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Journal of The American Institute of ARCHITECTS



H. H. RICHARDSON

September, 1951

I Knew H. H. Richardson—*Bosworth*

Modern Architecture—*Belluschi*

Design for Living—*Hudnut*

What Buildings to See

... To See Ourselves ...

Planning as Architecture—*Churchill*

Words and the Architect—*Roger Allen*

35c

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SEPTEMBER, 1951

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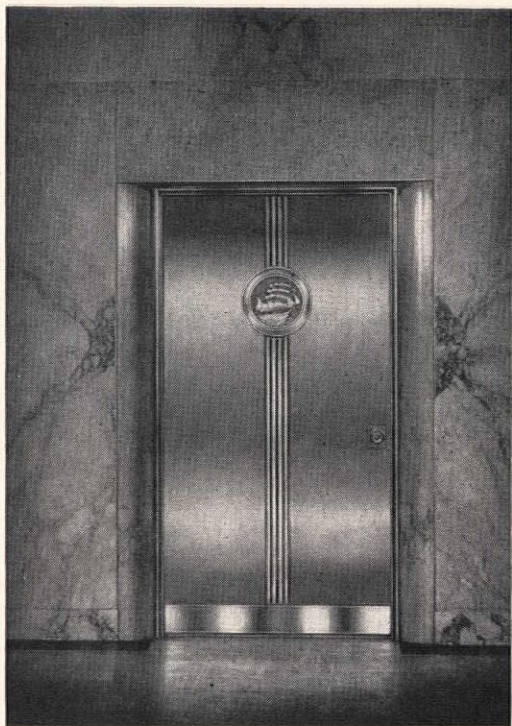
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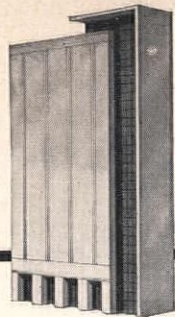
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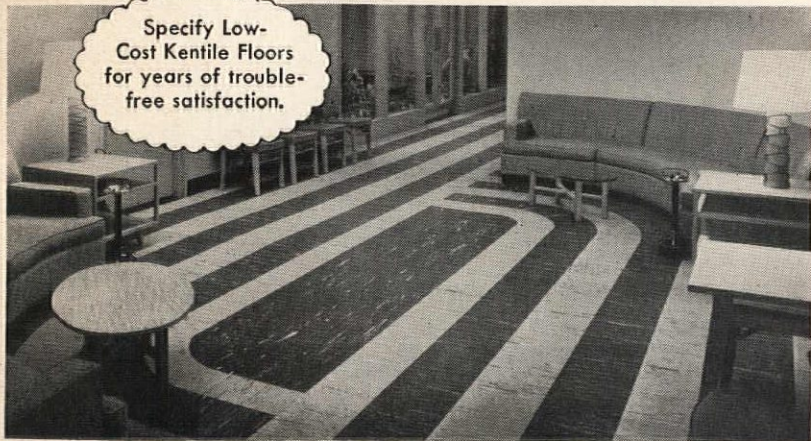
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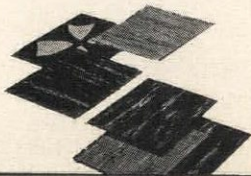


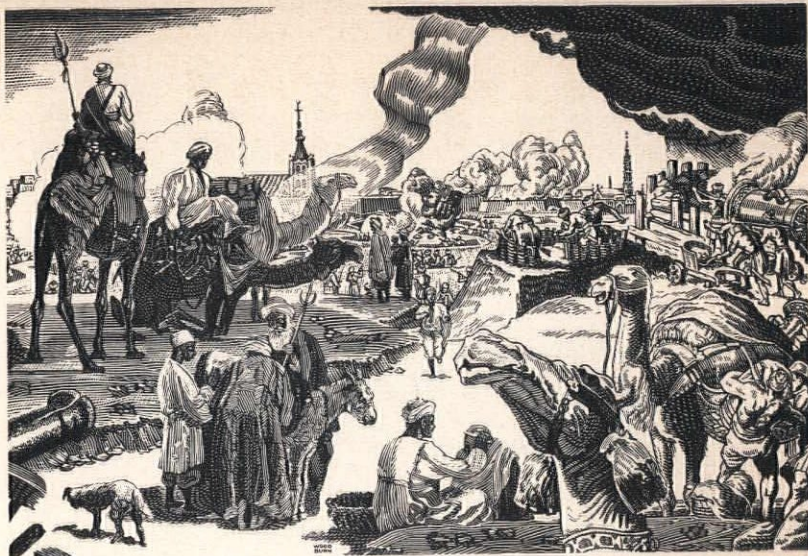
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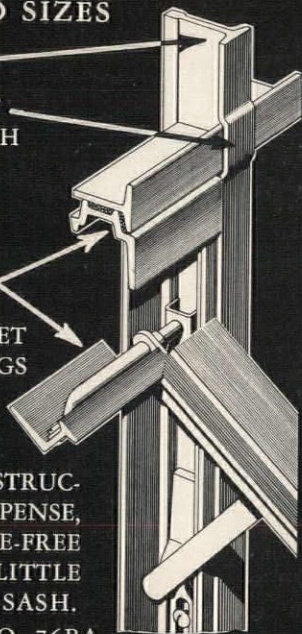
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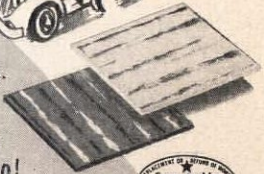
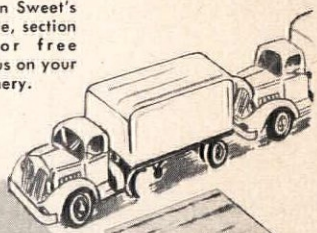
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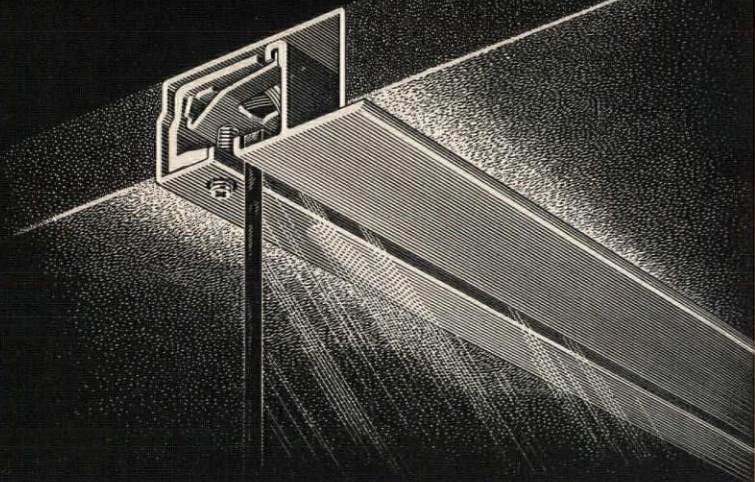
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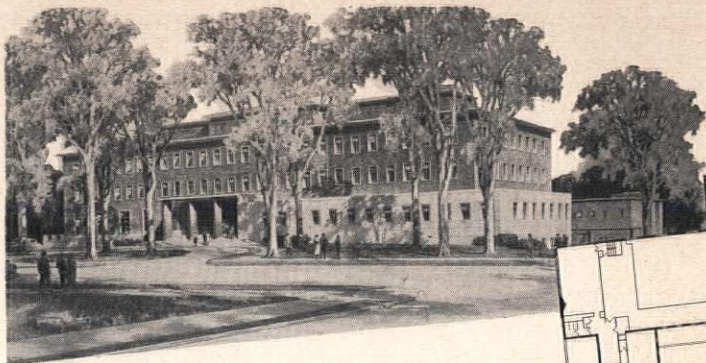
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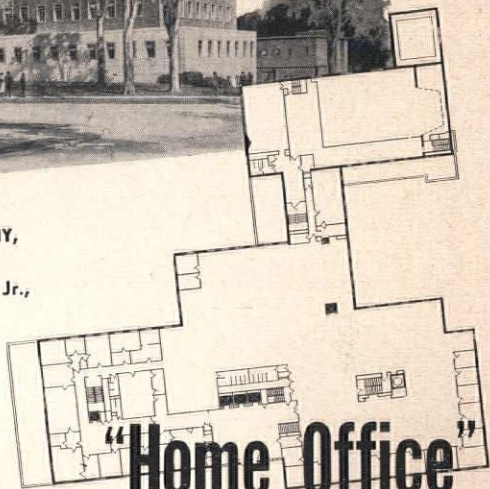
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Principles and Techniques of Modern Architecture

By *Pietro Belluschi*, F.A.I.A.

A seminar with the above title was a feature of the Middle Atlantic Regional Conference held in Asbury Park, N. J., June 21-23, 1951. Thomas H. Creighton, Morris Ketchum, Jr., and Dean Belluschi made up the panel of invited speakers for this seminar session of June 21.

I WILL BEGIN by pointing out the hesitations, general disbelief, and confusion of this unhappy period of our history. Our generation, after wars, revolutions, and wide social changes, finds it difficult to formulate its faith or define the ideals which may enlighten its progress and guide its actions.

By the same token we architects who must live in this age of strife also find it quite difficult to give deep significance and beauty to the buildings which we are asked to erect.

Obviously an unstable society such as ours cannot produce a Golden Age—all that we can hope is that this period be one of transition towards something better than what we now have. True, we cannot discount the possibility that with our innocence we may have lost our ability to believe in ourselves, and thereby our chance

to give unity to our own world; yet I, for one, believe that nothing can ever fully destroy our quest for truth in whatever form it is given us to see it—nor our desire to advance toward that great mirage which we call “beauty.”

In fact if we take the long look, we may see the human race again endeavoring against tremendous odds to find ways and means of harmonizing itself, as it has always really done in the past, with all the forces which surround it. This almost instinctive process of coming to terms with its environment, this desire to grow and become civilized by accepting and absorbing the many and complex challenges of its age, is what gives promise that significant and enduring architecture will yet emerge in our time. By the forms which are derived from our own needs and devices we shall be known to

posterity, and it is by such standard that we should also try to judge contemporary architecture, and not merely by the externals, the fashionable clichés and the package embellishments which have become the labels of modernism. It is not so much the flat roof or the sloping roof, the vertical spandrels or the horizontal ones, the plastic domes or the two-story glass windows, nor is it the tube glazing, nor even the brilliant tour-de-force that make a building truly modern, but I would say it is almost its sense of creative inevitability in respect to its purpose, its surroundings and its people. The external exercises are certainly not to be either denied or glorified; we expect them to be carried through in more than a competent and mature way, but they must remain the words and not the ideas of our modern philosophy, and the ideas themselves must not be arrived at by intellectual processes alone, or in the belief that they can be superimposed on the people merely because they are believed to be good for them by some social scientist. Man is a very complex animal, full of strange emotion, and illogical desires. He is swayed by prejudice, love and hatred. He is a being per-

vaded by both idealistic and materialistic motives. He can be both gregarious and misanthropic, altruistic and selfish. No one can possibly know enough about man to draw immutable laws, sound conclusions or certainties; I think that planners and architects, just like politicians, must have their ears to the ground and listen, and understand and sympathize; they must interpret and lead, but not impose; their creativeness must spring from human understanding and even love. A painter, a sculptor, a composer may be haughty, detached, and even arrogant, but not an architect, because he has a social task to perform. Fortunately, we have increasing evidence that the modern architect is becoming more concerned with "man," and that "man" is again the criterion and the main motive on any level of planning.

The theory of planned neighborhoods, considered both as a standard of expansion and of rehabilitation, is based on this belief in the liberating influence on people of an environment which they can apprehend, welcome, and in which they can fully participate.

Modern architects have found that planning for people cannot be cold and statistical, that they must

include in their thinking many sympathetic human qualities, and they can do so without having to borrow the stale sentimentalities of the past.

They have found that the material to work with, in a creative way, is really the "Great American Scene," with all its potentially good, bad or indifferent qualities so definitely our own. Its necessities will give them the chance to create architecture of our own, which will be original without being bizarre. They found that they may discover more decorative motives in new structural systems, in new materials, in new methods, or that they may explore with greater success the new spatial requirements of our society, than they could possibly do by either clinging to the past or by strictly following technological functionalism.

As I said before, beauty is yet our greatest motivating ideal, and the search for it our greatest source of strength. A plane in flight, the great suspension bridges, a high dam, a network of throughways cutting the landscape, the shopping centers, the green-belt cities—certainly these are new aspects of beauty more significant, more convincing to us than the old styles

could ever be, because they belong to us, they are the symbols of our achievements. They also show promise that as we mature we may turn to other aspects of beauty equally fresh and equally ours to the enjoyment of our own leisures. By that token we architects, of the common working variety, who must be front-line men, facing frustration and compromise; we, who must understand, absorb and give visual form to so many of the forces which make our world move, must not be ashamed to listen nor to understand what lives around us, ever mindful that each one of us can give more in a creative way by being part of the great mass of people, sharing their loves and enthusiasms, guiding them in the realization of their obscure ideals—not disdainful, temperamental stars, but men of vision among men.

It has been said that an architect must be many sorts of man, that he must combine business sense with a knowledge of psychology, that he must know sociology and labor relations, be an organizer, a planner, and a structural engineer; that he must know electrical and mechanical engineering, also acoustics and physics, be familiar with city-planning techniques, with land-

scaping and interior decorating, be a color expert, and understand more than superficially the arts of painting, sculpture, music and drama. I say, yes, an architect must be all these things because he must be an educated man, a sensitive man, a gentleman, and a man equipped with all the best tools of his trade; but I say that unless he is above all an expert in the art of visual and spatial relationship, unless he can give form and order to space; in brief, unless he is a creative and understanding artist, he will not fulfill the role society really expects of him. He will lead in his field only on that condition, and, if you think about it, that is how he has really led in the past from time immemorial. Men of other talents and disciplines can surpass him in all fields I have mentioned but that one.

The architect's field of action is the environment, large or small, to which he is to apply his gifts and his training in clear and creative thinking. Due to our past inability to stand by this definition of an architect's role, we find that there are still vast areas which have been barely touched by the architects or even by the city planners. These areas are the esthetic, third-dimensional, visual relationships in plan-

ning, which usually determine whether the places which we intend to reshape and redevelop will be merely efficient and socially satisfying, or also beautiful to live and play in.



If we bear in mind that our urban population has grown in the last five decades from one-third to two-thirds of our total population, the greatest concentration occurring in the metropolitan areas, we may understand the importance of our planning task. In 1950 these areas had twenty-seven per cent of the Nation's population and thirty-five per cent of the effective buying power, yet the physical development problems due to this growth have been largely neglected or barely touched either by research or by action. We are beginning to realize with great impact that our cities are fast becoming obsolete, and that their potential rehabilitation is a process so long and so costly that there is literally no end in sight to the job which must eventually be done in order to make them again suitable to a better living. That is why I believe our job now to be so important.

If that is so, what then must be the task of our schools in educat-

ing new architects? Evidently they must be able to impart knowledge, but also wisdom. They must give the students awareness, but also doubt; they must give them discipline, but also freedom; the students must be taught to learn and remember and do, but also to think. We must, above all, encourage and develop their creative powers, because only by them will they be able to become leaders. Education must be the showing of the way to the never-ending search for cause and effect, for ideas, for sensual and visual satisfaction, for beauty as a living experience.

We find as we grow older that there are no certainties, yet we must give the young minds at first more than a vacuum to grow in. They need guidance, they must be made to sharpen the tool which is their mind, to learn to dissect, analyze, sublimate a problem into a solution, using common sense, emotion and daring. I find that the balance between too inflexible a discipline and the creative process of awareness is a very subtle one, and that our various schools vary in their approach of defining such balance. Some say that technology

demands unquestioning discipline in order that it may blossom into architecture, and that the sad and confused state of our environment is due to our disregard for the pervading significance of technology. Some schools even make technology play an overimpressive and romantic role, as if the truth were the exact expression of every function. Other schools believe that discipline is needed only as a method and a beginning, and that by slowly and tentatively finding our way among the complexities of a modern world, we may educate young minds to their human responsibilities. It seems to me that so many changes have occurred in the last few decades, even in technological methods, and so many more will yet occur, that it is not easy to establish even a symbolic order which may dogmatically describe our age.

To end these comments I will say that on one thing we may all agree: namely, that the architectural revolution of the first half of our century is over; our task now is reconstruction. We are finding that to rebuild is infinitely more difficult than to tear down.



Design for Living

IN TWO PARTS—PART I

By Joseph Hudnut

PROFESSOR IN HARVARD UNIVERSITY

An address before the 83rd Convention, A.I.A., in Chicago,
May 11, 1951

HORATIO GREENOUGH, writing in the year 1843, discovered in the image of a ship at sea the functional principle which since then has haunted the architecture of our era. A ship, he says, is shaped neither by authority nor by tradition, neither by sentiment nor by sympathy; it obeys in its pattern only the laws of structure and apportionment; and yet beauty, obedient only to the wind and the waves, rides uninvited in its swift, exultant sails.

"Observe a ship at sea. Mark the majestic form of her hull as she rushes through the water, the gentle transitions from round to flat, the grasp of her keel, the leap of her bows, the symmetry and rich tracery of her spars and rigging, and those grand muscles, her sails . . . What academy of design, what researches of connoisseurship, what imitation of the Greeks produced this marvel of construction? . . . *Could we carry into our civil architecture the responsibilities that weigh upon our*

ship-building, we should ere long have edifices as superior as the Parthenon."

Horatio Greenough, being a man of too good sense to ride his doctrine into an absurdity, is careful to explain that ships—and by implication buildings—are not made beautiful by necessity. Beauty is the consequence of a way of working. As a part of those processes by which materials are assembled, shaped and arranged for use there are, or there might be, progressions towards beauty; progressions guided, not by academic law, but by practical responsibilities laid upon the makers. Beginning with straggling and cumbersome conceptions, the engineer develops through successive phases of improvement a complete and effective engine. The redundant is pared away, the superfluous is dropped, the necessity itself reduced to its simplest expression until, the task accomplished, beauty, until then veiled, springs into his pragmatic arms.

The source of beauty, then, is

not necessity but a quality of order in which necessity is exhibited. Beauty resides in an express and visible agreement and mutual operation—precise, subtle and urgent—of mechanical shapes and powers; the grasp of the keel, the leap of the bow, the forward thrust of wind in the sails. Beauty, solace and ornament of life, has her birth, not like Aphrodite, spewed up by the sea for the delight of a precious and remote elite, but as a very part of the conquest of nature which engages the practical science of our day.

This conception, so opposite to the traditions of architecture, so inimical to the conventions and valuations of our practice, commands, for this moment at least, the imagination of our time. Its authority is not limited to the dialectics of architecture but guides also the general mind of our era. Persuaded of a biological law constant for man and nature, ravished by technological idea and achievement, we conceive not only buildings but all things made by man as mechanisms for his own advancement; and when we perceive in such mechanisms a practical ministry clearly affirmed, when we recognize in their appearance effective pattern and energies exquisitely

controlled, we endow them with a value we call *beauty*.

This habit of vision and appraisal has become so universal in our land that we are no longer solicitous of that quality, once called beauty, with which feeling and the imagination might clothe even the most utilitarian among the things made by man. Our minds will not recognize in useful objects a value which thus lies apart from rational adaptations to technique and utility until we have first experienced the materials of which such objects are made, the way these are shaped and put together, how they work, and the specific beauty which these experiences anticipate.

Our airplanes cannot possess the sky until we have understood the pressures of the propellers against the wind, the suspense of the wings, the response of the fuselage to the divided air. Our highways, which tie together the loose ends of our continent, cannot invite us to adventure and distant horizons until we have recognized the way they proceed over causeway, defile and bridge, through the ravellings of double, triple and quadruple pretzels, and the skill with which the elastic surface is laid upon the

earth. And those engines of war which crush the Korean hills under their weight of steel give us no hint of the terror, anguish and insanity they spread over the earth until we have curiously noted the bite of the great tractors into the earth, the rage of the imprisoned engines, the arc of the long cannon as they seek their target.

How then should it be otherwise with those qualities of sensuous grace and sentiment, of formal harmony and reference, which, when they occurred in buildings, we once called beauty? These, too, must await a satiety of instrumental values and surprise us by their alien presence. These are uninvited guests, and so rightly under suspicion that if, by chance, we should discover Aphrodite herself within our calculated halls, we should not look into her lustrous eyes until we are satisfied of the excellence of her anatomy also.

Thus it happens that buildings, promoted to the rank of mechanisms, have taken their place in the bright, technological world of airplanes, concrete highways—and the guns which blast the hillsides of Korea. Buildings, like these, must first assure us of the work to be performed and the means by which it is performed, the materials used

and the way these are put together. Sunsets are still beautiful for the changing fantasies of their color and light; music is beautiful for its pure and moving pattern; poetry for the echoes it awakens in the heart; but buildings are not beautiful until they tell us, explicitly and with grace, the ways in which they serve.

Explicitly and with grace. Let us not deny the justice of this, the universal verdict of our time. There is a quality of beauty beneath a precise and logical order, whether the order be of ideas, of movements, or of brick and steel—a beauty not unlike that of a mathematical theorem held in the mind or of a fugue not yet translated into sensuous sound—and buildings which represent only the landscapes of utility may be beautiful when their logical structure and operation are made lucid and manifest.

There is a new hospital rising beside the Hudson River in which the architect has achieved that diagrammatic beauty by the simple expedient of giving each element its characteristic shape and countenance. A sixteen-story slab (youthful and most favored child of functionalism) faces south and

announces in fanaticisms of brise-soleil the uniform wards of the patients; a smaller unit, appropriately cubical, spells "administration"; and still another, bent into a graceful curve and embroidered with windows in a chic variety of stripes, betrays a humane solicitude for the nurses who are to live there. Such buildings, however overlaid with the encrustations of Le Corbusier, win us by the rationalism and good sense in which they are steeped. No less an authority than Jacques-François Blondel, first among high priests of classicism, admitted that quality in buildings into the categories of architectural excellence and, in describing them, permitted himself the use of the word *beauty*.

That excellence is sometimes more convincing in works of engineering than in works of architecture. Engineers are not more resolutely intelligent than architects but their more explicit art permits a more vigorous demonstration of logical principle. The White-stone Bridge exhibits its diagrammatic beauty like a nude Venus. We are aware of giant energies in the steel frames which lift long ribbons of steel above the sea, in the concrete anchors that pull against each other like athletes in a tug-of-war, of the suspended

roadway, alert with the mobile architecture of traffic. If we are aware of that harmony of steel and purpose, exhibited in a form so discriminating of materials and tensions, so completely dedicated to the end to be achieved, we can scarcely fail to discover in it a rational order and dignity. There will be many who find such dignity beautiful.

Our architecture is enriched by the importance which recent theory has given to this analytical and incidental beauty, but it would be a pity if our delight in a beauty thus resting on the uncertain base of technological knowledge were to continue in a course so absolute as to forever impoverish our art of all other beauty. We ought, at any rate, to be aware of that impoverishment. However right we have been to take to ourselves this reasonable excellence of functional form, yet even that excellence, if it implies the loss of all formal beauty in buildings, if it exiles from architecture all sentiment and romantic beauty, may be bought at too high a price. The saints who renounce the splendors of the world to live in the contemplation of a mystery know at least that which they re-

nounce. The time has come for a re-examination of values.

In recorded history our era is the first to accept an engineer's esthetic as an ideal of architecture. That is—or should be—an arresting circumstance. We are the first to make structural expression a prerequisite of esthetic order, the first to conceive buildings as the mechanized products of industry, the first to explain them with analogies found in machines, the first to deny their role as humanities addressed to the spirit of man and the first to harvest from the dialectics of the social sciences a philosophy with which to destroy a tradition of art.

Until our time the exhibition of structure was, with rare exceptions, an end subordinate in architecture to the achievement of *form*: of form conceived, not as logical relationship, but as a unification and harmony of sensuous elements. The attainment of such unification and harmony, when concerned with visible things, was the supreme metier of painter, sculptor and architect. To determine in the aspects of buildings the character and relationships of mass and space; to arrange and distribute plane, line, silhouette, color, light and shadow;

to place each part in relation to every other part and every part in relation to the whole; to emphasize, eliminate, suppress, distort; and by these means to imprison an order of ideas within a sensuous pattern and unity—those were the prescriptive and unique exercises of the architect. Whatever may have been his dependence upon physical law, whatever his compromises with necessity, it was this freedom and command which were the essentials of an architect's way of working. An architect was an artist to the extent of this freedom and command.

Certainly the Greeks—who may be said to have invented architecture—never submitted their art to the pragmatic tyrannies of structure and use. They were masters in their media and imposed their subtle harmonies upon stone and space through pure mathematical pattern and apportionment, not calculated but felt. The Romans continued and developed that principle, and the Renaissance architects, taught by the Romans, confirmed and enriched the antique practice with a subtle philosophy. The Gothic builders, addressing their art to more ethereal and luminous harmonies, invented for that purpose new techniques of

building—and veiled these, along the sides of their cathedrals, under mists of pinnacle and saint. The resourcefulness of their invention and their concern with the logic of stone construction did not prevent them from attenuating and lengthening their delicate piers and arches to the point of collapse: to the point where, at Beauvais, they did collapse. And we know only too well how the nineteenth century disguised both Renaissance philosophy and medieval mysticism under the rainbow tints of romance—radiances which, by the way, are only with great difficulty eradicated from the idea of shelter. Only the architects of the present have looked in structure for a secret of architectural form. At a time when all the arts of expression—painting, sculpture, letters, music and the dance—have triumphantly reasserted the supremacy of form over objective and representational truth, when the language of art is universally a language of protest against a common experience of mechanization, mass production and standardization, only architects rejoice in a realism as rigorous—and as anatomical—as that of Bouguereau.

We must conclude, then, that present-day architects are endowed

with a uniqueness of vision and understanding which sets their practice apart, not only from the wider stream of their tradition, but from the more immediate currents of the contemporary arts which surround them. We are, in a greater degree than other artists, conditioned by the machine, by the scope and speed of new technologies, by social change and valuations, and by that general mind whose tyrannies we encounter with an irresistible impact. We are disciplined to that way of seeing and evaluating which gives precedence to science and function and which has become the universal mode of our time. There is laid upon us also—by rationalizations somewhat excessively sadistic, I think—the duty of expressing our civilization; a duty which, until our time architects took with a most reprehensible nonchalance. It may be also that we are oppressed in the exercise of our art by economic and political circumstances which weigh less heavily upon painter and musician.

Whatever may be the cause, there has come about a clear distinction, both in method and ideal, between our present architecture—or at any rate its most recent phases—and the architectures

which preceded our era. Like the engineer we address our art, not to *form*—to a sensuous order of shapes and relationships set in space—but to a mechanical and clearly exhibited order of purpose and energy. The engineer's order follows its own principle, commands in its own way vision, interest and imagination, exhibits its own beauty; but these are not the principle, command and beauty of form.



How shall we determine the relative validity of these two kinds of dignity—to each of which we give the name *beauty*? To distinguish them, one from another, and to define their opposed characteristics is not to pass judgment upon them. If we are to judge them—if we ought to judge them—what criterion shall be used?

If the criterion is the witness of history, we shall find that historical valuations are always relative to time and place. If the criterion is the suffrage of the people, we shall find a new opinion with each change of the wind; if the suffrage of experts, we know how every expert can be balanced with

another of equal weight. If we turn for help to philosophy, we shall find no doctrine outside the literature of architecture—always conformable to time and place—that does not confirm with equal authority that beauty which rests upon an unveiling of necessities and that which arises from a discovery of system and unity amid our chaotic perceptions. Plato does not tell us which of these is a window opening upon reality. Schopenhauer forgets to say which one releases us from the tyrannies of the will. If, as Santayana thought, the question is one of pleasure, it may happen that a plate of ice cream will give us more satisfaction than either rational or formal order; if, as Aristotle tells us, it is a question of catharsis—of an outlet for the emotions—the Red Sox have at hand a remedy more certain than the Taj Mahal. And if we are tempted to accept the theory of Croce—of beauty as pure and selfless contemplation, “without a shadow of intellectual relation”—we have no less an authority than Freud to confirm a superior virtue in alcohol.

(*To be concluded in October*)



What Buildings to See

MORE AND MORE FREQUENTLY The Octagon staff hears a puzzling request: Architects from abroad, visiting this country, ask what ten buildings, erected since World War II, should be visited in the search for outstanding examples of what U. S. A. architects are doing. To share the responsibility of answering this \$64 question we shall print, from month to month, the opinions of Institute members whose observations may range between state-wide and nation-wide limits. Your own considered recommendations will be welcome. To open the symposium, here are two opinions from diagonally opposite geographical viewpoints:

Glenn Stanton, F.A.I.A.,
Portland, Ore.

I have collaborated with our design corner, or vice versa, and we come up with the following:

1. Maimonides Health Center,
San Francisco, Calif.

Eric Mendelsohn

2. Equitable Building, Portland, Ore.
Pietro Belluschi
3. United Nations Secretariat Building, New York, N. Y.
Wallace K. Harrison, et al.
4. Terrace Plaza Hotel, Cincinnati, Ohio
Skidmore, Owings & Merrill
5. Johnson Wax Tower, Racine, Wis.
Frank Lloyd Wright
6. Telephone Exchange Building, Oakland, Calif.
H. A. Thomsen & A. L. Wilson
7. Dettner House in Marin County, Calif.
Henry Hill
8. Science and Pharmacy Buildings, Drake University, Des Moines, Iowa
Saارين, Swanson & Saارين; Brooks-Borg, Associated.
9. Grandstand, Georgia Insti-

tute of Technology, Atlanta, Ga.

Bush-Brown & Gailey; P. M. Heffernan & R. L. Aeck, Associates.

10. Naval Ordnance Building, San Francisco, Calif.
Kump & Falk

Russell T. Pancoast, F.A.I.A.
Miami Beach, Fla.

It would be a pleasure to be of some help in making suggestions as to the ten buildings built since

World War II, in the United States, which would be worth a visitor's examination, but I feel absolutely incompetent to make worth-while suggestions. I have traveled very little in the United States since World War II, and feel that I have no personal knowledge that would be of value.

From a negative approach, I would say that there are probably no buildings built during that time in Florida which should be on the list.

Words and the Architect

By Roger Allen

SOME YEARS AGO I sat next to the late Albert Kahn at a luncheon. I naturally regarded Mr. Kahn with the veneration that any younger and less solvent architect would have for a man to whom a million dollars were merely mad money to put in your clothes somewhere, so I listened to his remarks respectfully. I have always remembered that he said to me: "Most architects start to draw too soon, when they get a commission. If they would spend more time talking and looking out the window and thinking, they'd know better what to draw when they start drawing."

Twenty-five years later—just the other day, in fact—my friend and fellow chapter member, Adrian N. Langius, who is Building Director for the State of Michigan, said something very similar to me. "A building doesn't start with drawings," he said, "a building starts with words. Hundreds of words, thousands of words. If they're the right words, the building will be successful."

I have been thinking about those two statements and about the value of words to the architect. Let us go about this matter in a systematic way, and if possible, use the phrase "frame of reference," because I

have noticed that if you do not manage to say "frame of reference" this year you might as well be dead. There are two frames of reference (thank Heaven I made it!) in which words may be considered, viz:

- A) Words that enable an architect to get a job.
- B) Words that enable him to do something with the job after he gets it.

No doubt at the beginning of an architect's career, "A" is more important, or at least harder to achieve, than "B." It was with me. Probably nobody now alive will believe me, but in my early days I took up public speaking to cure myself of an almost pathological shyness. I cured myself, and there is hardly a hamlet in the country in which some colleague will not arise to say "Allen overdid it." You are so right. I can only plead that my speeches are shorter, now that I get more money for them, and also because of a technical factor—the enormous improvements that have been made in hearing aids (earphones to the vulgar) in recent years. I can hear what I'm saying more and more clearly. It turns out that I bore myself, too.

But leaving me out of it, architects are much better talkers than most professional men. If lawyers are supposed to be models of lucidity, I must catch them on their off days. Engineers are addicted to the truly horrible practice of scheduling about six full-length speeches on one program, and they also draw stuff on blackboards. The average hotel blackboard is not adapted to this purpose. It is supposed to be used as a fire screen, I think. Doctors, even when talking to laymen, insist on using words they probably can't even spell. Interior decorators—and I hate to say this, for next to architects, decorators are the best audience in the world—have a deplorable habit of all adopting the same phrase at the same time. For instance, I went to a cocktail party for decorators in a newly decorated hotel room and, in a spirit of scientific inquiry, asked four different decorators what they thought of a somewhat over-patterned wallpaper. Three of them said almost the same thing, "Rather busy, don't you think?" The fourth one scorned any comment on the lack of idleness in the paper. He merely said, "Stinks."

Architects, I think, do talk better than most professional men. But

now that I have arrived at the age so beautifully described by Mr. T. S. Eliot as "the troubled midnight and the noon's repose," I have decided that it would be interesting to conduct a Great Debate on the question; "*Resolved*, that architects have talked themselves out of as many jobs as they have talked themselves into."

It took me a long time to find out that the most important thing about talking is stopping.

People mentioned it to me, often, before I caught on.

Young architects will do well to remember that a client also has a larynx full of vocabulary that he is anxious to get rid of. If you let him get rid of it, he will decide automatically that you are a good talker, whereas you are merely a good listener. This is harder than being a good talker.

From this fact is derived "Allen's Law," over which so many eminent scientists are shaking their heads, or at least tapping their foreheads: "It is not as important to talk to a prospective client as it is to get the p.c. to talk to you." I bet if I could bottle this maxim, like Hadacol, it would cure people of the bloat, too.

Let us go on to "B," as I am getting pretty tired of "A."

After you get the job, your natural impulse will be to sit right down and draw something. Anything. This is dangerous, because you have a certain pride of authorship in any sketch and you will feel inclined to overdefend it. Do not draw anything for a long time. Talk.

"Allen's Law" operates here, too. Get the client to talk and talk and talk. Get all the people who work for the client to talk. Some of them talk best in bars; this is unfortunate, but you must face it. Go around to the client's current place of business and talk to everybody who will hold still.

Then, as Mr. Kahn advised, look out the window and think. Plate glass, of course, requires more looking through than DSA. But think.

After that you may safely draw something.

(In case anyone is talking back to me in a hostile manner, I may mention that I have turned off my hearing aid.)

The Herzl International Competition

THE COMPETITION for a monument and park to be erected on Mount Herzl, near Jerusalem, memorializing Theodore Herzl,

founder of Zionism, has been judged, with the following results:

First prize to Joseph Klarwein, an Israeli, who will be commissioned to execute the memorial.

Among the eleven prize winners were two American contestants, B. Sumner Gruzen and Associates and Oscar Nitzchke, both of New York City.

I Knew H. H. Richardson

By Welles Bosworth, F.A.I.A.

UPON READING the very interesting article in the JOURNAL, "I Knew McKim, Mead and White," two thoughts suddenly struck me: first, that I knew them each much better, and could paint a broader and more personal picture of them than that; and that probably there are very few of us left who can; and secondly, that, having known and worked as a draftsman for the great Henry Hobson Richardson, I ought to write my recollections of him, as I am probably the only man still living who can truthfully make that statement.

The next thought that occurred to me was that there are likely to be very few readers of the JOURNAL still interested in knowing anything about H. H. Richardson. I therefore wrote to the editor, to ask him whether he thought such an article from me would be worth publishing. He replied with

so much enthusiasm that, after also consulting Larry White and Ralph Walker, and finding them equally enthusiastic, I have taken it upon me to turn my thoughts back to those days of youth, when everything in life seemed like looking through a magnifying glass; and attempt to convey the excited interest Richardson gave to the architects at that time, to convey to you architects of today, who don't like curves or ornamental effects of any kind in building, but who, for the present let us say, profess to admire geometrical forms of machine-made materials, in both architecture and interior decoration.

My experience in Richardson's office was to me then, and has seemed to me every since, like a full-blown American Beauty rose—perfection of color and form and redolent with perfume.

It came about in this way. My parents found, upon my graduating

from Marietta Academy, that instead of continuing there I might be transferred to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, without having to pass entrance examinations, except for French. Having learned to draw, and having come to know John Calvin Stevens, the highly talented architect of Portland, Maine, through seeing him build a cottage for my grandfather on Cape Elizabeth, I had decided to become an architect. I therefore studied French during the summer and was accepted in the architectural department of M.I.T. in the autumn of 1885.

Richardson had just finished Trinity Church across the corner from the architectural department, where I could see it from my drawing-board. It was the most lovable building I had ever seen, so much more so than any other, that I thought it absurd to design our *projets* in the classic style required by our excellent professor, Eugene Létang. He was outspokenly disgusted when I rendered my *projet*, "Pavilion on an Island Between Two Bridges," in brown stone and pink granite! Perhaps it was because of that, that when Mr. Richardson telephoned to Professor Clark saying that he was under great pressure, and would like to

have a student come out to his office in Brookline for two weeks, to do tracing, Professor Clark gave me that great opportunity.

I was received and put to work by Charles A. Coolidge, the most godlike young giant I had ever seen, or, I may well say, have ever seen. He had clear blue eyes with curly blond hair and moustache, and a smile to disarm a Stalin or a Molotov. We became great friends immediately, and his daughter and granddaughters still have a large part of my heart. I worked for him and Shepley, whose charm was also great, and whose son Harry, though older now than his father was then, resembles him so much that it startles me to see him.

After Mr. Richardson's death, and strange as it may seem, I rendered for Shepley and Coolidge their first presentation plans, in Frederick Law Olmsted's office, for the Leland Stanford Jr. University. From this you will see that I could also write an article, "I Knew Frederick Law Olmsted."

But to return to H. H. Richardson, my first work was humble. It was to trace the details of the back stairs of the famous B. H. Warder house in Washington, the

one with the very original and beautiful doorway. How well I remember the grief of George Oakley Totten, our valued member of The A.I.A., when that house had to be torn down. He appealed to me to try to save it, with tears in his eyes.

It will amuse you few who are interested enough in Richardson to read this article, to be told that in those early days of primitive methods of reproducing architect's drawings, it was the custom to make all record drawings on cloth-mounted egg-shell paper, in ink. The masonry was painted red, if brick, and brown or grey for stone, with yellow for wood. These quarter-scale plans and sections were traced in ink, on tracing cloth, from which the blueprints were made for the builders. Details were traced in dark pencil, on thin yellow paper—torn off a huge roll against a wall—from which builder's blueprints were made.

John Galen Howard was then making the ablest-drawn three-quarter and full-size details I have ever seen. What a charming fellow he was too! How well I remember Mr. Richardson, in a white flannel suit, correcting a design of wrought iron which Howard was making, and showing him how

much more sparkling and effective the design became when the scrolls were held together by rectangular clips instead of being welded or screwed together. Richardson's huge bulk seemed to fill the entire office. His personality was so overpowering that the atmosphere was charged with it, and we all held our breaths when he came round for his morning visits to each table. I worked in an alcove that had been used by Stanford White, with some of his sketches still pinned to the sheathing-board wall. There were also photographs of his favorite subjects, one of which was the towers of the church of Saint Leu d'Esserent, where I have since often watched and listened to the rooks circling about, from the Priory adjoining the cloister; it belongs to an old architect friend, and always reminds me of Richardson and the young Stanford White.

The office was a delightful place. Richardson had purchased an old house with two-storied wooden columns, resembling the kind of house he must have liked as a boy in New Orleans. He had added the one-story office to it on the east and south, adjoining a tennis court where the draftsmen, "gentleman," were allowed to play at

Notice

owing to the pressure of work gentlemen are requested to confine the lunch hour to the hour between 12.30 & 1.30. The tennis lawn can only be used during the above mentioned hour. No game or set to last over 30 minutes. A signal will be given at 12.30-1-1.30. Every one is expected to be at his work until 12.30 & again at 1.30

Brookline
April 23^d/184

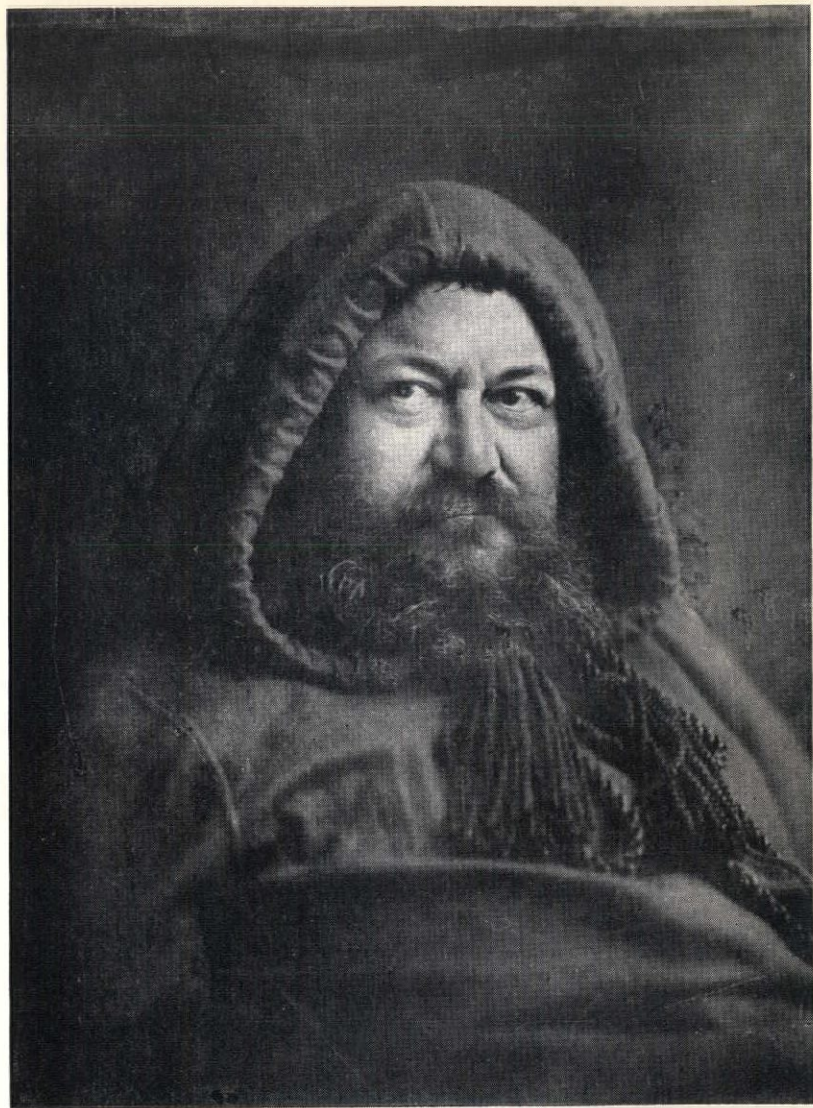
H. H. Richardson.

lunch time, as you will see from the notice written by Mr. Richardson, which I rescued from a barrel of papers thrown out when the office moved to Boston. We all brought our lunches and ate them rapidly to have time to play.

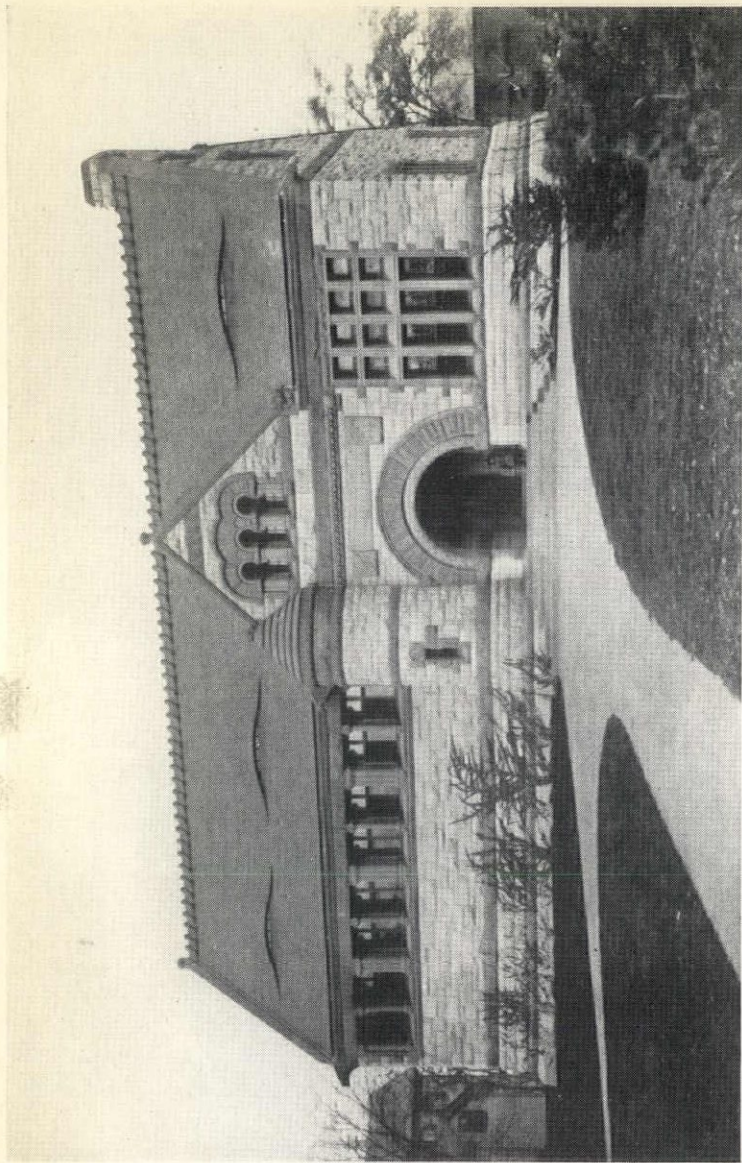
One entered the office through a lobby, and proceeded down a long passage giving access to curtained alcoves on the left, each with its window; and there was a large triangular "exhibition room," as it was called, on a lower level on the right. This was filled with drafting-tables, which were at times removed, and the space filled

with chairs, for subscription concerts. These were very popular amongst the friends and neighbors, as in those days, before phonographs and radios, fine music was rare. There were skylights here as well, and one long wall of windows. The superb drawings of the Albany Cathedral made the chief effect on the solid wall. Back of this and reached by a corridor passing several private offices for business management as well as special drafting-rooms for competitions, etc., was the remarkable library.

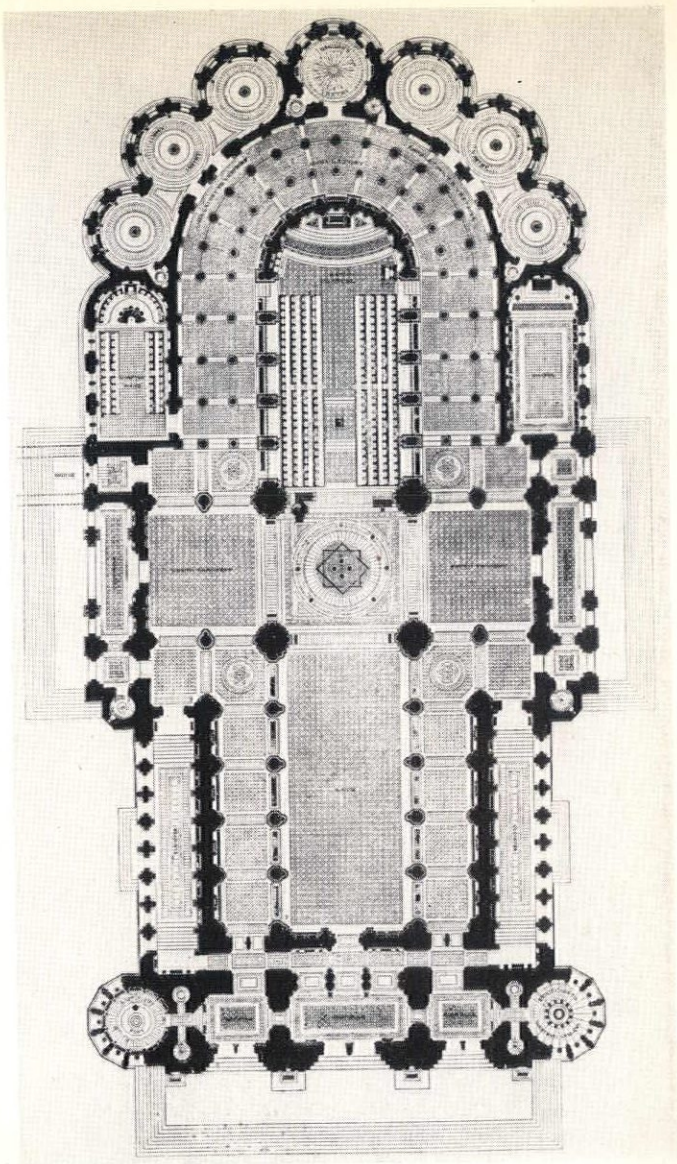
It was an enchanting place, which impressed everyone who had



HENRY HOBSON RICHARDSON, 1838-1886
in the monkish robe he wore in his Brookline office
on cool mornings

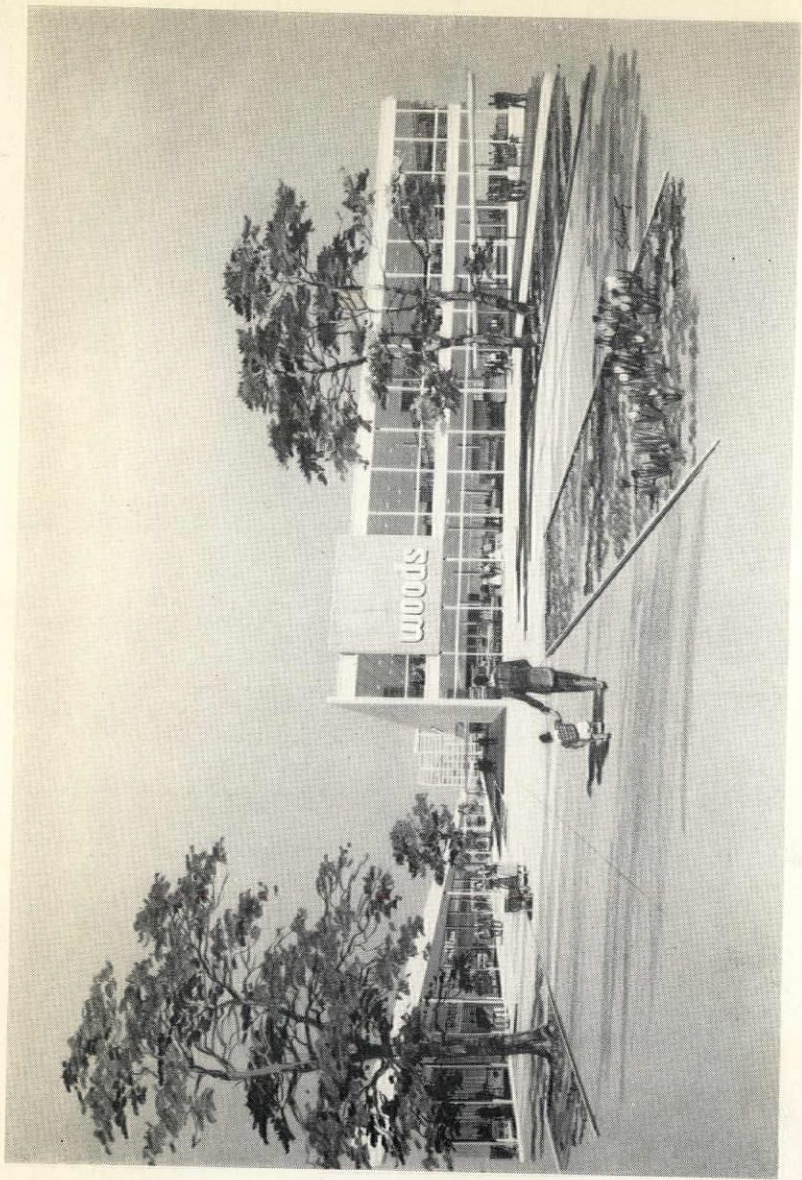


CRANE MEMORIAL LIBRARY, QUINCY, MASS. (1880)
HENRY HOBSON RICHARDSON, ARCHITECT



RICHARDSON'S
COMPETITION
PLAN OF A
PROPOSED
CATHEDRAL FOR
ALBANY, N. Y.

An interesting
reminder of the
labor formerly
spent on
mosaique.



Winner of the 1951 Birch Burdette Long Prize for Architectural Rendering, ROBERT SCHWARTZ
Pencil-and-wash drawing of the Swifton Shopping Center, Ketchum, Gina & Sharp, Architects.

the privilege of finding himself in it. The first sensation was one of richness and romance. A profusion of beautiful objects of which I later on made numerous still-life water colors, covered an enormous table which nearly filled the room. There was a delicious odor of Russian leather, from the freshly bound books that covered the wall on the right. The bookshelves, with figured silk curtains, went no higher than arm's reach. Above them stood plaster casts of Romanesque capitals and all sorts of objects of interest, backed by large colored photographs of Venice, in wide plain gold frames against a decorated wall of red and gold. The ceiling, of massive oak beams with broad gilded spaces between them, held a skylight shaded with pale yellow silk. The beams supported many hanging lamps of an amazing variety of form and material. The left wall was all of windows, looking into the garden, and at the right was a grand writing-desk of the Louis XVI period, and a carved Spanish leather armchair. At the left was a large but intimate alcove, up one step and arched, with a skylight; books lined three walls. This alcove added great charm to the library.

But a feature at the corner of the archway, hidden by a huge easel bearing a photographic enlargement of the bronze King Arthur at Innsbruck, had much to do with our love of Mr. Richardson. It was a collection of charming little books of humor, French fashion! They were mostly called "Contes Drolatiques," and thoroughly appreciated by us draftsmen. They showed the broad sympathies and deep humanity of the master as nothing else could so well.

The outstanding feature of the library, however, and the one to which the eye was drawn, after recovering from the shock of the first impression on entering the room, was a "devouring" fireplace. Heavy William Morris curtains hung at each side, with others of striped and fringed material to be drawn across the opening in summer, so that it took up the entire north wall of the room.

Above the mantel shelf, against a frieze of red and yellow figured tiles, were plaques of Spanish Arabian luster faience, and other pieces of Spanish pottery. The fireplace itself, filled with huge logs, seemed to recede from depth to depth, away from its various fringes and lambrekins, ornaments

of wrought iron hanging from the jambs, and an Italian Zandier between them. A huge couch faced the fireplace, backed against the central table. This table was supported on tiers of drawers containing special drawings Mr. Richardson could take out easily to show his clients as examples of what he was proposing to them. Who could resist such a man, especially in this overpowering environment? He was not only himself a physical giant, but all the chairs and everything else recalled his greatness both of size and personality, even to the enormous quill pens sticking up before his writing-pad. His powerful signature (see the notice about the tennis-court) is in itself a perfect indication of the strength and admirable character of the man. He had great magnetism and charm. When I was putting on my overcoat to take final leave and return to M.I.T., Charles Coolidge came to take me in to him for an "au revoir." Mr. Richardson took my hand in his great palm so kindly, making me promise to come back and work and study there, that I was completely overcome. My heart choked my voice so that I couldn't speak and tears flooded my eyes, as I smiled through them and backed

out. I shall never forget that moment.

I may here add that I sharply recovered on sadly discovering that the forty dollars Mr. Coolidge had given me for my two week's work and which I had hastily shoved into my overcoat pocket, had been stolen by the office boy in my brief absence. I felt too embarrassed to say anything about it until I went back to work there a long time after, and the bad boy had been fired.

Mr. Richardson died a few weeks later, to my grief, and I may surely say, to the deep regret, at least, of everyone who knew him.

As I review these memories I recall a feature of his office which played no small part in the atmosphere of it. Beside his chair and writing-pad, at that great table, Mr. Richardson had a huge bronze Indian—or perhaps Japanese—temple gong, shaped like a deep bowl. He would strike it with a soft beater to summon the office boy, and the sound was constantly pervading the office. It was just like him, and in its musical roundness it resembled his designs; what a contrast with an electric buzzer!

In his architecture those ever-present arches were always accompanied with some finely focussed detail, thus producing the balance of the bold masculine and the delicate feminine, which Stanford White used to say were the essentials of beauty. Was he repeating what he had learned from Mr. Richardson?

Mrs. M. G. Van Rensselaer, whom I knew very well, and who, as many of you know from her excellent work on English Cathedrals (so admirably illustrated by Joseph Pennell, my old friend and master), had a highly perfected literary talent. If any of you feel inspired to look back on H. H. Richardson as an architectural genius, let me advise you to read the life she wrote of him shortly after his death.

I could write volumes about him and his office, but I should not feel justified were I to omit the mention of some of his collaborators who were there in that fortnight, or who had recently left, and whom I came to know afterwards. Some of you may know one or two of them by reputation. But they all seemed to me to have been chosen by Mr. Richardson not only because of their abilities, but also because of their personalities.

Charles A. Coolidge and George Shepley, his successors, show it, but McKim, White, Saint Gaudens, La Farge, Andrews, Jaques (with whom he made his last trip to Spain and Italy in 1883), Griffin, Randall, Francis H. Bacon, were all charming, intelligent, highly-bred "gentlemen." Francis Bacon interested me especially because of the beauty of his pen-and-ink renderings of things in Greece, and later because of the brilliant sketches of furniture for Mr. Richardson, of which I made many tracings from the great scrapbooks in the office. In these, particularly pleasing sketches by the draftsmen were preserved. Francis Bacon had also rendered the great perspective of the Pittsburgh Court House, which Mr. Richardson considered to be his chef d'oeuvre, but Bacon left it to his brother Henry to go in for architecture; he devoted himself to furniture, because he felt that well-designed furnishings were as important as well-designed buildings. He created much furniture for the Capitol at Washington, and who can estimate the value of the chairs in the dining-room of the Century Association in New York! They put a man in exactly the right mood to enjoy not only his repast but the conversation at

table. I remember sitting beside Woodrow Wilson in them one evening when we both happened to be dining early, and talking about them. Francis Bacon was one of the most human and well-balanced minds that I have known. I last saw him in a hospital in Constantinople, where Paul Manship and I went to call upon him. He had just heard of the death of Henry. I cannot forget the sound of his voice as he said to us, "Only to think of it—Henry Bacon is no more!"

But to return for a moment to Mr. Richardson and my experience in his office, it may be amusing to add that the work I did there, starting with the tracing of working-drawings, developed into making studies for professors' houses at the Leland Stanford Jr. University, perspectives of railroad stations, furniture designs, color sketches for the interior painting of the Pittsburgh Court House, and quantities of full-size details of the carving, mostly for Romanesque and Byzantine capitals, which I made in charcoal on an easel, and a series of corbels for around the Cincinnati Chamber of Commerce building. They are ornamented with huge faces,

for all of which I had to make full-size drawings as a guide to the carvers. My recollection is that there were 120 faces, all different. I caricatured everybody I could think of, though happily I never told anybody that I had done it.

In closing let me say that I feel Richardson's plan of the Albany Cathedral reveals better than anything else his soul as an enthusiast in the art of architecture. Next to Victor Laloux's Prix-de-Rome Cathedral plan, the Baths of Caracalla, and the Pantheon, Richardson's cathedral has seemed to me to be the best of all plans, and it is a perfect portrait of the man as I knew him and learned to know him in his works. To come under his influence as a great architect, so directly and impressively, has made me feel profoundly thankful to my guardian angel, as well as personally grateful to him, for the heart vibrations I felt from him.

Do you know that he had an accident when a student in Paris, as a result of which he was to live continually menaced as by the sword of Damocles? He never felt confident of living to see the end of any building he started. Does that explain the great soft strength, the refinement, the

tenderness one feels in what has always seemed to me the most lovable and original of his buildings, the little Library at Quincy,

Massachusetts? To fully appreciate it, compare it with the things other men were doing at that time, in the U. S. A., or anywhere.

Birch Burdette Long Prize

THE Architectural League of New York, custodian of the Birch Burdette Long Prize for Architectural Rendering, has made its award for 1951. The jury, composed of Cameron Clark, F.A.I.A., Walter H. Kilham, Jr., F.A.I.A., Harold W. Rambusch, Edward D. Stone, and Chester B. Price, Chairman, has awarded this year's prize to Robert Schwartz for his pencil-and-wash drawing of the Swifton Shopping Center,

Ketchum, Gina & Sharp, Architects (p. 122).

Honorable mentions were awarded to Edward P. Chrystie for his water color of the American Cemetery Memorial in Luxembourg, Voorhees, Walker, Foley & Smith, Architects; and to George Cooper Rudolph for his water color of the *Good Housekeeping* Model House, Cliff May, Architect.

Inter-American Fellowships

THE UNITED STATES OFFICE OF EDUCATION in cooperation with the Department of State, announces the availability of fellowships to United States graduate students as provided under the Convention for the Promotion of Inter-American Cultural Relations.

Two graduate students are exchanged each year between the United States and each of the republics signatory to the Convention. The participating countries, other than the United States, are

as follows: Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Columbia, Costa Rica, Cuba, the Dominican Republic, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru and Venezuela. During the next academic year, the following countries probably will receive students from the United States: Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Cost Rica, Cuba, the Dominican Republic, Haiti, Honduras, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru and Venezuela.

Graduate students in the United

States should have the following qualifications before applying for these fellowships: United States citizenship, a bachelor's degree or its equivalent, the initiation or completion of some graduate study, a satisfactory knowledge of the language of the country to which the student wishes to go, good health, moral character, intellectual ability, and a suitable plan of study or a research topic which has been approved by the student's adviser or supervising professor. All other considerations being equal, students under 35 years of age and veterans will be given preference.

Transportation to and from the receiving country is paid by the United States Government. The receiving government pays tuition and a monthly maintenance allow-

ance. In some cases a small sum is allotted for books and incidental expenses.

Applicants should write to the Division of International Educational Relations, American Republics Section, U. S. Office of Education, Washington 25, D. C., before Jan. 15, 1952. As soon as a sufficient number of well-qualified candidates have made application, the United States Selection Committee will prepare panels made up of the names of five students for presentation to each currently participating government which in turn will choose two from the five for one-year fellowships. It should be pointed out that several months are required before governments receiving panels are able to make selections.

Planning as Architecture

By *Henry S. Churchill*, F.A.I.A.

A paper scheduled for presentation during the panel discussion, "Planning as Architecture in Atomic Weapon Defense," at the 83rd Convention, May 9, 1951. As in several other sessions, the allotted time was too short, and Mr. Churchill's paper was not read.

ANY DISCUSSION of planning as Architecture must fully recognize that our cities are going to be largely rebuilt regardless of any need for atomic defense. Redevelopment is going to be necessary in any case because of the actual dispersion that is already taking place as a result of present-day communi-

cation techniques and the desire for better living conditions.

This dispersion, as others have noted, will of course be given impetus by the need for Civil Defense. But whatever force this need may have, however urgent we may feel defense in space to be, I feel that we shall make a great

mistake if we let our thinking be guided by this alone. Dispersion, new forms for cities to suit new ways of living, are inherent in the technological progress of our age. The process of dispersion is inevitable; and our duty is to study not only the needs of civil defense but the effects—in the long run much greater than the effects of the A-bomb—of what Norbert Wiener calls the Second Industrial Revolution, which is already upon us.

The 1950 census clearly shows what is happening population-wise: an increase in the size of metropolitan areas far exceeding the increase in the size of the central cities, increasing suburbanization rather than urbanization. This country is now 59% urban, an increase of 3% in ten years; and the metropolitan areas grew 20% compared to the nation's 6%, while the central cities grew very little. This unparalleled peripheral growth has been largely unplanned and uncontrolled except by the weak enforcement of inadequate subdivision regulations made by uncoordinated planning boards more concerned with maintaining property values than with intelligent distribution of land use.

This trend to suburbanization is going to intensify the need for

urban redevelopment if fiscal collapse is to be avoided. While Title I is largely a failure, it is not possible that we will abandon our cities to slum and decay. New legislation will remedy present defects as the economic plight of our cities becomes ever worse.

In these fields of suburban growth and urban rebuilding, and in the design of new towns, the architect has not only a primary role to play but a primary responsibility to assume. It is going to be his privilege and his honor, if he will assume that responsibility, to reshape the urban physical environment of the nation.

We must, therefore, prepare ourselves to see the picture whole. As the complexity of living has increased through the technological forces set into play by science and industry since the end of the eighteenth century, so the complexity of architecture has increased from the single building to the group of buildings, and from the group of buildings to the city. While this does not mean the architect must become a city planner, it does mean he must know what city planning is about. He must realize that his buildings affect not only each other, but traffic, other land uses, and, through site devel-

opment and land use, the social content of the city and its economic structure.

Of course, planning and architecture used to be pretty much the same thing, just as engineering and architecture used to be. Those were fairly simple times, not only technically, but economically and politically. The technical capacity lay within one man's grasp, and the politician—whether Pope Urban or Baron Haussmann—had to call on him. Also the economics of dictatorship lay in the hands of the dictator. Things are more complicated today, and we are fortunately—although perhaps it is not wise to say this in the home of the *Chicago Tribune*—we are fortunately still a democracy. Because of the complex structure of our cities it is no longer possible for one man to function efficiently in all phases of city planning. And taxpayers are still voters.



I find it convenient to identify two parts to the planning process. One is programming, and it is statistical and two-dimensional. It includes sociology and law and economics. The second part is design, and that is architecture because it

results—or should result—in something three-dimensional.

The two parts are quite distinct but are very closely related. For that reason, architects should interest themselves in the planning work that is being done in their cities. There should, I think, be an architect on every planning commission; the chapters of The A.I.A. should have committees on urban planning that will work with the commissions. Our profession should have an understanding of what the social, economic and political background of planning is, through active participation.

I want particularly to point out, however, that city planning is a long-term process—in fact it is never-ending. In that respect it differs radically from the normal architectural practice of “doing a job.” That idea of a job, inherent in the old term “Master Plan,” is completely wrong, and has done great harm. No planner, whether a professional city planner or an architect, can “do” a plan for a city, and walk out. If he does, nothing whatever will happen. He can act as a consultant, but there must be a continuing commission and staff to carry on. The consultant is often needed, because many cities

cannot afford to keep men of sufficient caliber on their payrolls.

The function of the architect in every city should be to put the third dimension into the work of the planner and, in addition, to put imagination into the planner's concepts. We scoff at the City Beautiful movement today, because it was a purely superficial concept, a treatment of the façade. It failed dismally for that reason, leaving municipal officials with a pretty low opinion of architects. But planners today, wrapped in statistics and economics are no less superficial, and without the architect the planners too are going to fall flat on their little graphs. Eventually, even in our slow-moving,

democratic way, our cities are going to be largely rebuilt.

All the paraphernalia of city planning—surveys, traffic counts, densities, zoning, provision for fire-breaks, parking, highways, and all the rest—are but means to an end. That end is cities which are better to live in, work in, play in: better not only because they are more convenient, but because they are more satisfying. This is the architect's job, because the architect is also an artist and invokes the intangibles that touch men's spirit. If he does not do this, he is just a planner. Nor must we let the grim business of defense blind us to the greater and worthier needs of peace.

Calendar

September 4-18: 13th Annual Conference on City and Regional Planning, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Cambridge.

September 11-20: Building Research Congress, centering at the Institution of Civil Engineers, London.

September 17-20: 53rd Annual Convention of the American Hospital Association, Jefferson, Lennox, Sheraton, Statler and De Soto Hotels, St. Louis, Mo.

September 23-30: Second Congress of the Union Internationale

des Architectes, Mamounia Palace, Rabat, Morocco. Details of study tours following the Congress may be had from Secretary, Organizing Committee, 11 rue Berryer, Paris VIII^e.

September 26-28: Fall meeting, American Society of Mechanical Engineers, Hotel Radisson, Minneapolis, Minn.

September 28-29: Annual Meeting, Pennsylvania Society of Architects, Bedford Springs Hotel, Bedford, Pa.

September 30-October 2: Meet-

ing of The Board of Directors, A.I.A., Portland, Ore.

October 4-6: Annual Convention, California Council of Architects, Hotel del Coronado, Coronado, Calif.

October 9: Reception by R.I.B.A. for visiting architects and students, 66 Portland Place, London.

October 9-12: 18th Annual Meeting of National Association of Housing Officials, Hotel Statler, Washington, D. C.

October 17-19: Annual Convention of the Architects Society of Ohio, Hotel Deshler, Columbus, Ohio.

October 17-20: Great Lakes District Seminar, Wallick Hotel,

Columbus, Ohio, in conjunction with convention of the Architects Society of Ohio.

October 18-20: Central States District Conference, Tulsa, Okla.

October 24-26: 12th Annual Convention, Texas Society of Architects, with seminar on the subject of Mechanical Equipment of Buildings, Menger Hotel, San Antonio, Tex.

October 26-27: Gulf States Regional Meeting and Seminar, Memphis, Tenn.

November 14-28: Building Exhibition, Olympia, London. For further details address the Managing Director, 4 Vernon Place, London, W. C. 1.

. . . To See Ourselves . . .

IN TWO PARTS—PART I

By *Frank H. Hill, Jr.*

Excerpts from a report to the B.A.I.D. Committee on Scholarships from the 1949 Lloyd Warren Scholar (36th Paris Prize in Architecture). Mr. Hill studied at Virginia Polytechnic Institute, won the Paris Prize while at the Graduate School of Princeton, completed a visit abroad last fall, and has recently returned from six months of travel in Mexico and the U. S. A.

AFTER SIX WEEKS in Mexico one is fortunate in having such a place as Arizona in which to re-indoctrinate himself into the United States. The transition is not nearly so painful or disturbing as it would be, say, to return directly to the East Coast or even to Houston, Texas. So it was not as bad as last time when I felt more

or less like an immigrant freshly arrived in the big city after so long a time abroad.

Phoenix was the first port of call. Here was to be my headquarters for proposed raids to Frank Lloyd Wright's Taliesin. A note written in haste from Mexico failed to produce the desired response from Mr. Wright, so I was beginning to

figure ways and means to gain admission when I ran into a good bit of luck. There appeared on the scene a young Swiss architect (a teacher at Carnegie Tech) who, having heard that I was traveling in the western regions, flew down to Phoenix to join me for several weeks. Thus I was fortunate in having company for some of the longest stretches of the trip—and I was particularly glad to be with a foreigner on his first extended trip out of Pittsburgh. Everything out West—the scenery, the people, the architecture—was new for him (as for me), so that I had a good chance to observe a foreigner's reactions and to listen to his opinions. I recall how exciting New England was for a Chinese friend traveling with me last fall—now the West had equal fascination for my European friend. When I first saw him he had just returned from Taliesin and a talk with Mr. Wright, who advised him most thoroughly on what *not* to see on the West Coast. My friend also knew some of the apprentices at Taliesin, which provided a good excuse for his return. This he did, with me in tow.

We had tea on the wonderful front terrace. The apprentices told us a lot about this life and the

work they were doing at the camp. One even gave us a big listing of all the Wright houses on the West Coast, complete with street addresses. We found this very handy later. In the general excitement later, I think I was even passed off once as a famous Yucatan architect. In our rounds of some of the Wright houses in California, people occasionally confused my identity to the extent that I was (1) a Swiss architect or (2) one of Wright's apprentices on tour! So now I've been everything from a Greek peasant in Athens to an apprentice in California—such an exciting life of aliases! Being the last to finish tea, it was up to us to wash our own dishes, giving me a good chance to see how the huge kitchen functions—at first hand.

I was immensely impressed with Taliesin—certainly one of the most exciting groups of buildings anywhere. Even the apprentices' tents, scattered casually around the desert nearby, are little marvels in themselves. Each tries to outdo the other in individualistic expression, and they manage to get some highly incredible results with just stone and canvas. The new theater is finished, and the day we were there a musician was trying some of his compositions on the piano. Our

appreciation of the visual elements was thus immeasurably increased by this appeal to our auditory senses as well. This enjoyment of both senses to their fullest at the same time makes this little theater a veritable gem. The building is partially below grade so that in approaching it, it seems only two or three feet in height—Wright's ground-hugging tradition in full bloom. One of the things I liked especially about Taliesin is that the whole thing is never static—always growing, always being added to and improved. The students were busy sawing and banging away on certain additions and modifications, as if the old parts had withered away and needed replacement. We were told that all the glass, for instance, had been installed only recently.

We somehow managed to end up in the big drafting-room. It was after working hours, and we made ourselves quite at home thumbing through various projects as they caught our eye. They have some very fascinating jobs underway. Perhaps it would be best not to describe these, for we were interrupted in the midst of our examination and told politely but firmly, "hands off" Mr. Wright happened to be away for the day and I

had no chance to talk to him, although from what he had told my Swiss friend it seemed we had little in store for us as we approached the coast.

We left at dusk, just as the desert purples were coming into play—an unforgettable sight. Taliesin is well complemented by the Arizona countryside. It is very beautiful. It is easy to see where Mr. Wright gets much of his inspiration. Never before had I encountered such a variety of scenery. A Mayan frieze can be readily seen in certain rock stratifications; the sculptural quality of these rock layers is astounding. The desert boulders are pure architecture, like huge castles rising from the plains. The Grand Canyon is an overwhelming sight. Not only does Arizona abound in rocks, but the countryside is alternately desert, red canyon, evergreen forest, immense plateau, snowcapped mountain. The drive from Prescott to Flagstaff has all this—and ghost towns, too.

Through more desert country to Hoover Dam, which we first saw under artificial light at night. It is a modern engineering marvel in every respect, and complete down to the last metal foot-tread. One rarely sees design penetrate to all

its phases so completely as it does here. We returned the next day but somehow all the mystery and the drama of the night before had disintegrated, though it was still most inspiring. Boulder City is worth noting—a neat little city, and a far cry from the depressing nightmare of Oak Ridge. A quick look at Las Vegas, where neither of us found much to inspire in its profusion of jazzy swimming-pools, strange money extractors, and neon monsters doing work for both the architects and the churches.

Thence to Los Angeles, where the day after arrival found us enjoying dinner in the kitchen of Neutra's famous Dr. Lorell House. Kitchen? Yes—the present occupant was moving to a two-room apartment the next day (after a few years of feeling lost in the spacious Lorell House), and everything but the kitchen equipment had been packed. But we had an excellent chance to see the remainder of the house, sans meubles, and everywhere one has the impression of vastness—too much space. We were told it was so, even when filled with furniture. It is so enormous that to me it lacks "humanness"—a bit too scientific, too cold, too impersonal. We kept the

lights low in the kitchen to improve the situation and managed to do quite well, what with a charming hostess and a delicious dinner.

Los Angeles is like a sprawling octopus reaching out, each tentacle not knowing what and how the others are doing. The main trouble seems to be that so many extra tentacles have been sprouted that poor mother octopus has all but strangled herself. Los Angeles lives in a dream world architecturally. One encounters on a normal walk a ready-made version of practically all of architectural history. A Norman cottage rests beside a gay Spanish villa, a Tudor hotel by a Cape Cod mansion (both many times exaggerated in size); a Gothic church next a garish "modern" diner; even a minaret pops up unexpectedly from a group of strange Colonial buildings. It is literally a movie set in itself—why should the movie makers next door bother to build their own?

The movie people do seem to do it better, though, and with far more accuracy. We had a chance to look around Warner Brothers lot. We went, like all good tourists, to watch the filming of a musical comedy, but since it was just before March 15th, some of the stars had not put in an appearance. So, to

give us our money's worth, they turned us loose to look over the shops, the interior stages, and the outdoor sets. We walked down a French village street, comparing it with the real thing, when our attention was drawn to some workmen taking down a "Pernod Fils" sign over a cafe entrance and replacing it with one saying "Cafe Espresso—35 lire." A Mussolini poster was going up over one advertising French railways. "What's this?" we queried. "Oh, our next movie is a war film about an Italian village—we simply replace the French signs with Italian and presto! we have an Italian town." It sounded incredible, but upon reflection we felt that only the small surface appearances change; that basically most of these villages

have the same ingredients—the square, the fountain, the narrow cobblestone street, the rough masonry shop—only the details vary. We found the very same thing true in a typical American small town—only there was no need to even change signs.

We turned the corner and found ourselves on a Midwest street. The names of the buildings were cleverly done—Empire Hotel, Palace Theater, First National Bank, Joe's Lunch—so the set could be used for practically any small town in the U. S. This similarity of all towns is most painfully borne out as one travels around the country! Further on we rediscovered Holland, a Swiss village, London, and a slum in Cairo.

(More of Los Angeles next month)

The Rome Prizes for 1952-53

THE AMERICAN ACADEMY IN ROME offers again a limited number of fellowships for mature students and artists capable of doing independent work in architecture, landscape architecture, sculpture, painting, and other arts. These are open to citizens of the United States for one year beginning October 1, 1952; they carry a stipend

of \$1,250 a year, transportation from New York to Rome and return, studio space, free residence at the Academy, and an additional allowance for European travel. Further details may be had from the Executive Secretary, American Academy in Rome, 101 Park Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Applications due before January 1, 1952.

Scholarships and Fellowships Awarded

THE NEW YORK CHAPTER, A.I.A., announces the awards of two Brunner Scholarships, \$2,400 each, as follows:

A Brunner Scholarship to Professor Esmond Shaw, to aid in writing a textbook for the high-school student on the history of

domestic architecture in the United States.

A Brunner Scholarship to Professor Frederick J. Adams, to aid in a study of the qualification and training of those in, or entering, the field of city and regional planning.



Architects Read and Write

Letters from readers—discussion, argumentative, corrective, even vituperative



"FREEDOM IN ARCHITECTURE"

By ALEXANDER S. COCHRAN, Baltimore, Md.

IT IS ALTOGETHER PROPER that the JOURNAL give expression to extreme opinions about architectural design such as those of Mr. Hull in the June issue. It does seem to me, however, that there should be concern about irresponsible name calling. "Like all dogmatic liberals," says Mr. Hull, "the modernists . . . unfortunately recognize only the spirit of men like Josef Stalin and Adolf Hitler."

Informed persons are well aware that both fascism and communism

have utterly rejected contemporary architecture, and that exile was forced by totalitarians upon many of the leaders of the modern movement. But more important it seems to me to protest vigorously that The A.I.A. not only condones, but encourages seriously, irresponsible accusations, calling persons fascist or communist in our day. It is far beneath the dignity to which we hope The A.I.A. adheres. It clearly passes into the category of demagoguery.

CRANBROOK ACADEMY OF ART
By ZOLTAN SEPESHY, Director

AT YOUR REQUEST I am writing this brief statement in answer to your questions concerning the

Cranbrook Academy of Art. I do so with great satisfaction in the knowledge that we have so many

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friends, like your group, interested in the welfare of our institution.

You pose two questions. I hope that since your questions were so explicitly directed to me that you will not object to my reply coming to you in letter form.

These are the two questions you raise:

- (1) What will be the future of architecture at the Academy without Eliel Saarinen to direct it?
- (2) What will happen to the institution itself without the inspirational leadership of Mr. Saarinen?

First, let me say that the creative genius of Mr. Saarinen can never be replaced, since it was a unique quality that no one else can possibly possess. However, we must remember that in addition to his individuality Mr. Saarinen offered such organizational talents to the Academy that it was able to continue in his reflected light during the last few years of his life when he no longer maintained active directorship. The work of a genuinely great man like him lives long after him, and we therefore have no hesitation in feeling that the traditions he established and the new roads to which he pointed have been and are being maintained in the spirit that he would have wanted. After all, he gave us no disjointed and fragmentary gift; his was the gift of true greatness—continuity.

To give more concrete attention

to your question one: our present Architectural Department offers the same pattern that Mr. Saarinen initiated. Of course, that pattern has the flexibility that he himself, as a socially minded man primarily interested in city planning, always sought. We consider ourselves fortunate to have been able to secure a disciple of his to head the Department, and we feel that the consequences have been what Mr. Saarinen would have wanted. Hence, the future of architecture at the Academy, concerning which you are inquiring, has already been resolved in the present.

As to your second question, concerning the future of the institution itself, I feel that the answer is implicit in the paragraph above. You must remember that Mr. Saarinen for several years before his death had relinquished the active administrative duties of the Academy. True, we constantly turned to him for advice and inspirational sustenance, but these, we feel, will to some extent live after him as long as there are those here who have felt the impact of his genius. Since more than this is not attainable, we feel glad to have attained so much.

I can see how your questions arose. In fact, at the time of Mr. Saarinen's death we felt the blow so keenly that we considered relinquishing the Department of Architecture. After all, such a department is somewhat unconventional in an art educational institution, and

we were sure that it was only because the touch of Mr. Saarinen transformed his field into the finest of arts that his accomplishments dominated the very spirit of what we were after. However, after discussing his organizational achievement and the forward-moving impetus which he contributed, we reached, as I have indicated above, our present decision. We now know that it was a wise one. The fine quality of students whom our program has attracted and their expressed satis-

faction in what we have to offer give us no reason to contemplate a discontinuation of architecture here. If we ever feel doubts concerning our decision, we will consider dropping the architectural program and concentrating on and expanding the other fields in which our institution has won some measure of renown. There is, I may add, not the slightest reason to believe that this will be the case.

Thank you again for your solicitous concern in the future of the Academy.

FUNNY COINCIDENCE DEPARTMENT
SUBMITTED BY PERCIVAL GOODMAN, New York

"Communitas" (p. 1)

University of Chicago Press—1947

A community plan is not a layout of streets and houses, or of viaducts and factories. It is the external form of the activity going on. It is more like a choreography of society in motion and in rest, an arrangement for society to live out its habits and ideals and do its work, directing itself or being directed. There is a variety of town schemes: gridirons, radiations, ribbons, satellites, or vast concentrations; what is important is the activity going on, how it is influenced by the scheme and how it transforms any scheme, and uses or abuses any site, to its own work and values. This is the plan.

(page 2)

Consider, for instance, the original lay-out of the District of Columbia and the city of Washington, as so well explained by Werner

Charles Luckman

in May '51 JOURNAL (p. 211)

A community plan is not a layout of streets and houses, or of viaducts and factories. It is more like a choreography of society in motion and in rest, an arrangement for society to live and do its work, directing itself or being directed. There is, of course, a variety of town schemes: gridirons, radiations, ribbons, satellites, or vast concentrations. What is important, however, is the activity going on—how it is influenced by the scheme and how it transforms any scheme. How it uses or abuses any site. How it actually contributes to the living, labor and leisure of the people.

in June 1951 JOURNAL (p. 284)

Consider, for instance, the original laying-out of the District of Columbia and the City of Washington. For various reasons of

Hegemann. When the site on the Potomac was chosen, for various reasons of politics and transportation, the plan was at the same time to connect the Potomac waterway with the Ohio, and the new city was thus to become the emporium of the West; but the canal system which would have realized the technological scheme fell through. A hundred years later, therefore, Washington was still a small political center, without economic significance, while the commerce of the West flowed through the Erie Canal to New York. But now, ironically enough, a political change has made Washington a metropolis far beyond its once overblown accommodations, and people from the industrial and trading cities must make the trip to the Capital to transact their business.

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But now, ironically enough, a political change has made Washington a metropolis far beyond its original grandiose plans, and people flock from near and far to the capital, to wander dazedly through a forest of red tape, in the hope of transacting their business.



News from the Educational Field

ILLINOIS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY has appointed Charles L. Forberg, of Minneapolis, assistant professor at the Institute of Design. Albert Szabo of Brooklyn, N. Y., has been appointed an instructor.

THE ASSOCIATION OF COLLEGIATE SCHOOLS OF ARCHITECTURE is somewhat concerned over the difficulty of securing competent instructors in architectural design at various of the schools. Those interested in a career in the teach-

ing profession, particularly as instructors in architectural design, structural design, building materials and equipment, should apply to Professor Paul Weigel, Kansas State College, Manhattan, Kan.

UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS School of Architecture announces the appointment as director of the school of Harwell Hamilton Harris of Los Angeles.

The Editor's Asides

IF YOU ARE WORRIED about where we are going to get energy in the year 2000—personally the question has not yet disturbed our sleep—listen to Dean G. W. Gleeson, Oregon State College School of Industrial Engineering and Industrial Arts. By 2000 A. D. the dean thinks our own national consumption of energy will equal the present consumption of the entire world. While hydroelectric power should not fail us, fuels may. Nuclear fission may be thought of as an inexhaustible source of energy, but it, too, is dependent upon a supply of fissionable material, and that supply is definitely limited. However, the problem is not one that has to be solved today by the architectural profession.

DONALD E. WILBUR, an expert on paints with a college education, had a thought for maintenance men in a recent conference sponsored by the University of Tennessee. A quarter-century ago the best means of surface protection in industry was thought to be a coat of metallic pigment in a drying oil. It might peel off, chip off or saponify, but labor was an insignificant item and the coating could

be renewed at intervals—with a prayer and a hope. With labor costs now in the region of 85% of the cost of the job, it has become really important to get the right product for a particular surface and apply it under the right conditions. The man who is merely a painter has moved aside for the protective-coatings engineer.

IT SEEMS DIFFICULT to dispel the idea that The Octagon is merely another one of the octagonal houses of the mid-nineteenth century. After Orson Squire Fowler wrote "A Home for All," in 1858, proving to his own satisfaction at least that the octagon plan offered more usable space for a given perimeter, he had plenty of converts. Octagonal houses sprang up almost overnight in New York State particularly, but also to the south and west. A circular plan, of course, would have achieved the ultimate enclosed space for a given perimeter, but Fowler thought the octagon a preferable compromise.

Our own Octagon has no connection whatever with this short-lived fad. In the first place, it is not an octagon in plan but a lozenge shape with a semi-circular

projection. Why the Tayloe family called it "The Octagon" has never been satisfactorily explained. Then, too, it antedates the Fowler-inspired period by over half a century. Nevertheless, there will perhaps always be visitors to the national headquarters who come to see "another one of those octagonal houses."

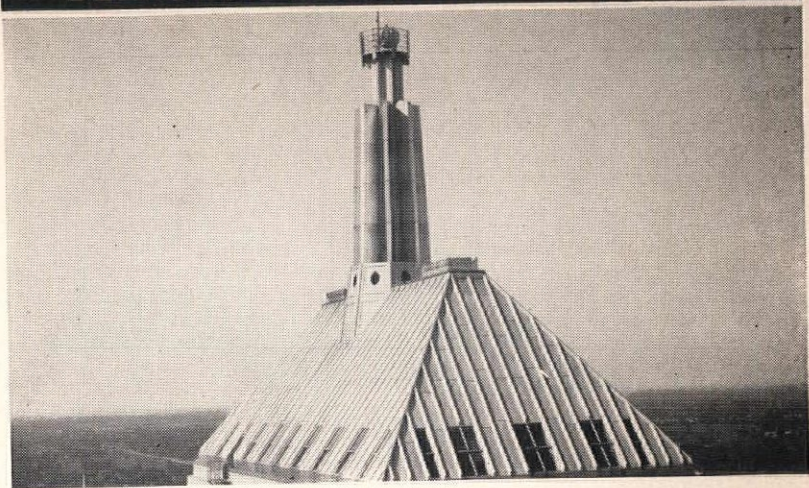
MR. WRIGHT'S HELICAL SCHEME for the Guggenheim museum of non-objective art has moved closer to fulfillment. Since the Guggenheim Foundation now has possession of the whole block on Fifth Avenue, New York, between 88th and 89th Sts., this enlargement of the site makes necessary some changes in the plans, and these are now being studied by Mr. Wright.

SHORTLY AFTER the Houston Convention in March, 1949, we had Radio Corporation of America reproduce from the master discs the acceptance speech of Frank Lloyd Wright made at the time he received The Institute's Gold Medal. The first edition was, we thought, ample to supply the demand. We were wrong. During the last year or so we have had to tell prospec-

tive buyers that no more discs were available. The orders keep coming, however, and now we have had RCA make a new pressing, as it is called, and the speech is once more available in Mr. Wright's own voice. There are four, 12", vinylite discs, each with both sides filled, requiring about forty minutes' delivery time, and the cost is \$8 per set, carriage paid (remittance with order).

IF YOU THINK life is much too complicated these days you might be a bit chagrined after talking with Arthur B. Heaton, F.A.I.A., of Washington. Just fifty years ago, when he became the proud owner of a Locomobile—one of those nifty, canopy-top numbers, driven by steam—the matter of a driver's license was not the simple matter that it has become, available to any 16-year-old who can park a car backward along the curb. Heaton had to qualify for a steam engineer's license, which document is now framed and hung near his certificate of A.I.A. Fellowship. Whether because of this technical foundation or his proficiency as an architect, the fact remains that Heaton has received only one ticket for traffic violation in the half century.

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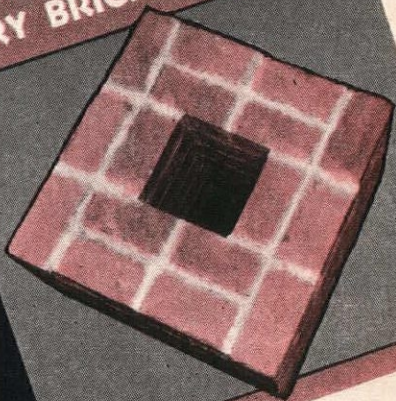
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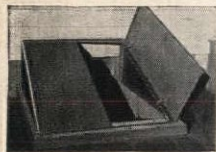
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