

# JOURNAL

OF THE

## AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF ARCHITECTS

Volume XVI

NOVEMBER, 1928

Number 11

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THUNDER CAPS  
AQUATINT BY M. M. LEVINGS



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## AQUATINTING FOR ARCHITECTS

By M. M. LEVINGS

**W**HETHER it is necessary or not to have a hobby, it is a lot of fun, and if that hobby can, in some degree, be allied to your so-called life work, it may in some small way instil new interest in your job. A great many etchers come from the ranks of architects and architectural draftsmen, and still a greater number of architects etch as a hobby, but in most cases they all seem to want to do with the needle or dry point the same thing they do all day long with a pencil—make pictures of buildings. If one is an architect and chooses etching as a hobby, why not do landscape in aquatint? You still have all the pleasure of drawing except that you draw with a brush instead of a pencil or point, and you have a chance to broaden your viewpoint.

Aquatint is to etching what mezzotint is to engraving. In other words, instead of line treatment, you have a treatment similar, in effect, to wash drawing. The technique of aquatint is not difficult to master and has great possibilities as it has never been developed to the same degree as line etching.

A copper plate is covered with powdered resin sifted on through a silk handkerchief, for a fine texture, or through a piece of muslin for a coarse texture. Of course, this can be done with a dust box but we are trying to make it simple. Sift on enough resin so that when the plate is held at an angle to the light you can see that the plate is about 60 to 75% evenly covered. Put the plate on an electric toaster or gas plate and leave there until the resin changes color, or, in other words, until the resin melts enough to stick to the plate. The plate is now covered with a ground composed of minute

particles of resin between which is bare copper on which the acid can work. Make the outline of your sketch directly on the grounded plate, using a soft lithographic pencil and working with a light sketchy line. Now paint out with varnish all the portion you want to print white and paint the back and edges of the plate at the same time.

Put your acid in a glass dish with a glass dish of water beside it. Thoroughly beeswax a strong silk thread, long enough to make a cradle under the plate. With this cradle immerse the plate in the acid until a good set of bubbles are formed all over the unvarnished portion; lift the plate out and dip in the water, then remove to a blotter and carefully blot off the water from both sides of the plate, paint out the portion representing your lightest tone, re-immerses, and so on each time with the next lightest tone, until you have completed your darkest spot, remembering that to begin with you will have to play with about four tones. Clean off the plate with alcohol and it is ready to proof.

Of course, the easiest way for a beginner to get a proof is to go to a friendly plate-printer and have him make it for him, or if he is in a large city there is probably an etcher who will proof it for him. If neither of these ideas is feasible, he may proof it himself with the clothes-wringer in this way: Thin down some plate ink with medium burnt oil to the consistency of very thick syrup, roll it onto the plate very thoroughly in all directions with a brayer, wipe off all you can with a piece of cheesecloth, wipe off as much of the rest as possible with the heel of your hand, put the plate on a  $\frac{1}{4}$ " piece of wood, cover with a piece of thoroughly damped paper, three



WINTER GLORY  
AQUATINT BY M. M. LEVINGS



THE RIVER  
AQUATINT BY M. M. LEVINGS



THE RIVER (II)  
AQUATINT BY M. M. LEVINGS

or four blotters, and a piece of bristol board, and run through the wringer with as much pressure as you can give it. If the proof is weak, as it probably will be, re-ground, re-etch and re-proof till you get what you want. In an attempt to simplify the process in the foregoing account, it has been reduced to essentials, all of which can be, and should be, greatly elaborated by each one individually.

The materials necessary are as follows:

*Copper plate* obtained from any photo-engraver.

*Resin in lumps*, which you will have to powder yourself. If you buy the powdered resin, you will have trouble on account of material with which it is mixed to keep it in a powdered form.

*Alcohol*—any denatured kind. Save your grain alcohol for other uses.

*Varnish* may be prepared as follows: Make a saturated solution of resin and alcohol, add enough lamp black to make a nice thick solution that won't spread or run when applied to a grounded plate and add a little ether as a dryer.

*Acid*, C. P. *nitric* 40%, water 60%.

*Plate ink*—obtained from any etcher's supply house or from any plate-printer in small quantities.

*Burnt oil*, the same.

*Brayer*—a composition roller in an iron frame obtained from a printer's supply house. A rubber roller from a photo-supply house may be used, or the ink may be rubbed on with the finger.

*Paper*—any good rag stock with not too much size or surface texture, soaked in water for an hour or so and all the surface water blotted off.





## NOË—PE

By HUBERT G. RIPLEY

IN 1497 one of the Cabots, the one with the nice eyes, "discovered" Martha's Vineyard. He wasn't the first European to set foot on the island, however; a number of Vikings had preceded him, great husky fellows with beautiful blond beards, who walked with Odin and Thor and Brunhilde. These Norsemen, in emulation of Noah, planted the grape and took home samples of clay from Gay Head to be made into the now familiar Norse Sagas. This was why the Island was called Martha's Vineyard, Thorfinn naming it in honor of Draga, or Dragomar, Vi-queen of the Valkyries. The Cabots adopted the name, Anglicizing it into Martha, and at the same time acquired the habit of walking with God.

Not until nearly one hundred and twenty-five years later was a serious effort made to colonize these discoveries. King Charles was worried at seeing the Dutch and French and Spanish colonies thrive and send back to the mother countries great quantities of gold and silver, and barley and balsamum and acajou, so he offered alluring inducements to likely settlers. Among those who accepted the gage thrown down by his royal master was one Thomas Mayhew of Watertown. He bought the islands of Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket from James Fforrett, Lord Sterling's agent, and then found that Fferdinand Gorges, governor of Maine, claimed title to these lands, since he was authorized by the crown to settle any disputes that occurred therein, and otherwise maintain order. Mayhew, unaware that the wily governor was "hanging in on his eyes," so to speak, was greatly worried at the sight of the formidable document that Gorges showed him, so he settled with him, and then to cinch matters beyond peradventure, bought a third title from the peaceful Indians, who were only too delighted to relinquish their claim for a few pieces of silver and a number of shiny beaver hats. Everybody's conscience thus being clear, the business of colonization was begun about the year 1641.

The Mayhews—father and son—were a fine sturdy type of real estate operators and political bosses, and for a while attempted to run the affairs of the new colony with a high hand. After a lot of bickerings and petty squabbings, blasts and counterblasts, and lawsuits and warrants and actions in tort and absque ad hoc's, the contestants finally patched up a peace and called a truce with various compromises and agreements, and by the time the disciples of Charles Fox came along affairs were running more smoothly.

Were it not for the high rate of infant mortality, to counteract which the early settlers put forth their most

strenuous efforts, the colony would have increased even more rapidly than it did. The quaint old custom of bundling was in high favor during the early days, and instances of the right of "free-bench" were not unknown. To those interested in these subjects the reader (sic.) is referred to Washington Irving's "Knickerbocker History of New York," and Nathan Bailey.

Houses and churches indicating a considerable degree of cultural appreciation were built, evidently by skilled artisans, who were induced to migrate from the mother country by the promise of high wages. These men knew the orders and the rules of dynamic symmetry, and had a large assortment of molding planes which they used with an adroitness and a naivete that commands to this day the highest emulation of many of our most distinguished architects.

Here and there scattered over the islands of Massachusetts are farm houses and town houses that are treasured possessions of the communities in which they are built. This of course is true of the architecture of all the early colonies. Each, in addition, possesses its own local characteristics, and one can spot, after a little practice, a Wiscasset mansion, a Portsmouth town house, a Cape Cod farm house, a Long Island country house, a New Jersey cottage, and the splendid estates of the Landed Gentry in Maryland, Virginia, and the Carolinas.

Dr. Fellows, the antiquary, once at a garden party was the center of attraction in a bevy of charming young girls, some of them students of architecture, others merely attracted by the personality of the man. Noting the vivacity of the unwonted scene, we strolled carelessly across the velvet lawn of "Majoribanks," the delightful country estate of our host, built in emulation of "Wolds Manor" Herts, only with Connecticut Valley doorway and window moldings. The noted antiquary was seated in a lawn chair, blindfolded! As, one after another, photographs from the George F. Lindsay collection were held up before him, Estelle St. Gladstone (whose cheek was like a Catherine pear—the side that's toward the sun—and who, furthermore, took the B. A. I. D. prize in "Analytique" last February) briefly outlined the salient characteristics of the building in question.

"Gable ends with chimneys, clapboard walls, five windows, thirty lights in second story, seven in first. Doorway in center, reeded pilasters with pedestal, bulbous frieze, segmental pediment—"

"Short House, Newbury!" cried Fellows. Squeals of delight from the bevy.





*Pease Point Way Edgartown Aug 27/08*

PEASE'S POINT WAY, EDGARTOWN



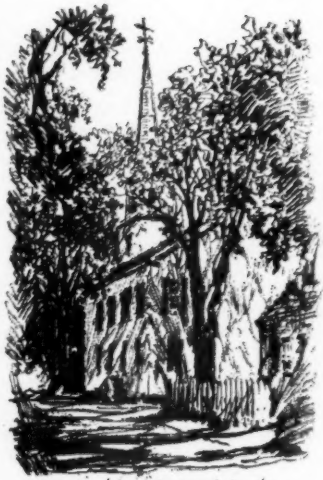
*Doorway to the Parsonage Edgartown Aug 27/08*

DOORWAY TO THE PARSONAGE, EDGARTOWN



*Edgartown Harbor Aug 27/08*

HARBOR, EDGARTOWN



FIFTH MEETING HOUSE, EDGARTOWN. July 6/48

FIFTH MEETING HOUSE, EDGARTOWN



WATER STREET, EDGARTOWN. July 6/48

WATER STREET, EDGARTOWN



HARBOR, EDGARTOWN

HARBOR, EDGARTOWN

"Brick, hip roof, large portico of four free standing Corinthian columns, low one-story wings connected by arcades,—"

"Whitehall, Severn Co., Maryland!" was Fellow's response. More squeals. And so it went. Occasionally, due possibly to a somewhat vague description, Fellows would miscall a building, especially if it were one that had features in common with others, but the blindfold test on the whole was even more remarkable than the naming of one's favorite cigarette under like conditions.

At each successful identification, Fellows was given a glass of the famous Majoribanks punch.\* Perhaps this had something to do with the keenness of his scent (Fellows dearly loves punch, as everybody knows). Still, even so, his astuteness was extraordinary. After naming about fifteen buildings correctly, it was noted that the powers of the antiquary began to fail him. His answers became confused and his enunciation difficult to fathom. He would say—

"Thish Souse's nish Souse, must be splinnid lil' manshun!"

It was noted, too, that the strain was beginning to tell so the game was reluctantly abandoned and the leading actor led away by reverent hands for a little rest.

The buildings on Martha's Vineyard ("Martin's Vineyard" Mayhew called it for reasons of his own)† are not on the whole quite as interesting as those on the Island of Nantucket. The keen observer will, however, detect in their outlines and contours characteristics differing from those of its distinguished neighbor. Situated only five miles off the southern shores of Cape Cod (Nantucket is thirty miles out on the bosom of the rolling Atlantic), the influence of the mainland was naturally more marked.

Edgartown, originally Great Harbor, christened at Mayhew's suggestion in 1671 by Governor Lovelace of New York in honor of Edgar, only son of James, Duke of York, is the older or at least the principal settlement, though Tisbury and Chilmark may dispute the claim. It possesses an architectural interest that well repays the visitor. There is a lovely old church designed and built by Frederick Baylies, in the center of the town (First Meeting House, established in 1642, according to the

\* The Majoribanks punch is hardly less famous than the celebrated "Fish-house Punch" which is made, as every bon-vivant knows, by adding to a quart of Hennessy and two quarts of St. Croix,—or Santa Cruz as some prefer to call that noble liquor,—a quart of lemon juice and a pound of sugar. This is reverently ladled over a large piece of ice until the ingredients are nicely cooled and commingled and then garnished with fruits in season. Just before serving, one or two bottles of Niebolo or Romanée are added. In the Majoribanks punch, fresh limes are used in place of lemons and Veuve Clequot, yellow label, is substituted in place of the Romanée Conti for "thinning" purposes.

† Mayhew seems to have been something of a mysogynist. This can hardly be said of Whitfield, however. In his "The Light Appearing" he speaks of "Martha's or Martin's Vineyard." It must be accepted that up to 1700, historians and cartographers, and even the inhabitants of the Island itself, called it both names. What gave rise to this confusion, Dr. Banks says, is not easily explained. We believe our hypothesis as to the derivation of the name from "Dragomars" is justified and smooths this confusion out nicely, for who indeed except those keenly alive to the bazarries of ethnology, would associate the old Nordic name with the musical dysyllabic "Martha"? Dr. Banks, to whose entertaining "History of Martha's Vineyard, Dukes County, Massachusetts," (Boston, 1911) due acknowledgment is made, recalls that the Saga of Thorfinn mentions the Isle of "Straumey" or Stream Island. This is the poet's way of translating the Algonquian name "Noepe," where the waters meet, referring to the cross currents of Wood's Hole.

inscription on its front), with two perfectly stunning doorways on the main facade. Indeed, the detail of all its parts is exceptionally beautiful. This unusual arrangement is highly successful, as is in fact the whole building. A slender "toothpick" spire surmounts a cupola gracefully composed, and the whole church is surrounded with splendid great elms. These elms are so large and the foliage is so luxuriant and the trees are so near the church that it is extremely difficult to obtain a satisfactory view of the building itself. The lot is a small one, the street is narrow, and were it not that one is continually catching glimpses of the spire from near-by streets it would hardly be known that the building existed. The present edifice, the Fifth Meeting House, dedicated in 1828, is in an excellent state of preservation, and has been reverently kept as it was originally.‡

The Baptist church (completed in 1839) is in a more accessible location, on Maple Street, and a good near-by view of its portico and curious dumpy steeple may be had. The Methodist church (dedicated October 10, 1843) is splendidly located on the main street, and while it resembles closely the Baptist church, its scale is about thirty per cent larger. The porticoes of each of these houses of worship are simple Doric, almost Tuscan in detail. The proportions are pleasant and give ample space for the pastors to greet their flocks, or the communicants to exchange gossip and playful banter after divine service is over. The steeples or belfries (it is difficult to know just what to call them, for, as we have been told, the Non-Conformists do not approve of belfries, and these square towers are certainly not steeples), are curious early Victorian structures, with battlements and pinnacles that, strangely enough, comport fairly well with the Tuscan porticoes. Perhaps because the details are simple and essentially wooden in character the effect of the unusual association is not inharmonious.

Like many New England towns, the streets of Edgartown are winding and of varying widths. Everywhere are simple old houses, many of them possessing charmingly detailed doorways that show the good taste of the early builders. Down near the harbor are a number of especially fine dwellings, midway between the town house and the farm house types. In the midst of these is the Public Library of "Modern Colonial" design, all in nice smooth brick and great overhanging entablature

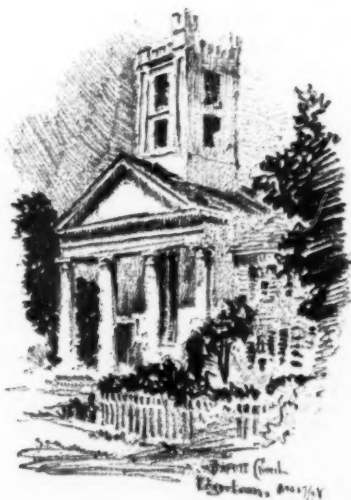
‡ The Reverend Adoniram Judson Leach, LL.D., former pastor, preached the anniversary sermon on August 16, 1928, that is of special interest to architects. It was the occasion of the 100th anniversary of the present building. After a brief review of the history of the parish for the last one hundred years, he delivered an excellent homily on Colonial, Georgian, and Federal architecture. He remarked that, "the whole edifice, amid the austerity of its architectural geometry, is a living body," and "This is a perfect building for the purpose of its divine dedication. It is a proportional structure. It is architecturally harmonious, neither too large nor too small. It combines the cloistered reserve of the English chapel with the outward dignity of a church. The graceful repose of this meeting house, its mild blending of the remote with the recent, goes far to render it the architectural masterpiece of this amazing Island! And its very stability of construction prompts the surmise that ship carpenters had a large hand in its building." There is more that is very much to the point and the distinguished Doctor concludes with an appreciation by George F. Chappell, who says: "I consider the steeple of the Edgartown Congregational Meeting House one of the most beautiful I have ever seen. It is like the steeple of St. Augustine's Church, in Watling Street, London, built by Sir Christopher Wren."



FIRST CHURCH, EDGARTOWN



FOURTH MEETING HOUSE, WEST TIBURY



BAPTIST CHURCH, EDGARTOWN



M. E. CHURCH, EDGARTOWN



about four times as large as need be. It is turgid and stupid to the last degree and is about as incongruous as a Chinese pagoda, only not one-tenth as interesting. A Chinese pagoda would really be vastly more appropriate and possibly recall the days when trade with the Far East was the foundation of many fine fortunes. Once the inhabitants of Edgartown sent their sons on long voyages midst tropical seas in search of copra and seed pearls and fragrant spices, and Indian shawls and rows and rows of Chinese gongs. Mr. Chippendale seems to have been about the only one who adapted to his art the delightful fantasies of the Far East, none of his contemporaries in the colonies caring to emulate him.

Down by the water-front an occasional old salt may be seen, and a half hour's chat with one is a rare treat. It was our good fortune to encounter a fine sturdy old Sea Dog, grizzled and gnarled by the fogs and wintry blasts of the Straits of Terro del Fuego. As a tiny chubby-cheeked, flaxen-haired lad some eighty odd years ago, he pleaded with his uncle, Captain Eldad Bottomly of the good ship "Bouncing Betty" to take him on his next voyage to the "Islands" as cabin boy. In those days the "Islands" meant the Marquesan Islands, famed in fable, song and story. Uncle Eldad, for all his gruffness, always had a tender spot in his heart for his favorite nephew, son of his younger brother Nathan, who was lost when the barque "Dauntless" encountered an iceberg off Van Dieman's Land.

As the time for the sailing of the "Bouncing Betty" drew near, all was bustle and confusion. Boxes of bibles, crates of gaily colored cottons, and barrels of rum were being lowered into the main hatchway for trade with the untutored savages. Tarred hemp and holy stones were heaped on the fore-castle, and sturdy Islanders were straining at the main brace, while Captain Eldad, brass trumpet under one arm, roared out his orders to get under way. Almost unnoticed, little Nathan slipped over the starboard rail and secreted himself between two huge bales of red flannel petticoats, destined for later distribution by the devoted missionaries amongst their dusky converts of the Filbert Islands. Out of the corner of his weather eye Captain Eldad saw his nephew, but, like the dear old indulgent soul he was, he held his peace. Once fairly over the bar and the white oak ship's knees creaking and groaning as the gallant vessel heeled over on the starboard tack, little Nathan shamefacedly approached his uncle who, leaning on the binnacle oiling his sextant, was ruminatively chewing his quid and squirting the rich juice neatly to leeward.

"Please Uncle Eldad, may I go this voyage to the Islands?"

"Avast there!" growled the old salt, "Heave ho! Keep her as she is, Sou-Sou-East by East, and shake out the top gallants! Lively now, you sons of Balia!" and little Nathan knew all was well.

Four months later, after a voyage fraught with adventure for the young cabin boy, the ship sailed slowly in and dropped her anchor, half a mile from shore, in the lovely harbor of Honimaru Hivahoa, one of the group of igneous and coral formations that compose the Magdalena Islands. It was necessary to send ashore for fresh vegetables and water, so the Captain's gig was lowered and a party made up for the trip. Strict injunctions were laid on little Nathan not to stir from the ship. Captain Eldad was deaf to his entreaties to be allowed to go, and great was his surprise, as the gig was pulled up on the beach, to see his nephew slyly emerge from under the stern sheets.

"You young rascal!" he roared, "I thought I left you on deck! Oh well," he added, "the natives are friendly, and as long as you keep close to the shore with the boat guard I guess you'll be all right. Mind now, don't under any conditions stray inland, or even one step the other side of those palms!"

The foraging party separated into two groups, one charged with procuring water, the other to load up with yams, fresh eggs and goat's milk. Half way back to the ship it was discovered that little Nathan was not with them.

"Where's that boy?" cried the Captain.

"We thought he went with the water detail," said the boat guard.

"We thought he was with you, Captain," said the second mate, holding on to a water barrel.

"Put her back to the shore," roared the Captain, "Let every man take a gun, scatter in pairs and comb the island thoroughly from end to end. An extra ration of grog to every one on board if he's found within the hour!"

Fifty-nine minutes later Abija Peaseley, the second mate, and Adoniram Judkins, able seaman, gave a cry of amazement. Pushing aside a heavy veil of fronds they gazed into a circle of stately palms surrounding a grassy swale in the forest wilderness. The open space was perhaps a hundred yards across and exactly in the center seated on a neatly piled up heap of smooth stones, somewhat in form like the terraces of Ti Juana, only smaller, was little Nathan, with his hat off, his golden curls waving gently in the fragrant breeze. Grouped about him at a respectful distance were the chieftain and elders of the native tribe. At his feet were choice yams, bowls of milk and rare flowers. Around his neck was a wreath of flaming hibiscus, and from time to time one of the elders would approach, bow down and gently touch the golden head of the lad. A little farther away the natives in droves were seated cross-legged singing a strange sweet melody with lots of vowels, while others strummed softly on luted reeds. Nathan was having the time of his life.

Captain Eldad and the others came up shortly and stood spellbound for a moment. After a bit they

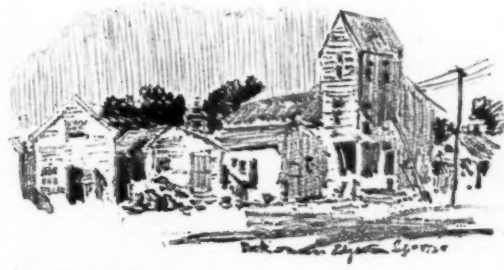


approached nearer and by signs and a few words of the native tongue that they had picked up from beach combers, made the chieftain understand that little Nathan must return with them to the ship.

The grizzled old Sea Dog looked out across Edgartown harbor into the rays of the slanting sun. There was the

suspicion of moisture on his furrowed cheek. Perhaps we imagined it was a tear drop, perhaps the Old Salt was merely bleary-eyed. He removed his pipe and spat meditatively over the stern port.

"If they'd only have let me be," he mused, "I'd have been a king now!"



DOCK HOUSES, EDGARTOWN

# SO CALLED MODERNISM IN THE ARTS

By C. HOWARD WALKER

THERE is a legend of an esoteric curer, who from incompetence or ignorance, preferred his intuitions to study, and adopted a simple method of treating all ailments. He professed to know only how to deal with fits and therefore made all his patients, regardless of their diseases, have fits which he then proceeded to treat.

At present there is a phase of expression in all the arts which is analogous with fits and the dealers with fits are requesting adherents to what they have made a cult. Every art has been given fits, and spasms, and it is claimed that they have gained or are to gain from the process. It has been tagged Modernism, as it is not aged; and many have sought it, as it is energetic, providing by little effort hitherto undesirable sensations, which are expressions which force their existence upon the most apathetic observers. It is a challenge to Traditions, and to all averages of the universe.

It claims the virtues of intensity, of elemental rather than of developed expression, and has established a code which is of an ideographic type, and it insists upon an acceptance of that code as being of value.

It is belligerent, without manners or courtesies, bereft of delicacy of statement, and it demands recognition on its own terms, and sneers at all other interpretations. It has the one grace (and grace is anathema to it) that it is necessarily in evolution, and it claims mobility. We are asked to realize that out of chaos arises order, and the assumption is made that it will be a new order, and therefore a preliminary return to chaos is beneficial and to be approved. The assumption is puerile. The existent order in the universe will go on without a tremor.

But order exists, and every phase of the arts is best when it is in accord with it, and even the present cataclysmic efforts must possess some of it. The followers of the code desire to express emotions, produced by physical facts, rather than to be bound by actual representations of those facts, and as these emotions are their own, they claim they are of value even if difficult of interpretation. Clearness of statement is therefore negligible, and indication is sufficient. This leads to the method of elimination which is so evident in all "modern work," an elimination which strips off all detail, all modulations, all by-products, and attempts to flay to produce primitive emotions. The shibboleth of the cult is elementalism. When virile it is the creed of the caveman, when sophisticated it is degenerate, and in all cases it has brain-storms. It finds its parallels in the work of ignorant savages and the fancies of lunatics,

and comforts itself with the analogy. All of which has produced the spasms and fits.

The list of its eliminations is anarchistic: first, all careful representations, either in line, tone or color, and therefore all past expression of art among all civilized nations; second, all choice of subject for its beauty as expressed in any of these factors and therefore all studied composition even in the minor arts; third, all desire for repose or serenity, for which the word "static" has been substituted, and so the expression has only violent action to fall back upon, and it waves its oriflamme labeled "dynamic."

Dominant violence of statement, whether of direction or of motion, overwhelms detail and is still further forced by the elimination of detail. Incidentally, much study and accuracy become unnecessary, and fools can "rush in where angels fear to tread." Technique, so long desired in works of art, is often ignored, and excess in every direction is sought in order to create a nervous exaltation. Charm is tabooed. The selection of subject and the manner of its presentation is deliberately uncouth, often repulsive in order to obtain sensation. Bored and jaded by the past, the present demands jangled nerves as a reaction. And yet the past has achieved again and again by gradual growth and earnest desire to develop its antecedents.

The recent cults and codes have had a generation to prove their merit, and can be challenged to show a single distinguished performance. They started by promising, they continue to promise, and we are asked to have faith in their potentiality. It is true that they have been active, and have with petulance smirched and smeared and stabbed indiscriminately, as Hoche's cavalry did the Cenacola of Leonardo.

Inspiration is sought from the work of savages, of children, and the struggling efforts of the childhood of races and nations, because they were limited in expression from lack of skill. Always there is a reversion to the beginnings from which arts and skill have developed in centuries, in the hope that history will repeat itself.

Is the hope justified? The world is no longer unsophisticated nor unskillful, the lessons of the past are not unrecorded nor to be ignored with impunity. Evolution has always been more constant and permeating than revolution, and though revolutions have cleared away débris, they have not annihilated elemental laws, and without doubt their existence serves but an evolutionary purpose in the end.

We are asked to have faith in this "revolution in art" of today. Actually it is more of a riot than a thing of

reason. However, take it at its own estimate, what are its characteristics? First, last and always, it has neuritis. It appeals to startling sensations, and a consequent dulling of fine sensations. It enjoys a Kilkenny cat fight of crude tones and color much more than the exquisite nuances of nature. It must have the strength of curry to disguise the decay of drawing and shape. It likes its food raw and sometimes putrid, and rends it in pieces, but it has forced the comprehension that intense color is a joy, which however is no new discovery, as it has always existed under sunlit southern skies. It has called attention to the fact that many times there is excess of so-called ornament, and it has eliminated it, often to too great an extent, but it is to its credit that in this one respect it exercises a restraint that simplifies, which again is no new effort and was a great virtue of Greek work.

Nouveau Art in Nuremberg resembles Greek work in its restraint. It employs geometric solids, which is no new thing, as a perusal of Gaudet's opening lecture in 1892 to his classes in the Ecole des Beaux Arts testifies, as does also Vitruvius, 40 B. C., and Alberti, 1540 A. D., and others; but unlike these men, it has little knowledge of the relative proportions of masses, and apparently cares less. Its method of elimination tends towards simplification of expression, but in this as elsewhere it is carried to excess, leaving the impression of incompetency.

In the arts it has been truly said that the ultimate outcome of absolute harmony is monotony, and interest must be obtained by the introduction of contrasts, but not of conflicts.

As to Technique: skill in the use of implements tends towards a diminution of apparent effort in obtaining results. It is the hall-mark of the mastery of material means of expression and is justly prized. Painters especially have sought what has been termed first intention and bravura, i. e. direct work without retouching. Apparently one man has been preeminent, Franz Hals. Yet his Laughing Cavalier in the Wallace Collection in London is a most painstaking work and a masterpiece. With many masters the effect of direct expression has been gained by repeated efforts, each unsuccessful attempt being discarded, and the work done anew and freshly, skill being attained in the process.

We are asked to consider that the sciences have created new conditions which must be expressed in new ways. There is little use in attacking that windmill. If there is one preeminent quality in the growth of the Sciences it is that of cumulative growth based upon previous accomplishment. The Modernist, so called, in Art (the term is a misnomer) eschews previous accomplishment, will have little or none of it, at least only what is necessary to compass any expression whatever. He despises perspective, he reduces even Hambidge's angularities to splinters, he knows nothing of vertebrates, little of crustaceans, but intertwines with polyps.

He is enamoured in animal nature with the lower undeveloped organisms, and he recreates man in their image, and he derides other terms of representation, in fact as far as he can, derides all representation excepting of his emotions. We might meekly say, "It is all very well to dissemble your love, but why do you kick me down stairs." Has there ever been such crass impudence as is this cult?

We are asked to remember that all innovators have met opposition, but the innovators did not throw aside facts and "create camels out of their inner consciences." Michaelangelo, arch-rebel; the Barbazon School, dreaming dreams; Manet, tonalist; Monet subdividing color into its elements and obtaining vibration, all based their innovations on a study of nature and of her laws.

We are told that new laws are being discovered and we must be open minded and not be traditionalists, which is considered a word of obloquy. But all accomplishment must be based upon previous accomplishment up to the point where it utterly fails to be a medium of expression, and it is extremely doubtful if this point is ever reached.

There seems to be a prevalent idea that definition cripples subtleties of imagination, and that indecision creates mystery and is the only means of expression which will allow it latitude. There has arisen a cult of vagueness requiring no knowledge but flattering the observer by mere chaotic suggestions, to be interpreted as he sees fit, from his own ignorance.

There are various factors in the expression of the Arts, some one of which must necessarily occur, i. e., the definition of form or shape, tone and color tone, and the relative values of both and composition of parts. Harmonies and contrasts are composed of these factors, and it is obvious that the utter elimination of any of these produces a result inferior to that which recognizes all of them. The partial elimination of any of these factors however tends to strengthen the effect of the others, and indefiniteness of any of them confuses effect. Indication may be acceptable in a sketch, but does not merit commendation beyond that point.

It is even claimed that this creates an occult current between the product of the artist and the spiritual qualities of the observer's mind. The current is so erratic, so incapable of being measured in any known terms, that its message admits of any interpretation that suits the fancy of the spectator. This appeal to his *amour propre* is apparently one of its assets, as it is also an appeal to mystery, a cross-word puzzle in a foreign tongue.

It is pathetic to see the disciples of modern art struggling to comprehend its vagaries. The best epitome of the whole matter can be found in Shelley's Garden, its beauty and its decay. It will be long indeed before the exquisite qualities in nature of sight and sound will be displaced by the irreverent travesties of so-called Modern Art.

# MODERN ARCHITECTURE

By FREDERICK L. ACKERMAN

THE September issue of the Journal carried three unusually interesting articles dealing with the "Modern" in architectural expression. Dr. Cram, under the caption "On Decadence in the Arts of France," voiced a really bitter disappointment which more than one will share. Mr. Hewlett, writing of "Modernism and the Architect," looks critically but patiently and with kindly tolerance upon current brutalities committed in the name of art and architecture. Mr. Moran gaily salutes the movement.

Upon first reading, one notes the conflicting opinions; but the three points of view are located well within the well guarded frontiers of conservatism. On the whole, the movement has yielded little that is not to be deplored; but there is ground for hope. And so, in the closing paragraphs which deal with the future, optimistic opinions are expressed.

Perhaps the brevity of the articles forced the omission of evidence which would account for the optimistic conclusions. In any event, such evidence was lacking or of such slight weight as to count for little. One suspects that the concluding notes of optimism rest upon no more secure ground than would be furnished by a hedonistic view of current events.

Notwithstanding occasional statements that run to the contrary, one gains the impression from the three articles that architecture is a conscious expression, the quality of which is derived by relatively direct methods. For the articles are replete with implication that things would be different if architects and artists could be induced (or educated) to go to their work under a different point of view. No doubt architectural expression is subject to some degree of control by the educational processes involved in preparation. But formal vocational training in art and architecture has, I am persuaded, but relatively little bearing upon the outcome. For conscious educational effort looking toward a vocational career is ever enclosed within a very definite frame of use and wont. Use and wont change with the passing of the years: architecture is a reflection.

Although architecture is spoken of as an art by those who are solicitous, it may not now be said without broad reservations that the architect, under the current scheme of use and wont, conceives in terms of art nor that he employs the methods of the artist. The material embodiment of his concept and his effort is expressed in terms which, by inheritance, are associated with the art of handicraftsmen and artists; but the intellectual processes involved derive their character from business rather than workmanship and their quality from the

outlook of engineering and science rather than the ideology of the artist.

This is not to say that whatever may have animated craftsmen and artists of an earlier time no longer serves to stimulate the architect; nor that the ideology of the artist no longer contributes toward the point of view. It is rather to point out that things have changed; and that what was once rated as good, beautiful or congenial in men's sight is now required to show cause why it should not be slighted. As in other fields, appraisal of things architectural waits upon the conclusion of "scientific" analysis and the calculations of engineering. But the opinions of business men and bankers, of realtors, promoters, salesmen and investors, the ever shifting, pecuniary canons of taste and fashion—these, constituting as they do the final grounds of evaluation, cut the channels through which flow the currents of modern architectural thought which floats creative effort. So that an event of architectural creation is largely a synthesis of a wide range of conflicting aims and purposes which are altogether alien with respect to the fields of workmanship and aesthetics. Such, in brief, is the raw material out of which the future architecture must be shaped.

Under the shifting scheme of use and wont the training of the architect has undergone revolutionary changes in recent years. No longer is competence derived from experience; academic methods are drawn upon to lay the foundation and provide what is no longer to be gained through employment under a master. The field of academic education in architecture encloses a varied group of interests: but the axis about which academic training now revolves is the *theory* of "Design."

Under the academic view of architecture the point of departure ordinarily assumed in Design is a formulated Program. The expression of the Program in appropriate form and color constitutes what is referred to as the "Problem." The academic Program consists ordinarily of a simplified statement of aims with respect to use or function accompanied by sufficient detailed information to enable the designer to proceed without further inquiry into the subject. In other words, the Program, it is assumed, contains all that the designer needs by way of information and stimulation. The Subject of design, under the academic point of view, may or may not have reference to reality. The essential point is that the purpose or aim expressed in the Program shall be consistent with the stated requirements as to matters in detail.

Now, there can be no doubt as to the bearing of this academic point of view, and the consequent habits of



thought formed under it, upon the point of view and the habits of the architect with respect to the handling of the problems of practice. The Program, no matter how derived, constitutes the point of departure in design and it is not ordinarily deemed the function of the architect to look behind the stated terms of his programs or to question their relevancy, adequacy or validity as factors which should control the design of the elements which in total constitute our architectural environment. And it is ordinarily assumed that the ends of architectural design are served when a logical expression of the Program is achieved. A brilliant performance in design is often, in final analysis, nothing more than a clever expression or dramatization of a socially undesirable event.

The aims and purposes which have risen to the surface during the formative years of our academic experience serve to validate the prevailing system of use and wont. It is the architect's function to design buildings; not to question any of the causal circumstances involved in their erection nor the use to which they are to be put. The outcome of such an attitude toward the function of the architect is to restrict his field of interest to matters of detail and so to place architectural practice in an altogether subservient position among the activities of the day.

Professional interest in architecture centers, for the moment, in the discovery and development of new forms and new arrangements of color that would expose the industrial processes and express the functions involved in modern building. This interest constitutes the valid criticism of the work of recent years. The ancient forms do not expose the modern industrial processes nor do they serve to express the modern functions involved in buildings. Their use is often illogical, merely a matter of borrowing. And so it is assumed that by discarding ancient forms, exposing modern processes and expressing new functions, we would thereby establish a point of departure for the launching of a new and vital architectural expression. An architecture so derived would differ; it would be "modern." But such a point of departure would insure no other qualities; nor would it guarantee vitality or the slightest degree of aesthetic merit. The utilization of industrial processes and their expression in architecture moves toward an ideal outcome only when the processes are predisposed toward such an end. And the functions which are involved in the utilization of buildings find expression in an ideal architectural outcome only when they are in harmony with it.

The modern industrial processes now involved in building are animated by business enterprise rather than the instinctive urge of workmanship; and effort is sustained by aims and purposes that are alien with respect to architecture. Indeed, the ideal in architecture cannot be expressed by the same terms that would express an

ideal outcome in the industrial enterprises involved in building. The standards of well building and of durability that would satisfy the claims of architecture would defeat the ends toward which modern business enterprise guides modern industry.

It would be gratuitous, if not stupid, to oppose or hamper those who seek something new in art and architecture. But in this connection it should be pointed out that if the desire for change springs from the same source as the desire which gives rise to changing fashions, that is to say, if it is a desire launched under the auspices of pecuniary canons of taste, then what would take place in response to the demand would merely affect the surface of things. And on the other hand, if the demand for change springs from a desire to express modern functions and expose modern industrial processes, then certain important consequences would accrue with the satisfaction of that demand.

In fostering a new architectural expression that, under current standards of appraisal, would be rated meritorious in the degree that it reflected and exposed the nature of the industrial processes involved, we would face the certainty that in so doing, we had subordinated our aims to the aims of modern industrial enterprise. The potentialities of the machine process—regularity, geometric arrangements, repetition—all these must be clearly expressed and given emphasis. For any attempt to express the machine process in terms of variety, irregularity, freedom or grace would be to thwart it. Our effort in design, if we are to utilize the machine as the central means, would be confined largely to realistic expression or the dramatization of monotonous movements and organized mechanical events.

And in the same way, if modern architecture is to reveal the aims and purposes involved in its promotion, then the ideal toward which the designer strives must be co-terminus with the aims of those whose interest he serves in a professional way.

Within the well established frontiers of use and wont and the programs fixed by those who initiate the erection of buildings there is, relatively, but a small area where architectural innovations may be proposed. Modern methods of construction may be exposed by new forms and compositions; and modern utilities may be made features of decorative composition. But the pattern of traffic ways and of ownership which, after all, give rise to the plans and masses of buildings and hence our general architectural expression—all this lies well beyond the area which is within the control of architectural design.

So that there is not the slightest ground for assuming that experiments in architectural design thus limited in scope would affect architectural expression other than in a most superficial way. This opinion is substantiated by the attitude of the spokesmen for the modern. By and large, they appear unconcerned with the social and economic interests of the community, notwithstanding



the fact that such interests fix the characteristics of architecture by imposing plan, mass and relationship as between buildings. Seemingly the advocates of the modern in art and architecture are content to leave the general architectural pattern of the urban center and the region unchanged; their interest is confined to individual buildings and their details.

One might prophesy; but the same end would be fulfilled by a brief reference to what is now taking place. In response to habits of thought induced by machine industry, the scientific point of view and the realistic methods of engineering, buildings, urban centers and

regions take shape exposing hardly a trace of aesthetic interest. In response to the demands of business traffic and the growing desire for change, we pass through phase after phase of architectural expression at an accelerating rate. As the velocity of obsolescence and change increases, the period of gestation diminishes so that the outcome is a series of expressions utterly devoid of those qualities which are only achieved through maturity. The stage is set for a series of "modern" expressions in which each succeeding phase should pass somewhat less mature than the last.



# CRABBED AGE AND YOUTH

By LOUIS LA BEAUME

SWIFT changes are abhorrent to man's conservative impulses and he is seized by a terrifying nostalgia in the presence of the unfamiliar. Age quails in the presence of youth and even the adventurous dreams of youth are all too quickly overcast by the desire for refuge, in a universe unmapped and charged with mystery. The blackest curse we struggle under is the curse of Fear. And the thing we fear most, however blasé we may be, is change. But, knowing change to be one of the inevitable phenomena of life, we mock at it and strive to console ourselves, and bring peace to our minds by shouting that the faith of our fathers will prevail against it.

In matters of political and religious belief, we go to great extremes of physical violence to maintain the sanctity and inviolability of the creeds we have formulated. So fierce is our desire to uphold and extend the true faith, as we conceive it, that we give no quarter to our opponents. We proselyte to impose our faith on others, and in our ecstasy, we seek to slay the unbeliever.

In matters of art we are sometimes scarcely less ferocious, and while zeal is a noble attribute of conviction, it cannot fail to amuse—and sometimes pain—the great Arbiter, the great Artist, to see his children contending so valorously for such empty shibboleths. The discussions between the Modernists on the one hand and the Traditionalists on the other have been conducted at times with decorum, but as the battle waxed hotter, epithets are hurled and words connoting contempt are sped from camp to camp. The issue itself becomes so confused in the vapors, that there is no clear-cut silhouette for either army to shoot at. Some blessing, perhaps, may lurk in this very confusion, for when the smoke has cleared away, the contenders may be found embracing the same image. The battle between tradition and non-conformity is as old as instinct, older than reason. In the perspective of history, however, it would seem that tradition has ever suffered its symbols to be recast in newer moulds.

As doing is always more efficacious and convincing than debating, in the long run the doers must win. The difficulties of debate in the realm of the esthetic are appalling, perhaps insuperable. Literary definitions of Beauty almost necessarily lack precision; and the response which a work of art evokes must inevitably be personal. Temperament, training, habit, custom, all inhibit those natural, spontaneous, inevitable reactions to a work of Art, which can be assumed, foretold or proven in the field of the exact sciences. The artist himself therefore is often revealed as the most unreliable of critics; and if doctors disagree, confusion and bewilderment on the

part of their patients is not to be wondered at. In other times, people having more faith in their doctors, and the doctors having more faith in themselves, the confusion was less widespread. There were not so many prescriptions to choose from, and long periods of orthodoxy allowed each tradition to become refined and perfected, fixed and authoritative. Peoples dwelling in restricted areas developed their arts slowly, tranquilly and naturally, free from disturbing skeptics, and unharassed by the bogey of Progress.

Modernism is an ugly word, as any word ending in "ism" is apt to be, and it is expressive of an uneasiness and unrest which was probably felt only at long intervals by our ancestors. As the light broke over Europe after the Dark Ages, and people began to be jostled out of their habitual ways of thinking and living, the old traditions suffered some uncomfortable and annoying growing pains. There was a good deal of going and coming, visiting and trading among people who had hitherto only heard of each other by rumor. And while our primitive instinct is to love our own Arts and our own systems of morals best, one of the effects of intercourse with our neighbors is gradually to become contaminated, or inspired, as we choose to put it, by their example. Thus our traditions undergo change subtly, often almost imperceptibly, even while the defenders of the old faiths are warning us against disaster. As M. Jourdain suddenly realized that he had been speaking prose all his life without knowing it, so we may wake up some morning to the realization that we are being forced to speak in modern terms if we are to speak at all, or if our speech is to be understood.

One of the odd things about the present debate, which would seem to differentiate it from the debates of the past, is that the Traditionalists are defending so many and various traditions. It is easily understandable that the Egyptians and the Assyrians might have been chagrined by the rising development of Greek Art, that the Greeks might have looked askance at the liberties which Rome took with the Greek tradition. The arch must have raised a tremendous hulabaloo. The Normans may well have considered the Gothic of the Isle de France extremely bizarre, and the French masons of Chartres might have turned in their graves when Francis I brought Leonardo da Vinci to Amboise. But is there any record of the Greeks defending the traditions of Assyria or Egypt, of the Monks of St. Denis or St. Michel cherishing the glory that was Greece or the grandeur that was Rome? No. It remains for us, the heirs of all the ages to champion the practice of all their styles in the sacred name of tradition. Gothicists and Classicists snarl at

each other, but leave off quarreling when they think liberties are being taken with either tradition, so that they may present a united front before the contemporaneous upstart.

Another thing that strikes one as a little strange is the statement, constantly repeated, that change, if it must come, must come in an orderly way as a process of evolution. Pure invention is taboo. Revolution is not to be tolerated. This statement seems entirely superfluous, for in all history the most difficult thing to identify is a case of pure invention. Principles are eternal; it is only the application of them which may sometimes go by the name of invention. The principles of perspective were not invented; they were discovered or divined. And as for revolution, there is no such thing as that either. Man's processes of development are nature's processes. They are inexorably evolutionary, not revolutionary; as dependent on what preceded them as any contemporaneous picture or poem or building must be on something that other men have done.

That the so-called Modernist is frequently unable or reluctant to realize this is strange too, and his failure

may account for some of the vagaries and eccentricities which so inflame the conservative. Youth is hot and bold, and very arrogant. Youth is full of sport. Youth is wild, while age is tame. But, after all, it is not mere whim or affectation that leads to change. It is exigency. The exigent demands of modern life are unceasingly at work undermining, modifying, shifting the pattern we regarded as fixed. We resist, we hold out as long as we can. We cling to the old fetishes as long as we can make them serve and some of them, though fetishes, serve very well. The new must justify its newness, and will grow old in the process.

Meanwhile we can only try to be as good-humored about it as possible and submit ourselves to the inevitable. This does not mean to be supine or to drift, for we as architects have a higher obligation to our time than to serve our clients as mere faithful slaves. May we not take a little heart from that interview in KING HENRY FIFTH, where the Prince says to his conventional and timid princess, "O Kate! nice customs curtsy to great kings . . . we are the makers of manners, Kate."



# OUR INDUSTRIAL ART

Anonyms

By RICHARD F. BACH

IT WAS our first experience with the word, but, as the smart columns of certain sophisticated weeklies no longer say, it intrigued us. Anonyms, it seems, are nameless folk.

One might allow the imagination to toy with the idea: the land of anonymity, a people without a name, a population addressing one another, but never with a name; in short, a place where credit would never be given—in fact, could not be given—for anything accomplished because there would not be a name to assign it to. A queer place, thankless and unsympathetic, not the fair flowered fields of individuality and identity where art and artists might be expected to flourish. Yet strangely similar is this description to another that might be written of the great territory of craftsmanship in the arts allied to architecture and the dwellers therein, designers and makers, conceivers and producers, working in metal and wood and textiles and glass, but always under cover, so to speak, and, though not nameless, certainly unnamed except in specifications. These are the anonyms of architecture.

Nor are the architects alone careless or negligent in giving credit to these co-workers; newspapers and the press generally, being misinformed or not informed, err on the same side. And as for employers, whether public or private, building committees and others in like positions as clients, these seem to have a sneaking suspicion that perhaps the so-called minor arts are all stock items anyway, with catalogue numbers, like cupboard latches, butts and faucets, so why mention their designers?

We do not hold with tirades, we would gladly walk a mile to get away from one (whether or not a certain cigarette were available at the other end), yet child-like, we rush ingenuously into print on the subject of anonymity as affecting the industrial arts and decoration, when, as is frequently the case, unfairness and lost opportunity so readily and often combine to deprive the designer and craftsman of recognition due for good work well done in support of a fine architectural design.

Thus we find in architectural journals illustrations of room interiors, gates, lighting fixtures, furniture and other so-called accessory arts, with under them the simple and straightforward misstatement: Do and Dare, Architects. Examination shows that in the room interior as illustrated Messrs. Do and Dare were the designers insofar as they indicated the dimensions of the room, specified the plaster and flooring and located the electric outlets (three out of six in the wrong places); the decora-

tion of the room was the work of an anonymous decorator, one of a species often credited with undoing the exterior by maltreatment of the interior of a building, a complaint for which very good and tenable grounds may be found, yet in this particular instance really responsible for and the designer or *ensemblier* of a fine room arrangement. We decided that Do and Dare were architects of the important residence of which the room formed part and that the caption giving them credit was a routine statement, permitted to stand, as hundreds of others had stood, for one of two very excellent reasons: either the subcontracting designer or craftsman was too weak or too unimportant to insist upon credit, having to live by business favors granted or obtainable, or the architects themselves were careless, negligent or downright wilful when the credit of their collaborators was involved. And in this, of course, the editor of the journal in which the illustration appeared was in a sense an accomplice after the fact.

The gates in an office building, the lighting fixtures in a theatre, the furniture in a bank are a few more out of numberless examples readily to be found in which the same conditions obtain. We may without hesitation conclude that out of causes unknown a certain habitual procedure has grown up—and in this the press is, perhaps, as great an offender as the architect himself—so that now anything in a given building is published as by Messrs. Blank, the architects. In fact, we do not hesitate to believe that in response to this criticism editors might maintain that the statement, Do and Dare, Architects, should be construed as a signature, implying responsibility only, and not in the least intended to cancel the creative significance of the work of collaborating designers and craftsmen. What is more, they may proudly point to numerous special illustrations of objects belonging to the so-called minor arts which they have published with full credit to their designers or makers or both.

All of this does not alter our contention that credit should be given to such creative producers by name, in all illustrations and for each type of work shown. Nor does it modify the corollary to this, which is equally important, that the architect himself should insist upon such credit in association with any accorded his own name.

Set aside the matter of fairness, of remembering at the right time, of pride; all these are personal angles of the problem—which perhaps can only be considered personally by some. See it rather in an economic light.



The architect's name, as a designer and as a creative artist, is a business asset. His reputation, once he has arrived, is a gilt edge security. No matter how good his architecture, if his name were not attached to his buildings this security would lose in value. His buildings are, in a sense, collateral for his reputation, and this rôle they can fill only when his name as architect is associated with them. For him anonymity spells insignificance. The position of his co-workers in the allied arts has achieved—or, better, regained—a similar dignity. The architect's collaborators, his metal designer, his maker of fixtures, his producer of plaster ornament or terra cotta sculpture, all of these are designers in their own right, a right which the wise architect should, indeed must, allow them to exercise, or else he must supply the definitive design and working drawings to be executed in their respective materials. In short, these all abet the architectonic effect he seeks to establish as a record of his ability. To give these craftsmen credit (without exception, though the list be long!) is but to do himself credit.

For they all live, as does the architect, on the creative plane, and anonymity is a bitter dose for any artist; even though his metier is small in compass and, without the building to which his products cling, non-existent as a commercial entity, still in the economics of design his reputation also is the chief asset he can claim. To join this with that of the architect enhances his value as an artist to himself and to his business. Is it too much to assume that the architect also can profit by insisting that this association be generally known?

It is a habit, nothing more, to consider all sub-contractors in a class, as indicated by the prefix. We can only say, it is time to change the habit. Those fields of production in which (hateful word) artistic design plays a part may be technically classed as sub-contractors' territory, but they have lived through and have passed

the stage when the receipt on their bills for materials was all the recognition they could expect. They are now to be reckoned with as producing designers and they may with impunity maintain that they have a kind of equity in the design of the building on which they have collaborated.

For it is a fact that they do indeed collaborate, these designers in many types and materials of decoration, as well and as understandingly as they have not done in half a century. No need to mention the fact that artists' names have always been set against stained glass windows, baptismal fonts and altars in church buildings. Certain buildings and certain arts have been favored in this way. But we are also interested nowadays in the tiles in a tea room, the flooring in a steamship office vestibule, the grilles in a backyard garden, the furniture in a trust company's office, the drapery fabrics in a golf club, the hardware in a cottage. All of these have designers in this year of grace, while until recently they were only factory products. They are factory products yet and will continue in that category, but their designers are emerging into the dazzling light of a new recognition—and on all sides they are receiving this meed which is their due. The more of it they are granted the better will be their work; they can no longer be concealed under the all-embracing aegis of *Do and Dare, Architects*.

We enter now upon an era of collaborative design. The architect is no longer merely taskmaster; certainly he does not design in detail all of the accessory elements in his buildings. Rather, may the architect now resume the generalship which truly is his and gain glory from the creative skill of the captains under him. But he will—indeed, he must—no longer hesitate to cite them for recognition and honor when they have done well. The day of the anonym in architecture is past.





# ARCHITECTURE'S PRODIGAL HANDMAID

By CHARLES J. CONNICK

HE HAD a real understanding of Church Building and enrichment who called Stained Glass "The Handmaid of Architecture." This symbol and its implication are significant to everyone who has felt the power of color in light to enrich the mysterious charm of lofty interiors. The bare walls of old cathedrals, robbed of their jeweled windows, may be as eloquent of such a relationship as are the smug interiors of many of our churches, crammed with ugly windows.

Now that we have some examples of distinguished church architecture to contrast with the prevailing commonplace, it is no wonder that eager-minded American citizens speculate about our religious art, nor is it strange that stained glass is often definitely placed among the lost arts of the Middle Ages. We all know that her service was most fruitful then, and in Chartres today is beautiful evidence of her devotion to Dame Architecture. When she fell into the hands of painters on canvas in the Renaissance, she surrendered sparkling vibrations of light to the delicate tones and nuances of their interest in reality. But even with them she retained a certain honesty of material that the Nineteenth Century was to strip from her.

It was in our own country that she lost the last vestiges of her old glory in flashing light and color when she was lured by tone-painters to be sold into the slavery of big business. Thereby hangs a tale.

Fifty years ago or more, a talented American painter, already famous as a colorist, was intrigued by the quiet beauty of the windows of Chartres. He studied them to some purpose, for he soon realized that their obvious transparency was curiously modified by a thin scum or patina, and tiny pits, or erosions, on the back of the glass,—the result of centuries of weathering and resultant chemical change. The gentle vibration of those windows and their consequent mellowness in contrast with the glare of modern windows nearby, stirred his creative intelligence relative to glass for windows in our own churches. As a painter for American walls, he knew the devastating brilliance of our light, especially as it offended the somber taste of the time.

He might have essayed experiments on transparent colored glass with acid to approximate the effects of age, but his efforts were creative, and with the aid of a capable glass maker in Philadelphia he devised or adapted a glass that united color with tone to such purpose that it became popular almost immediately as opalescent glass.

The first windows in it did recall some of the mysterious qualities of mediaeval windows. They were colorful but mellow; they were direct in design and had

a decorative flatness related to the honesty of old windows. Rondels and bottle-bottoms, in a free sort of background, were sometimes a successful compliment to figures more opaque in the new glass. Chunks or nuggets of glass were particularly effective in a great New England window as a shimmering background to such silhouetted figures.

Perhaps there was a moment during those early experiments when the craft hung balanced between the verities of glass, lead, iron supporting bars and the suave enticements of the new medium that seemed to obviate all such crude expressions of material and structure. The Artist who wavered unconsciously between the demands of a craft and those of a picture-maker, naturally followed the familiar lines of his training and his painter's environment. Given the material for softly glowing pictures, he soon forgot the function of windows as units in architecture. The immature glass-craftsman was devoured by the trained painter who made pictures that amazed and delighted his growing public.

It was a simple matter to increase the opacity of the glass—equally simple to increase the value of tones by doubling, tripling, even quadrupling sheets of glass in the manner called plating. So bottle-bottoms and nuggets were discarded for great sheets of varied tones that blotted out the light like a velvet curtain, while approximating low-toned paint on canvas in a way to awaken bewildered applause from lovers of soft tones and subtle gloom.

The glass picture had little opposition, for the craft of stained glass never had been well developed in America. With few exceptions, windows imported from England, France and Germany were pictorial in their import, even if they were made of glass originally transparent. They were thin in our brilliant light, in spite of their over-painting in heavy mattes or tones, so they really encouraged a complete surrender to the picture idea.

One German master-craftsman of the old school stoutly held to the verities of lead and glass, even when he used the new material. But his New York shop was seldom crowded with work and only a few architects really appreciated his courage and his honesty. Most architects of the eighties and nineties easily acquiesced in the popular clamor for the new material. Business was business then as now, and it was not long before a series of exploitations began, on a scale truly American, all over the country.

Art glass emporiums blossomed out of little shops that had followed a hand-to-mouth existence making windows of sorts and setting those imported from Europe. Their prosperity caught the eyes of business

men who rented studios and shops, hired what men could be found, and, true to the quickly established tradition, bought prints of Plockhorst's and Hoffman's Bible pictures. Those reproductions were readily translated into colored designs for windows, and when the high-powered, go-getter salesmen were secured the organizations were ready to function. They watched the obituary columns and appeared on the heels of the undertaker to offer pink and blue horrors to bereaved widows or widowers, as memorials of all virtues, for family churches. Styles of architecture never troubled them, and they were as eager to tear out the simple panes of handmade glass from a Colonial meeting house of the Seventeenth Century as they were to dig a shapeless hole through the stone walls of a Victorian Gothic cathedral. They discovered the gullibility of church committees, and readily agreed with every whim that posed as taste, while they encouraged every notion that offered a sale. Often they agreed to have the face of a loved ancestor replace the traditional one of Saint Paul or Saint Peter, and once at least, Uncle Ned Hancock's lineaments served to replace the well-known sugary head of Plockhorst's "Good Shepherd."

Sometimes proprietor and salesman were one, and this combination was powerful everywhere. On him prosperity smiled, and he was often forced to take partners with capital in order to reap the golden harvest before him.

No proprietor or salesman confined his activities to the backwoods, although they all greatly valued the opportunities there offered for "stock." "Stock" described the windows that could be built in approximate sizes like ready-to-wear clothes. They had wide borders to be cut down or increased, and were in sure-fire subjects like Plockhorst's "Good Shepherd" or Hoffman's "Gethsemane"; or they were whirling ornamental windows with cross and crown, or harp, or anchor.

Of course the glass-makers were soon alive to growing demands and they made glass more definitely related to the presentation of subjects with economy, neatness and dispatch. They made glass for sky, glass for foliage, for sheep, for sunsets, and for drapery. Their greatest achievement was drapery glass, pulled and distorted into folds that could be selected and cut in great pieces. (How the cutters hated that stuff!)

Everywhere the industry grew, and studios in great cities took on airs of sophistication that intrigued everyone. Talented artists were secured by progressive proprietors and great city churches were resplendent in copies of old masters and Easter-card angels, all pink and gold. Dame Architecture and her Handmaid were all but lost in purple-pink ugliness, when the ineffectual murmuring of a few questioners was given a voice that thundered with authority. Art glass and the pictorial idea were loudly challenged.

The protest was stirred by the fury of a thwarted master-architect who had seen a dream shattered, and it was powerful enough to center the attention of architects everywhere upon the plight of Mistress and Maid. A luscious landscape window, forced into the tall lancets of a handsome Gothic chapel, probably was the immediate cause of spirited attacks that drove the art glass industry into semi-seclusion, where it still functions. Thoughtful architects scorn it and all its works, but there is still a persistent idea, a lingering conviction in the minds of most Americans, suddenly brought face to face with the craft, that a window should resemble a picture;—that it should be mild and tender, related to marble and onyx as well as to paint and canvas.

The pictorial point of view has wrecked every craft it has touched. Painting itself has been almost choked by it. It stifles the imaginative and gratifies the dull-witted whenever it has a chance to develop. It doubtless would have degraded the stained glass craft, even though opalescent glass had never been discovered, for glass is a medium for symbols, not for actual delineation. It demands an entirely different attitude from that to which everyone has been trained. Its beauty is of patterned color, singing in light, and it is related more nearly to music than it is to painting.

Beethoven's introduction to the pastoral symphony might well serve as an interpretation of a beautiful stained glass window. He said that it was not his purpose to repeat the sounds he heard in the country; rather he hoped, with his music, to make the hearer feel the emotion he felt when he was in the midst of those sounds.

Transparent color in light is, like music, a direct appeal to the emotions, and until artist and patron together realize this truth,—so long obscured by the picture notion,—stained glass will not be freed for noblest service.

With the revolt against the turgid picture came a reversion to Mediaeval windows. The slavish copy of those masterpieces may establish superficial rules for modern craftsmen, but it certainly will not make luminous our own spiritual ideals through the use of that medium now as honestly as they used it then.

The passion for standardization is still with us, even though stock windows are not so popular as they once were. Yesterday a powerful American church committee gravely specified actual copies of the windows of a famous Cathedral for their great structure now building. "Aren't they the best in the world?—if we have the money, can't we get the best?—and no experiments!"

Exploitation is no respecter of styles. The exploiter and the high-powered salesman are quite willing to turn their huge forces to the making of Thirteenth Century windows with the same thirst for profits and the same innocence of all more subtle implications that marked their earlier efforts. Instead of copying the inanities of

saccharine German Art, they can now enlarge photographs of old masterpieces in glass and follow their lines, matts and curious obscurities on transparent antique glass with their wonted assurance.

Makers of glass may respond to a new demand with certified "Antique" colors of the period and only an enlightened taste will avert an avalanche of stuff not really much nearer the potential glory of the craft than were the meretricious art glass windows of yesteryear.

The one craft to enlist pure color and light,—when it is freed from exploiter and ignorant patron,—will offer stuff for radiant expression to those who can see its

marked potentialities. It will grow naturally through the development of its own powers through sympathetic skill and talent touched with poetry and music.

There are signs that more than one modern painter has felt the significance of patterned color, related more nearly to symbols than to things as they are, and some famous pictures of today recall the work of mediaeval masters in glass more eloquently than they do pictures by realistic painters. Wouldn't it stir dim regions of poetic justice if the Handmaid, first led astray by literal-minded painters, were to mark her redemption by strengthening and clarifying the art of painting today and tomorrow?



# ONE LINE OF INFLUENCE

By WILLIAM L. STEELE

**A**LL BUT the very newest members of the Institute know that ten years ago we had a committee named the Post-War Committee on Architectural Practice. It is remembered that this Committee was an active one, that some very interesting correspondence was conducted by its members, and at least one very animated session at an Institute Convention was held under its auspices. What is not so well remembered is that the Committee was born out of the recognized need for facing the inevitable readjustment that was coming, due to the upheaval of World-War.

It is so human to become discouraged over so much that seems futile in organized activity, that it may be pleasant to consider briefly one impulse given by our Post-War Committee that is still in motion.

Quite early in its program the Post-War Committee published its desire "to bring together representatives of the different professions in order to compare professional standards, to attempt to define the distinctive functions of each profession, to endeavor to find means for cooperation between them and to work jointly toward the betterment of the educational methods now in vogue in the training for the different professions."

A brisk exchange of letters followed and an organization committee looking toward the formation of an Inter-professional Conference was the next step. The Committee was made up of representatives of the law, medicine, engineering, education, architecture, and a few others. In response to an invitation widely circulated more than a hundred professional men and women met in Detroit in the last days of March, 1919. Some of our own men, among them Ackerman, Kimball (then president of the Institute), Kohn, Medary, were present. Mr. Kohn was elected Chairman. Medary's interpretation of the obligations of the professions is worthy of re-reading:

"I take the ground that what we have in a professional way—what we have individually as professional men—does not belong to us because we bought it at college or got it through books or in some other way. It is a thing that we have inherited from many great minds—a thing which has come down to us through a thousand years or more. It is the cumulative effort of a great many generations of people working along the line which we have chosen, in each case, to make our profession. We hold it only in trust, and while we use it and sell it to our clients, we owe it to the whole mass of mankind because that is where it came from. Of course, we use it to our particular advantage, but while doing so we must add something of ourselves to it and return it a

richer thing than when we received it. We cannot keep it entirely as a matter for our own personal gain.

"I think that it is very important that we should recognize that it is not a thing that we are glad to give away because it is left over or because we do not need it. It does not belong to us; it belongs to everybody. Our first obligation is to put back what we have got. In other words, I think the reason that life is so sterile today is the same that is responsible for the abandoned farm in New England. We have all, I believe, taken out of the soil more than we are willing to put back, and it is up to us to put it back."

The purpose of the Inter-professional Conference was defined in this ringing paragraph:

"Its object shall be to discover how to liberate the professions from the domination of selfish interest, both within and without the professions, to devise ways and means of better utilizing the professional heritage of knowledge and skill for the benefit of society, and to create relations between the professions leading to this end."

Much has been said and written about the widespread disillusion which came after the great war. There was disillusion and loss of faith, a loosening of the hold on men's minds of the old standards of conduct, a new recklessness and a profound pessimism. Against such a background the altruistic reaffirmation of allegiance to old ideals, as voiced by the Detroit conference, is both highly significant and encouraging. And yet, perhaps because of that background the movement languished. The "permanent organization" attempted at Detroit "petered out." But it did not die. It was kept alive by a few vital spirits and in 1922 and 23 it was reorganized under a different form. Professional Men's Clubs were started in eight middle-western cities; St. Paul, Minneapolis, Milwaukee, Kansas City, Omaha, Des Moines, Duluth and Sioux City. Representatives of these clubs met in St. Paul in March, 1924, and began the Association of Professional Men's Clubs, a society which is still very much alive. Our own Past-President, Thomas R. Kimball, was elected the first President of the new organization. It was, to quote from the President's address to the Convention in Des Moines the following year:

"An entirely new idea in clubdom, and one the seed of which promised a fruit of exceptional value to society—the beginning of cooperation among the professions, co-operation to replace not only related effort, but actual cancellation that has been the almost universal result wherever and whenever different professional activities have come into actual contact."



The paragraph already quoted which so well expressed the object of the Detroit conference, was made use of, with all due credit to its originators, as a part of the constitution of the new association.

The late Henry Deutsch, attorney, of Minneapolis, said, in part:

"The time and the occasion are ripe for co-operative effort on the part of men in the professions to recover and save the professions from the dangers of commercialism towards which we have so rapidly drifted and by which we are already partially engulfed. This means that here is at least the spark of the desire to revert to the old idea of a profession as a vocation, if you please, of service to humanity. In other words, the primitive idea of the professions was that of a group of men whose love for service and humanity was sufficient to inspire them with the desire and purpose to devote their lives unselfishly to the acquiring of scientific systematic knowledge in the science and art of life in order to enable them to be of service in the relief and uplift of their fellowmen. In its primitive idea, service was primary and emolument a mere incident. In its present idea, the primary goal seems compensation, either in money or distinction, and the idea of service secondary. In other words, it seems to me that today, instead of being professional men, we are largely technicians, who have exchanged the spirit of professional service for the letter of professional technique and are evidencing today the truth of the Master's words, 'The letter killeth; the spirit maketh alive.'"

On the question of professional ethics the Association at once took high ground:

"Ethics begins with prohibitions, but it must advance to positive and constructive affirmations of purpose. Professional ethics which merely enumerated the things forbidden would be a crude and unsatisfactory affair; yet thus far the general tendency has been to emphasize the negative side. The committee proposes to set itself to the task of formulating the positive content of a general code of professional ethics—that is, a statement of the purposes and ideals which should govern professional men in their relations to one another, their clients, and the general public, set forth in an affirmative way." Those among us who have worked with the Committees on Practice and Judiciary will realize how completely this statement sums up the difficulties which have grown out of our own negatively worded "Canons."

In the matter of education, which subject has for years been assigned to one of our most important committees, the Association of Professional Men's Clubs has laid out for itself a program refreshing in its divergence from accepted academic lines, and stimulating in its direct bearing upon the professions themselves. Too much of our own effort in education, it has seemed to me, has been wasted in the attempt to educate the public without first being sure that the profession itself has been educated. The following are the topics suggested by the Committee

on Education for the serious attention and study of the Committee itself as well as the associated professions:

"I. A tendency amongst professional practitioners to move away from the common comradeship of college days into the limited associations of strictly craft companionship.

"II. A tendency in each profession toward extreme specialization, moving away from the ordinary day to day needs of common man.

"III. A professional tendency to ignore valuable cognate material, residing in the skill and knowledge of other professions.

"IV. A tendency in various professions to conceal their own mysteries from the knowledge of practitioners in other professions.

"V. A tendency in the general educational field to permit general education to determine at graduation. A tendency to lose the fervent hope of extending collegiate interest and the passion for general culture throughout a lifetime. A tendency away from making mutual professional interests and a common cultural pursuit a lifelong connective tissue to unify all professional practitioners in each community into one friendly and cohesive group.

"VI. The responsibility of all professions represented in one club for the establishment of proper and practical educational standards by which a profession may be measured.

"VII. The responsibility of the club both as a national and a local organization for the education of its public in the true purposes, ideals and methods of professional community service.

The Association of Professional Men's Clubs publishes a "Quarterly," a little magazine, edited by the Rev. Dr. Frederick M. Eliot of St. Paul, and conducted upon a high plane of scholarship. Contributions are principally from members and each profession has contributed generously.

Although the American Institute of Architects has taken no part as a body in the councils of the Interprofessional Association, a respectable number of its members have joined either through membership in a local chapter, or through the Chapter-at-large. Like the Institute in its earlier days, when members remote from local chapters were assigned to the Chapter-at-large, the Association of Professional Men's Clubs has a Chapter-at-large for the benefit of those in whose home city there is no Professional Club. In this chapter are such men as Dr. Felix Adler, Senator George Wharton Pepper, Lee Lawrie, sculptor, Dr. Hartley Burr Alexander. We read the familiar names of Magonigle, Medary, Emerson, Donaldson, Garfield, Plack.

Is my opening statement unwarranted? It seems to me pleasantly proven that here is an example of Institute activity (happily not on the carpet to give an accounting in dollars) which really has borne good fruit and which promises still more abundant harvests for the future.

# ARCHITECTURAL EDUCATION IN THE WEST

By HARRIS C. ALLEN

WHEN the subject of architectural education arises, architects instinctively think of the East; Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Pennsylvania, Cornell, Columbia, Harvard, Yale. We know there are departments of architecture in many other institutions, and concede—more or less vaguely, depending on our own proximity to some particular college—that many such departments are flourishing; are giving an increasing number of students what, we suppose, is a fairly good elementary foundation. We assume that the promising and ambitious neophyte will complete his training at one of the older and more famous institutions, or in Europe, or both—preferably.

To some extent this idea is justified. Even our most brilliant students cannot but be benefited by extended and varied training, and, more especially, by contact with the able personalities connected with our oldest, best-known schools. But the quality of the architectural courses now being given at a great many colleges, all over the country, is not fully recognized; certainly not by the public, and probably not, consciously, by architects.

This must be essentially true of architectural education in the far West. For the past ten years, building activity on the Pacific Coast has been out of all proportion to population, compared with the rest of the country, or even to business and financial ratings. There has been an extraordinary amount of good architecture produced; so much as to command the observation, the somewhat astonished admiration, of the whole country. For a large part of this excellent work, men are responsible who received their training in the accepted centers of education, in the East, abroad. Not a few, however, are graduates from institutions on the Coast; and they are turning out some of the best work that is being done.

The influence of all this new architecture, both as to quantity and as to beauty, has doubtless been an active factor in the development of the various departments in Western colleges. Four of these are prominent, and their scope is steadily increasing; at the University of California, at the University of Southern California, at the University of Oregon, at the University of Washington. All of them belong to the Association of Collegiate Schools of Architecture. Two of them, at the Universities of California and Washington, follow closely the methods of the *École des Beaux Arts*; another, at the University of Southern California, modifies the *Beaux Arts* system considerably; the school in Oregon is a frank experiment along quite different lines of education.

All are growing rapidly, are, in fact, fairly bursting at the seams with the energy and vitality of their development.

The oldest, and largest, was established by John Galen Howard in 1903. Mr. Howard had been called from a large practice in New York to become Supervising Architect for the University of California, as a result of the Hearst International Competition. The first prize was won by Émile Bénard, of France, and to Mr. Howard (another prize-winner) was entrusted the task of adapting the magnificent plan thus secured to the needs and resources of an American University. This has been a "life work"; but even more outstanding an achievement has been the development of the University's School of Architecture. His personality, his untiring devotion, his faculty of inspiring the varied types of human material with something of his own passionate loyalty to beauty and order and dignity, have given definite character to the school, have made it a strong and positive influence.

From thirteen students a year the enrollment has increased to the present two hundred and thirty-one. It is significant that several members of the staff are graduates of the school, including the Director, Mr. Warren C. Perry, who succeeded Mr. Howard on his retirement in the spring of 1927. Mr. Perry, after graduating in 1907, spent four years in Europe, much of the time as a student in *L'École*. (Another year has been spent abroad, on sabbatical leave.) He joined the faculty in 1911, and is unquestionably fitted by nature and training to carry on the work started by Mr. Howard.

The four regular undergraduate years are spent in following a rigid curriculum including three years of mathematics and engineering, language, humanitarian electives, freehand drawing (including life classes), water color, pen and ink, modeling, pencil, and a solid sequence of architectural design and its prerequisites, architectural drafting, descriptive geometry, shades and shadows and perspective and stereotomy. After graduation, with a Bachelor of Arts degree, the student takes two additional years, principally advanced design, and is rewarded eventually by the degree of Graduate in Architecture.

The work in this school has always been characterized by a remarkable spirit of enthusiasm and loyalty, a feeling that the training was solid, unsteretyped, creative. As its alumni are now emerging in real numbers into the profession, this condition is becoming more apparent outside. Throughout the state its graduates are active; such men as John Reid, Jr., Past

President of the Northern California Chapter, A. I. A., to whom as City Architect San Francisco owes its exceptionally fine system of school buildings; Henry H. Gutterson, Vice-President, and Albert J. Evers, Secretary, of the Northern California Chapter; Messrs. Ashley, Appleton, Bangs, Corlett, Masten, Mitchell, Morrow, Roeth, Symmes, Taylor, of Northern California, Cheney, Cline, Hibbard, Maybury, in the South; are notable examples of the prestige which its alumni are bringing to the school.

In the School of Architecture in the University of Southern California, started in 1919, a five-year course is given, which offers, in connection with its specific architectural training, collaborative courses in the Fine Arts, and even extension courses for outside instruction, evening classes similar to the Columbia University Atelier. There are now about 200 regular students enrolled. Dean Arthur C. Weatherhead believes that there is not only an opportunity, but an obligation, for this school, situated as it is, to demonstrate the possibility (if not the necessity) of the modern professional school combining its broad and cultural courses and its emphasis upon fundamentals with a definite program of co-operation in the important practical problems of the community. The student begins his training in design as soon as he enters; and in the solving of his problems, even those submitted by the Beaux Arts Society in its contests of national scope, an attempt is made to interpret them in terms of the character of Southern California. In accordance with this belief, students are encouraged to consider the use of concrete rather than cut stone in their solutions of problems in design, since this material is a factor of increasing importance, both structurally and decoratively, for local practice. A Department of Landscape Architecture is being planned, in which the distinctive local character will be still more in evidence. Now this attitude is interesting and, so far as I know, unique. The great architectural activity in the region surrounding the University, largely based upon a Spanish background and unusual climatic and environmental conditions, may justify this special trend of educational influence. At any rate it is an experiment which seems to be thriving and which may have pronounced results. If there is to be a permanent development of the modernistic theories of architecture, such an open-minded attitude, which utilizes traditional methods of training and applies them very directly to the solving of modern and local problems, would seem likely to adapt itself with less difficulty of readjustment than more conservative bodies.

The Department of Architecture in the University of Washington has recently enlarged its course from four to five years, after completing its fourteenth—and most successful—year. The enrollment last year was 131, and some of the students have attained very creditable

results in competition with other students throughout the country in the Beaux Arts problems. During the summer of 1928 six of its students attended the Fontainebleau School, the largest delegation from any American University; and the group was credited with being the best in design. Three of these men were awarded traveling scholarships, given to juniors in the Department, who will return the first of next year. These are given so that the Department may have the benefit of the contacts the students have had abroad. A number of other prizes and medals are awarded yearly.

It is clear that Mr. Harlan Thomas, Head of the Department, and his staff, are convinced of the value of the "Competitive System" in architectural education; and they are undoubtedly giving excellent training to students who have natural ability. Perhaps it is to the point that a resolution was prepared by Mr. Thomas, as Chairman of the Committee on Education of the Washington State Chapter, A. I. A., and passed at the Interscholastic Architectural Conference held under the Chapter's auspices, to the following effect: "Resolved, That the second annual Interscholastic Conference in convention assembled does herewith heartily commend the present movement on the part of high schools in offering more freehand drawing and art appreciation in their curriculums and that this conference further recommends that those students who decide while in high school to major in architecture at the University be encouraged to elect courses in freehand drawing and art appreciation, rather than mechanical drawing, and that art and industrial arts teachers and vocational advisors, in so far as possible, advise only such students to elect to major in architecture as give evidence of possessing imagination, aptitude for drawing, and an interest in art."

The University offers regular courses in *architectural appreciation*, and similar summer courses for high-school teachers. If this results in general instruction of high school pupils for better understanding of architecture, it will certainly tend to make better clients, even if it does not swell the classes in the Department. It may be seen that this school is wide-awake and ambitious.

Now we come to a distinct departure from the traditional method. Mr. W. R. B. Willcox, at the head of the School of Architecture in the University of Oregon, has already contributed to THE JOURNAL his theories on education, under the title "The Non-Competitive Method in Architectural Education." This title is somewhat misleading, as giving apparent emphasis to but one element. In the actual course, the attempt is made to train students to become architects rather than facile draftsmen; work proceeds much as in an architect's office, and students are not held to the happiest parti which a few hours' study may produce, but are supposed to keep in mind that an architect's job is to

produce the best possible *building* under given conditions, not a brilliant drawing based upon an accepted formula of design. The aim always held in view is the best solution within the student's capacity.

This is, indeed, an interesting experiment, and is being given full opportunity for trial. As yet it is too early to warrant definite conclusions, but the Department heads feel encouraged to continue, believing that results so far indicate real advantages; and that new methods must be sought and tested if in all its phases architecture is to fit into the changing conditions of Time.

From these four institutions may be expected to come a stream of new blood to carry on the life of our ancient and honorable profession, with such degree of vigor, enthusiasm, spirit, as is to be looked for in a young country. Already the representatives of the West, undergraduate and alumni, have won no mean place in nation-wide competitive tests. Without making any undue claims for pre-eminence, we submit that our Western schools are entitled to respectful consideration, both for their accomplishments in the past and for the infinitely greater prospects of the future.





## FROM OUR BOOK SHELF

### *Architecture in America*

MODERN biography is light of touch. The old, so pompous, so ponderous, so meticulous about trifles and so blind to the broad traits of character or to those human touches that make a man live and move again for us, made bores out of many an interesting or delightful person; at all events it was a bore to read. Strachey showed us how the most august personages may be made interesting, though at the cost of some irreverence. Maurois has handled Disraeli with similar freedom, bringing his man out of the distorting mists of legend and making him stand on his feet—the very human feet of which "*der alte Jude*" was so vain.

In the biography of architecture as in that of human beings a writer has a better chance for a reading if he doffs the brass hat. And that is exactly what Mr. Tallmadge has done; he has written a charming and readable book;\* and though it seems to be addressed chiefly to the layman, who is sure to find it interesting, the seasoned architect also can find pleasure in it from many points of view; it carries one along; and while the subject is not exactly dramatized, it is at least seen against backdrops that vary as the aspects of the topic change. Although the reviewer takes a very languid interest in early American architecture, due perhaps to ancestry or defects of temperament or an invincible preference for original sources, Mr. Tallmadge so invests all that period with a kind of glamour that it has held his close attention throughout.

Reviewing the book for architects, one may venture to dissent from some of Mr. Tallmadge's findings or suggestions more emphatically than if this review were for lay readers. For instance, as to the Sullivan cult, there is a simple explanation for it, unconnected with that erratic genius's talents and personality; it is merely that the Middle West leaped gladly to the piping of Sullivan and of Wright the Disciple just as the whole country now does to Saarinen. Once the vogue was all for pancakes and the world well lost; every building must look as though it has been violently bashed by an infuriated giant, and one can imagine only members of the cymex family penetrating to the interior. Now, we are all for asparagus, the tops bitten off at the limit of cost or the zoning ordinance. For a people that shouts so much about individualism and self-expression we Americans are singularly afraid not to copy someone or something in everything, from architecture to knee-caps. And it is as much this passion for plagiarism as the worth of the thing copied that gives a vogue for a while to the work of leaders.

We cannot accept the theory that Sullivan invented the idea represented by the formula he enunciated with

so much emphasis, repeated parrot-like with unction by the unthinking: "Form follows Function." That idea is inherent in all the great Roman plans and was apprehended and developed by the men of the Villa Medici who studied these monuments and returned to Paris to become patrons of ateliers, the guides and mentors of succeeding generations of students, and at last anathema to Mr. Sullivan, who would seem to have had an anti-Beaux Arts complex. The expression of Function—without the capital—by Form—also lower case—has been literally for centuries, a commonplace of architectural design; but Americans have a rather pathetic failing for claiming originality for ideas we merely haven't happened to hear of. As to our author's belief that "Mr. Wright is a past master in planning," we would recommend that he also spend seven stricken weeks in the Imperial Hotel in Tokyo, and take the cure.

We seem to sense a note of regret for the passing of the Richardson Romanesque running through Mr. Tallmadge's account of its rise and fall. The late William Rutherford Mead once said to the writer, not long after Richardson's death, "Richardson has left the worst legacy to American architects of any man that ever lived." That is verbatim. Richardson's Romanesque died a death that no one need lament. It was totally unsuited to all conditions of modern life in any country whatever and particularly so as to life in America. It is not here a question of taste but of good sense. It did not pass out of use because Richardsons' successors "could not handle the style he developed as well as he did." It carried the seeds of its own dissolution in its utter disregard of sensible adjustment to modern life; in fact, the whole character of the style, its enormously thick walls, deep and narrow windows, dark and oppressive interiors, was impossible of adjustment to the sane living conditions of modern times.

The design of the "Palace of the Fine Arts" at the World's Fair in Chicago in 1893 has been acclaimed for many years as the product of the "genius of Charles Atwood," and Mr. Tallmadge reinforces the tradition.

Some day someone will write a history of Plagiarism in America, and will in the course of his researches compare this work of American genius with Bénard's projet in 1867, Plate 37 of the Grands Prix de Rome, and will ponder the question as to how far a designer may permit himself to be "anticipated" by a genius of some other country.

We regret to note, as we always do, several instances of faulty proofreading. M. Vaudremer is spelled Vandremer twice in the same paragraph; Philip Martiny figures at least once as Martini; one was a cocktail, the other a sculptor with many of the attributes of the cocktail; which may account for the confusion. One would think that William R. Mead was sufficiently well known, after joint leadership of the profession with McKim and White, to be immune from a mistake like

\* "*The Story of Architecture in America.*" By Thomas E. Tallmadge F.A.I.A. W. W. Norton and Company Inc., Publishers. Large Octavo, 311 pp. Illus.

the final "e" his name did not possess. The reviewer is called "J. B."—a severe and chastening blow—which presumably stands for "J. Bagstock, Joey B."

Regrettable as it is to have to say it, nevertheless in the interest of historical accuracy it must be recorded that the American Institute of Architects has not in any perceptible degree "fostered" architectural education. On the contrary it has lamentably failed to foster it. Until very recent years it did nothing whatever for it—a record it would do well to redeem by doing a lot more for it than it does even now.

It was precisely the influence of the "ancients" as Mr. Tallmadge announces them, Hunt, Richardson and McKim, and especially the latter, that held back the development of the skyscraper, not that of the "men from Paris." The "ancients" Hunt and Richardson were also "from Paris" and McKim passed that way. The McKim school of thought could not bring itself to accept the conditions imposed by modern problems and meet their challenge; twelve stories must be made to look like three to fit as closely as possible the canon of Bramante. It is well to love old times, old manners, old customs, old things, but—must we utter such a grand old banality—the architectural vesture of Renaissance Italy is as appropriate to the architecture of this time in the United States as a top hat is to play baseball in. This is probably treason; well, someone will perhaps make the most of it. We beg leave to say that the younger "men from Paris" were just as "humble and serious of spirit" as the "grand old ancients"; the decade or so which intervened between the return of the "ancients" to practice here and that of the younger group—Carrère, Hastings, Flagg and that flight—marked distinct progress in the logic of design, and the two schools of thought were thenceforth in conflict, the younger striving to solve modern problems from within, the other seeking to force them into a mold developed by an utterly different civilization. How long ago it seems and it was but yesterday! The dust is settling. We are gathering courage and in a very few years Mr. Tallmadge may give us, as a sequel to *The Story of Architecture in America*, another volume beginning at about 1920 and called *The Story of American Architecture*.

H. V. B. M.

### *Log Cabin Building*

Although this book\* is intended for the use of laymen who dream of the day when their cabin in the woods will be a reality, the professional and experienced backwoodsman will find much of interest in its pages full of the call of the outdoors interwoven with the mature ideas of the widely searching and always curious mind

\*THE REAL LOG CABIN by Chilton D. Aldrich, 278 pages, 105 illustrations, 7" x 9", Published by The Macmillan Co., New York.

of one who approaches his subject with the zest that is born of outdoor experience and real log cabin building. In it the author takes us gypsying in search of a site, tells us of its advantages or otherwise, suggests plans from the all-purpose one-room cabin to the one providing for an approach to urban life. He takes us through the woods in a discussion of materials entering into the construction of the foundation, of the selection and preparation of the logs, of the many details of using such materials in the finished cabin. In text and illustrations, he gives us many suggestions and examples for the treatment of the exterior, even to its surroundings and landscape possibilities, and of the interior in its arrangement, its structural and decorative finish, its furniture and furnishings. So thoroughly are the many details dealt with, that one who spends a few hours with the book is imbued with the desire for the magic of the woods and of building for himself his own dream cabin. Surely his task will be lightened an hundred-fold by the author's suggestions and solutions of the many problems which are bound to confront him.

J. M. L.

### FELLOWSHIPS

The following letter in regard to the new method of electing Fellows to the Institute has been sent by Mr. Charles A. Favrot, Chairman of The Jury of Fellows, to the Secretary of each Chapter. It should prove of interest to every member of the Institute:

"This is to direct your attention to the fact that in accordance with the By-laws, as amended at the Sixtieth Convention, with reference to advancement to Fellowship, all applications on file with the Jury of Fellows prior to the Sixtieth Convention have been destroyed, and no names submitted prior to the Sixtieth Convention will be considered by the Jury. If, therefore, your particular group feel that there is some outstanding member entitled to elevation, application should be made immediately to the Executive Secretary at The Octagon for the document known as the 'Form of Proposal for Fellowship' with accompanying circular entitled 'Principles of Fellowship.' You will carefully note that the amended By-laws places the whole responsibility of election to Fellowship on the Jury of Fellows and the Form of Proposal must be submitted with the original signatures of a group of at least five members of the Institute. In reading the document on Principles of Fellowship you will carefully note that great caution should be used in the declaration of the proposal.

"You must conceive that the members of the Jury may not be fully acquainted with the attainments of the member who is proposed for elevation and therefore his full qualifications must be presented in such a way as to make a very definite impression upon the minds of the Jury.

"Also please note that applications must be on file with the Jury of Fellows at least twelve months prior to final action being taken by the Jury."

## APPLICATIONS FOR MEMBERSHIP

November 15, 1928

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE INSTITUTE:

The names of the following applicants may come before the Board of Directors or its Executive Committee for action on their admission to the Institute and, if elected, the applicants will be assigned to the Chapters indicated:

BROOKLYN CHAPTER..... William T. McCarthy  
CHICAGO CHAPTER... John J. Davey, Israel Sidney Loewenberg, Davis D. Meredith.  
CINCINNATI CHAPTER..... Matthew H. Burton  
LOUISIANA CHAPTER..... Vinson B. Smith, Jr.  
NEW JERSEY CHAPTER.... Emil Buehler, Merritt F. Farren, William Neumann.  
NEW YORK CHAPTER . Harry M. Clawson, Alfred E. Poor.  
NORTH CAROLINA CHAPTER..... Charles N. Parker  
NORTHERN CALIFORNIA CHAPTER... Edward F. Flanders, Leonard F. Starks.  
SOUTHERN PENNA. CHAPTER... James W. Minnick

You are invited, as directed in the By-laws, to send privileged communications before December 15, 1928, on the eligibility of the candidates, for the information and guidance of the members of the Board of Directors in their final ballot. No applicant will be finally passed upon should any Chapter request within the thirty day period an extension of time for purpose of investigation.

Yours very truly,

FRANK C. BALDWIN,  
*Secretary.*

## Thumb Tack Club Exhibition

Plans for the Sixth Annual Architectural Exhibition of the Thumb Tack Club of Detroit have been formulated and what promises to be the most successful exposition ever known to the Club will take place in the New Detroit Institute of Arts December 3rd to the 9th, inclusive.

Work shown will not be limited to local exhibitors and an invitation is extended to all architects to submit their finest work. All further information and entry blanks may be secured from the Club, whose exhibition headquarters are established at 615 Stevens Building, Detroit, Michigan.

## OBITUARY

### Fred B. Hamilton

Member 1874, Fellow 1889  
Died, Los Angeles, August 18, 1928

### Samuel L. Sherer

Honorary Member, 1927  
Died, St. Louis, September, 1928

### Charles Wiley Tufts

Member 1927  
Died, Pittsburgh, Pa., August 30, 1928

### William H. Crocker

Honorary Member, New York Chapter, 1928  
Died, Orlando, Florida, October 21, 1928



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The Handbook is a complete exposition of good office practice. It discusses the Architect and the Owner; the Architect's Office; Surveys, Preliminary Studies and Estimates, Working Drawings and Specifications; The Letting of Contracts; The Execution of the Work; The Architect and The Law; and the Documents of The American Institute of Architects.

The Handbook contains, in current form, all of the Contract and Ethical Documents issued by the Institute, and their explanatory circulars.

The Handbook is a valuable reference work in any office. It is issued in Molloy binding with title in gold, at \$6.00 per copy; and in cloth binding, at \$5.00 per copy.

If your dealer cannot supply you, order direct from The Octagon, specifying the binding desired. The book will be sent collect unless check accompanies order.

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