël Coward frequently made an appearance, as well as many other literary figures of the time: Bunny Wilson, Victor Hugo, Joseph Moncure March, Bruno Brockton. Sad, clever Bruno Brockton. If only he had published!

One of the best-known gatherings in New York in this period was the famous Oxford Group, a collection of writers, playwrights, and wits who met every Wednesday evening for lunch in the old Oxford Hotel, on Thirty-seventh

Street. The members of the Oxford Group had a reputation for dazzling humor and repartee, to say nothing of sheer animal hunger, and to be invited to their table was one of the most sought-after honors that could befall a visitor to the city. It was at one of these lunches, I recall, that the famous exchange between S. S. VanFlogel, the columnist, and Leo Tolstoy, the Russian novelist and count, took place. Tolstoy, whose novel "War and Peace" had earlier attracted much critical attention, had been travelling incognito in New York on the I.R.T., and was brought to the lunch late one evening by John Cameron Gilpin, the artist. Swiftly, the conversation turned to a discussion of the celebrated novel. It was widely known in New York that VanFlogel had had it "in" for Tolstoy for some time, and, suddenly, in a caustic tone, he asked the Russian if he wouldn't have written the book differently if he "had been a woman." There was a stunned silence. VanFlogel's biting wit was feared as far north as Sixty-third Street, and it was doubtful whether the elderly Russian could hold his own against the columnist. Tolstoy looked around him at the company. His eyes met Gilpin's. "Which woman?" he replied quickly. The rest is history.

This was the year when the stock market began its unparalleled rise. Men were making fortunes overnight. A few even made money during the day. A veritable fever, or fervor, of speculation swept Wall Street, which now, thanks to the Securities and Exchange Commission, higher margin rates, sound money, cold feet, and the Kellogg-Briand Pact, is no longer possible. It was the Golden Age of Sport. Dempsey knocked out Carpentier. Tunney knocked out Dempsey. Babe Ruth hit five hundred and three home runs. Charles D. Flent was the most popular man in America, and Francis X. Bushman was in the White House, visiting Calvin Coolidge.

SCOTT FITZGERALD was much in the news at this time, and his exploits were helping to set the pace for his generation. Fitzgerald, who had attended Princeton some years earlier, had been dropped from the football squad for being "too thin," and had always regretted not having had a chance to play John O'Hara's Yale team in the Bowl. One evening, toward the end of the football season, we were all sitting around in the Plaza fountain—Maxwell Perkins, Burton



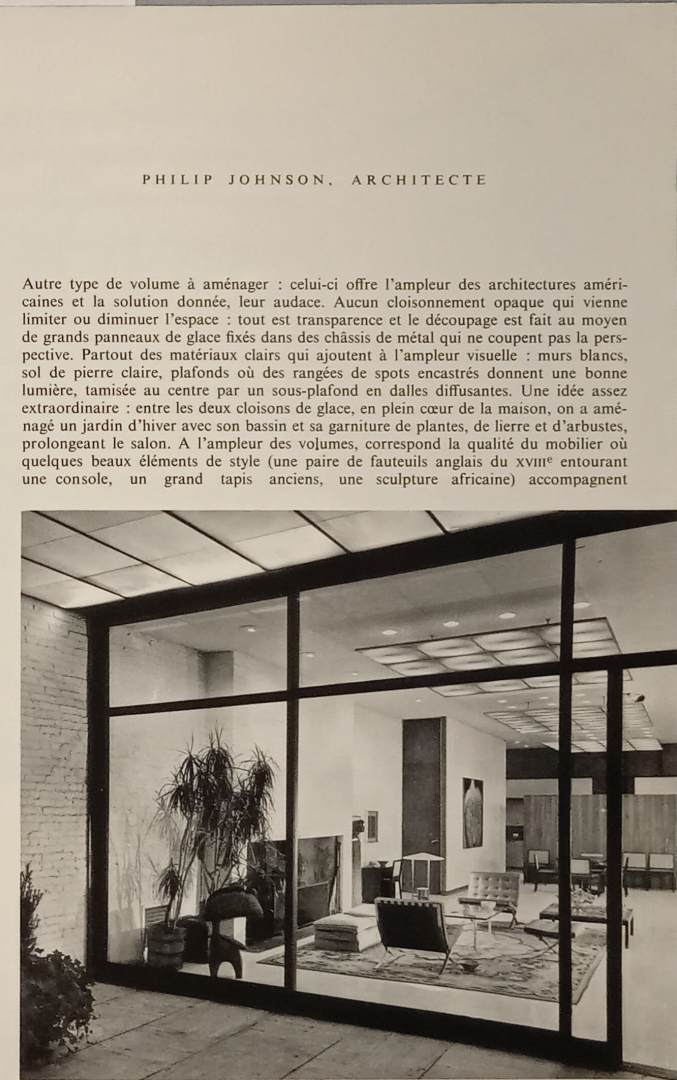
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1

PHOTOGRAPHIES ALEXANDRE GEORGES



2

PHILIP JOHNSON, ARCHITECTE

Autre type de volume à aménager : celui-ci offre l'ampleur des architectures américaines et la solution donnée, leur audace. Aucun cloisonnement opaque qui vienne limiter ou diminuer l'espace : tout est transparence et le découpage est fait au moyen de grands panneaux de glace fixés dans des châssis de métal qui ne coupent pas la perspective. Partout des matériaux clairs qui ajoutent à l'ampleur visuelle : murs blancs, sol de pierre claire, plafonds où des rangées de spots encastrés donnent une bonne lumière, tamisée au centre par un sous-plafond en dalles diffusantes. Une idée assez extraordinaire : entre les deux cloisons de glace, en plein cœur de la maison, on a aménagé un jardin d'hiver avec son bassin et sa garniture de plantes, de lierre et d'arbustes, prolongeant le salon. A l'ampleur des volumes, correspond la qualité du mobilier où quelques beaux éléments de style (une paire de fauteuils anglais du XVIII^e entourant une console, un grand tapis anciens, une sculpture africaine) accompagnent

Mais si, les grandes pièces ont aussi de l'esprit

et soutiennent les éléments contemporains. Ceux-ci allient le raffinement des matériaux à celui des formes et sont d'un grand confort. Deux chauffeuses de Mies van der Rohe en cuir fauve et métal chromé, deux grandes tables basses carrées, l'une à plateau de glace, l'autre à plateau de marbre foncé, sont groupées autour de la cheminée dont le foyer découpe un vaste rectangle noir dans la surface de brique peinte en blanc. Côté piscine le sol est fait de grandes dalles de marbre clair, trois d'entre elles forment chemin d'un bord à l'autre et assurent le passage entre le salon et la zone des chambres. Afin, cependant, de préserver l'intimité, certains éléments mobiles ont été prévus pour isoler momentanément ou partiellement certaines zones : un grand voilage clair coulissant sous plafond au-delà de la seconde cloison vitrée (1) et un paravent de lattes de bois (2) situé derrière la salle à manger, au fond, et abritant la zone entrée et cuisine.

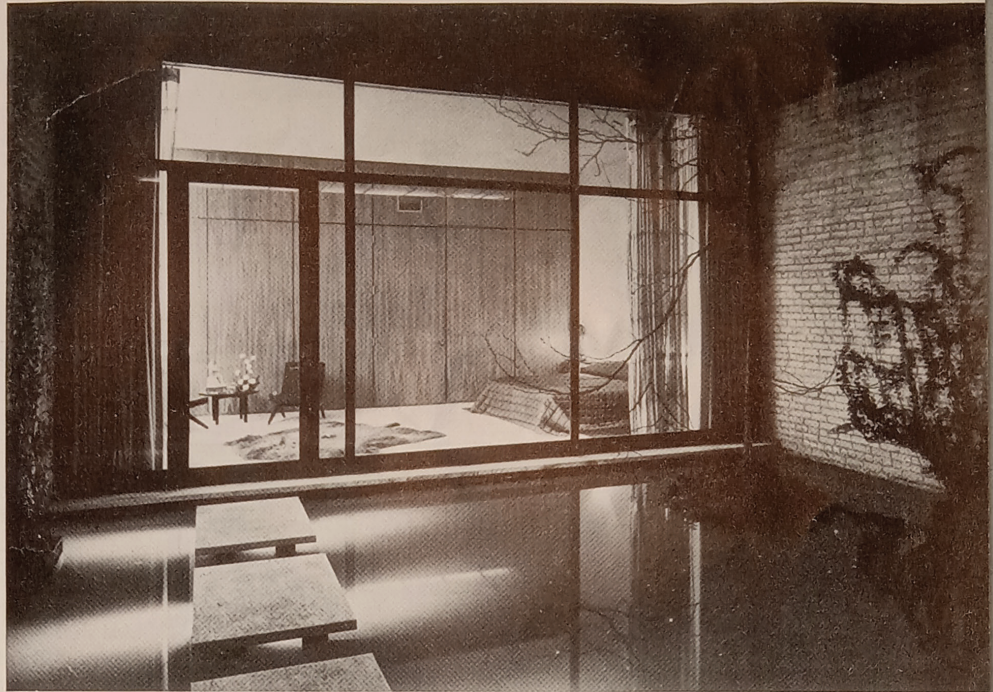
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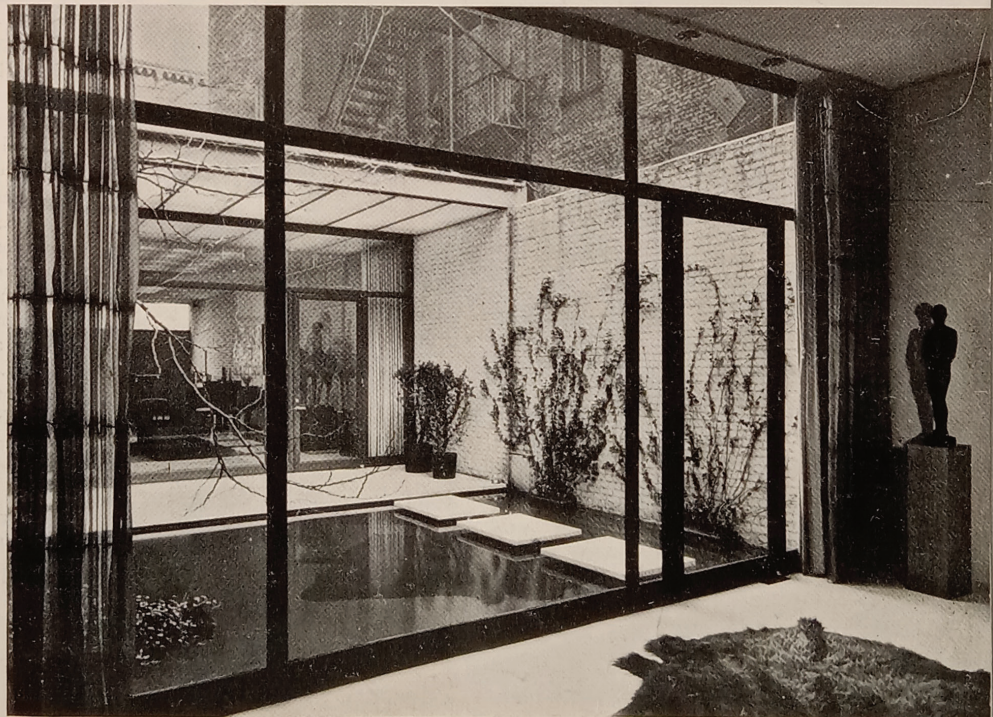
Town house



With the glass doors of the gallery pulled away the room is opened to the sound of artificial rain, falling from the illuminated glass overhang. Bronze bowl on the wall spills more water, adds more sound. Marble sculpture on table is by Hans Arp.

Above: three travertine stepping stones are only access to bedroom, have lights beneath. Pool is also lighted from the roof.

Below: brick wall stretches through house from bedroom to high windows at street side.



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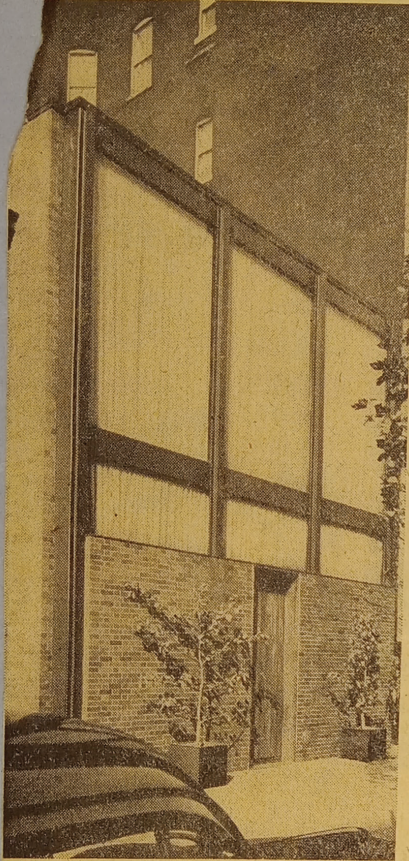
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food fashions family furnishings

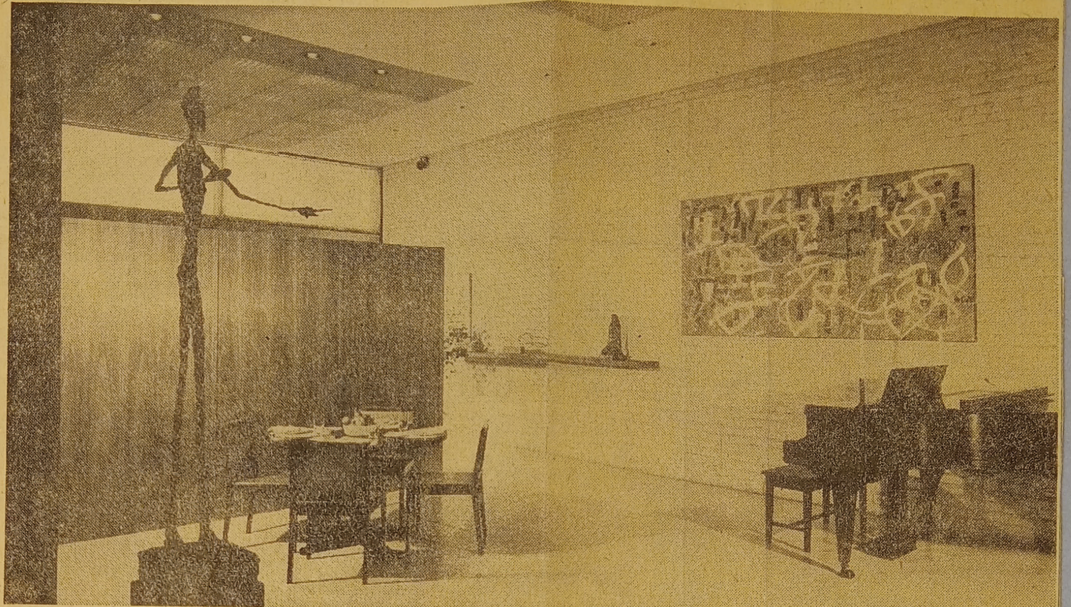
THE NEW YORK TIMES, TUESDAY, APRIL 22, 1958.

Art Exhibition Opens Door to Possible City Home of the Future



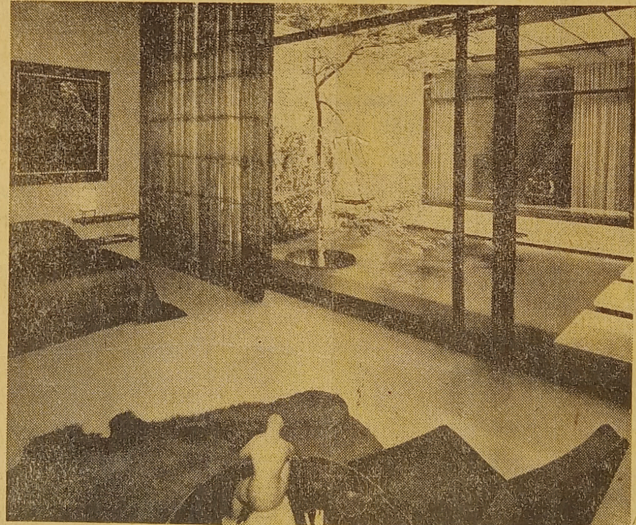
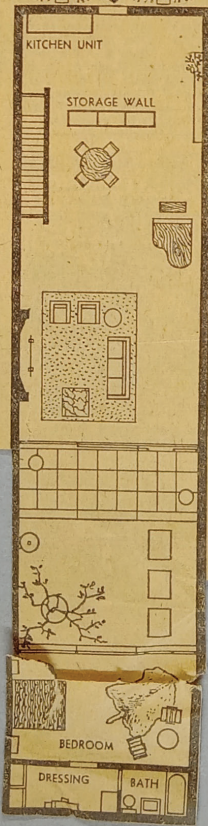
Photograph by Robert Damora

With the opening tomorrow of the Museum of Modern Art's exhibit of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Bareiss' art collection, New Yorkers will have a chance to inspect a patio house which, many architects predict, may be the city home of the future. The show will be held in the museum's "guest house," 242 East Fifty-second Street. This house, built around an open patio, was designed in 1950 by Philip Johnson for Mr. and Mrs. John D. Rockefeller Jr., who later gave it to the museum to use for meetings. Exterior of the house is shown above. Floor plan, right, shows the rectangular, one-story home, which is twenty-five feet wide and 100 feet long, divided cross-wise in 3 areas: dining-living room, open patio with pool, bedroom. The show continues through May 11. Tickets are \$1.



Photograph by Gottschow-Schlesinger

Dining area, above, and bedroom, below, are shown as they were furnished for the Rockefellers. Wood storage wall, behind dining table, screens entry. House was planned to display art. Giacometti's "Man Pointing" sculpture, foreground; Bradley Tomlin painting on wall.



Photograph by Robert Damora

Bedroom has view of patio pool and, across it, the living room. Pool flows around a locust tree in metal container, left, and is traversed by cement stones, right. The painting is a family portrait, the sculpture (foreground) is by Elie Nadelman.

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GESELLSCHAFT no. 4 1961

ARCHITEKT DIPL.-ING. HELMUT BORCHERDT:

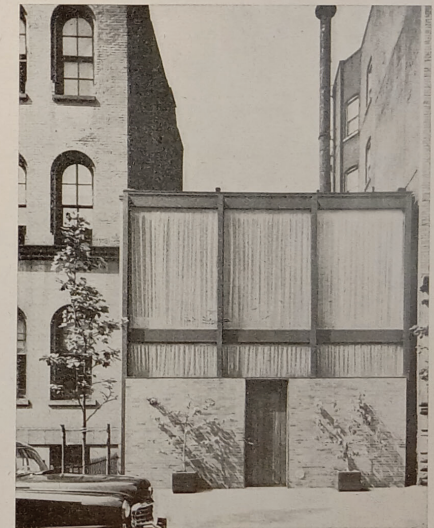
patio - ein gartenhof zum wohnen

Der Mangel an Bauland läßt die Grundstückspreise wachsen und die Grundstücksgrößen für Einfamilienhäuser abnehmen. Bei einem kleinen Grundstück, in dessen Mitte das Haus liegt, ist eine private Gartenatmosphäre fast nicht zu erreichen. Der Garten, der sich um das Haus legt, ist meist nur noch ein Grünstreifen, der den Abstand von den Nachbarn und von der Straße bildet, ohne die eigentliche Aufgabe des Gartens zu erfüllen, nämlich Raum für ein Leben unter freiem Himmel zu schaffen. Man pflanzt Büsche und Bäume, um vor dem Einblick von der Straße her und vom Nachbarn geschützt zu sein, und fühlt sich trotzdem noch wie auf dem Präsentierteller!

Es ist wichtig, seinen Garten nicht als „nach dem Hausbau übrig gebliebenes Freiland“, also als das Negativ des Hauses zu betrachten, sondern, wie das Haus selbst, als „ein Stück umgrenzten Raum“: als eine positive Form, die mit dem Haus eine Einheit bildet. Wer sich diese Auffassung zu eigen macht, findet von selbst den Weg, um auf einem kleinen Grundstück das Haus und einen zusammenhängenden bewohnbaren Garten unterzubringen: Das Haus muß an eine Seite des Grundstücks rücken oder bildet L-förmig zwei, beziehungsweise U-förmig drei Seitenbegrenzungen des Grundstücks. Eine Mauer umschließt die offengebliebenen Seiten des Gartens: ein Gartenhof ist entstanden.

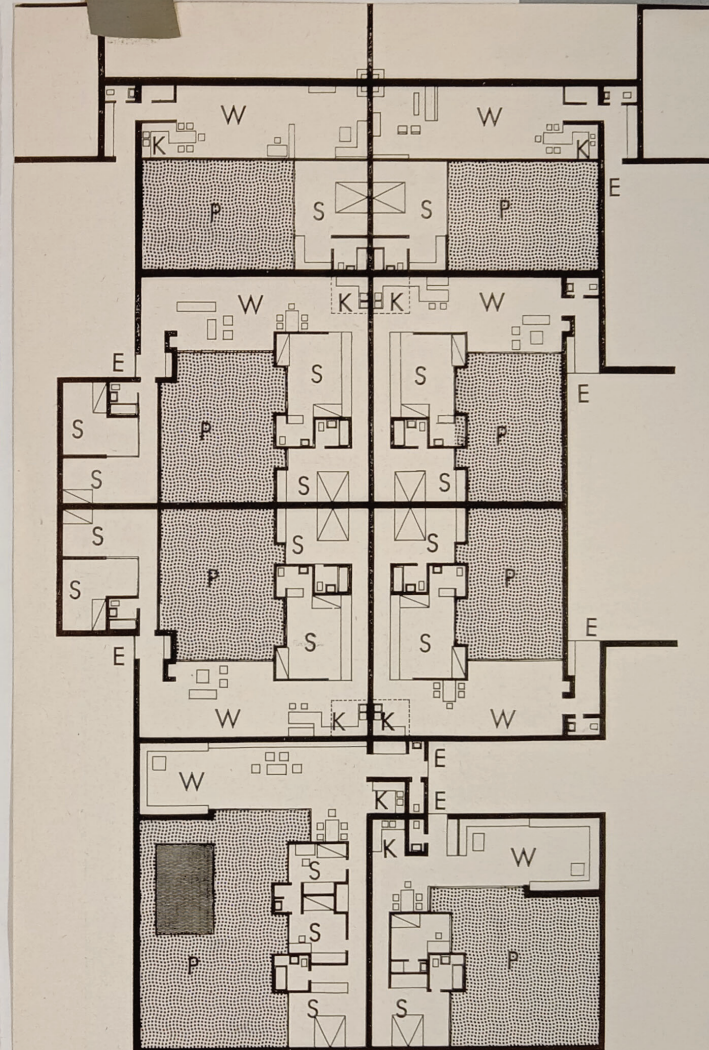
Diese Form, Haus und Garten als untrennbare Einheit zusammenzufügen, gab es schon vor 6000 Jahren. Wir kennen Gartenhofhäuser aus den verschiedensten Kulturkreisen und Klimazonen: aus Ägypten, Indien, China. In der griechischen und römischen Antike bildete ein Innenhof, lateinisch: atrium, den Mittelpunkt des Hauses, um den sich die Räume gruppieren. Diese Atriumhäuser lehnen sich meist mit drei Seiten an Nachbarhäuser an. Zur Straße hin wird der Innenhof durch eine hohe Mauer begrenzt, die den Einblick in Haus und Hof verwehrt.

Diese Form des abgeschlossenen Gartenhofhauses ist heute wie damals in den Mittelmeerländern und in Zentralamerika weit verbreitet. Im Pedregal, einer Luxussiedlung auf einem Lavafeld vor den Toren von Mexiko-City, wird von jedem Grundstücksbesitzer zum Beispiel verlangt, daß er auf seinen Grenzen eine hohe Mauer errichtet. Trotz extremer Verschiedenheit der einzelnen Häuser ergibt sich durch umgebende Mauern eine Geschlossenheit der ganzen Siedlung. Ein Zurschaustellen von Reichtum und das Auftrumpfen der Hausbesitzer untereinander wird vermieden; denn Lebensform und persönlicher Geschmack der Bewohner sind dem Betrachter von außen entzogen. Lediglich die Grundstücksein-



Gästehaus von John D. Rockefeller III, New York - Architekt Philip Johnson
In einem alten Viertel von New York zwängt sich zwischen höhere Wohnbauten ein flacher Bau in eine schmale und tiefe Baulücke. Die geschlossene Straßenseite läßt nicht vermuten, daß sich dahinter ein besonderer Innenhof als Mittelpunkt zwischen Wohnraum und Schlafraum verbirgt. Er wurde bewußt vermieden, mitten in der Steinwüste von New York ein Miniaturgärtlein anzulegen. Eine gepflasterte Terrasse, ein flaches Wasserbecken, über das man auf drei Trittschritten ins Schlafzimmer gelangt, schaffen den Rahmen des Innenhofes, ein Strauch den Akzent. (Fotos gegenüberliegende Seite und oben)

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Entwurf einer Reihenhausessiedlung

in Kalifornien von Helmut Borchardt. Dicke Trennwände stehen auf den Grundstücksgrenzen und trennen jedes Haus an drei Seiten von den Nachbarn. Die einzelnen Häuser umgrenzen L-förmig die Patios, wobei die Wohnräume in Ost-Westrichtung und die Schlafräume in Nord-Südrichtung angeordnet sind. Dem heißen Klima von Süd-Kalifornien entsprechend sind Bäder und Küchen meistens in Gruppen zusammengefaßt über das Dach hinausgezogen und kaminartig nach oben entlüftet, um eine besonders gute Lüftung zu erzielen. Es entspricht amerikanischer Gewohnheit, die Küche in räumlicher Verbindung mit dem Wohnzimmer anzuordnen. Die Garagen entlang der Straße gliedern die Front der Häuser in Vor- und Rücksprünge. Bei nebenstehender Zeichnung sind vier verschiedene Variationen des gleichen Grundrisschemas untereinander gezeichnet. Jeder dieser Typen gehört reihenweise wiederholt. Oben Typ 1 mit einem Schlafrum. Darunter Typ 2 und 3 mit 2 bzw. 4 Schlafräumen. Bei dem letzten Typ sind je ein Haus mit 2 und 3 Schlafräumen so ineinander gefügt, daß beide Häuser den Zugang über einen gemeinsamen Vorgarten nur von einer Straßenseite haben. Dadurch wird es ermöglicht, anstatt zwei vier Häuser zwischen zwei Straßen anzuordnen, was die Erschließungskosten reduziert.

P = Patio - W = Wohnraum
K = Küche bzw. Kochische
S = Schlafrum

Zeichnung: Helmut Borchardt; Fotos: Robert Damora (S. 30, 31); Merkle (S. 33); Louis Reens (S. 34 oben); Helmut Borchardt (S. 34 unten, 35)

gänge unterbrechen die Mauern entlang der Straße und geben die Möglichkeit einer individuellen Gestaltung. An Stelle der antiken Bezeichnung Atrium für einen Gartenhof bürgert sich immer mehr das spanische Wort „Patio“ ein, das diesen Begriff großzügiger umfaßt und nicht voraussetzt, daß dieser Gartenhof im Zentrum des Hauses liegt und von allen vier Seiten von Wohnräumen umschlossen wird. Der Patio ist ein von Mauern umgebener Gartenraum, ein Raum, dessen Dach der Himmel bildet. Die Außenwände des Hauses sind an die Grundstücksgrenze gerückt und schließen dadurch einen Freiraum mit ein, der als zusätzlicher Wohnraum voll genutzt werden kann, weil er dem Einblick Fremder entzogen ist. Der Patio

ist in heißen Zonen heimisch. Aber auch bei unserem Klima, wo man sich nicht so oft im Freien aufhalten kann, hat er seine große Bedeutung als Gartenraum, in dem man sich dank seiner Abgeschlossenheit geborgen fühlt.

Atriumsiedlung „In den Gartenhöfen“, Rheinbach bei Basel
Architekten Ulrich Löw und Theodor Manz

30 Atriumhäuser schließen sich zu einer kleinen Siedlung mit einem gemeinsamen Kinderspielplatz zusammen. Der Gartenhof ist von drei Seiten umgebaut, die vierte Seite wird durch einen Vorhang abgeschlossen; hier kann sich ein individuelles Familienleben entfalten. Der „Borplatz“ mit Kindersandplatz, Sitzbänken und Brunnen bildet dagegen den Raum für ein Gemeinschaftsleben. (Fotos rechts)

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H COURTYARD H S E S

by Michael Manser, Dip. Arch. A.R.I.B.A.



In today's brash and noisy world—the era of television, space

flight, speed and congestion—privacy is becoming an elusive and precious acquisition. Shortage of land and high density development is making it more difficult to find, adjacent to the home, a place to sit in the open in peace and solitude.

A current trend reflecting this craving has revived an age-old formula of architecture—that of the courtyard or patio house. Here, our consultant architect illustrates this pursuit of privacy with three outstanding houses; two by America's foremost exponent of courtyard design, and one a brilliant adaptation to the more unfriendly climate of the Scottish countryside

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HOME JAN. 1961

American style

H COURTYARD OUSES

HOUSES have been built around courtyards since the days of ancient Rome, and even before in tropical regions where earlier civilisations flourished. There were three reasons for building around courtyards: for security; to exclude the heat in hot climates; and to trap the sun's rays in cold climates.

A courtyard in a hot climate is most effective if it is small but deep, dropping through two or more floor levels, which keep the sun's rays from its floor. Because of this the courtyard and ground beneath act as a radiating and storage unit. The high walls on all sides shade the court from direct sunlight, but as it is still open to the sky it can lose heat continuously in that direction. The yard then becomes a heat sink which receives warmth from the rooms around and allows it to escape vertically. This phenomenon is supplemented at night by the natural tendency of the cooling air to drop into the courtyard, and so circulate through the house.

A courtyard acting as a suntrap follows the same principles in reverse, and it needs to be wide and shallow, so that the sun beats in and the walls provide shelter from any cooling winds.

The Romans built in courts, which they called atriums, largely for comfort in the hot Mediterranean Summer. They were also aware of its security. Windows and doors which opened to an internal court were safe from felony. The Romans were also supremely aware of the aesthetic advantages of courtyard planning and exploited its visual possibilities to the limit.

Medieval builders in England built in courts almost involuntarily as a defence measure, though it is conceivable they were influenced by the vestiges of the departed Roman conquerors. Nevertheless, it wasn't long before the suntrap value of courtyards was recognised and this characteristic has long since been employed in the English walled garden.

It is interesting to note that even when the defence aspect of courtyard planning was no longer important, the form was retained in institutional architecture, like universities with cloisters and courts, to obtain seclusion and privacy. And this is the reason the courtyard is becoming popular again.

Apart from individual houses, courtyard houses are also being built in housing estates at Cumbernauld new town, at Aldershot for the army, in Edinburgh and at Henley-on-Thames.

What are the advantages of a courtyard house in terms of day-to-day living? A house with a courtyard provides absolute privacy from aggressive neighbourliness. Whatever you do in your courtyard, however extraordinary and noisy, your illusion of privacy can never be shattered by an inquisitive face appearing over the fence.

The court and living-room can be so closely inter-related that they form one room, half with roof and half without. The spacious effect this achieves has to be seen to be appreciated.

There are, however, disadvantages. If too many rooms

A thousand years separates this design of the Rockefeller Guest House by Philip Johnson from the house of Pansa at Pompeii (in the sketch above the picture), but the way top lighting, drapery and water have been used remain the same



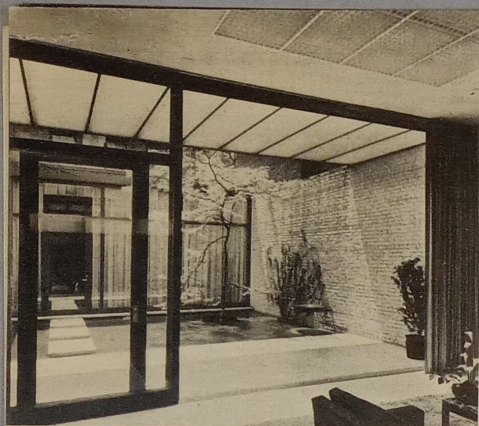
Natural materials, stone and timber, plus 20th-century plate-glass and planning, influence this design by Morris and Steedman for Mr. and Mrs. B. Tomlinson's courtyard house in Edinburgh

British style



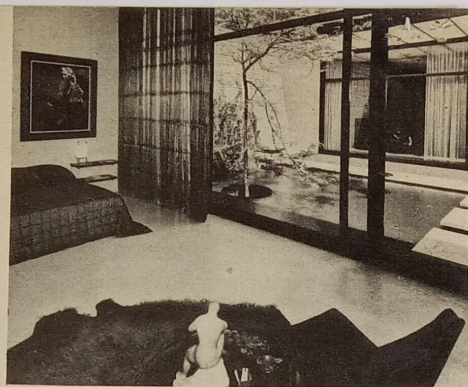
The sense of enclosure given by the courtyard of Mr. and Mrs. Tomlinson's house is repeated in a fireplace similar to a medieval inglenook

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Above: The Rockefeller Guest House demonstrates how a courtyard can increase the visual size of a room. Living-room and bedroom are on opposite sides of the courtyard. The texture of the brick work is deliberately coarse to complement the smoothness of glass and steel.

Opposite page: Another Philip Johnson design—the whole site of the Ash Street House in Massachusetts is enclosed by a wall on a suburban plot



H O U S E S

open on to the court it may act like a sounding box—and be noisy. It has to be maintained immaculately, otherwise it may soon begin to look like a garbage dump, adrift with leaves and dust. It may also look depressing during persistently misty or rainy periods, and some sort of light curtain should be provided to shut it off when necessary from the rest of the home. It must be well-drained, so that it isn't permanently puddled.

One of the leading exponents of courtyard housing in modern times is American architect Philip Johnson. His houses are formal in conception and grand in scale. All seem to have been designed for rich clients, and he has brought to them his own brand of brilliant simplicity.

The two Philip Johnson houses shown in these pages represent two different courtyard treatments: one for a narrow city site; the other for a typical suburban plot.

In the first one, the courtyard is small and used in an almost monumental manner to articulate the plan and bring daylight to the centre of a long, narrow building. This house has been closely compared with the house of Pompeii, and is divided in a basically similar manner by pools, sculpture and curtains.

In the second, almost the entire site has been enclosed by a high, rectangular wall. A strip of this has been roofed, and nothing more than a glass wall separates the house from the courtyard, which thus becomes an integral part of the living area.

The house in Scotland, by Scottish architects and landscape architects, Morris and Steedman, expounds yet another approach to courtyards. This is more rugged and rural in conception and calls to mind the traditional walled garden enclosing precincts near the house as a transition



between house and countryside. Here the design uses modern and traditional materials in juxtaposition, so that they complement each other. The warm stone walls are reflected in the shining glass, and the courtyard, with its changing levels and pool of water, is always tranquil.

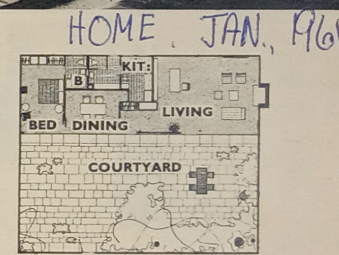
These few houses represent the latest development of an old idea, and they are attractive. But before embarking on a courtyard project there are certain factors that must be considered.

A patio house is not likely to be either small or cheap. In England in Winter, the angle of the sun is very low. It only rises over 10 degrees between 10 a.m. and 2 p.m., and the maximum elevation is 15 degrees. At such a low angle, to get the sun at all, means that the patio cannot be less than 20 ft. long, even if the house is not higher than about 9 ft. overall. This means the courtyard really needs to measure at least 20 by 15 ft. which requires a lot of house to enclose. For the same reason a courtyard house must be primarily a one-storey building, and obviously is best with a flat roof.

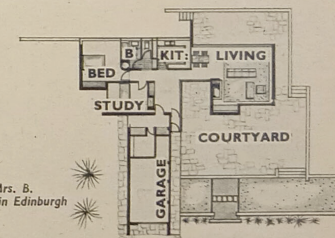
In an English Winter, it will also have a higher heat loss than a conventional house, because of the extra external wall area, and therefore fuel bills may be higher, too.

The planning has to be less compact, and corridors are almost inevitable; ideally these should be generous in width, which is wasteful of living space.

But if you value privacy, expansive living and a gracious house—and if you are prepared to pay for a pleasure that is almost entirely visual and certainly something of an extravagance—then it is possible to make a superlative home around a courtyard.



Plan of the Ash Street House in Massachusetts

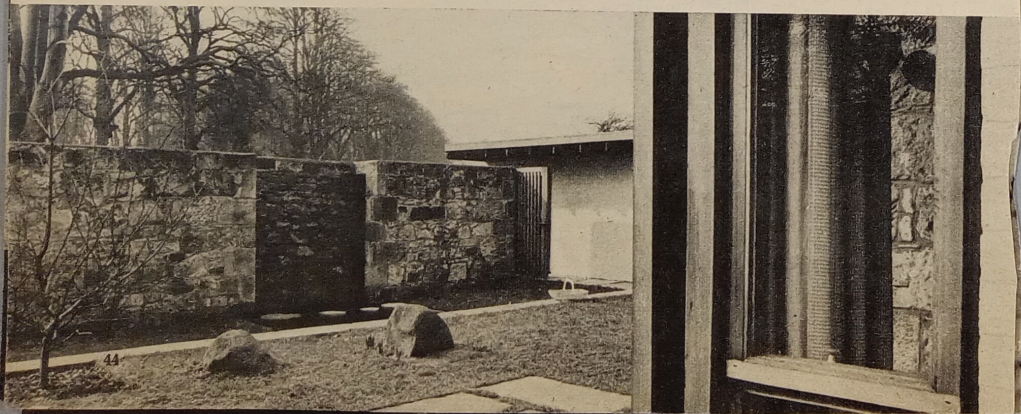


Plan of Mr. and Mrs. B. Tamlinson's house in Edinburgh

American style

British style

The courtyard house of Mr. and Mrs. B. Tamlinson is more rugged and rural in conception than the American one, inspired by the traditional walled garden. Interest in the rough stone wall is added by the recess and pool. Notice how the eye is carried immediately to tree tops—opening the enclosed space to bring in a taste of the world beyond



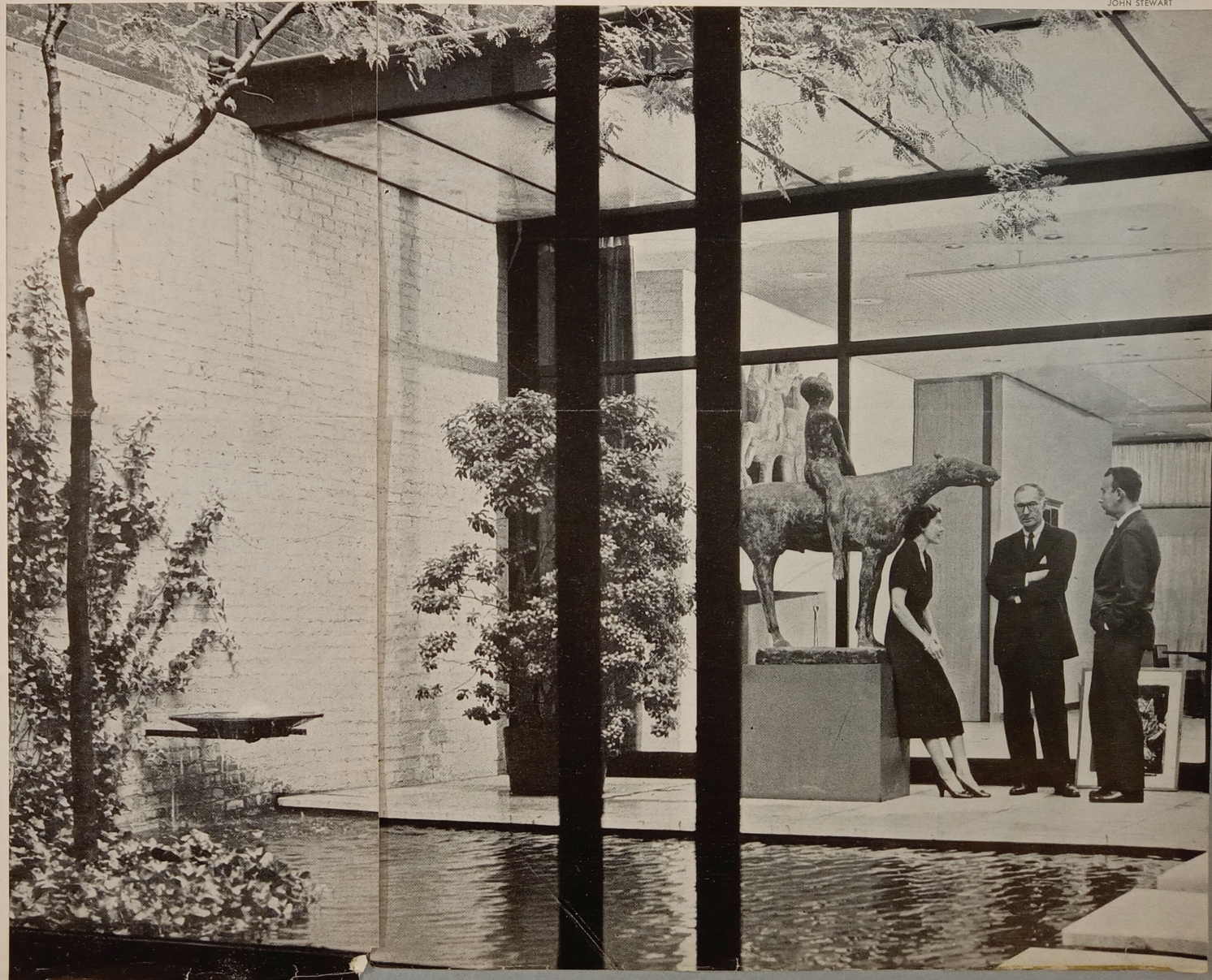
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Young Collectors' New York Housewarming

• This month a small, sharply contemporary house on Fifty-second Street extends its hospitality in a double *vernissage*—its own, and that of an exhibit by the Museum of Modern Art's enterprising Junior Council. The paintings, a free-wheeling and unusually venturesome collectors' collection, are owned by the Council's young members. Their setting: the Guest House of Mrs. John D. Rockefeller III, open to the public for the first time, its brick walls hung upstairs and down with paintings in happy, non-institutional familiarity. (Continued on page 193)

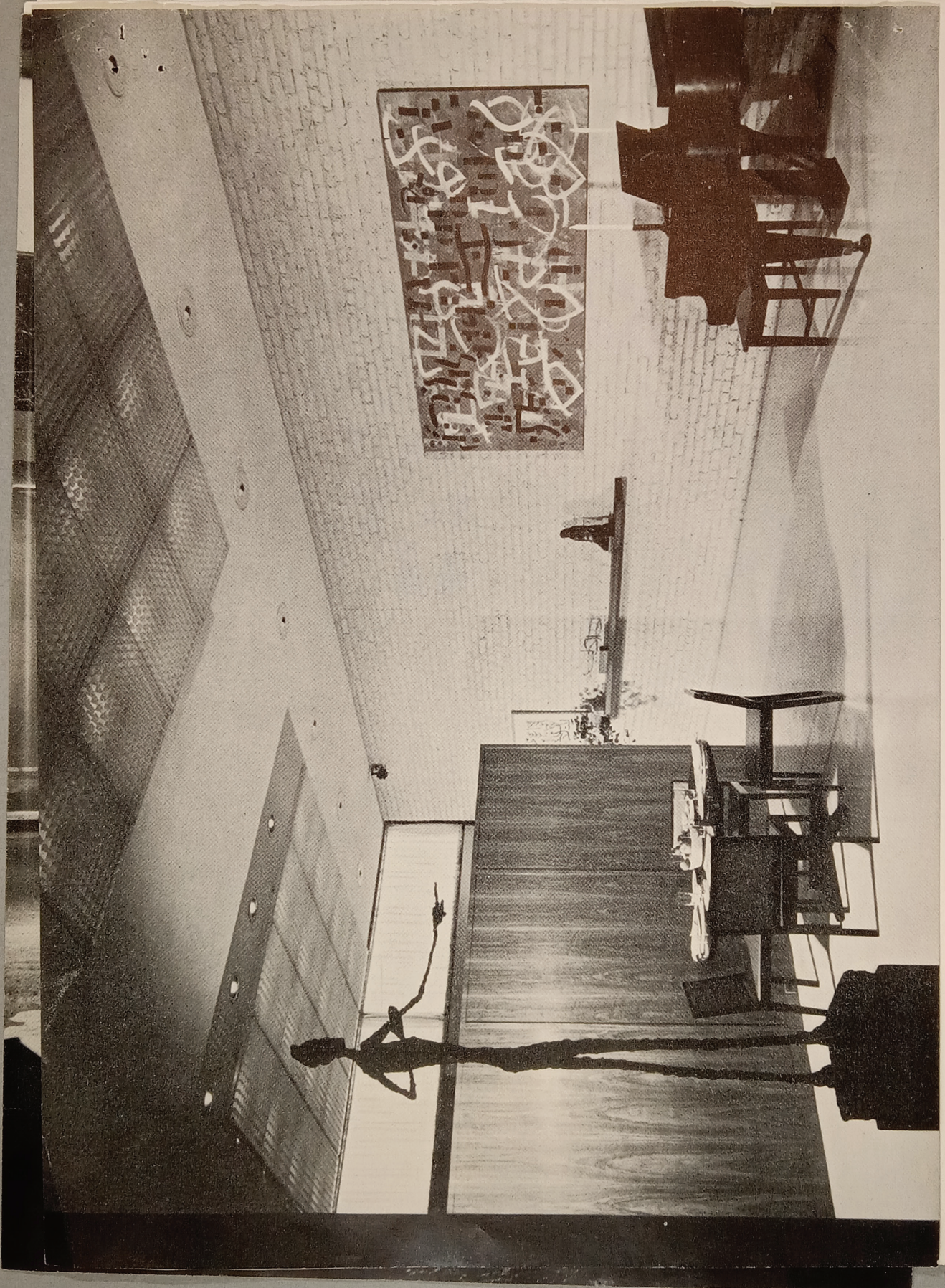
• Above: Mr. Philip C. Johnson, who designed the Guest House, and Mrs. John D. Rockefeller III, initiator-chairman of the Junior Council.
• Right: Mrs. E. Powis Jones represents the Council at the Guest House with Mr. Alfred H. Barr Jr., director of Museum Collections, and Mr. William S. Lieberman, curator of prints.



JOHN STEWART

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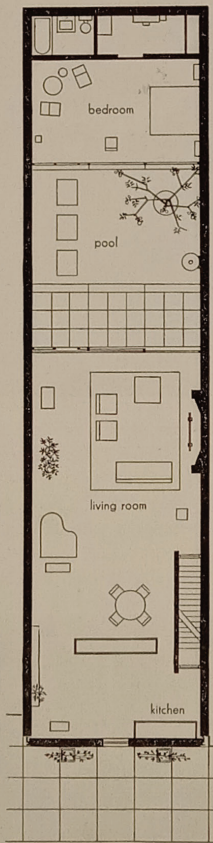
INTERIORS - December 1950

The improbable facade of this house presents to the public eye only a spartan discipline of steel, glass, and brick. The door is centered in a brick wall. Above are panels of unpolished plate glass, and tacked to the glass are columns of decorative steel. Disdaining explanations, the facade avoids describing what it conceals: inside there is an enormous gallery opening on a reflecting pool. A locust tree in the water grows out of a thick island of ivy leaves, and water spilled from a bronze bowl ripples the surface of the pool, so that three travertine stepping stones, and the glass-walled bedroom they lead to, seem to be floating in a reflected, shimmering sky. When the air is clouded by summer heat a translucent overhang, sheltering the gallery, sends down a spray of artificial rain. Silent, urbane, the gallery becomes, when the glass doors have been opened, a pavillion filled with the cordial sound of fountains, exceedingly civilized.

Philip Johnson planned the house as an apartment for the display of part of the owner's art collection, as a guest house, and as a background for parties. The gallery-living room is equipped with a small kitchen; on the second floor there are two small bedrooms whose windows face the pool. (The glass facade lights a gratuitously luxurious corridor.) By maintaining unbroken lengths of white brick wall designer Johnson enclosed the gallery, pool, and bedroom in one view; what finally stops the eye is the walnut panelling at the rear of the bedroom. (One panel opens to an offstage bath and dressing room.) The reflecting pool may be the most entertaining event in the building's 80 feet of visually intact space, but the plan works as a tight architectural sequence, presenting all of these compartments simultaneously while insisting on a conscious physical effort to get in and out of them. The heavily framed glass doors concentrate attention on the boundaries, and these intervals are repeated in detail; recessed bands of aluminum make negative moldings, separating wall, floor, and ceiling planes as though they were found ready made and almost, but not quite, brought together. At night the rooms are filled with an appropriate glow. An automatic dimmer system stretches and condenses the light, guiding each change of mood with theatrical mystery, as though something were about to happen.—A.D.

Town house

Left: remodelling an old house into a new one for an art collector, Philip Johnson retains the original brick walls, adds a white plaster ceiling and a white linoleum floor. Envelope of flat, white planes is divided and decorated by flat, colored planes: the 7' high walnut cabinet concealing the street level entrance, the lowered light screen, paintings and sculpture. Painting above the piano is by Bradley Tomlin. Silhouetted figure is Giacometti's Man Pointing. Slate ledge in background holds Gallery and Barlach sculpture.



Windows above brick wall light entrance (see facing page). Unpolished plate glass cancels view of New York's 52nd Street.



Gorrscho-Schleisner

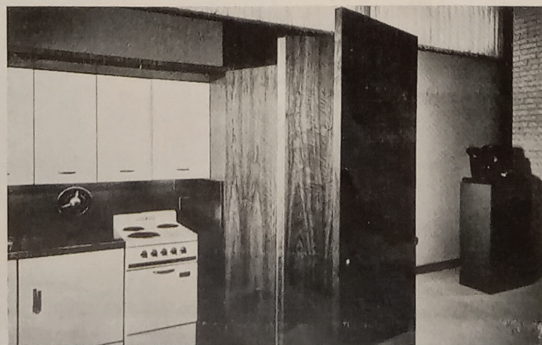
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Glass panels slide back over door panel, open room to terrace and pool. Bronze sculpture above fireplace is by Jacques Lipchitz.

Kitchen unit is concealed by folding doors. When fully opened the doors screen the kitchen from the entrance area. Detroit photograph shows intersection of wall and ceiling

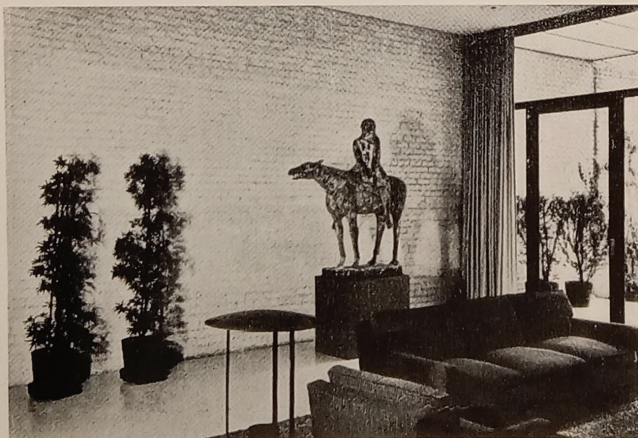


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Translucent glass roof projection over terrace filters daylight, glows at night. Furniture was designed by Philip Johnson.



Low floor lamp projects light onto reflecting disc, was designed by Johnson and lighting expert Richard Kelly, consultant for complex lighting which animates the house. Sculpture against the wall is by Marini.

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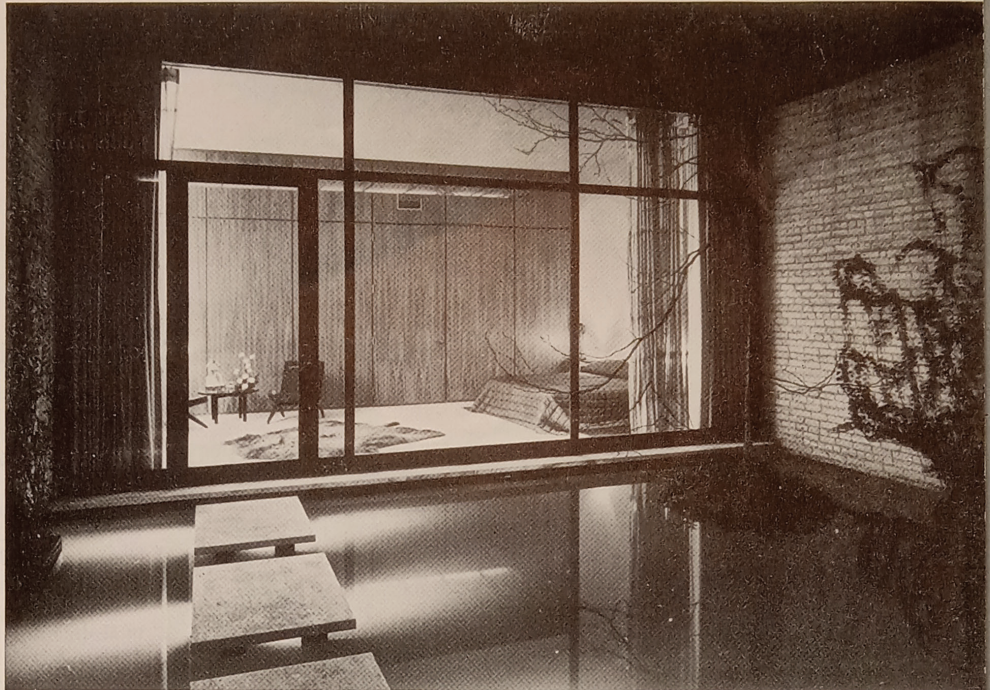


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INTERIORS december 1950

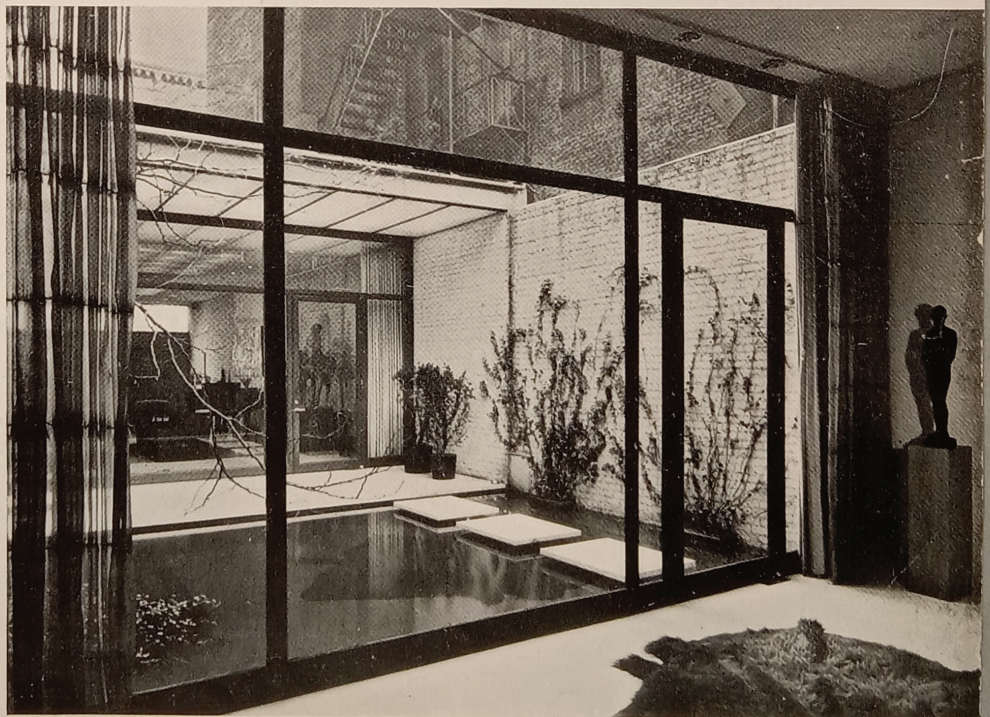
Town house



With the glass doors of the gallery pulled away the room is opened to the sound of artificial rain, falling from the illuminated glass overhang. Bronze bowl on the wall spills more water, adds more sound. Marble sculpture on table is by Hans Arp.

Above: three travertine stepping stones are only access to bedroom, have lights beneath. Pool is also lighted from the roof.

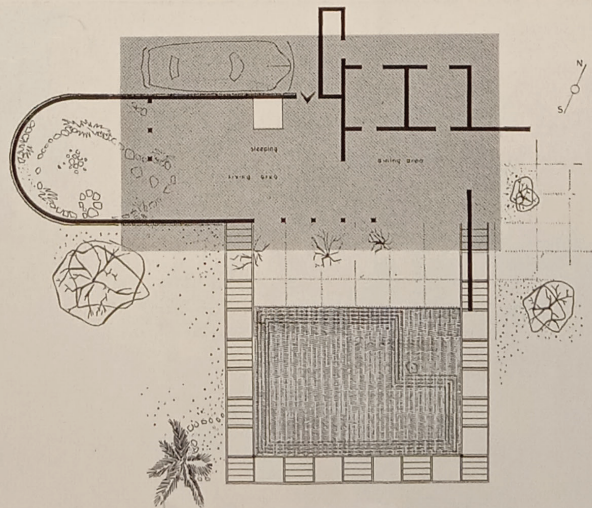
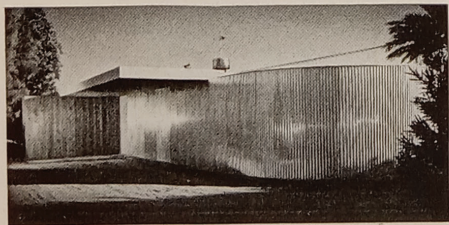
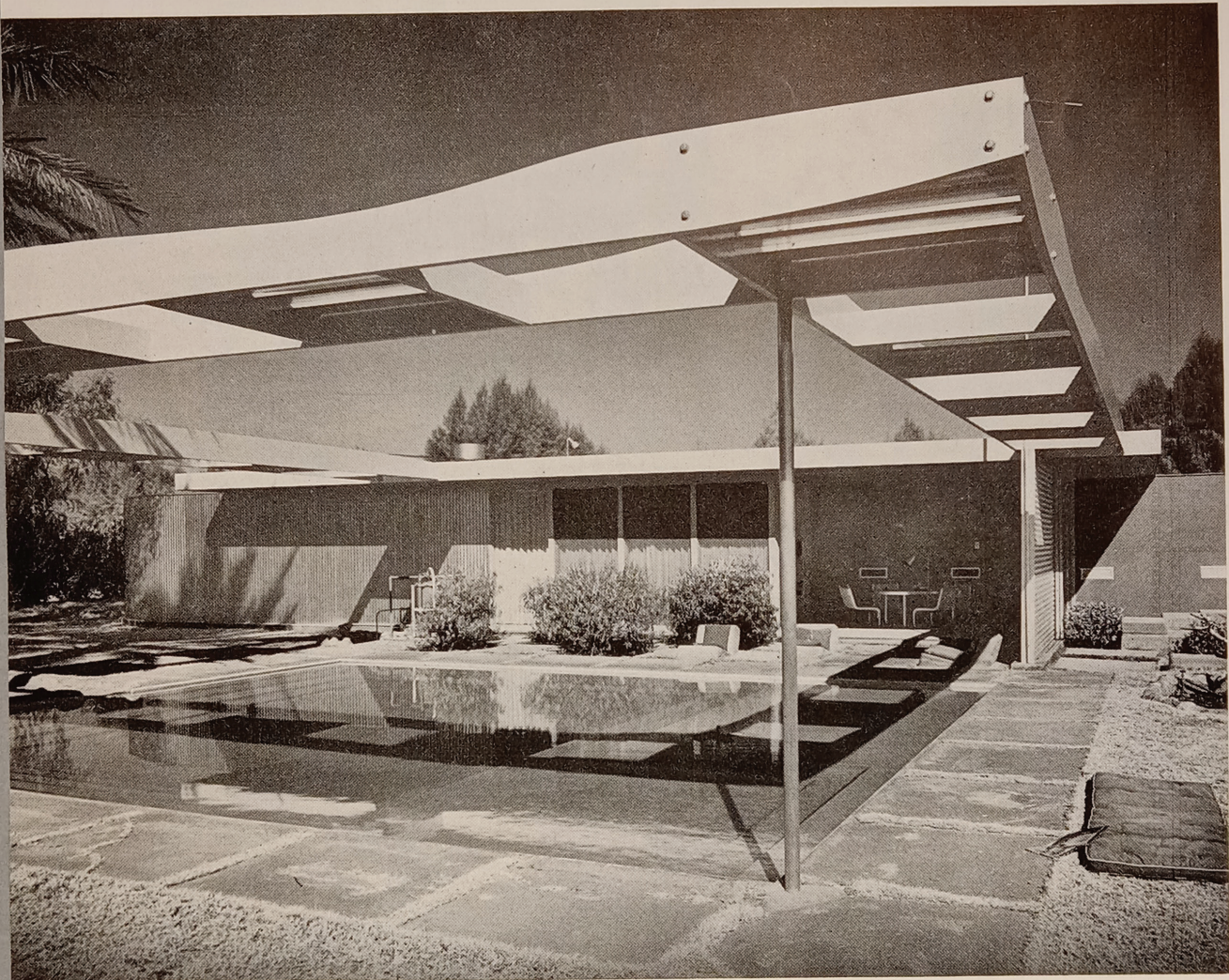
Below: brick wall stretches through house from bedroom to high windows at street side.



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DESERT HOUSE, simply built, has pools inside



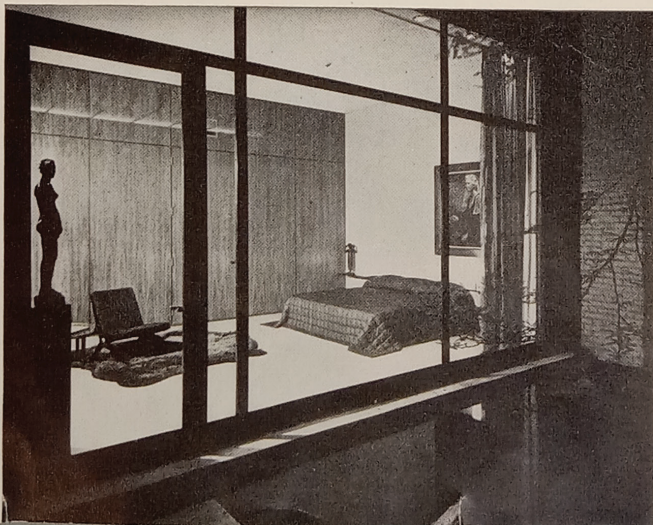
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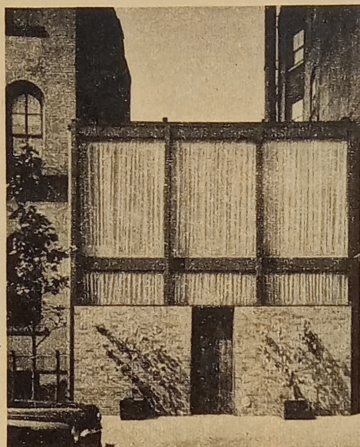
The serenity of the garden pool and the simply composed furnishings of the spacious main bedroom combine to create an impression of richness, harmony and deep repose.

Typical of the careful, expressive detailing throughout the house, the walnut paneled wall of the bedroom echoes the divisions of the glass wall opposite.



FREDERICK C. GENZ, Associate Archt.
MURPHY - BRINKWORTH CONSTRUCTION
CORP., General Contractor
RICHARD KELLY, Lighting Consultant

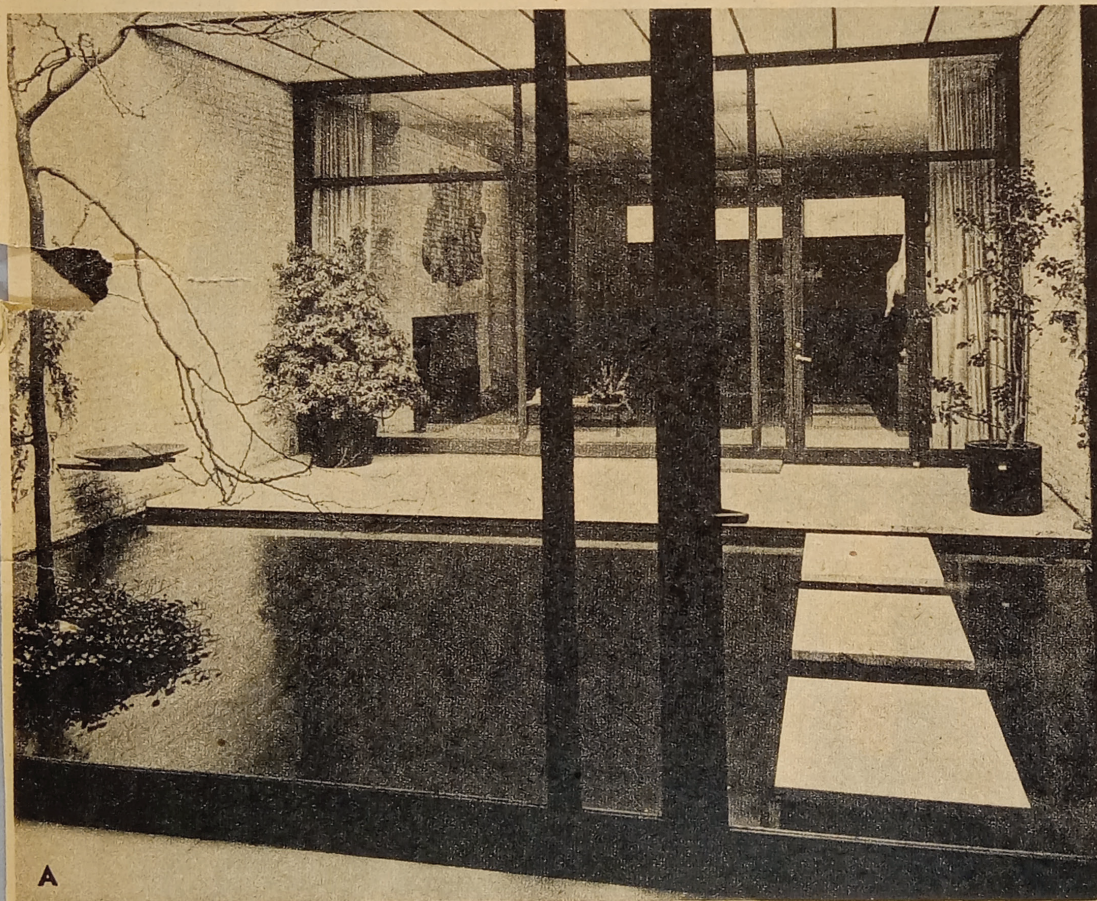
CONSTRUCTION OUTLINE: Floor construction—concrete slab on Vermiculite, Zonolite Co. INSULATION—Infra Insulation, Inc. and Owens-Corning Fiberglas Corp. WINDOWS: Sash—Hope's Windows, Inc., Mansfield Iron Works. Glass—Pittsburgh Plate Glass Co. Porch roof—Libbey-Owens-Ford Glass Co. FINISH FLOORING—linoleum, Armstrong Cork Co. HARDWARE—Hagstrom Mfg. Co., Grant Pulley & Hardware Co. and Ostrander & Eshelman. ELECTRICAL FIXTURES—Gotham Lighting Co., Ledlin Lighting, Kurt Versen, Inc., Kilegl Bros., Benjamin Electric Co., Joseph Architectural Metals Co. KITCHEN EQUIPMENT—Hotpoint, Inc., General Electric Co. Fan—Pryne Co. BATHROOM EQUIPMENT—American Radiator-Standard Sanitary Corp. HEATING—radiant panel system, Unit air conditioner—Carrier Corp. Valves—Sarco, Inc. Regulator—Minneapolis-Honeywell Regulator Co. Water heater—Bell & Gossett, Inc.



A Setting for Art

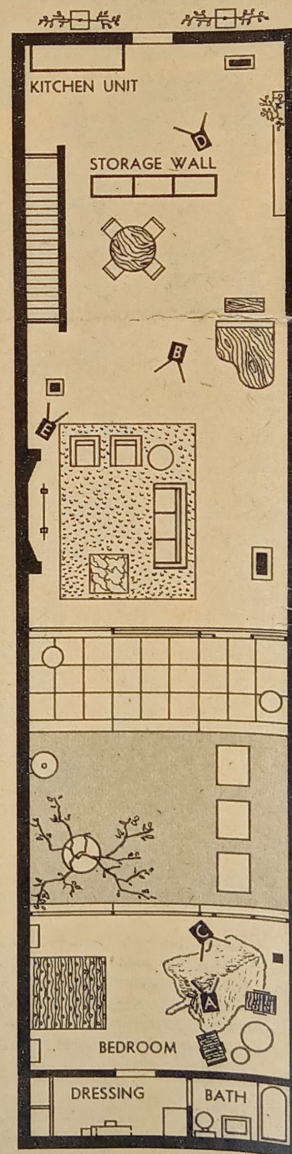
By BETTY PEPIS

THE quiet unassuming facade of the house pictured here is a clue to the restrained serenity which lies inside the front door. It was planned by Philip Johnson for a wealthy New York family and serves as a background for their unusual collection of modern art, as a guest house and as a place for parties. Walls of white brick, ceilings of white plaster, floors of white linoleum and a minimum of furnishings provide an important but unobtrusive setting for masterpieces of painting and sculpture. Subtle lighting effects were contributed by Richard Kelly.

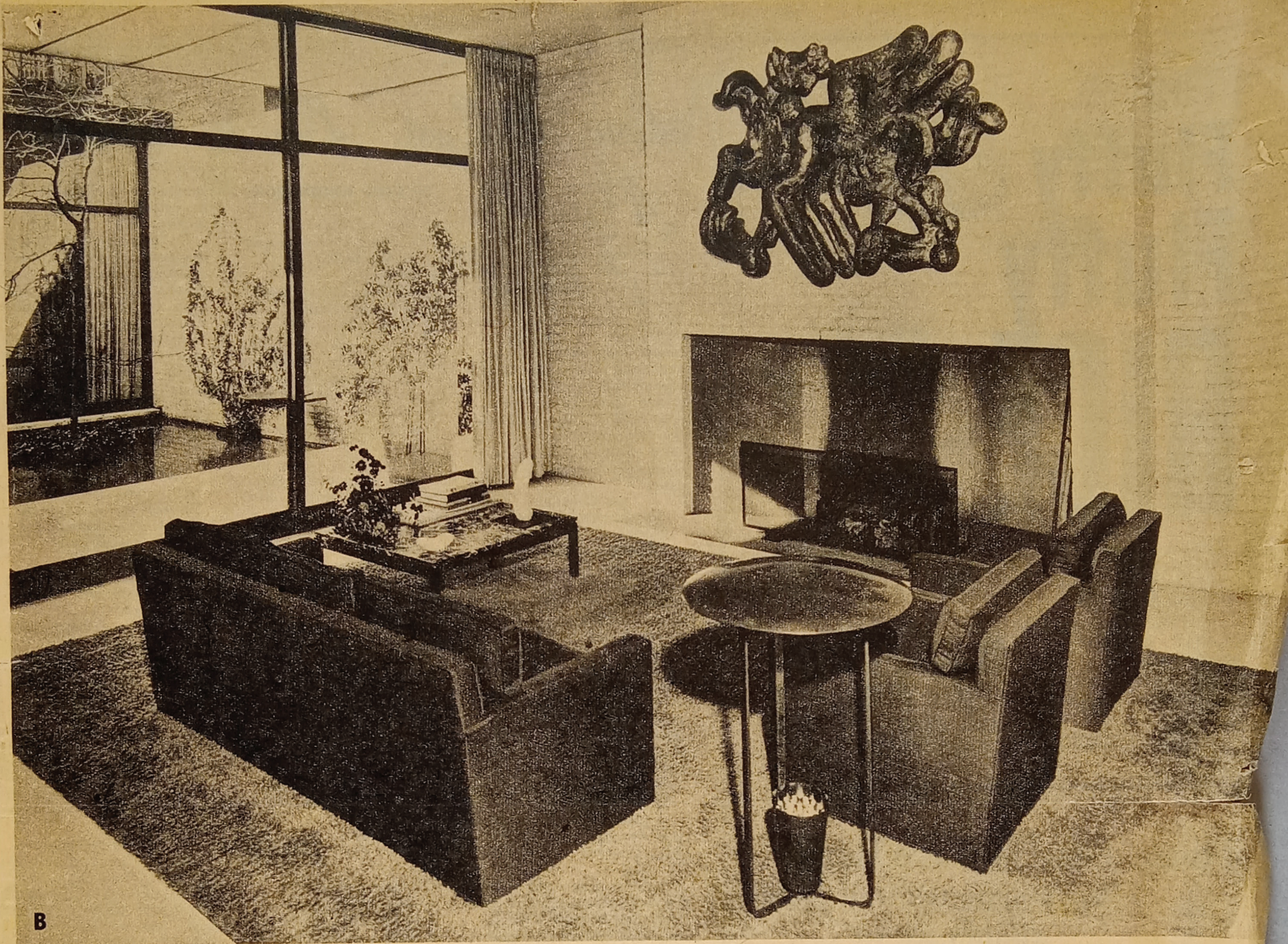


A water-filled pool, above, serves to separate the serene master bedroom from the rest of this Town House on Fifty-second Street. Three stepping stones of travertine are the only connecting links between the two glass windowed areas. Patio walls, like those inside the house, are white brick.

Floor plan, right, indicates how both the living room and master bedroom face the indoor patio and shows how almost eighty feet of living space are left unbroken except by panes of glass. Above the living room a second story contains two more bedrooms which also overlook the quiet pool.



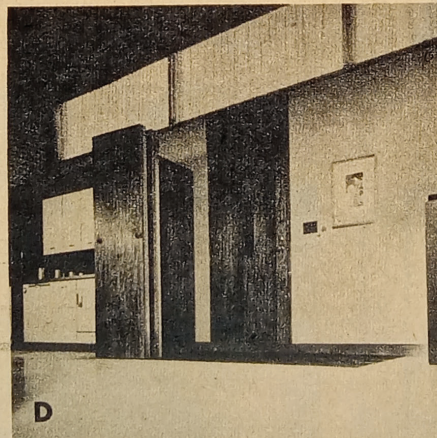
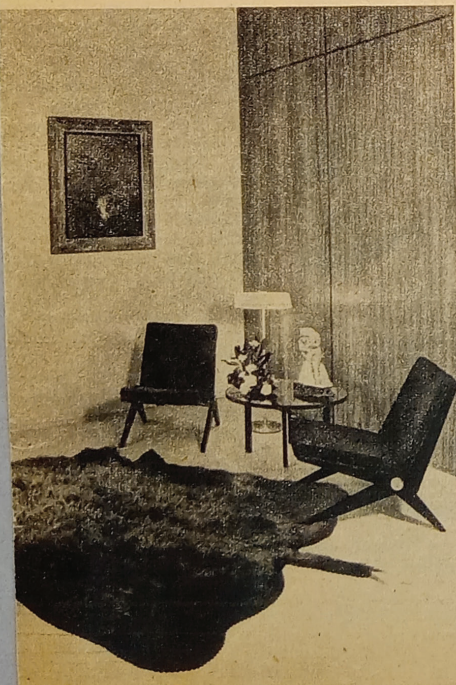
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B

Focal point of the main living area is the bronze "Birth of the Muses" specially planned by Sculptor Jacques Lipshitz for hanging over the fireplace. Rust-toned

couch and two chairs squarely set on mossy green rug do not distract from the effect. Square table with streaked green marble top holds small white statue by Arp.



D

Small but well-equipped kitchen unit, on the right as one enters through the front door, may be completely concealed by folding doors when not in use.



E

Dining arrangement is set in front of storage wall that serves as room divider, is overlooked by attenuated Giacometti interpretation of "Man Pointing."

Left—A bronze by Kolbe, a portrait by Andrew Wyeth and a marble by Nadelman combine with the furnishings to create a composition in the corner of the master bedroom. Rug and chairs are brown. Wood paneling is of walnut.