

NORTHWEST ARCHITECT

VIII

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• This second of the Sullivan Series is a reprint of his Thesis in full, as revised and published by him January 6, 1906.

“WHAT IS ARCHITECTURE”

A Study of the American People
of Today.

LOUIS H. SULLIVAN

• **Key Notes** to illustrations of representative buildings by L. H. Sullivan as placed in the text in chronological order to demonstrate the evolution of his architecture.

• **Wainwright Building**, St. Louis, 1890-91. Sullivan defined thereby for the first time the principles of architectural form and methods of approach underlying the American skyscraper.

• **Garrick (Schiller) Building**, Chicago, 1891-92. Sullivan's second skyscraper, reminiscent of Wainwright Building, but taller, on a more complex plan—resulting in novelty of the form.

• **St. Nicholas Hotel**, St. Louis, 1892-93. The axis-forming gable roof, with dining room-disclosing balconies and hostelry-defining upright strips of oriels, reveal the corner piers.

• **Union Trust Building**, St. Louis, 1892-93. Sullivan's third skyscraper discloses as a reversal of the Wainwright plan, a new problem arising from a double-facade block around the open court.

• **Transportation Building**, Chicago World's Columbian Exposition, 1893, was the turning point in Sullivan's career. Hosts of visitors saw therein new colorful rhythms of forms obtained through materials of temporary nature. A detail of the “Golden Gate” is on this front cover.

• **Stock Exchange Building**, Chicago, 1893-94. The largest Sullivan skyscraper, unlike any of his previous. Projecting shafts of oriels appear to corrugate the plane surface walls.

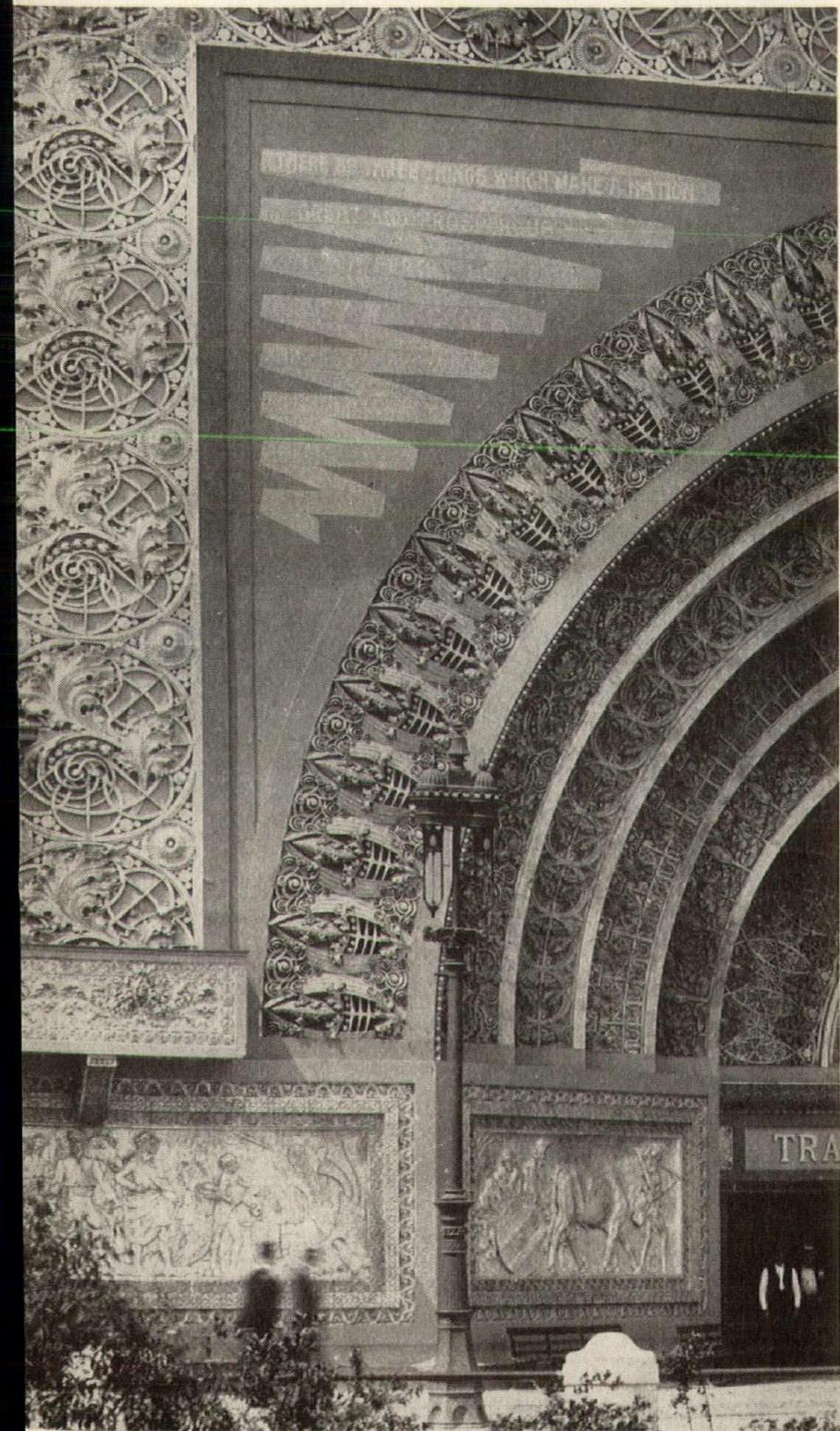
• **Guaranty Building**, Buffalo, 1894-95. Similar to, but taller than, Wainwright Building, this edifice in its lofty totality meant forever a decisive victory against “Vitruvius” in America.

• **Condict (Bayard) Building**, New York, 1897-98. Compositional directness and basic simplicity of this building freed New York from traditional conceptions of skyscraper design.

• **Carson-Pirie-Scott Store**, Chicago, 1899-1904. The first revolutionary and epoch-making department store design, recognized here and abroad as “practical American horizontalism.”

• **National Farmers' Bank**, Owatonna, Minn., 1907-08. Its president had read, “What Is Architecture?”—Subsequent engaging of Sullivan, with Elmslie as collaborator, created the first and best of a series of country banks.

W. G. P.



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H. W. FRIDLUND, Editor

Having been born in the same year that Louis H. Sullivan gave, "What is Architecture" to the world, I sense mixed feelings of pride and humility in introducing 38 years later to readers of NORTHWEST ARCHITECT, his original thesis presented in full in this issue.

The essay should be acknowledged as a classic for use in our educational institutions since the "first principles" which it expounds are as vitally applicable today as when they were written.

Today, more than ever, as we appraise Sullivan's thoughts which maintained the creative enthusiasm with which he worked ceaselessly and from which in his life he never deviated, we inquire as to the basis of his perception, "Architecture of Democracy." Was it purely a local Chicago idea? Was it a national ideology, or was it born on a still broader background? Sullivan, a young man of 30, was weighing the principles of a rising democracy all over the world—finding and comparing the facts associated with the progress of a democracy as well as the causes tending to undo it. He must have come to the conclusion that America would become the path-breaking battleground over which Democracy when victorious would finally emerge and forever liberate the people of the world from servitude to which they were held by a deeply rooted heritage of a double faced and irrational dogma of privileged architectural doctrines.

It is evident that early in his life he must have penetrated into the all-domineering falsehoods of the architectural "business" which ravaged the lands under the "spiritual" mask of "divine arts." How he detested the thoughtless acceptance of controlled architectural standards. He knew well the scope and the economic background of this huge national perversion.

Once deeply convinced that Architecture as a creative art could never be realized without free expression of modern life in spirit and action, giving full recognition to the common heritage of man in his aesthetic philosophies and his technical skills, Sullivan fearlessly marched into the open. He started to practice as the emancipator of Architecture in America, demonstrating the possibility of its creative powers, its taking of form from nothing else but from the nature

of the problem at hand, *the purpose of its function*, and its relation to the *contemporary* man and his work.

To William Gray Purcell, who, as a young college graduate, worked under Sullivan, we are obliged for the following word picture:

"... While placed under necessity of maintaining his creative enthusiasm amid a discouraging atmosphere, Sullivan nevertheless succeeded in making an accurate estimate of the American people for his own guidance. But more important, he got a clear view of the living heart of these people and their aspirations. As a true prophet he was able to predict accurately the direction in which American civilization was moving. That Architecture did not pass immediately through the doors he had opened so clearly until six years after his death and thirty-four years after he had presented his thesis is only further evidence of his farsighted wisdom."

It is beyond a short editorial to give a full estimate of Sullivan's achievements during the nineties. The expression of real hope that they give for the future is his most outstanding achievement.

The simple saddle-stitched brochure given to the architectural world in 1906 was destined to become the enduring pathfinder towards a new destiny in American architecture, though during the lifetime of this master who poured his lifeblood into it, the professional diehards tried to shelve it into oblivion.

Today, during this great war, Sullivan and men adhering to his teachings are accepted and recognized as leaders in architectural thought and action. Sullivan, however, was the genial force who at a propitious time wrote and demonstrated the underlying principles of its origin, its living strength and its function in a true democracy. His efforts in releasing the mind of our nation from the bonds imposed by four generations of shallow thinking architectural dictators and their retainers will never be forgotten. Time has proven that Sullivan was right.

The turmoils of this day and their consequences call for a readjustment of our minds, and NORTHWEST ARCHITECT accepts the responsibility on this occasion to republish Sullivan's thesis, regarding it as an imperishable document of our democracy.

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“WHAT IS ARCHITECTURE”

A Study in the American People of Today.

By Louis H. Sullivan, Chicago

¶ The intellectual trend of the hour is toward simplification. The full powers of the modern scientific mind are now directed, with a common consent, toward searching out the few and simple principles that are believed to underlie the complexity of Nature, and such investigation is steadily revealing a unitary impulse underlying all men and all things.

¶ This method of analysis reveals a simple aspect of Man, namely: that as he thinks, so he acts; and, conversely, one may read in his acts what he thinks—his real thoughts, be it understood, not what he avows he thinks. For all men think, all men act. To term a man unthinking in a misuse of words; what really is meant, is, that he does not think with accuracy, fitness and power. If, then, it be true that as a man thinks so must he act in inevitable accordance with his thought, so it is true that society, which is but a summation of individuals, acts precisely as it thinks. Thus are the thoughts of a people to be read in the acts of a people, as clearly as words are read upon the printed page.

¶ If, in like manner, we apply this method of analysis to the complex spread of historical and contemporaneous architecture, we perceive, clearly revealed in their simplicity, its three elementary forms, namely, the pier, the lintel and the arch. These are the three, the only three letters, from which has been expanded the Architectural Art as a great and superb language wherewith Man has expressed, through the generations, the changing drift of his thoughts. Thus, throughout the past and the present, each building stands as a social act. In such act we read that which cannot escape our analysis, for it is indelibly fixed in the building, namely, the nature of the thoughts of the individual and the people whose image the building is or was.

¶ Perhaps I should not leave the three elements, pier, lintel and arch, thus baldly set forth. It may not appear to the reader that the truth concerning them is as clear and simple as I state it. He may think, for example, that there was a marked difference between the Egyptian and the Greek Architectures, even though both were based on pier and lintel only. There was a marked difference. The difference that existed between the Egyptian and the Greek minds. The Egyptian animated pier and lintel with his thought—he could not do otherwise; and the Egyptian temple took form as an Egyptian act—it could not be otherwise. So Greek thought, clearly defined, took form in the Greek temple, clearly defined, and the Greek temple stood clearly forth as a Greek act. Yet both were as simply pier-and-lintel, as I in setting one brick upon two separated other bricks, simply expose the principle of pier and lintel.

¶ Similarly the Roman aqueduct and the medieval cathedral were both in the pier-and-arch form. But what a far cry from Roman thought to medieval thought! And how clearly is that difference in thought shown in the differences in form taken on in each case

by pier and arch, as each structure in its time stood forth as an act of the people. How eloquently these structures speak to us of the militant and simple power of Roman thought, of the mystic yearning of medieval thought.

But, you may say, these structures were not acts of the people, rather, in one case the act of an emperor, in the other case an act of the church. Very well; but what really was the emperor but an act of the people—expressing the thought of the people; and what was the church but similarly the thought of the people in action? When the thought of the Roman people changed, the vast Roman fabric disintegrated; when the thought of the medieval people changed, the vitality of the church subsided exactly in proportion as the supporting thought of the people was withdrawn. Thus every form of government, every social institution, every undertaking, however great, however small, every symbol of enlightenment or degradation, each and all have sprung and are still springing from the life of the people, and have ever formed and are now as surely forming images of their thought. Slowly by centuries, generations, years, days, hours, the thought of the people has changed; so with precision have their acts responsively changed; thus thoughts and acts have flowed and are flowing ever onward, unceasingly onward, involved within the impelling power of Life. Throughout this stream of human life, and thought, and activity, men have ever felt the need to build; and from the need arose the power to build.

So, as they thought, they built; for strange as it may seem, they could build in no other way. As they built, they made, used and left behind them records of their thinking. Then, as through the years new men came with changed thoughts so arose new buildings in consonance with the change of thought—the building always the expression of the thinking. Whatever the character of the thinking, just so was the character of the building. Pier, lintel and arch changed in form, purpose and expression, following, with the fidelity of Life, Man's changing thoughts as he moved in the flow of his destiny—as he was moved ever onward by a drift unseen and unknown—and which is now flowing and is still unseen and unknown.

¶ This flow of building we call historical architecture. At no time and in no instance has it been other than an index of the flow of the thought of the people—an emanation from the inmost life of the people.

¶ Perhaps you think this is not so; perhaps you think the feudal lord built the fortified castle. So he did, ostensibly. But where did his need and power so to build come from? From his retainers. And whence came the power of his retainers? From the people. As the people thought, so they acted. And thus the power of the feudal lord rested upon the thought, the belief of the people; upon their need and upon their power. Thus all power rests upon the consent of the people, that is, upon their thought. The instant their thought begins to change, that instant the power, resting upon it and sanctioned by it, begins its waning. Thus the decay of the old and the formation of the new are synchronous effects of one cause. That single cause is: Thought. Thus we perceive that the simplest aspect of all human activity is change.

¶ To analyze the influences that cause thought to



Wainwright Building
St. Louis—1890-91

change would take me, now, too far afield. Suffice it to say that thought, once having undergone change, does not again become the same—however great the lapse in time. Thus is there ever new birth, never re-birth.

¶ It may now become clear to my reader that we ought, in viewing historic Architecture, to cease to regard it under the artificial classification of styles, as is now the accepted way, and to consider (as is more natural and more logical) each building of the past and the present as a product and index of the civilization of its time; and the civilization of the time, also, as the product and index of the thought of the people of the time and place. In this way we shall develop in our minds a much broader, clearer panorama of the actual living flow of Architecture through the ages; and grasp the clear, simple, accurate notion, that Architecture always has been, and still is, a simple impulse of which the manifestation in varied form is continuously changing.

¶ I should add, perhaps, that, in speaking of the people, I do not use the word in the unhappy sense of the lower classes, so-called. I mean all the people; and I look upon all the people as constituting a social organism.

¶ I am quite aware that these are views not generally held among architects. Indeed you will not find a thesis of this kind set forth in books or taught in schools. For the prevailing view concerning architecture is strangely artificial and fruitless, as indeed are current American ideas concerning almost any phase of the welfare of all the people. That is to say; in our democratic land, ideas, thoughts, are weirdly, indeed destructively undemocratic—an aspect of our current civilization which, later, I shall consider.

¶ I therefore ask my reader, for the time being at least, to repose sufficient confidence in my statements, that he may lay aside his existing notions concerning Architecture, which are of necessity traditional, and, as such, acquired habits of thinking, unanalyzed by him; and thus lay his mind open to receive and consider the simple and more natural views which make up my paper, to the end that he may perceive how far astray we are from an Architecture natural, truthful and wholesome, such as should characterize a truly democratic people. I ask this because the welfare of democracy is my chief concern in life; and because I have always regarded Architecture, and still so regard it, as merely one of the activities of a people, and, as such, necessarily in harmony with all the others. For as a people thinks concerning Architecture, so it thinks concerning everything else; and as it thinks concerning any other thing, so it thinks concerning Architecture; for the thought of a people, however, complicated it may appear, is all of-a-piece and represents the balance of heredity and environment at the time.

¶ I trust, further, that a long disquisition is not necessary in order to show that the attempt at imitation, by us, of this day, of the bygone forms of building, is a procedure unworthy of a free people; and that the dictum of the schools, that Architecture is finished and done, is a suggestion humiliating to every active brain, and, therefore, in fact, a puerility and a falsehood when weighed in the scales of truly democratic thought. Such dictum gives the lie, in arrogant fashion, to healthful human experience. It says, in a word: The American

people are not fit for democracy. Perhaps they are not. If so, we shall see how and why. We shall see if this alleged unfitness is really normal and natural, or if it is a feudal condition imposed upon the people by a traditional system of inverted thinking. We shall see if those whom we have entrusted with leadership in our matters educational have or have not misled us. We shall see, in a larger sense, if we, as a people, not only have betrayed each other, but have failed in that trust which the world-spirit of democracy placed in our hands, as we, a new people, emerged to fill a new and spacious land.

¶ All of this we shall presently read in our current Architecture, and we shall test the accuracy of that reading by a brief analysis of the thought and activities of the American people as they are expressed in other ways. For, be sure, what we shall find in our Architecture, we shall as surely find elsewhere and everywhere.



Garrick (Schiller) Building
Chicago—1891-92

¶ If it is assumed that the art of reading is confined to the printed page, we cannot go far. But if we broaden and quicken our sense of reading until it appears to us, in its more vital aspect, as a science, an art of interpretation, we shall go very far indeed. In truth there will be no ending of our journey; for the broad field of nature, of human thought and endeavor, will open to us as a book of life, wherein the greatest and the smallest, the most steadfast and the most fleeting, will appear in their true value.

Then will our minds have escaped slavery to words and be at liberty in the open air of reality, freely and fully to deal with things.

¶ Indeed, most of us have in less or greater measure, this gift of reading things. We come into it naturally; but, curiously enough, many are ashamed because it does not bear the sanction of authority, because it does not bear the official stamp of that much misunderstood word scholarship, a stamp, by the way, which gives currency to most of the notions antagonistic to the development of our common thinking powers. It is this same scholastic fetichism, too, that has caused an illogical gap between the theoretical and the practical. In right thinking such gap cannot exist. A true method of education, therefore, should consist in a careful and complete development of our common and natural powers of thinking, which, in reality, are vastly greater, infinitely more susceptible to development than is generally assumed. Indeed the contumacy in which we habitually underrate the latent powers of the average human mind is greatly to our discredit. It constitutes, in fact, a superstition. A superstition whose origin is readily traceable to the scholasticism of past centuries, and to the tenacious notion of social caste. It is definitely the opposite of the modern and enlightened view now steadily gaining ground, that the true spirit of democratic education consists in searching out, liberating and developing the splendid but obscured powers of the average man, and particularly those of his children.

¶ It is disquieting to note that the system of education on which we lavish funds with such generous, even prodigal, hand, falls short of fulfilling its true democratic function; and that particularly in the so-called higher branches its tendency appears daily more reactionary, more feudal.

¶ It is not an agreeable reflection that so many of our

university graduates lack the trained ability to see clearly, and to think simply, concisely, constructively; that there is perhaps more showing of cynicism than good faith, seemingly more distrust of men than confidence in them, and, withal, no consummate ability to interpret things.

¶ In contrast we have the active-minded but "uneducated" man, he who has so large a share in our activities. He reads well those things that he believes concern him closely. His mind is active, practical, superficial; and, whether he deals with small things or large, its quality is nearly the same in all cases. His thoughts almost always are concerned with the immediate. His powers of reflection are undeveloped, and thus he ignores those simple, vital things which grow up beside him, and with which, as a destiny, he will some day have to reckon, and will then find himself unprepared. The constructive thinking power of some such men, the imaginative reach, the incisive intuition, the forceful will, sometimes amaze us. But when we examine closely we find that all this is but brilliant superstructure, that the hidden foundation is weak because the foundation-thought was not sought to be placed broad, deep and secure in the humanities. Thus we have at the poles of our thinking two classes of men, each of which believes it is dealing with realities, but both in fact dealing with phantoms; for between them they have studied everything but the real thoughts and the real hearts of the people. They have not sufficiently reckoned with the true and only source both of social stability and of social change. If, in time, such divergence of thought, as it grows in acuteness, shall lead to painful readjustments, such will be but the result, natural and inexorable, of a fatal misunderstanding, the outgrowth of that fatal defect in our system of thinking which is leading us away from our fellows.

¶ If I say that these aspects of our thoughts are readable in our current Architecture, I am not saying too much, for acts point surely to the parent thoughts, and in everything that men do they leave the indelible imprint of their minds. If this suggestion be followed out, it will become surprisingly clear how each and every building reveals itself naked to the eye; how its every aspect, to the smallest detail, to the lightest move of the hand, reveals the workings of the mind of the man who made it, and who is responsible to us for it. Everything is there for us to read, to interpret; and this we may do at our leisure. The building has not means of locomotion, it cannot hide itself, it cannot get away. There it is, and there it will stay—telling more truths about him who made it, who thought it, than he in his fatuity imagines; revealing his mind and his heart exactly for what they are worth, not a whit more, not a whit less; telling plainly, the lies he thinks; telling with almost cruel truthfulness of his bad faith, his feeble, wabby mind, his impudence, his selfish egoism, his mental irresponsibility, his apathy, his disdain for real things. Is it cruelty to analyze thus clearly? Is it vivisection thus to pursue, step by step, to uncover nerve after nerve, dispassionately to probe and test and weigh act after act, thought after thought, to follow every twist and turn of the mind that made

the building, sifting and judging it, until at last the building says to us: "I am no more a real building than the thing that made me is a real man!"

¶ If so, then it must, correspondingly, be a pleasure and a genuine beneficence to recognize and note, in some other building, the honest effort of an honest man, the kindly willingness and frankness of a sincere mind to give expression to simple, direct, natural thinking, to produce a building as real as the man who made it.

¶ And is it not, as naturally, helpful to recognize and note in still another building, a mind perhaps not too well trained, perhaps not very sure of itself, but still courageously seeking a way: the building showing where the mind stumbles and tries again, showing just where the thought is not immanent, not clear, not self-centered?



St. Nicholas Hotel
St. Louis—1892-93

¶ Is it not the part of wisdom to cheer, to encourage such a mind, rather than to dishearten it with ridicule? To say to it: Learn that the mind works best when allowed to work naturally; learn to do what your problem suggests when you have reduced it to its simplest terms; you will thus find all problems, however complex, taking on a simplicity you had not dreamed of; accept this simplicity, boldly, and with confidence, do not lose your nerve and run away from it, or you are lost, for you are here at the point men so heedlessly call genius—as though it were necessarily rare; for you are here at the point no living brain can surpass in essence, the point all truly great minds seek—the point of vital simplicity—the point of view which so illuminates the mind that the art of expression becomes spontaneous, powerful and unerring, and achievement a certainty; so, if you would seek and express the best that is in yourself, you must search out the best that is in your people; for they are your problem, and you are indissolubly a part of them; it is for you to affirm that which they really wish to affirm, namely, the best that is in them, and they as truly wish you to express the best that is in yourself; if the people seem to have but little faith it is because they have been tricked so long; they are weary of dishonesty, more weary than they know, much more weary than you know, and in their hearts they seek honest and fearless men, men simple and clear of mind, loyal to their own manhood and to the people. The American people are now in a stupor; be on hand at the awakening. The lion is now in the net, or the larva in the cocoon—take the simile you prefer.

¶ But to simplify the mind is, in fact, not so easy. Everything is against you. You are surrounded by a mist of tradition which you, alone, must dispel. The schools will not help you, for they, too, are in a mist. So, you must develop your mind as best you can. The only safe method is this:—Take nothing for granted, but analyze, test and examine all things, for yourself, and determine their true values; sift the wheat from the chaff, and reduce all thoughts, all activities to the simple test of honesty. You will be surprised, perhaps, to see, how matters that you once deemed solid, fall apart; and, how things that you once deemed inconsequential, take on a new and momentous significance. But in time your mind will clarify and strengthen, and you will have moved into that domain of intellectual

power, wherein thought discriminates, with justice and clarity, between those things which make for the health, and those which make for the illness of a people. When you have done this, your mind will have reached its balance; you will have something to say, and you will say it with candor.

¶ In the light of the preceding statements, the current mannerisms of Architectural criticism must often seem trivial. For of what avail is it to say that this is too small, that too large, this too thick, that too thin, or to quote this, that or the other precedent, when the real question may be: Is not the entire design a mean evasion? Why magnify this, that or the other little thing, if the entire scheme of thinking, that the building stands for, is false, and puts a mask upon the people, who want true buildings, but do not know how to get them so long as architects betray them with Architectural phrases?

¶ Why have we not more of vital Architectural criticism? Is it because our professional critics lack penetration? Because they lack courage? Is it because they, who should be free, are not free? Is it because they, who should know, do not know? Do they not see, or will they not? Do they know such buildings to be lies, and refrain from saying so? Or are they, too, inert of mind? Are their minds, too, benumbed with culture, and their hearts, thus, made faint?

¶ How are our people to know what, for them, a real and fitting Architecture may mean, if it is not first made clear to them that the current and accepted Architecture with which their minds are rapidly being distorted—is false to them! To whom are we to look if not to our trusted critics? And if these fail us, what then?

¶ But—the cynic may observe—What if they do fail us! They write merely in the fashion. For everybody else betrays everybody else. We are all false; and why should a false people expect other than a false Architecture? A people always gets what it deserves, neither more nor less. It's up to the people, anyway. If they want a real Architecture, let them become real, themselves. If they do not wish to be betrayed, let them quit betraying. If they really wish loyalty, let them be loyal. If they really wish thinkers, let them so think. If they really do not wish humbug Architecture, let them cease being humbugs themselves. There is so much of truth in this discouraging view, that I shall later clarify it.

¶ For the moment, however, in passing, let us consider our Architectural periodicals. They float along, aimlessly enough, drifting in the tide of heedless commercialism:—Their pages filled with views of buildings, buildings, buildings, like “words, words, words.” Buildings in this “style,” that and the other; false always, except now and then and here and there in spots, where the “style” has been dropped in spots, and where, in consequence, the real building appears, in spots; or where the architect, under “compulsion,” has had to let the “style” go—and do something sensible; or, rarely, where the architect, of his own free will, has chosen to be clean, and has expressed himself with feeling, and simple, direct eloquence. The publishers may well say:

Make the Architecture and we will publish it; we are but mirrors of the times. If our pages are filled with pretentious trash, it is because architects make it. We publish what our critics write, such as it is, and what architects write, such as it is. We give our readers, who are mostly architects, what they give us. If they want better they will let us know. We are willing.

¶ And a word concerning “Handbooks on Architecture.” All that need be said of them is that they are the blind leading the blind.

¶ Concerning more ambitious works:—While they contain certain, or rather uncertain, attempts at philosophy, such discussion is left in the air as a vapor; it is not condensed into terms of vital, present use.



Union Trust Building
St. Louis—1892-93

¶ Thus it happens that the would-be searcher after architectural reality, finds no aid, no comfort. He is led into a jungle within whose depths, his guides are lost, and he is left without a compass, and without a star. Why is this so? The answer is at hand:—Because, it long and tacitly has been assumed by our would-be mentors, and hence, by our amiable selves, that the architectural art is a closed book, that the word *finis* was written centuries ago, and that all, obviously, that is left for us moderns is the humble privilege to select, copy and adapt. Because it has not been assumed that all buildings

have arisen, have stood and stand as physical symbols of the psychic state of a people. Because no distinction has been made between *was* and *is*. And—what is most dispiriting—this lunacy continues its erratic parade in plain open view of the towering fact that modern science, with devoted patience of research, has evolved, is perfecting and has placed freely at our service the most comprehensive, accurate and high-powered system of organic reasoning that the world has known. These methods and powers, the breadth and fertility of this supreme search for the all-life-process, this most fruitful function of democracy, is, by those connected with the Architectural Art and its teaching, today regarded vacantly. Strangely they magnify their little. As strangely they undervalue that, which for us all, in all truth, in the serenity of human hope, heralds a sunrise for the race. Truly, procreant modern thought, clothed in all its radiance of good will, is a poet, a teacher and a prophet not known in the land of these.

¶ Confronting this ignoble apathy of those we have trusted, let us assume, if it be but in fancy, a normal student of Nature and of Man. Let us assume a virile critic, human and humane, sensitive to all, and aware of this modern daybreak. He will have been a life-seeker of realities. His compass, pointing ever to the central fact that all is life; his drink-water, the knowledge that act and thought are fatefully the same; his nourishing food, the conviction that pure democracy is the deepest-down, the most persistent, while the most obscured desire within the consciousness of man:—So equipped, he will have traversed the high seas and the lands from poles to equator, all latitudes and longitudes of the prolific world of repressed but aspiring humanity. He will hold history, as a staff, in his hand. He will weigh the Modern Man in a just balance,

wherein he will set against that man his accountability to all the people. He, as dispassionately, will weigh the people, collectively, against their manifest responsibility and accountability to the child and to the man.

¶ Let us suppose him, now, in his wandering, to have come into Our Land. That he views our Architecture, weighs it, evaluates it; then, turning in thought, looks out upon us, as a people, analyzes us, weighs us, takes our measure, appraises us; that he then places People and Architecture in the great balance of History, and thoughtfully weighs, carefully appraises; then places the people with all their activities, in the new balance of Democracy, again to weigh, again to appraise; and then puts us with our self-called Common Sense into the serene balance of Nature; and, at the last, weighs Us and Our All, in the fateful balance of All-Encompassing Life:—and makes the last appraisal! What, think you, will be his revaluing of our valuations of things, of thoughts, of men? What, in the sifting would prove wheat, what, in the weighing would have substance, what, in this refiner's fire would be the dross? After his reflections, what will he say? What will he say, after weighing us against our broad, fertile land, with its many waters, its superb and stimulating air, its sumptuous and placid beauty? How will he define us when he shall have searched our minds and hearts? For we cannot hide! What will he say when he shall come to hold us in a close accounting of our stewardship of the talent, Liberty, the treasure that the world has paid so dear in sorrow, to transmit to us!

¶ What he might say, would prove a new and most dramatic story.

¶ But surely he might, in part, speak thus:—
As you are, so are your buildings; and, as are your buildings, so are you. You and your Architecture are the same. Each is the faithful portrait of the other. To read the one is to read the other. To interpret the one is to interpret the other. Arising from both, as a miasma:—What falsity! What betrayal of the present and the past! Arising from both, as the most thrilling, the most heart-piercing of refrains, as the murmur of a crowd, I hear the cry:—"What is the use?" that cry begun in frivolity, passing into cynicism, and, now, deepening into pessimism. That cry which in all times and in all peoples became the cry of death or of revolution, when, from frivolity it had merged through apathy—into an utterance of despair! Your buildings, good, bad and indifferent, arise as warning hands in the faces of all—for they are what you are. Take heed! Did you think Architecture a thing of books—of the past? No! Never! **It was, always, of its present and its people! It, now, is of the present, and of you!** This Architecture is ashamed to be natural, but it is not ashamed to lie; so, you, as a people, are ashamed to be natural but are not ashamed to lie. This Architecture is ashamed to be honest, but it is not ashamed to steal; so, then, by the unanswerable logic of Life, you are ashamed to be honest but are not ashamed to steal. This Architecture is filled with hypocrisy and cant. So, likewise, are you, but you say you are not. This Architecture is neurasthenic; so have you burned the candle at both ends. Is then this Democracy? This Architecture shows, ah, so plainly, the decline

of Democracy and a rank new growth of Feudalism—sure sign of a people in peril! This Architecture has no serenity—sure symptom of a people out of balance. This Architecture reveals no lucid guiding principle—nor have you yet evolved a lucid guiding principle, sorely though you now need it! This Architecture shows no love of Nature—you despise Nature. In it is no joy of living—you know not what the fullness of life signifies—you are unhappy, fevered and perturbed. In these buildings the Dollar is vulgarly exalted—and the Dollar you place above Man. You adore it twenty-four hours each day: It is your God! These buildings show lack of great thinkers, real men, among your architects; and, as a people, you are poor in great thinkers, real men—though you now, in your extremity, are in dire need of great thinkers, real men. These buildings show no love of country, no affection for the people. So have you no affection for each other, but secretly will ruin each and any, so much do you love gold, so wantonly will you betray not only your neighbor but yourselves and your own children, for it!



Transportation Building, World's Columbian Exposition, Chicago—1893-

¶ Yet, here and there, a building bespeaks integrity—so have you that much of integrity. All is not false—so are you not wholly false. What leaven is found in your buildings—such leaven is found in you. Weight for weight, measure for measure, sign for sign—as are your buildings, so are you!

¶ A colossal energy is in your buildings, but not true power—so, is found in you, a frenzied energy, but not the true power of equipoise. Is this an indictment? Not unless you yourselves are an indictment of yourselves. There stand the buildings, they have their unchanging physiognomy. Look! See! Thus, this is a reading, an interpretation.

¶ Here and there are buildings, modest, truthful and sincere; products of a genuine feeling existing in you. They are not truly ashamed where you are not ashamed; they are natural where you are natural; they are democratic where you are democratic. Side by side they stand against the false and feudal—all intermixed. So are your thoughts intermixed, democratic and feudal, in a strange and sinister drift.

¶ Your buildings show no philosophy. So have you no philosophy. You pretend a philosophy of common sense. Weighed in the balance of your acts, your common sense is light as folly; a patent medicine folly; an adulterated-food folly, a dyspeptic folly, the folly of filth and smoke in your cities, and innumerable every day follies quite the reverse of that common sense which you assume to mean clear-cut and sturdy thinking in the affairs of daily life. You boast a philosophy of Success. It has long been your daily harangue. But, weighed in the balance of Democracy, your successes are but too clearly, in the main, feudal. They are pessimisms, not optimisms. You did not think to count the cost; but you are beginning now to catch a corner of its masked visage. The sight of the true full cost will stagger you—when the mask is fully drawn aside, and it stands clearly revealed! You would not foresee a crisis, **but crisis foresaw you, and now is upon you.**

¶ You tacitly assumed philosophy to be an empty word, not a vital need; you did not inquire; and in so

blind-folding your minds, you have walked straight to the edge of an abyss.

¶ For a Sound Philosophy is the Saving Grace of a Democratic People! It means, very simply, a balanced system of thinking, concerning the vital relations of a people. It is intensely practical. Nothing can be more so. For it saves waste. It looks far behind and far ahead. It forestalls Crisis. It nurtures, economizes and directs the vitality of a people. It has for its sole, and abiding objective, their equilibrium, hence their happiness.

¶ Thus, foibles and follies have usurped in your minds the vacant seat of Wisdom. Thus, has your Dollar betrayed you, as it must. And thus, has not been given to the world, that which was and still remains your highest office, and your noblest privilege to give, in return for that liberty which once was yours, and which the World gave to you:—A sane and pure accounting of Democracy; a Philosophy founded upon Man—thereby setting forth, in clear and human terms, the integrity, the responsibility and the accountability of the Individual—in short, a new, a real Philosophy of the People.

¶ It is not too late.

¶ Let such philosophy be the spiritual first-fruit of your fair and far-flung land. For you must now think quickly, and with a penetration, concentration and simplicity, the necessity of which you have hitherto belittled and denied. Your one splendid power and reserve lies in your resourceful intelligence when forced by your distress into a crisis. Your Architecture hints at this in its many-sided practicalities. Your history in this land has proved it. Use this power at once!

¶ This Architecture, in the large sense, is barren of poetry; yet, strangely enough, it faintly contains in its physiognomy a latent suggestion, which bespeaks dramatic, lyric, eloquent and appealing possibilities. In fine, it expresses obscurely the most human qualities you as a people possess, and which, such is your awkward mental bashfulness, you are ashamed to acknowledge, much less to proclaim. One longs to wash from this dirty face its overlay of timidity and abasement; to strip from its form the rags of neglect and contumely, and to see if indeed there be not, beneath its forlorn aspect, the sweet face and form of unsuspected Cinderella.

¶ I surmise:—Or is it a hope born of visible possibilities? A sense of not negligible probabilities?—For, truly what in all the world is more charming in the last analysis, however fickle and at times childishly cruel, than is the American heart!

¶ On this foundation, deeper and stronger than you suspect, I would, if I were you, build a new superstructure, really truer to yourselves, and more enduring, than that which now is crumbling upon its weak support of over-smartness and fundamental untruth.

¶ Fortunate, indeed, are you, that your corruption is so crude; for you can still survive the surgery of its eradication.

¶ It is on this sound heart, and that still better part of it as yet unmaturing and unrevealed to your own

consciousness, that I would build anew and aright.

¶ For he who knows even a genuinely little of Man-kind knows this truth: The heart is greater than the head. For, in the heart, is Desire; and, from it, comes forth Courage and Magnanimity.

¶ To be sure, you had assumed that poetry meant verses; and that reading such was an unworthy weakness for men of brains and hard-headed business. You have held to a fiction, patterned upon your farcical common sense, that sentiment has no place in affairs. Again you did not inquire; you assumed; took for granted—as is your heedless way. You have not looked into your own hearts. You have looked only at the vacancy of convention from which realities have long since departed. Only the husks remain there, like the shells of beetles upon the bark of a living tree.

¶ You have not thought deeply enough to know that the heart in you is the woman in man. You have derided your femininity, where you have suspected it; whereas, you should have known its power, cherished and utilized it, for it is the hidden well-spring of Intuition and Imagination. What can the brain accomplish without these two! They are the man's two inner eyes; without them, he is stone blind. For the mind sends forth their powers both together. One carries the light, the other searches; and between them they find treasures. These they bring to the brain which

first elaborates them, then says to the will, "Do"—and Action follows.

¶ Poetically considered, as far as the huge, disordered resultant mass of your Architecture is concerned, Intuition and Imagination have not gone forth to illuminate and search the hearts of the people. Thus are its works stone blind. If such works be called masculine, this term will prove but a misuse of neuter. For they are empty of procreant powers. They do not inspire the thoughtful mind, but much do they depress it; they are choked with inarticulate cries which evoke pathos in the hearer.

¶ Consider, now, that poetry is not verse—although some verse may be poetic. Consider, now, poetry as apart from words and as resident in things, in thoughts, in acts. For if you persist in regarding print or language as the only readable or hearable things—you must, indeed, remain dull interpreters of the voices of Nature, and of the acts and thoughts of the men of the present and the past, in their varied but fundamentally alike activities. No; poetry, rightly considered, stands for the highest form of intellectual scope and activity. Indeed, it were truer to say psychic activity, if it be known what realities lie behind the mask of that word.

¶ And, be it said in passing, most words are masks. Habit has accustomed you to this company of masks, beautiful some of them, repellent others, but you seldom draw aside a word-mask to see, for yourselves, the countenance of reality which it may both reveal and conceal. For, as I have said, you do not inquire, you are prone to take things for granted. You have seen masks since childhood, and have assumed, and still assume them to be real, because, since childhood,



Stock Exchange Building
Chicago—1893-94

you have been told they were, and are, real, by those to whose selfish interest it was, and is, that you cherish the illusion. Latterly, however, you have sufficiently awakened to draw aside the mask-word "Respectability."

¶ You dearly love the mask-word, "Brains," which means physical action; and sniff at the word "Intellect," which stands for clear, powerfully constructive reflection. Therefore, as this is your thought, naturally enough you are the victims of your impulsive acts, and of your apathy toward far-reaching, inevitable, yes, inexorable, consequences.

¶ It is vitally with realities that poetry deals. But you say it does not; so that settles the matter as far as you are concerned—at least you think it does—in reality it settles you—it keeps you self-bound.

¶ You say that poetry deals only with metaphor and figures of speech. What is your daily talk but metaphor and figures of speech! Every word, genuinely used, is a picture; whether used in conversation or in literary production. Mental life, indeed physical life, is almost entirely a matter of eyesight.

¶ Poetry, properly understood, means the most highly efficient form of mental eyesight. That is to say, it is that power of seeing and doing which reveals to Man's inner self the fullness and the subtle power of Life.

¶ Poetry, as a living thing, therefore, stands for the most telling quality that man can impart to his thoughts. Judged by this test your buildings are dreary, empty places.

¶ Further, these buildings reveal no genuine are of expression—and neither have you as a people, genuinely expressed yourselves. You have sniffed at this, too; for you are cynical, and very pert, and very cocksure. The leer is not long absent from your eyes. You have said in substance:—"What do we want of an art of expression? We cannot sell it!" Perhaps not. But you can and have sold yourselves.

¶ You have assumed that an art of expression is a fiction, something apart from yourselves; as you have assumed almost all things, of genuinely preservative value, to be fictions, apart from yourselves—things negligible, to be put on or off like a coat.

¶ Therefore look at your body of laws—complicated, grotesque and inefficient, spiked with "jokers," as guns are spiked. Look at your Constitution. Does that now really express the sound life in you, or is there a "joker" in that, too, that is surely strangling you? Look at your business. What is it become but a war of extermination among cannibals? Does it express Democracy? Are you, as a People, now really a Democracy? Do you still possess the power of self-government of a people, by a people, for a people? Or is it now perished, as your Abraham Lincoln, on the field of Gettysburg, hoped it might not, and as hoped a weary and heartsick people at the close of an awful struggle to preserve Democracy in its integrity, to preserve that fundamental art of expression whereby a people may, unhampered, give voice and form to the aspiration of their lives, their hopes, as they press onward

toward the enjoyment of their birthright, the birthright of every man—the right to happiness!

¶ Do you realize with what caustic accuracy this stupor is shown in your buildings? They, too, stand for the spiked laws of an art of expression. For what is there to express but the true life of a people? What is there, in a Democracy, but All the People? By what right does any man say: "I am! I own! I am therefore a law unto myself!" How quickly among you has I lead! become—I possess! I betray! How glibly have you acquiesced. With what awful folly have you assumed greed to be the basis of Democracy!

¶ How significant is it, that now, a few rough hands are shaking you, a few sharp, shrill voices calling: "Awake before it is too late!"



Guaranty (Prudential) Building Buffalo—1894-95

¶ "But," I hear you say, testily, "we are too young to consider these accomplishments. We have been so busy with our material development that we have not found the time to consider them."

¶ Know then, that, to begin with, they are not accomplishments but necessities. And, to end with, you are old enough, and have found the time to succeed in nearly making a fine art of—Betrayal, and a science of—Graft!

¶ Know, that you are as old as the race. That each man among you has in him the accumulated power of the race, ready at hand for use in the right way, when he shall conclude it better to think straight and hence

act straight, rather than, as now, to act crooked and pretend to be straight.

¶ Know that, the test, plain, simple honesty (and you all know, every man of you knows, exactly what that means), is always at your hand.

¶ Know, that as all complex manifestations have a simple basis of origin, so the vast complexity of your national unrest, ill health, inability to think clearly and accurately concerning simple things, really vital things, is easily and swiftly traceable to the single, actual active cause—Dishonesty; and that this points with unescapable logic and in just measure to each individual man!

¶ The Remedy: **Individual honesty.**

A conclusion as logical and as just!

¶ "But," you may say, "how absurdly simple."

Doubtless it is absurd, if you think it is, and will so remain, as far as you are concerned, just so long as you think it is—and no longer. But just so long will your social pains and aches and unrest continue; and these you do not consider absurd.

¶ When Newton saw the apple fall, he saw what you might likewise call an absurdly simple thing. Yet with this simple thing he connected up the Universe.

¶ Moreover, this simple thing, Honesty, stands in the Universe of Human Thought and Action, as its very Center of Gravity, and is our human mask-word behind which abides all the power of Nature's Integrity, the profoundest fact which modern thinking has persuaded Life to reveal.

¶ What folly, then, for Man to buck against the stu-

pendous flow of life; instead of voluntarily and gladly placing himself in harmony with it, and thus transferring to himself Nature's own creative energy and equipoise.

¶ "But," you say, "All this is above our heads."

No, it is not! It is close beside your hand! and therein lies its power.

¶ Again you say: "How can honesty be enforced?"

It cannot be enforced!

¶ "Then how will the remedy go into effect?"

It cannot go into effect. It can only come into effect.

¶ "Then how can it come?"

Ask Nature.

¶ "And what will Nature say?"

Nature is always saying: "I center at each man, woman and child. I knock at the door of each heart, and I wait. I wait in patience—ready to enter with my gifts."

¶ "And is that all that Nature says?"

That is all.

¶ "Then how shall we receive Nature?"

By opening wide your minds! For your greatest crime against yourselves is that you have locked the door in Her face, and have thrown away the key! Now you say: "There is no key!"

¶ "Then how shall we make a new key?"

First: Care scrupulously for your individual and collective physical health. Beware of those who are undermining it; they are your deadliest danger. Beware of yourselves if you are undermining it, for you are then your own deadliest enemy. Thus will you achieve the vital preliminary—a quiet, strong and resilient nervous system. Thus will your five senses become accurate interpreters of your physical surroundings; and thus, quite naturally, will the brain resume in you its normal power to act and react.

Second: Begin at once the establishment of a truly democratic system of education. The basis of this must be **character**; and the mind must so be trained in the sense of reality that it may reach the fullness of its power to weigh all things, and to realize that the origin and sustenance of its power comes from without, and is Nature's bounteous, unstinted gift to all men.

¶ Such system of education will result in equilibrium of body, mind and heart. It will develop real men and women—as is Nature's desire.

¶ It will produce social equilibrium in every aspect of human affairs. It will so clearly reveal the follies that have cursed you, that you will abandon them forever. For you will then recognize and gladly accept the simple, central truth that the individual grows in power only as he grows in integrity, and that the unflinching source of that integrity lies in the eternal integrity of

Nature and of that Infinite Serenity of which Nature is but a symbol.

¶ Thus will you make a Democracy a religion—the only one the world will have developed—befitting freemen—free in the integrity of their bodies, free in the integrity of their thought.

¶ So doing, all aspects of your activities will change, because your thoughts will have changed. All of your activities will then take on organic and balanced coherence, because all of your thoughts will have a common center of gravity in the Integrity of the individual Man.

¶ As the oak tree is ever true to the acorn from which it sprang, and propagates true acorns in its turn, so will you then give true expression and form to the seed of Democracy that was planted in your soil, and so spread in turn the seeds of true Democracy.

¶ Thus, as your thoughts change, will your civilization change. And thus, as Democracy takes living and integral shape within your thought, will the Feudalism, now tainting you, disappear. For its present power rests wholly upon your acquiescent and supporting thought. Its strength lies wholly in you, not in itself. So, inevitably, as the sustaining power of your thought is withdrawn, this Feudalism will crumble and vanish!

¶ So have you no need of Force, for force is a crude and inefficient instrument. **Thought** is the fine and powerful instrument. Therefore, **have thought for the integrity of your own thought.** For all social power, for good, or for ill, rests upon the thought of the People. **This is the single lesson in the history of Mankind that is really worth the while.**

¶ Naturally, then, as your thoughts thus change, your growing Architecture will change. Its falsity will depart; its reality will gradually appear. For the integrity of your thought, as a People, will then have penetrated the minds of your architects.

¶ Then, too, as your basic thought changes, will emerge a philosophy, a poetry, and an art of expression in all things; for you will have learned that a characteristic philosophy, poetry and art of expression are vital to the healthful growth and development of a democratic people.

¶ As a People you have enormous latent, unused power.

Awaken it.

Use it.

Use it for the common good.

Begin now!

¶ For it is as true today as when one of your wise men said it:—

"The way to resume is to resume!"



Condict (Bayard) Bldg.
New York—1897-98

SULLIVAN AT WORK

Recollections by **WILLIAM GRAY PURCELL**

Over forty years have passed since, as a young college graduate and follower of Sullivan's ideas, I entered his well known office, on the top floor of the Chicago Auditorium Tower, to become a draftsman.

There I found myself in an expectant contact with the Master, who at that time already had accomplished the best of his life work. Under the office routine I felt privileged in partaking of the guiding influence radiating from his personality. Sullivan's directness in facing analytically any problems on hand to be expressed by a most expert method of draftsmanship appealed to me. My first vivid impression of him was his remarkable hands, both at rest and in action.—See Sullivan's portrait on the frontispiece of Hugh Morrison's book.

The most characteristic feature of his hand was the thumb. It looked like a modeler's thumb in its size and backward bend. There was an element of power in it, as though it were ready to release a thought. The fingers functioned with more than usual mobility. Even in repose they seemed to be potentially dynamic, a component part of his "form and function" idea which possessed his whole physical and emotional being.

Especially remarkable were his movements when he was drawing. His hands appeared tremendously ready to do,—and he wasted no time in putting them into action. The whole of his spirit became concentrated at the end of the pencil wherefrom issued his unique expression of the draftsman's art. The manipulation of pencil, scale, T-square, triangle,—(rubber eraser was never used),—was a beautiful rhythmic change of motion-series, coordinated to linear clicks of streaming ideas, whereby hand and finger actions revealed Sullivan's kind of thinking through the medium. The way his tools of trade were handled with skill, dexterity and economy of motion gave me an entirely new perception of architectural design technique at its best. I observed how the lines flowed to the paper plane as if interwoven with one another, in a completely organized continuity. His designs strictly avoided superfluous or wasted lines.

Sullivan's architectural thinking was never a "plan and elevation" sequence. His germinal thought articulated and expanded in all the three dimensions from its beginning to its fulfillment. This, I thought, must be life itself as flowing from his mind. One was impressed by the method of his procedure in drawing not only by the doctrine of Monsieur Monge but at the same time building a philosophically envisioned structure in the space of which the drawing was a completely organized record, ready for the trades' use.

Sullivan's draftsmanship attuned to demands of our contemporary life as pronouncing itself in his mind, was a complete antithesis of all the teaching methods of design which at the turn of the century prevailed in our architectural education.

Watching Sullivan at work convinced me that architecture as taught in the colleges was a dead art, because a living art cannot be based on taking apart and reassembling by-gone building styles in beautifully rendered adaptations and destine them to become representative of life in *our generation*.

ARCHITECT

THE FOLLOWING BOOK is recommended to all students of creative architecture:

"LOUIS SULLIVAN PROPHET OF MODERN ARCHITECTURE"

By **HUGH MORRISON**, Assistant Professor, Department of Art and Archaeology, Dartmouth College. Published by the Museum of Modern Art and W. W. Norton & Company, Inc., 70 Fifth Avenue, New York—\$4.00.

No Architect's office library should be without this volume which gives a most complete account of Sullivan's personality and philosophy, his life-work and its significance for the profession. From this literary work of architectural importance we compile for our readers the following references:



Carson Pirie Scott Store
Chicago—1899-1904

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EDITORIAL COMMENT to part of the FOREWORD by HUGH MORRISON

While this is a great and objective book of information about Sullivan, the particulars of which we brought to the attention of our readers, we take exception to the author's assumption in his foreword to the effect that Sullivan's expression of hope in a victory of Architecture in our Democracy became blasted during the last two decades of his life. We are convinced that Morrison did not want to create such an impression, nevertheless it appears,—though he was writing in the depression of 1934,—that even he was inclined to grant the strategists of the old school some undeserved recognition through their grand-scale revival of medievalism and classicism which Sullivan had so logically foreclosed. It shows that even trained scholars of Morrison's type are apt to succumb before the publicity which accompanies the appearance on the architectural stage of grandiose examples of historic styles.

When we of the younger generation, ten years later, review that spectacular and militant era of our immediate past, we realize that these exertions of our architectural supermen meant nothing but a vain and costly retrogression in National Architecture. (Recall the Chicago Tribune Building, Harkness Quadrangles at Yale, St. Thomas Church on 5th Avenue and the glory that was Greece, the Lincoln Memorial.)

NORTHWEST ARCHITECT is indebted:

- to **William Gray Purcell**, Pasadena California, for the original issue loaned for this reprint,
- to **George Grant Elmslie**, Chicago, for photographs from which our illustrations were obtained.



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The Editor Says . . .



H. W. Fridlund

VOLUME ONE, NUMBER ONE of the new *Journal of the American Institute of Architects*, which replaces the *Octagon* as the official publication of the American Institute of Architects, received recently is very readable and the selection of the pocket size is also commendable.

Henry Saylor, A.I.A., the editor of the new *Journal*, will be remembered as having previously edited *Architecture*, *American Architect* and for a short period in 1938, *The Architect's World*. Mr. Saylor is not only a student and practitioner but an able editor and can be depended upon to do well his part of the job.

Best wishes and continued success to the new venture and may it become influential in readjusting the minds of the architects of America to the problems of the present and postwar period.

WE HEARD THAT—

- F. H. (Red) Hafey is now Chief Architect for the Milwaukee district FHA.
- Ed. Cronon holds down a like position in Cleveland, Ohio.
- Maurice Maine is doing a real job too with the

Flour City Ornamental Iron Works on war contract work.

- Frank Jackson has returned from the Yukon country and reopened his St. Cloud office.
- Dell Corwin and Ken Fullerton of St. Paul have both reopened their offices.
- Theodore Wells, Grand Forks, architect, after having spent nine months in the Canada-Alaska theatre, has reopened offices in the Northern Hotel Bldg., Grand Forks.
- Glynne W. Shifflet has resumed the private practice of architecture at 83 So. 9th Street, Minneapolis. C. P. Pesek, who was Mr. Shifflet's former partner, has entered the employ of the Minnesota Mining and Manufacturing Company, St. Paul, in an engineering capacity. During the past two years both gentlemen have been engaged on various war construction projects.
- Harold D. Branham, manager of the Minneapolis office of the Thos. Moulding Floor Co., passed away recently. He will be missed by a host of friends in the building industry.

Dollar Bill Gets Around

Every United States dollar is divided about as follows: 24c for living costs; 21c for luxuries; 12c for waste; 11c for miscellaneous; 10c for investments; 10c for government; 9c for crime; 2c for education; and 1c for church. How about the high cost of waste and crime—21c out of every dollar? Need we repeat the 21c for luxuries? These three items—equalling 42c—are the real causes of the high cost of living.

IT'S TIME TO BE "DOING"

The construction industry now is entering the second phase of postwar planning. The promotional phase is nearly completed; our sights must be raised toward the point where on-site construction can do the job.

As a group the architectural profession has a new responsibility. Demand for architectural services is increasing rapidly, and architects must make themselves available for commissions NOW. This means that present work must be executed promptly. There must be no delay. Work must be stepped up to emergency tempo to be ready for the postwar rush.

In our state, the splendid efforts of the Minnesota Construction Planning Committee to promote adequate and private postwar planning will go for naught if, through lack of foresight, we allow ourselves to be caught with a shortage of architects.

It's up to all of us. It's time to clear the decks for ACTION.

(This and our subsequent advertisements in the Northwest Architect are sponsored by the following members of the Builders' Division, ASSOCIATED GENERAL CONTRACTORS OF MINNESOTA)

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SKILL



INTEGRITY

RESPONSIBILITY

Tus Says . . .



W. H. Tusler

★ THE AMERICAN Institute of Architects, through its committee on architectural and governmental relations, has tried to correct the practice of a large percentage of architectural work being done by governmental agencies. The committee has endeavored to get the architects throughout the country to contact their representatives in Congress, explaining the situation and asking their assistance.

The whole program was well worked out, including a card system of checking and keeping a record of replies and the attitude of representatives. The campaign has not been a success as yet because of apathy of the architects to help their own cause. As a member of the committee, I have written to architects in three states and their response was poor and the help given me was worse. When architects will not help themselves, they will have difficulty in getting assistance from others.

I recently saw a record of the architectural students who had graduated between the fall of 1935 and 1943 from the University of Minnesota, and of 143 graduating, 66 are with the armed forces, 46 are in civilian activities and of these 46, 26 are employed in special war research, airport design and construction

or other war efforts. Of the remaining 31, there is no record. The architects can be proud of the above showing which indicates that they are doing their part towards winning the war.

About this time, inquiries start coming in as to whether or not we will hold a convention this year. Unless conditions change, your directors that I have been able to get ahold of feel that it is better to wait until the war is over and then hold a convention that is a convention. However, many of the members believe that at least an informal get-together should be held, perhaps in the Twin Cities, and I understand that Hal Fridlund is making preliminary arrangements for such an affair. We would like to have an expression from the membership on this matter.

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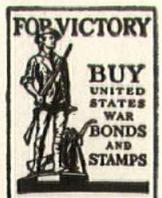
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Minnesota Chapter, A.I.A.

By Roy Norman Thorshov, Secretary



R. N. Thorshov

The Minnesota Chapter extends to all architects of the Northwest an invitation to attend any of the Chapter meetings. The regular monthly meetings are held on the third Thursday of each month at the Skylight Club at 1200 Second Avenue South. Dinner at 6:15 is preceded with informal discussion. Any architect, who is not a member of the Chapter,

desiring to attend the meeting should make a reservation with the Chapter secretary (1200 Second Avenue South, Atlantic 0376) by the Wednesday just before the meeting. This is necessary so that the dinner arrangements may be adequately taken care of.

At the February meeting, Dale McEnary, a Chapter member, discussed interesting developments in the standardization of construction units using the modular system and modules of 4" as a base.

In March the Chapter and the Producers Council were presented with an illustrated talk by Howard M. Sloan of Libby-Owens-Ford on "The Solar House."

Mr. Sloan predicts that the trend in postwar house planning is towards basementless homes, radiant heating with main rooms arranged with southern exposure and large areas of insulated glass. Properly designed overhangs will give protection from intense summer rays yet will admit winter sun. The solar heat thereby obtained has proven an important factor in reducing fuel bills.

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