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‡Copies of the "Model Form of Law for the Registration of Architects" will be sent complimentary, on request, by the Executive Secretary, The Octagon, Washington, D. C.

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SKETCH BY HUBERT G. RIPLEY

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CONCERNING ESSEX

By HUBERT G. RIPLEY

Illustrations by the author

Ad astra per angostura

IT is almost within the memory of the youngest architect, reverently engaged at this very moment in completing the quarter scales (one-eighth scale if he—or she as the case may be—lives in Philadelphia) for an appreciative client, who owns a complete file of the *White Pine* magazine, over which he pores with assiduity, that the popular interest in Early American Architecture has come into existence. Strictly speaking, the so-called "Colonial" Revival was due largely to the pioneer work of Arthur Little and James T. Kelley (not the Rolling Mill man, but the distinguished antiquary of Mt. Vernon Street, Boston).

In the early Eighties, Arthur Little published a book of his pen sketches of old Salem and vicinity. This work, copies of which are rarely met with, contains a number of interesting drawings, mostly interiors, but the execution and technique, although possessing a freshness and virility that was a soothing relief from the ruling-pen perspectives of the time, are not, it must be admitted, up to the standard of Floyd Yewell or Otto Eggers. Way back in the Nineties, when W. R. Ware was the editor of *The American Architect*, the editorial rooms used to be down near Miesusset's Restaurant in Van Rensselaer Place. The magazine ran a "rendering" bureau where architects' drawings were "thrown up" into perspective and rendered by E. Elden Deane, D. A. Gregg, H. B. Pennell, and Walter Campbell. Frank Wallis and one or two other famous draughtsmen (now architects of national repute) also did odd jobs for the office from time to time. When business was slack dur-

ing periods of dormancy in the profession, which occurred periodically along the Atlantic freeboard, sometimes extending inland as far as Cleveland and Chicago, the editor would direct his staff to make pen and ink renderings on salt prints of famous monuments of architecture and picturesque bits in Normandy and the Isles of Greece. Illustrations culled from Stoddard's "World Tours," photographs from the collections of O'Neil and Polly, and prints from the library of the magazine were used for this purpose.

The salt print rendering was an interesting process that has now become obsolete and almost forgotten. A photograph or a half-tone or even a print of some interesting subject was taken to William H. Pierce (photo. enlarg. 630 Washington Street, Tel. HAN 8270), who was commissioned to make a salt print at a specified size. The next day Mr. Pierce appeared with the print on smooth thin paper. We used to call him "Yes, Yes Pierce," because he invariably began each sentence with "Yes, yes." The fee was 60c to \$1.80 according to size. Henry Pennell or Campbell would take the print and mount it on a smooth piece of stiff cardboard, let it dry in the sun, meanwhile carefully scanning the windows of the private dining rooms of Miesusset's, often to advantage, for the clientele of that now vanished landmark was various and sundry at times. The print when dry was ready for rendering, and the surface excellent for the pen point. Waterproof ink was invariably used (after the first time) for a reason that will be explained later.

As nearly as could be judged by the artist, a complete rendering was made over the photograph, with allowances, of course, for those parts of the print that were dark and consequently indistinct. The next step was to bleach the print, which was accomplished by pouring carefully over it a few gobs of bleaching solution (corrosive sublimate, deadly poison, in a bottle marked with skull and crossbones). This quickly caused to disappear all the shades and silhouettes of the photograph, and, as far as the photograph itself was concerned, nothing but a perfectly blank piece of paper remained. Provided the ink used was waterproof, all the lines drawn with the pen remained in their pristine purity. A careful washing in fresh running water from the tap took away all traces of the deadly poison, and the drawing was left to dry again in the sun, while Henry or Walter, who had officiated at this chemical change, carefully scanned the third story windows of the *salons particulieres* for a glint of muslin. A few more lines here and there, some deep blacks in the shadows and a few careless lines in the sky or foreground, and all the world marvelled at the accuracy and perfection of the finished drawing. We have now, up in the attic over the maid's room (we keep a maid most of the time), in our neat little studio, where everything is so orderly and no one is allowed to alter or molest a thing, a superb salt print pen drawing of Santa Maria della Salute, by E. Elden Deane, that, for accuracy of drawing and brilliancy of technique, even the etchings of Bodenheim, or Meusel, masterpieces though they may be, cannot excel.

As an added fillip to the illustration of *The American Architect*, the editor adopted the policy of printing scale and measured drawings of early American Architecture. These were at first accompanied with freehand perspective sketches of the buildings shown, both interior and exterior. The publication of these sketches and drawings gradually created an interest in the subjects and the demand for photographs grew by leaps and bounds. Today it would hardly seem that there could be an early American building that has not been photographed and measured by reverent hands.

There are, however, even at our very doorsteps, many fine houses that are practically unknown. This is particularly true of Essex County. The masterpieces of that famous locus that have become familiar to us, either through publication or by pilgrimage, (and it is only by viewing them in the brilliancy of the estival sun that they may be truly appreciated,) are well known.

Essex County is, according to the Reverend Nehemiah Hanwell, D. D., Litt. Soc. P. P. C., etc.,* the most

* "A short History of Essex County, together with a brief account of the Principal Townships within its Borders, Their Religious Life and Influence on the Community, Its Industries, Shipping and Connection with Foreign Parts." Second edition, edited, and much revised, many solecisms and references unsuitable for the tender mind of youth being eliminated, by Sophronia Winterbottom Hanwell (daughter of Nehemiah) spinster; Large Folio, 488 pp., printed at George's Press, Boxford, Mass., 113 Main Street, May, 1828. Note.—The book is now out of print, but "George's" still flourishes, though not as a printing shop. Homemade beer of an excellent quality is brewed, instead, strictly for family consumption of course, and the delectation of grateful guests.

historic county in the United States. Like Essex County, England, one time seat of the warlike Trinobantes, whose famous chiefs, Caractacus and Boadicea, defied the might of Imperial Rome until Claudius Cæsar with his heavily armed legions finally conquered them, it is a maritime county, with sand dunes and clam flats, snug harbors and estuaries, wooded islets and broad meadows lush with eel grass.

Even as Essex County, England, where great numbers of calves are fattened for the London market, (to be made later into fricandeaux and scallopini), and sheep folds and wolds abound, and Roman remains are constantly being discovered, Essex County, Massachusetts, possesses a wealth of historical interest and anecdote that few sections of the Atlantic freeboard can rival. Settled only a few years after the Landing at Plymouth, it grew up contemporaneously with its neighbors, Suffolk and Middlesex and Norfolk, names given by the early pioneers indicative of their original homes. There were Indian names of course for all these places, such as Wamputta, Passamaquody and Memphremagog, but it was found that the little children had great difficulty in retaining and pronouncing them, sometimes even forgetting where they lived, so the names of old England were substituted.

The early settlers of Massachusetts Bay were hard-bitten, frosty-faced, dour and stern moulded, fond of theocracy and New England rum, and it is remarkable that in their early architecture so much of Gothic grace and playfulness in the use of native material abounds. (Vide Fisher, R. A., "Old Houses in and around Newburyport, Massachusetts," 1917, and Chandler, J. E., "Colonial Cottages of Massachusetts during the Latter Half of the Seventeenth Century, 1915," Op. cit.)

These authors have made a careful study of their subjects, extending over a measurable period of years, and have, by their example as practising architects, done much to inculcate an appreciation of the beauty and simplicity of the earlier forms and appropriateness of detail, not only by wealthy amateurs and collectors, but among the lowly as well. Not only does the architectural fraternity, the bonds of which have been cemented through mutual "adaptation"—(shall we call it?) love the old buildings, but even the less appreciative, though certainly not less enthusiastic, general public absolutely adores them.

At the recent convention of the A. I. A. in St. Louis we witnessed the beginning of a beautiful friendship when two men of national reputation met for the first time.

"Glad to know you, Mr. Fellows," exclaimed an enthusiastic young architect from Portland, Oregon, in whose eye glittered the adaptive fire of precedent, and whose hearty handshake made the famous antiquary wince; "I've read your monograph on the Obidiah Weatherpoon Mansion until I practically know every word by

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CHURCH, OLD TOWN
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CHURCH, 1ST RELIGIOUS ASSOCIATION
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OLD TOWN, NEWBURYPORT





*Stephen Sweet's House. 1851.
Newbury and High Streets. J. May 1851*

STEPHEN SWEET'S HOUSE,
THE HIGH STREET, NEWBURY



High St. Newburyport. June 1851

HARRE STREET, NEWBURYPORT



Newburyport. High St. June 1851

HIGH STREET, NEWBURYPORT



heart. Your keen analysis of the influence of the Doric Order on the conduct of our troops at the battle of Bennington, and the strategy of Madcap Anthony Wayne, who caused his squadrons to defile en echelon at Cold Springs, describing in their formation a perfect *cyma reversa*, which the General directed and observed from the heights of Pulpit Rock, thereby winning a signal victory over the Hessian mercenaries, was a masterly bit of work that even Parkman might envy. Your contributions to the understanding of the fundamentals of American Independence have been notable, sir, notable! There should be a provision in the constitution of the American Institute of Architects whereby a degree of Litt. Soc. might be awarded, and you, sir, should head the list of its recipients!"

Fellows, imperturbable and cryptic, smiled indulgently as he returned his confrere's greeting with a courtly gesture.

"The more I learn about mouldings," he replied, "the more I feel that we do not even begin to appreciate their significance. Only last week an idea for an entirely new form of moulding came to me during the *hors d'oeuvres* and cocktails at a friend's house, where we were having "tea." My host's daughter, a charming young thing in rose-salmon *organdie*, was leaning gracefully against the balustrade of the terrace that overlooks the meres and vales of the Country Club. From afar could be seen the seventeenth hole, the famous hole, you know, where Harrie T. Lindeberg got an eagle or a *bisque* or something. On the horizon could be faintly discerned the flash of the red coats of the hunting set. This reminded me of the battle of Bennington, with the Hessians coming up over the ridge, a fair mark for our Cold Springs sharpshooters, Madcap Anthony Wayne the while impatiently tapping his heel taps with the crop of his swagger stick that he habitually carried—you know the incident. Well, sir, just at that moment the colored butler came up with a tray of Pechaud cocktails; there must have been at least three dozen of them, all scintillating in the slanting rays of the late afternoon sun. Close behind him was Marcelline, the Witherington's colored maid, you know, with another tray piled high with stuffed olives wrapped in bacon, piping hot from the Westinghouse (or may be it was the General Electric) broiler. The Witherington's have all the latest appliances. Walker and Weeks designed their house, and, as might be expected, it is a fine piece of work, though why they didn't have Kenneth Clark, who knows that kind of thing from A to Z, and who danced with "Larry" Witherington at the Hunt Ball last fall, I'm sure I don't know. Where was I?—oh, yes, to be sure—Well, just then "Larry" raised her glass with a graceful gesture, smiling over the top at young Pauncefoote, he's the third under-Secretary of the charge at the British Embassy, you know, and the curve of her elbow against the blue and saffron of the

western sky was the loveliest contour one could possibly imagine. You see" (here Fellows became quite excited) "the sleeve of her dress was sheer chiffon and, following closely the curve of her rounded arm made a parallel contour. Immediately the idea came to me of the Double Moulding! A moulding that should possess all the grace and beauty of the single moulding, only increased and intensified, as it were, to twice its primal significance. I haven't worked it all out yet, but the germ is there and only needs study."

The creative impulse runs free in the veins of the distinguished antiquary, and the young Oregonian, strongly impressed, shook Fellows' hand warmly. It is such contacts as these that cement bonds of fellowship.

In Essex County may be found, to mention only a few of its innumerable treasures, examples of every period in American Architecture. The Saltonstall-Whipple House in Ipswich, recently moved from its original location in the dye-house district, and placed in a delightful setting on the Village Green, disputes the claim of the Fairbanks House, in Dedham, as the oldest house in the United States, still standing. In fact, visitors to the Burnham Inn are shown a perfectly astonishing dining room that dates back almost to the time of Lief Erickson, one is told. This room has knife-edged sheathing, shadow mouldings, fretted dog tooth ornament above the fireplace, and the most marvelous summer beam ever wrought by the hand of man. This enormous girder, twisted and bent from its own weight, gnawed by the tooth of time, stretches the length of the room, some eighteen or twenty feet. At the ends, the average person of medium build can just walk under it without bumping the forehead, but in the center its underside is about on the level of one's collar button. The apartment is appropriately furnished in Early American and Old Norse peasant pieces. There is an extra charge for meals served in this room, as it was found that the maids were constantly banging their heads while passing around the table, and consequently were entitled to supplementary arles.

There's the splendid old Capen House in Topsfield, of the type that a quondam client of ours calls "Shakespearean," built about 1660. The second story overhang, so tradition runs, was constructed so that trap doors in the floorings could be slyly lifted and boiling hot water poured on the heads of the crafty redmen during the French and Indian War, while they were endeavoring to force a surreptitious entrance through the ground floor lattice.

The Stephen Sweet House in the High Street, Newbury, (where Abby serves delicious blueberry muffins, Uncle Will's cucumber pickle, and gold fish marmalade,) has the largest fireplace of any old house extant. It must be eleven feet wide and six feet high, with a flue big enough for a passenger elevator. The original portion of the building dates from 1670 and the additions are comparatively modern, being only about 150 years old.

The Short House, Newbury, built in 1717, has a delightful setting of big trees and ample front yard, standing well back from the High Street. It has just been completely restored with loving care, and its cypress clapboards are scored like Elhide shingles. The original doorway has been removed to the sanctuary of the Art Museum, wormholes, dry rot and all, and a new replica, carefully executed in first quality White Pine (the best the market affords), now takes its place. A new ell has been added, which faithfully follows the description furnished by Eliphalet Bowles, the septuagenarian depot master, whose father remembered the place when as a boy he used to fish for bullfrogs in the old swimming hole with Horace Greeley. The restorers have outdone themselves on this job, antiquing everything right and left with a thoroughness and despatch that leaves little to be hoped for.

We may not in this sketch present an array of sen-

tentious historical facts concerning Essex County, or even attempt to catalogue the many examples of Early American, Colonial, and Federal Architecture with which the countryside fairly teems. The former has been conscientiously done by the Reverend Nehemiah Hanwell, and the latter by Fisher, R. A., Chandler, J. E., and others, notably Arthur Hale in "Old Newburyport Houses." It is rather our wish to attempt to limn the background, insofar as may be, so that the Earnest Seeker, and lover of Americana, may attain the proper frame of mind for the inspection of the many treasures to be found within the confines of the richest and most historical county in the United States. If one is privileged to enjoy the charming hospitality that abounds within its borders, a further treat is in store for him, for nowhere, seemingly, are there kindlier hosts, solicitous always for the comfort and enjoyment of the welcome guest, than in Essex County.



ON DECADENCE IN THE ARTS OF FRANCE

By RALPH ADAMS CRAM

The illustrations for this article are from "L'Architecture Vivante" by Albert Morance, "Lee Arts Decoratifs Modernes-Librairie Larousse" and "Le Vitrail" by Ch. Moreau.

DURING six months of the past year I was living in France and I took occasion then to study as best I could the various artistic tendencies and products everywhere conspicuous. In addition to the several exhibitions, actual building operations in Paris and on the "Western Front," opera, theaters and concerts, it so happened that through architectural work in France on which I was engaged, and several cases when I was called on for criticism and advice, I came more closely in contact than ever before with French architects and their work, so that what I now feel bound to say is not the result of a few weeks of superficial observation, but of a comparatively long period of rather careful study.

It may seem ungenerous and even discourteous, after enjoying for half a year the hospitality of a much-loved country, to say the things I have to say, but as they are the expression of a profound conviction, I do not see that I have any alternative. In a word, then, I was struck with amazement by two things; one the incredible degree to which the war-devastated area had been restored, the other the apparent and progressive degeneration of all the arts in France, and especially architecture, during the last twenty years. It seems to me, and I write the words with grief—I might almost say despair—that every art in France has "crashed," and that in architecture, for example, the French are now about where we were in this country in the decade following the War between the States.

Two exceptions must be made to this very sweeping assertion; in the essentially French arts of food and wines, women's dress, and the "revue," there is no sign of decadence, while the *governmental* work of restoration, particularly at Reims, Soissons and Noyon seems to me beyond criticism. Elsewhere, however, I could find nothing that was to me (in artistic matters we all now have to speak personally) informed with any element of beauty or other value, while only in sculpture (and here sporadically and with a very flickering light) was there any sign of encouragement for the immediate future.

This sounds like trying to "bring an indictment against a whole people," but the indictment I draw is not against the French public, but rather against the artists, the makers of alleged arts that, I am persuaded, are neither demanded by the people nor accepted by them with docility and content.

In our own time, it is of course the artist who is responsible either for good art or bad. In the past it was not so. Then the artist, while the leader, the manifestor, in some sense the prophet, was still in an even more real sense, the unconscious expression of all that was best and most vital in the society of which he was a part. All this is changed. The world as a whole cares nothing now about art outside museums and the reports of auction sales of "Great Masters," and only accepts beauty, when it is offered, with the same complacency it would—and does—accept gross ugliness, as an edict of the fashion it must follow and as a mark of a non-existent, but much coveted, social superiority.

I think this is why architecture here in America stands as high as it does today—and in my opinion it has no rival in the world, with the possible exception of the Scandinavian countries, and is really of a finer type than has been seen for several centuries. There is little in our culture that justifies this, and the only explanation that I can offer for this situation is that our architecture has been engendered, fostered and made operative by the American Institute of Architects and our own schools of architecture, two agencies unique in their quality, and, I believe, far superior to any other similar forces in the world. Out of the interplay of these same forces, working on individuals more discreetly chosen, and of somewhat different antecedents than I believe happens elsewhere, has come our superb architecture, and this, the creation of a small minority, has been imposed on the general public, to its vast content, for even if it cannot initiate and inspire, it can accept and even appreciate a good thing when once it is made manifest.

So, then, it is the French architects, painters, sculptors, not France as a nation and a people, who must be held responsible for what we have today, just as we have held them responsible for all the varied products of their art back even to the beginning of the High Renaissance when first art ceased to be an expression of substantial cultural values, and became the function of that singular personality, the artist.

I suppose the thing that saves us, amongst a few other peoples, particularly the English, from equal absurdities in architectural practice, is our utter lack of logic. In a thoroughly materialized civilization we refuse to be logically materialistic. In any epoch of civilization, no matter how decadent, there always is a saving remnant;



EGLISE SAINTE THERESE, MONTMAGNY, EXTERIOR

the blackest barbarism hides a white core of culture; the most rampant materialism cannot extinguish the persistent flame of idealism and spiritual integrity; an apparently complete reversal of values still leaves the high values intact, though hidden from the sight of the dominant majority. It has always been the privilege and the function of art in all its forms to express in terms of an absolute beauty, these higher values, and the great art of the past has always done this thing, which is why from time to time we find really supreme art occurring at a time when society itself, as it outwardly appears, is rotting away to its periodical fall.

Closely connected with this is another consideration. A "new" art is never new in the sense that it is a fiat product. No "style," not even that of the Italian Renaissance, has been the result of a conscious creative

art starting from nothing and scornful of history and precedent. It is always an evolution, for continuity is an essential of life, and aesthetic values, like all others, are definite, and in their essence, unchangeable things. A new style means an infusion of new energy in the old, together with a different content determined by a revived spiritual energy, religious, philosophical or social, with new forms slowly developed as the result of novel racial strains and, though less important, changed climatic conditions and in architecture, different building materials. Roman art grew out of that of Greece, by slow differentiation, Byzantine out of Greek and Roman with the vital addition of Oriental influence and Christian energy. Baltic blood and Northern vigor built up Lombard from the scattered stones of Roman Imperialism, and evolved the Romanesque that merged into Norman and so, with a sudden apotheosis, into Gothic. The style of the Renaissance, while it was in no sense a development from Gothic, but was an arbitrary thing invented by clever amateurs and imposed on an unsympathetic society, did gain its personality and its strength through its avowed return to, and alleged re-creation of, an antecedent style, while the last phases of ethnic and popular architecture—Georgian and American Colonial—derived respectively from the pseudo-classic of the Continent and of England.

Always the process of change that is the evidence of life, but always the continuity of tradition, the integrity

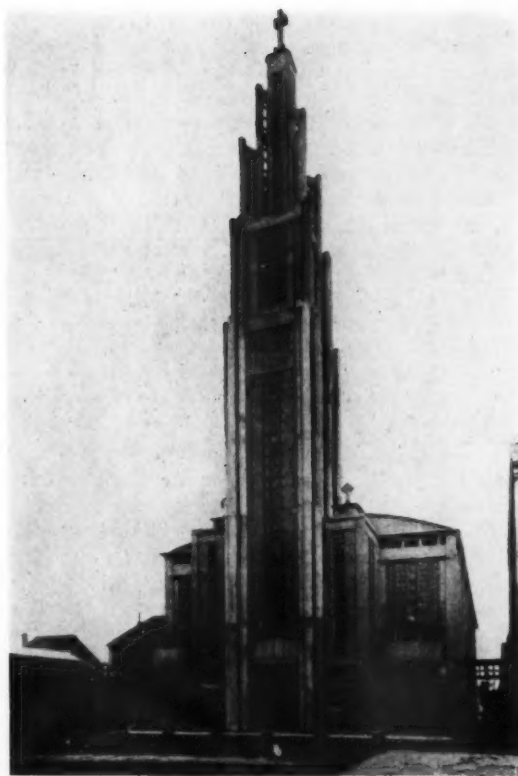


EGLISE SAINTE THERESE, MONTMAGNY, INTERIOR

of inheritance that guarantees value, and above all the manifesting of the best in life rather than the inferior or even the average, and through those forms of beauty which are the same, however varied they may be.

My criticism of art in France (and of practically all of Latin Europe today) is based on the conviction that the architect, or other artist, has abandoned every one of these qualities. With that intellectual logic that is so facile, he has reversed his values, placing the low and the ephemeral over the high and the eternal; he has devised a fiat style—or styles—absolutely cut off from all tradition and defiant of all continuity, and he has rejected beauty as a reality while declaring it no more than a personal, and therefore inviolable and not-to-be-challenged reaction to physical and mental stimuli.

Take, for example, the problem of religious art—architecture, sculpture, painting and the crafts, not to speak of music. Whether you accept formal religion as an illusion or a reality, there is no question as to its rating amongst the high spiritual values, while, even if you claim it is moribund, churches are still built in great numbers. What does the contemporary French architect do? I submit as evidence, the church at Montmagny, the other at Raincy, and the project for a votive church in Paris to Ste. Jeanne-d'Arc. The mental process of the several architects in producing these remarkable schemes was this: electrified by the



NOTRE DAME DU RAINCY, FACADE



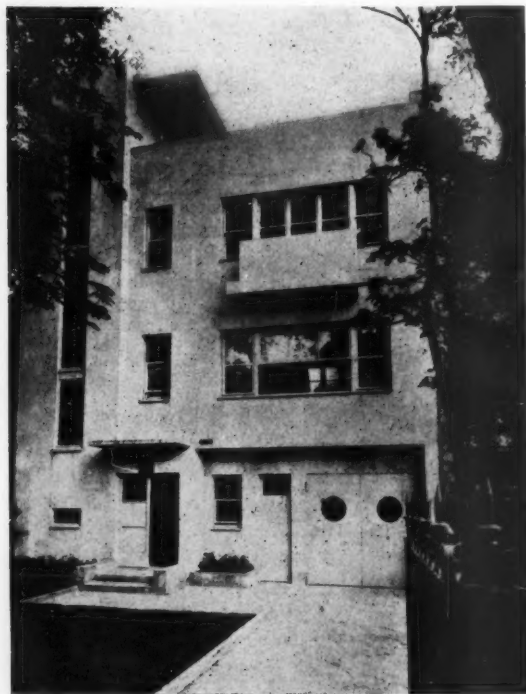
NOTRE DAME DU RAINCY, INTERIOR

novel device of reinforced concrete and the limitless possibilities of steel, they posited these structural innovations as the highest and convincing value, ignored all considerations of the Catholic religion as such and preemptorily rejected all the canons of beauty, together with their varied forms, as these had existed for three thousand years, and, obsessed by a sort of insane logic, have produced ingenious projects that, while they might serve as garages, aviaries, or as reading rooms in a School of Efficiency, or a College of Business Administration, have no faintest relationship to the Catholic Church, the Christian religion, or to beauty in any of its manifestations.

In the arts allied with architecture (I am still speaking of church work) the case is the same, with the exception of some of the sculpture of Bourdelle and some of the painting of Denis. There is the same light-hearted disregard of tradition, continuity, precedent and the long established canons of beauty. In the country that created the great art of stained glass, there is now only dull copying or a violent and lawless expedition into absolutely new fields in which aberrations in color-composition, form and technique are the controlling forces, conditioned perhaps, as in the case of painting,

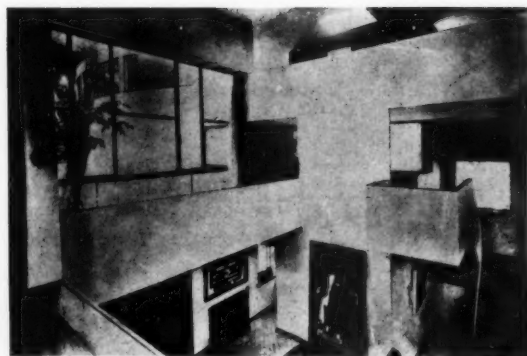
by an inherent inability to do things well, resulting in the clever device of doing them as badly as possible under the pretense that this is a "new style" and therefore good. In sculpture the influence of Rodin, maleficent on the whole since his strongly personal style could engender only imitators, seems largely to have given place to a sort of pagan archaicism on the one hand and a Teutonic cubism on the other, neither of which has any remote relationship to the Catholic Church, or indeed to religion of any kind. Of course, religious painting is a lost art in all countries, so France is not alone in her dearth of anything vital. Sterile archaicism is about all we can achieve nowadays, but if there is any sign of a possible future it is to be found not in Europe but in America.

There was a time when one looked on the Church of the Sacré Coeur on Montmartre as an offence, now, by contrast with these latest developments, the eye turns towards its pearly and preposterous silhouette, the spirit seeks its theatrical and bizarre interior with a sense of relief and even of gratification. It may be that the time will come when even the church at Raincy will bring a feeling of relief in comparison with unimagined horrors yet to come. I do not think so. There are evidences that art in France has nearly reached rock-bottom, and that the period of recovery is not far away, but of this later.



VILLA, RUE DENFERT-ROCHEREAU, BOULOGNE SUR SEINE

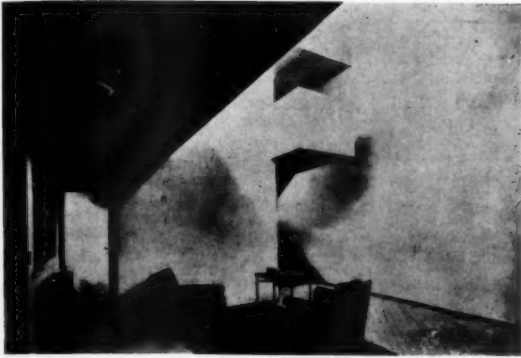
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INTERIOR PRIVATE HOUSE
RUE DU DOCTEUR BLANCHE, PARIS

In the case of domestic architecture it is less easy to argue convincingly for the factors of inheritance, continuity, racial tradition. Personally, I think them almost equally important with the case of Catholic churches, and I am glad they hold strongly now here in America, where certainly we are creating the best along this line that has been seen anywhere for a century or more. Waiving the point, however, is it necessary that the new work in France, to be logical and characteristic of post-war society, should be deliberately artificial and grossly ugly? The rebuilding of the devastated villages, while probably quite sanitary, is appalling in its dull hideousness: the sort of thing, as I have said before, that we discarded about 1885. The same ugliness holds in the case of the newest domestic work in Paris and other towns. Consider, for example, the apartment house in the rue des Amiraux and the "domestic" interiors in the rue du Docteur-Blanche, Paris, and the private house in Boulogne-sur-Seine. Here every humanistic, every domestic, every cultural consideration has been abandoned in order that the building material—ferro-concrete—should receive logical expression. If this is not a supreme reversal of values, what is it?

That is the trouble with all the domestic interiors, including their furnishing, that had such a "succes d'estime" at the Exposition of Decorative Arts in 1925 and that still lingered last winter at the Salon d'Automne and the Salon des Independents. At first one was struck by certain subtleties in color-composition, by the novel arrangement of rectilinear planes, by intriguing effects of illumination and by a really delicate appreciation of textures. Very soon, however, one realized that the moving of a leg-less chair, the displacing of a book, the intrusion of a human being, would throw the whole composition into chaos. In other words, the thing was fantastically artificial, with no relationship whatever to reality, no kinship with life.



INTERIOR PRIVATE HOUSE
RUE DU DOCTEUR BLANCHE, PARIS

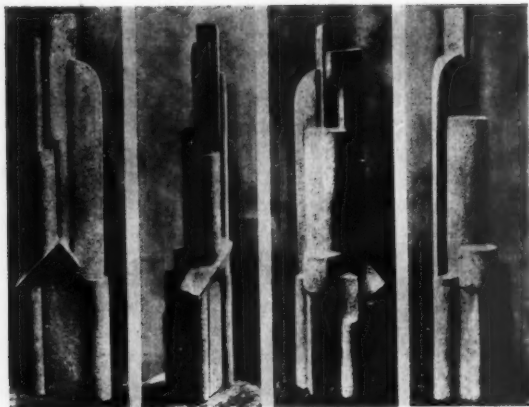
I might continue with comments on public architecture, but the field is too great; let me speak only of two instances that seem to me to demonstrate the point I am trying to make that modern French art is logically illogical, with no relation to actual life. In Reims, now being reconstructed more or less in the genre of America in the "Seventies," close to the noble restoration of the Cathedral, is a new Carnegie Library. It is unmistakable, for it follows the standardized plan of that ilk. It is of a vivid butter-colored stone, and its design is explicitly modernistic, though slightly more reserved than usually happens. To me this is abstract theory and a meaningless but fatal logic, taking the place of that spiritual sympathy for real values that is as much a part of architecture as pure design or sound construction. The other case is an university building in Paris that will bear the name of the United States. I have seen both the site and the plans. The architect is a distinguished graduate of the *École des Beaux Arts*. The plans are amazing. I am told that the author laid out an empirical contour, the object of which was to obtain certain effects of light and shade and varied planes, then applied to this the material requirements of rooms with their various sizes and delimiting partitions, the result being a total lack of coherence between exterior and interior, with partitions hitting the outer walls in serene disregard thereof and regardless of construction, while, of course, the windows, already determined in position by the exigencies of design, come anywhere in the rooms. The exterior is in the modernist argot containing no hint either of any educational architectural tradition, or of the historic or contemporary art of the country that pays for the building and gives it its name.

My impression of the essential wrong-headedness of contemporary French architecture (minus certain exceptions to be noted later on) was intensified by the contrast that revealed itself on crossing the Belgian frontier. After passing through one after another of the restored

French villages in the War area, each a pitiful exhibit of ugly, tawdry and vulgar building, whether domestic, civic or ecclesiastical, it was startling to note the instant change on entering Belgium. Here was no self-conscious attempt at the manufacture of a new and "logical" style, no "architecture vivante," and in place of the dreadful fancy brick, 1870 (American) detail, and raw, brutal forms, was a consistent and instinctive reproduction, though in modified form, of the fine and simple old Flemish architecture of by-gone times. The restoration of the many buildings in Louvain "destroyed by German fury" is most admirable, and the market square, where the new Library stands, is really deceptive in its perfection. It is good to realize that it was our own Whitney Warren who has built there an almost perfect recreation of a great Flemish Renaissance structure, instead of indulging in an empirical essay in the best "Architectural Department Academic" or the art nouveau of the present French mania. After discovering the admirable *Academie de Saint-Luc* in Ghent conducted by the "Christian Brothers" and giving complete education in architecture and all the other arts and crafts, I wondered if the general excellence of recent Belgian work was perhaps due to the influence of this school and the protection it has afforded against the infiltration of alien and less commendable impulses from across the frontier.



APARTMENTS, RUE DES AMIRAUX, PARIS



SCULPTURE ARCHITECTURALE (STONE)

I shall make no further effort to conceal my conviction that at the present time Paris is no place for a student to go for the development and direction of such artistic impulses as he may have, this being particularly true of architecture. For ten years now, I have done my best to dissuade boys from going to the *École des Beaux Arts*, chiefly because I was profoundly convinced that many, if not all our own schools, gave better education than this or any others in the world. Now I am hardened in my position, because I do sincerely believe that the *contemporary* French influence is actively bad, while the plausible and luminous logic of its protagonists exerts a fatal fascination over the youthful mind. My advice now is for students to go as far as they can in a good American School of Architecture, then cross to Paris for a brief course of study in Notre Dame, the Louvre, the Trocadero, the Cluny and the Place des Voges, with some regard to the last of the great modern buildings such as the Gare d'Orsay and the Petit Palais, and then to quit Paris and finish their course of study by anything up to a year's travel through the myriad examples of real architecture France still has to show as the record of a thousand years of great and varied culture—England, Spain, Italy, Flanders, the Rhineland as well. It is here, and only here, that I believe the right and stimulating and creative influences are to be found.

Having thus delivered myself, let me now hasten to aver that there is another side to the case; that this very "architecture vivante," even its intrinsic ugliness, has a real applicability to certain qualities of our technological civilization. In certain ways it does express a part of what we are today. Applied to industrial establishments, to hangars, garages, railway stations, department stores, it comes pretty near being an adequate expression of the informing impulse behind, and therefore, operating in this category, it is good, from a philosophical point of view at least. Also it is sound in its

contention that design must follow structure, not vice versa. It is obsessed by steel and reinforced concrete and, working on the silly assumption that these have dispossessed stone, brick and timber, uses them logically where they should be used and then tries to force them where they have no place. Of course, if you are going to build a church or school or dwelling of these fashionable materials you ought not to hang on them a decoration of Gothic—stone, structural and ornamental details, or marble arches and columns of the Italian Renaissance or half-timber work from the Cotswolds. But why not use stone, brick and timber in the first place? Then the logical difficulty will not arise.

This honesty of standpoint is one of the good and promising things about this generally wrong-headed style. It is something that must be saved when the unreal things are outlived and cast away. If it stops the Hollywood architecture (particularly in church-building) of the present day—and it may very well do this—it will prove a real blessing.

In another respect it has made a valuable contribution to modern art; it has rediscovered color, and even more, the virtue of textures. Academic architectural education during the XIXth century was ignorant of both, confining itself passionately and assiduously to "pure design," incidentally a thing which has no existence in time and space. In fact, apart from an almost fanatical transvaluation of values, a logic carried to its "reductio ad absurdum," and along certain lines an excruciatingly bad taste, the movement has great potentialities, which does not mean that at the moment it is not false to the higher values of life and art and therefore to be avoided both as a precedent and an educational influence—in which respects it has close kinship with that "younger generation" of which we hear so much.

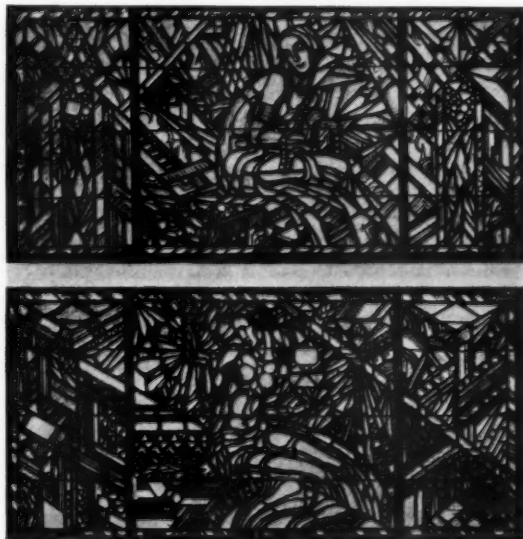
There are evidences of this readjustment and purging of false values in some of the other arts. In sculpture the Brancusi-cubist aberration has almost passed, but in the minor works now being produced there is a real simplicity and directness with varied and lovely textures that are most ingratiating. Bourdelle and Maillol, leading others, are harking back to the eternal principles of real sculpture, and while few works of genuine greatness have appeared, at least what we have now is minus the sterile standardization of the last century.

The same is measurably true of painting. The Salons d'Automne and des Independents still display their leagues on weary leagues of impudent incapacity—the work of men and women who could not learn either to draw or paint and so make a precarious living (if they do; one suspects that in their working hours they are plumbers and mannequins) by exaggerating their own deficiencies beyond the point God intended, in the hope that they might get away with it. The hope is vain. People now go to these exhibitions, but rather from

habit than as the result of any other influence. They no longer even laugh. Futurism has become simply dull, conspicuously *vieux jeu*. The possibilities of the contortion of the female human form have been exhausted, the supply of house-paint seems to have run low, and the last resort, meticulous insistence on unmentionable details, no longer intrigues the general public. As modernist furniture and decorations can now be obtained in American department stores, so futurist art finds its last haven in the *Dial* and similar magazines, and its brief day draws to its unhonored close. The best pictorial art I saw in Paris last winter was at the Salon des Humoristes. The old Salon opened after I left, but I am told that there the new art has pretty well died out and that there is even a reaction towards the dry futility of the years before the War—which would be a pity. Perhaps Maurice Denis, like Antoine Bourdelle in sculpture, may be leading the way to something that is neither anarchistic nor reactionary; certainly he has a public appreciation that is not granted to others.

I have no fears of a possible invasion of America by these current French aberrations, any more than I have of the successful introduction of Bolshevistic communism. Architecture here is in too healthy a condition, more so, I think, and as I have said before, than in any

other country. I know of only one Catholic church thus far that follows the new French mode, and that rather conservatively and with reservations, while in sculpture, painting and stained glass, there is no obvious sign of infection. It is true that modernistic domestic interiors have appeared, but only commercially, and when Grand Rapids begins purveying them, as it will, then their vogue, if it ever starts, will come to an end. It is not for nothing that America, as compared with Europe, is now the sanest and most conservative of countries. That we can learn to our advantage certain things that in this new French phase are good amidst the obviously bad, those that I already have noted, is certainly true. When we can make all our work develop from its structural conditions, as now we triumphantly do in our commercial architecture; when we stop building steel-frame churches overlaid with deceptive "Gothic" structural forms and decorative details; when we cut out "period" exteriors as well as interiors, and realize that texture and color are as vital parts of architecture as plan, structure, composition and form, we shall have gained all we can use of the current Continental movement. Then, perhaps, we can repay a part of the vast debt we owe to Europe, by bringing her art back to a sound, consistent and truly constructive basis.



LUXURY AND THE ARTS
DESIGNS IN GLASS

MODERNISM AND THE ARCHITECT

By JAMES MONROE HEWLETT

THIRST for novelty and dread of novelty are equally objectionable characteristics of an artist. Novelty is a by-product inevitable in the higher manifestations of any art subject to growth and change. Striven for as an end it becomes mere eccentricity.

In music, poetry, painting, sculpture and other creative arts, various eccentricities have gained recognition as the hall marks of a movement broadly termed "Modernism."

It is not my purpose to attempt an analysis of this movement except as it affects architecture and those arts of design directly contributory to it. Painting and sculpture, in the examples which are unrelated to architecture, may be, have been and are being discussed along with music and poetry as vehicles for the expression and stimulation of abstract ideas, vague longings, thrilling emotions entirely outside of the graphic functions heretofore ascribed to them. Such discussions have been and will continue to be futile owing to the utter failure of the disputants to agree upon any fundamental premises as to the functional limitations of the various forms of creative art. In architecture there is no excuse for uncertainty as to functions and guiding principles. It is an art solidly based on physical science, on the qualities and limitations of materials. In all its great achievements, scientific knowledge of economy, stability and efficiency has controlled imagination and set the boundaries within which poetic fancy must find its expression. This is its glory and this is why we must look to its practitioners for leadership in keeping alive that one great principle of design, perhaps the greatest, that the designer should work well within the limitations of his material, and its corollary, that he should not attempt the enrichment of structural form until the structural form itself has been perfected.

The logic that underlies good design must be instinctive, not the result of self-conscious effort to concede something to logic, but a bred-in-the-bone quality as natural as the love of cleanliness and fair play.

Today we are not "playing fair" with the many materials which we use with so much freedom and playfulness. Behind us lie four thousand years of intelligent and frank use of material in architecture. Wood, metal, stone, clay in its varied forms, glass and all the combinations of cement and plaster, paint enamel and textile fabrics, each in its own way, have been brought into the service of architectural design by masters whose technique was rooted deep in the knowledge of the qualities and limitations of the material in which they worked. From them the art of architecture has absorbed the style that

is ageless and eternal as opposed to style that is merely indicative of a certain era.

Whitehead has characterized style as "the most austere of mental qualities, the ultimate morality of the mind," and George Sarton has added to this, "Style is the perfect adequacy between substance and form. It is necessarily traditional, because the substance of our thoughts can but vary very slowly; it is original to the extent that our thoughts are. They need not be entirely new, but one cannot express them in a new way unless one sees them in a new light. There can be no style where there is no substance, and its substance in the last analysis can only be the reality of nature or the poet's dream."

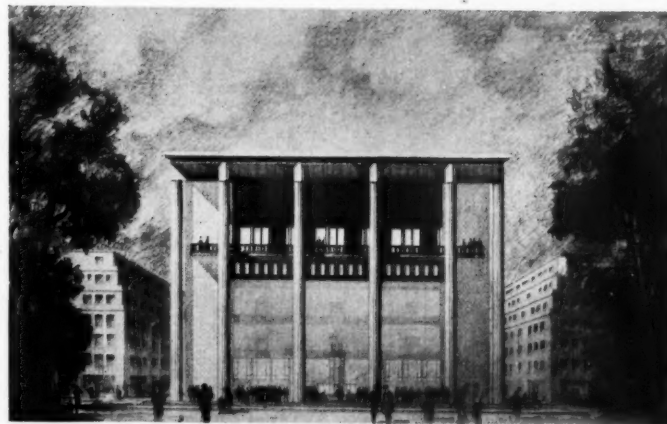
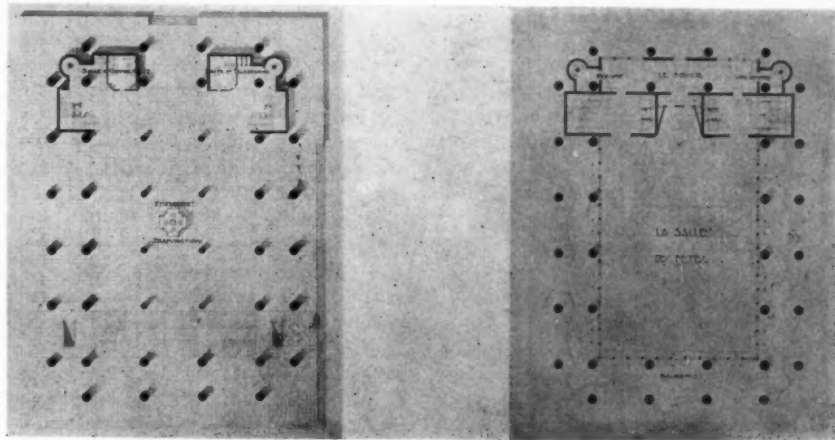
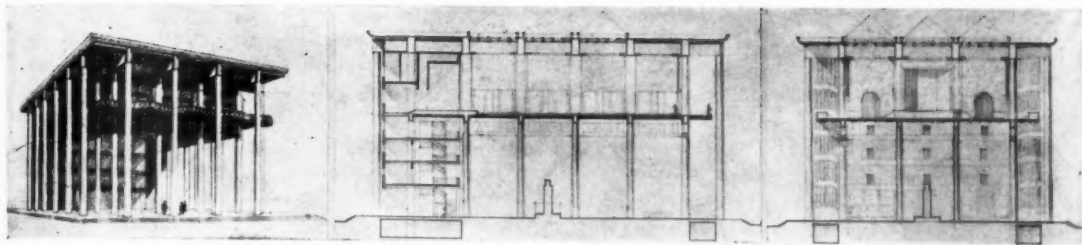
Style is an intrinsic and essential quality. The great architectural question today is, it seems to me, "How can our practice in building maintain and advance this quality and still keep pace with the material developments, the functional modifications, the structural necessities of our age?"

We are now in a period of experimentation. The desire to be different at all costs is evident upon all sides and in all branches of art. If we are not violently progressive we are regarded as reactionary. If we are not extreme modernists we must be old fogies.

The great majority of the artists of this country today are neither extreme modernists nor are they old fogies. They desire to be modern in thought and performance but they do not wish to throw over the traditions of the past until they are sure that they have found something better to substitute for them. In the experimentation necessary to reach sound conclusions in these matters the architect is the link between practicality and idealism. He, better than any one else, should be able to realize the pains-taking processes that are involved in gradual growth and change, the evolution into art of what begins as mere structure. Perfect appropriateness is perfect beauty but mere convenience is not the criterion of perfection.

There seem to be two distinct possibilities in our architectural future as influenced by the modern spirit and it is well that architects should give thought to these. The first is that the present vogue for a new character of detail and ornament will wax and wane without leaving any permanent and valuable contribution to our freedom in design.

At the present time the noticeable symptoms of this movement are the abandonment of traditional detail and ornament and the substitution of motifs copied from recent European examples. This new architectural detail is characterized by vigor, angularity, a tendency



SCHOOL PROJECT BY PAUL D. NELSON, PUPIL OF AUGUSTE PERRET, ÉCOLE DES BEAUX ARTS, PARIS

A solution of a program for a market for stocks, bonds, agriculture, etc., with a salle des fêtes on the second floor and intermediate floors for the brokers.

The solution provides a large covered square, monumental in scale and open on all sides, formed of reinforced concrete. Beneath this covering the author has introduced another building which provides the smaller articulations, that is, a Central Transportation Bureau, Telegraph and Telephone, large stairways and elevators enclosed by reinforced concrete blocks with penetrations

set in glass, and the small stairways which serve the intermediate floors occupied by the brokers.

The second floor includes the Festival Hall, Stage, Dressing Rooms and cantilevered balcony. The walls of the Festival Hall are of glass and inside of the columns.

The walls are free, everywhere independent of the structural supports.

to use curves, diagonals and geometrical forms in such a way as to modify the vertical and horizontal lines of the structure. Suggestions of natural form where used are not so much conventionalized as brutalized. Oddity seems to be a distinct aim.

The results are highly manneristic. Mannerisms are the easiest things to copy, and we shall, therefore, probably be subjected to a severe and country-wide epidemic of this particular disorder. It is, however, essentially a skin disease. We may hope that it will leave the vitals unimpaired and that its brevity will equal its violence.

Fortunately, our progressives are not all faddists and imitators. Fortunately, also, there lies in this modern movement the hope of something beneficent and permanent. Here is our second possibility, namely, that by enthusiastic research and experiment in the logical applications of the new materials available for building we shall bring into the art of architecture new forms essentially appropriate to the materials out of which they are formed and so capable of assimilation into our art. By the grace of more enlightened trade unionism, we may some day be permitted to use reinforced concrete and other plastic materials in many logical and economical ways. The Europeans are far ahead of us today in this development. Our architects have hardly begun to adjust their technic, their taste and their imaginations to reinforced concrete. Here lies a field of limitless possibilities in the evolution of significant form and beautiful texture. Here all our knowledge and practice in stone and in metal may become a point of departure for the development of new motifs, new points of view, new criteria of beauty, which shall not represent the negation of the old traditions but the flowering of new traditions which are their natural and inevitable outgrowth.

As an illustration of the attitude of mind in which our new architectural problems should be approached, I have selected a school problem, the work of Paul Nelson of Chicago, a recent graduate of the École des Beaux Arts, who studied in the Atelier of Auguste Perret. M. Perret is today one of the leaders in the use of reinforced concrete in architecture.

The illustration selected seems to me an excellent example of a design arrived at with the sole idea of solving a problem in plan and expressing the fundamentals of that problem and the characteristics of the materials in elevation. The result has a certain strangeness but is in no way an example of studied eccentricity. It irrevocably

suggests reinforced concrete because the proportions of every element in it are determined by practical knowledge of the economical use of reinforced concrete. It absolutely failed to gain any recognition by the jury of the École. This also was perhaps logical. The traditions established by architecture in brick and stone and wood and steel have not yet had time to take cognizance of reinforced concrete and assimilate its logic, but such cognizance and such assimilation will inevitably crown the labors of those students of structure who are young enough in spirit and in fact and hardy enough to survive the long and arduous climb to the heights from which new architectural vistas may be gained.

The coming years will prove, I believe, that our architectural heritage is broad enough to give ample room for further triumphant achievement to the designer who works within the limits of existing traditions. We need masters of art as well as pioneers of structural expression—pioneers in an art so complex as architecture can hardly hope to attain thorough mastery of their medium. The point to be particularly borne in mind is that the seeker after an architectural expression more truly significant of the materials he is employing than he finds possible within the limits of tradition as at present applied to architectural design, and the trained designer who, by adherence to an established technique, testifies his belief in the elasticity of that technique, are not in hostile camps. Both are doing something that needs to be done and both should recognize that fact. The man whose judgment we may well distrust is the designer who is accepting with avidity the forms and surfaces which the changing whims and fads of the moment have brought to his attention. He and his kind are likely to be the cause of a long detour, while our road towards true architectural beauty and significance is undergoing repairs.

If the profession of architecture is to lead the designers of America, the painters, the sculptors, the workers in all the crafts that contribute to the loveliness of architecture, towards a higher and finer ideal of collaborative accomplishment, we must all be modernists. We must all be seekers after new truths but we must, also, be content if we find before our journey ends that the new truths are but reaffirmations of the old, stated perhaps in novel terms and clothed in unfamiliar garments, but still deriving their verity and significance from "the God of things as they are."



WE MODERNS!

By HORACE MORAN

THIS is an endeavor to set forth the causes and sources and the probable enduring results of a most natural and harmless outpouring of the restless Occidental mind of today. Discussion between proponents and opponents have been rife for a number of years, but we have listened in vain for either constructive defense or a dispassionate criticism of it all. Such discussions usually have for their theme the actual products of this "Modern" mind as presented to our senses. Let us dismiss all concrete evidences and consider, not too fixedly, a composite image of aggressively direct lines, of rigid planes and solids so related as to imply yet unspent energy, of masses excessive for their intended purpose, or seemingly too frail for human contact. Let this image have colors of extreme contrast, of luminous masses of pearly, atmospheric gray opposed to lines or blocks of carbon black and polished metals, the red of vermilion, and the blue of the electric current; and over all, the brilliance of white illumination well diffused. Let there be in our minds no form, no color harmony ever before used by man, and no arrangement of elements that might enable the observer to enjoy the mental calm of seeing anything as it ever was before. This, then, is what is offered to an already restless world as a substitute for the cultural influence of the art of the ages. Those who are actively engaged in this new manner of expression in the arts are quick to tell us how we should react to its influence; that we should enthuse, but failing that, must succumb and learn to enjoy it; for it is here and here to stay.

I have noted the true reaction by following groups of people who for the first time are surrounded by this new "presence." Their behavior suggests an awakening on another planet where all the great cosmic forces are employed in design, where the germ of living things is still distorted by the violent activity of a World in the making. It all seems so interesting, so exciting to them, but they seem to say "let's go home."

What has brought about this revolutionary spirit in the aesthetics? Be sympathetic for the moment and grant that the thinking mind has become distressed with the faults which have developed in our intricate civilization, that all traditional surroundings become, therefore, but a heritage of old clothes from forebears who have been floundering through life for the last few generations smug and contented, but without aesthetic vision. Throwing off this incubus of staleness, the natural first step of the modernist is to wall off this past which he abhors. So there he stands with brush and pencil in the

clear, pure light, naked and unashamed, with all the recently discovered elements to inspire his new art, crashing around him. So prolific are his sources of inspiration, we are all threatened with his overwhelming activity. See how he uses the discoveries of science, the great flash of artificial light and the diffusion of it. What suggestion for design is in the colossal power of the modern engine, and how the polished metal suggests a bright vigor! Though ungentle, how engaging is the quick thrust of an unusual line as though born of some unknown force. Oh the joy of restlessness, of sudden startling things, of cubes and piercing shafts, of impossible plant growths, and human form distorted by some pathological condition! How original, how centrifugal, how thrilling, the tangent, how dynamic! See how the sturdy cube seems to glory in the full enjoyment of gravitation while delicate bands cling to it with the grim determination of the rings of Saturn. How the sense of space prevails throughout, and the freedom from ancient clutter.

Landing again from this swirl of cosmic forces, we believe we have visited the sources and found the inspiration for this new expression, in painting, in sculpture and the decorative arts; and although perforce more sanely employed, in architecture as well. Music, too, is under the spell.

Will it endure? I venture to say it will, but the more violent phases must subside; it must cease to shock man accustomed as he is to the Nature he sees about him other than recent scientific revelations; it must bow to that inexorable law of succession which insists that the good things of our past shall have some influence upon our works of today. An art which violates that which makes for poise, can not survive. It forgets that life has other interests than listening to the roar of eternal revolution in art. One hopeful sign is in the tendency to pay just a little heed to the art of the past even if as long ago as the days of Babylon. The near future will reveal these daring artists stealing sly glances at our more recent past and before long we may hope for originality with reason, and the acceptance of inspiration from the better works of old. The ultimate outcome will (I can almost see it) be the abolition of the slavery of the copyist; and a public, now shocked into alertness, craving design.

And so we will soon have swung around the circle once more and come back refreshed and exhilarated by the recent cataclysm, and prepared for an era of truly inspired artists, an era of design, and a public keen for the enjoyment of it.

AMONG OURSELVES

By HARRIS C. ALLEN

I HAVE about come to the conclusion that architects are much like children. There is something in them that keeps them young, keeps them from maturing completely, keeps alive a certain amount of irresponsibility, a certain uncertainty, a hopeful expectation of the best, alternating with a gloomy and self-pitying conviction of the worst.

Of course there are exceptions; but the exceptions keep to themselves, or gradually succumb to the prevailing atmosphere—or else they aren't really architects at all.

This opinion is the result of some years' observation of Chapter meetings at home and abroad (but not abroad in foreign lands—where, presumably, architects are sophisticated, serene, sensible) and watching the ups and downs of attendance, the warming and cooling of interest and attention, the waxing and waning of enthusiasm in Chapter undertakings, the apparent impossibility of definite organization and systematic effort.

Now I am not saying that this is a bad thing; in fact, I am quite sure that it is far better than the mechanical perfection of a business men's organization, of salesmen or advertising agents, for example; or even of those idealistic and ambitious associations known as "service clubs" which are anathema to Sinclair Lewis and H. L. Mencken.

Architects, in association, certainly do often behave like a lot of bad boys, indifferent or critical, quarrelsome, evasive, pettish, obstinate, prejudiced, contrary, unreasonable; all this is an interesting and amusing spectacle if you are a bit of a philosopher. You know how it is with children; frequently the ones that exasperate you the most are the ones you really like best, even if it is a sort of sneaking fondness at first. And then the way these bad boys can behave when their curiosity, or something, arouses their interest, and they plunge into the activity of the moment! One recalls Tom Sawyer and how he got the fence whitewashed; and finds that boyish traits linger on into manhood.

When we hit these high spots, when we feel the glow of mutual enthusiasm, that electric spark of congeniality which fuses a group of individuals into an entity—these are rather wonderful occasions; we catch our breath, and start forward to the next milestone.

Possibly doctors, when they get together, find some such free-masonry, a common background, an intensity of interest in their common problems and successes and failures and discoveries, as may create a similar joy of fellowship. I like doctors. About lawyers, I have my doubts; would they ever get to the point of trusting each other—even for a moment? Of course, they speak the same language, and so much of it! But their language

doesn't mean anything, or rather it means so many different things that it is difficult to imagine a group of lawyers ever coming to a common, unanimous opinion.

Architects can, and do—occasionally. Moreover, they can enjoy a difference of opinion, the airing of opposite views honestly held and passionately advocated, with enjoyment and due appreciation. They can share their special methods and the results of their experience quite as generously as do the professors of medicine. They will—when it hits them right—spend unlimited time and energy on committee work, that necessary bane of organization life, which yet can be the cause of general benefit, and of warm friendship among the fellow workers and martyrs.

"You can't lay down any hard and tight rule for successful meetings or seasons, any more than you can dictate just how all classes of children should be managed. The "penalty must fit the crime." In a way, it's a sort of game; like a picture puzzle, all the odd-shaped pieces must be fitted to work together into a general pattern. Programs that will interest one group will be tiresome to another. Even subjects that are presumably of universal interest are rather to be reported (in greatly condensed form) than discussed.

What it resolves itself into, then, is a situation that may be compared to the farmer and his crops. They go on forever, but some years are good and some bad. Rains are heavy or light—that is to say, something outside the farmer's (Chapter's) control produces a condition that compels the farmer's (Chapter's) attention and energies. Helpers are active or indolent. Some years extra fertilizer is applied and the crops are big; but sometimes cash gives out, or you think the soil doesn't need more nourishment yet, or a war consumes all the nitrogen, or your helpers enlist—and there you are with a small crop.

My analogies are getting mixed, but, after all, children are like crops; they are hard to raise properly, and they get worms and can't stand too much heat or storm, and so on. So, to return to the original simile, if Chapter officers will remember that architects still like to play with toys, still retain their boyish traits of enthusiasms and loyalties and illogical impulses, will still respond with the wholehearted enthusiasm of a child to the influence that is psychologically suited and providentially timed, then they are liable to find that Chapter spirit is high, that meetings are large and pleasant, that things get done for the good of the public and the profession, that everybody is happy. And they must not expect this condition to last; but may believe that good crops tide over lean years, and that perhaps, with modern methods, the good years will be closer together.

THE PICTURESQUE

By LOUIS LA BEAUME

MR. LEWIS MUMFORD, a careful observer, and keen critic of our architectural manner, has bluntly declared that "The picturesque is the 'ignis fatuus' of architecture; and it is unfortunate that our country and suburban architecture should still be so hot in quest of it. It results in bad upper story plans with many uncomfortable gabled rooms and dormer windows; every bumped head a tribute to the deity of the picturesque."

This dictum is disturbing to say the least. And coming at a time when we have attained, after much searching and stumbling, a high degree of skill in our mastery of the illusion of the accidental or fortuitous, the verdict is nothing less than disheartening. It is no fun to be told, just when we feel that we have landed the will-o'-the-wisp, that all the years spent in chasing it have been wasted.

Some one, perhaps we cannot hold Mr. Mumford to account, but some one, should have warned us long ago. The "bumped heads" which we have suffered—or enjoyed—might then have been avoided; and we might have continued to find as much satisfaction in dignity and four-squaredness as we have seemingly found romantic exhilaration in the haphazard and informal juxtaposition of gables and hips, oriels and towers. Mr. Mumford's remarks can only tend to make us self-conscious and cause us to wonder if our assumption of quaintness and cuteness has not been a little forced, a little ridiculous. None of us likes to feel ridiculous, for in spite of our penchant for the picturesque, we are essentially a proud people with rather more than less of our fair share of native dignity; especially in the face of criticism. And if Mr. Mumford and other serious thinkers succeed in making us feel their way about the "ignis fatuus," we shall presently be tempted to release the fire fly which we have been so tightly clutching, and put it from us along with all the other joys of childhood. Even our critic will admit the pathos of such a renunciation. But he tries to mitigate the tragedy by saying "When a sophisticated age attempts to reproduce the forms of a simple one, when a period of hasty acquisition and attainment attempts to imitate the mosses, the genial weather-beaten tones or the sag of a roof line which time alone has produced, the result is bound to be ephemeral."

There is a plain implication in these lines that we have become sophisticated—as though we might be soothed by that sop. Children have always been coaxed to give up their childish ways by some such device; and are often flattered into assuming an air of maturity which they may not honestly feel. (It will hardly pay

us to discuss the relative merits of pretences, or measure the value of one hypocrisy against another.) But, if the time has really come for us to stop "playing house"; for little boys to put off their Indian suits, or pirate mustachios; for little girls to stop dressing up in their grandmother's flounces, something of eagerness and joy must be lost. Sophisticated age must feel more than a pang as it contemplates the diminishing exuberance of youth. For the complacent satisfactions of dignity, gravity, respectability, do not always compensate for the loss of youthful abandon, of the romanticism of adolescence, or its happy defiance of logic.

But before resigning ourselves to a fate of slippered ease in the chimney corner, let us consider this state of sophistication for a moment, even at the risk of questioning our critic's authority. If—as has more than once been judicially affirmed—men are but children of a larger growth, can we ever be quite certain that the impulses of youth have spent themselves? To be sure, maturity brings with itself a slackening of speed, a species of fatigue, a dangerous sense of assurance, which is often mistaken for sophistication. Let us therefore be wary and not beguiled by Mr. Mumford's conclusion that the portentous shadow of real one hundred per-cent (or even ninety-five per-cent) sophistication hangs over us. Let us be reluctant to admit it. Who wants to face the stern realities of life until forced to do so by necessity, by convention, or by some nagging sense of duty that refuses to be stifled? Not we, in this land of the free and home of the brave. The privileges of youth, we do not willingly relinquish. By exercise, fresh air and the avoidance of stuffy lectures on serious subjects, we shall manage to postpone the evil day. The "strong, vigorous, rational design," which Mr. Mumford would have us evolve may be all right for "high-brows," but life is fraught with too many cares already to make thinking in our leisure moments attractive.

Evidences of the sordidness, the seriousness, the steady business of life are all about us in woeful abundance; and we seek escape from the real world, which though chaotic we do not regard as picturesque, into a world of dreams. We long to turn our backs on our rigid, grimy warehouses, on the geometric hives we call our offices, on the harshly efficient plants where so many of our working hours are spent, and fly for solace to Fairyland. Fairyland lies somewhere out near the edge of the city or beyond it, and is a place of enchanted houses and gardens. Hansel and Gretel, Red Olaf, Guy the Crusader, Don Quixote or Peleas and Melisande might be watching us from the windows. Of

course, Hansel and Gretel's preference would be for a gingerbread house, but we know that a gingerbread house is an absurdity. However, there is plenty of authentic fairy architecture to choose from. We have seen it in the backgrounds of old Italian and Flemish primitives, in the foreground of steamship folders, in the drawings of Kate Greenaway, Howard Pyle, Herbert Railton and F. L. Griggs. There are towers and turrets, pointed roofs, squat, arched doorways, tiny casement windows, the quaintest little dormers—and chimneys to welcome St. Nicholas. Not built of ginger bread, but of old crumbly stone, of yellow and pink stucco, or of rosy little bricks tanned by the weather. Certainly the roofs sag under the weight of the thick moss-covered slates. Why shouldn't they? Vines clamber up the waterspouts like Jack's bean stalk. Snug and warm under the eaves, we may sleep and dream of gallant knights and fair maidens with long golden tresses, (unbobbed); of red faced squires, of varlets bringing in the yule log, of the Portsmouth coach (so much more picturesque than the new Buick), of bowls of steaming spicy punch. Oh! there need be no limit to our dreams, were it not for the alarm clock calling us to another day of drudgery in the factory or beside the ticker. What price is a "bumped head" to pay for a dream like that? And who should say that the "bumped head" isn't really as necessary as the alarm clock to prepare us for the ardors of the market place?

Are we likely to give up our illusions for the sake of that cold comfort which lies in logic? We can fancy the answer swelling to a thunderous "No" as the editors

of one after another of our high-toned, half-tone magazines join in the chorus. And even though we should all awake in some gray dawn, bumping our heads against the realization that we had at last arrived at man's estate and could no longer, with self-respect, believe in Fairy Tales, it is a very delicate moral point as to whether or not we ought to be very outspoken about our triumph. Becoming thus suddenly practical, we should at least consider and take a practical view of the whole matter. Newly acquired power, like newly acquired knowledge, is difficult to wear with grace. Innocent and happy people may be made less innocent and less happy so easily. As we reflect, we must realize that over a period of years we have encouraged hundreds of manufacturers to invest huge sums of capital in the production of materials to satisfy our craving for the picturesque; literally to build our Fairyland for us. Quarries and mines and factories have been opened up and organized on a huge scale to supply the stuff our dreams are made of. Would it not be monstrously unfair to destroy this huge capital investment? Money of course isn't everything, but after all it is something. But there are lives to be considered, too, unnumbered lives. To throw out of employment the thousands and thousands of simple workingmen who have dedicated themselves to the perpetration of defective and misshapen masonry, plaster, carpentry and tile work is unthinkable. Public opinion would not tolerate it.

It is all very well to hold an aesthetic theory, but to let it loose at the wrong time may prove calamitous.



VITRUVIUS AND HIS MODULE

By ERNEST FLAGG

FROM Vitruvius we learn that it was the custom of the ancients to use a module or fixed measure in architectural design, and existing remains of their work confirm the truth of this statement. The module was, as he says, selected from the work itself and served as a gauge of proportion for all parts and the whole.

The easiest way to use such a system is to draw on paper, ruled for the purpose, in parallel lines at equal intervals in both directions and assume that the spacing represents the module.

Vitruvius says: "A ground plan is made by the proper successive use of compasses and rule through which we get outlines for the plane surfaces of buildings" (Book I, Chapt. 2).

This seems to mean the alternate use of compasses and rule in making parallel lines in both directions upon which to trace the plan, and the plans themselves indicate clearly enough that this was indeed the way they were made (see Fig. 1).

In Book I, Chapt. 2, Vitruvius says: "The ordering (or disposition) of a building is the due proportioning of the parts to each other and to the whole and the obtaining of a symmetrical relationship between them. This is done by the use of a quantity, called "posotes" by the Greeks, being a module taken from a part of the building itself to serve as a term of comparison."

Again in Book III, Chapt. 1, he says: "The disposition of an edifice consists in the proportions, which the architect should study with the greatest attention. That is to say, the ratio of dimensions which the Greeks called "analogia;" this ratio is the symmetry between a certain part of the work and the whole, and it is this part which regulates the proportions. To be well ordered, an edifice must have symmetry and proportion, as found in the properly drawn human form."

In the above passages no particular part is prescribed for use as a module, but further on the diameter of the column for the Ionic order and half the diameter of the column or the width of the triglyph for the Doric order are mentioned.

There appears to have been a wide range of choice in the selection of modules. Some architects may have used the lower diameter of the column, but if so the example has not yet been found in Greek work.

Where a unit is used in this way, the most obvious one to take, for the plan at least, is the distance from center to center of columns, or rather half that distance, so as to bring a governing line alternately on the axis of the solid and the axis of the void, which, in the Doric order, would coincide with the centers of the triglyphs. That this was indeed the common practice should be

evident enough, one would think, from a glance at the fragment taken at random of Canina's map of Ancient Rome. It does not require much acumen to see that these plans were made, in each case, by the use of some fixed measure or measures.

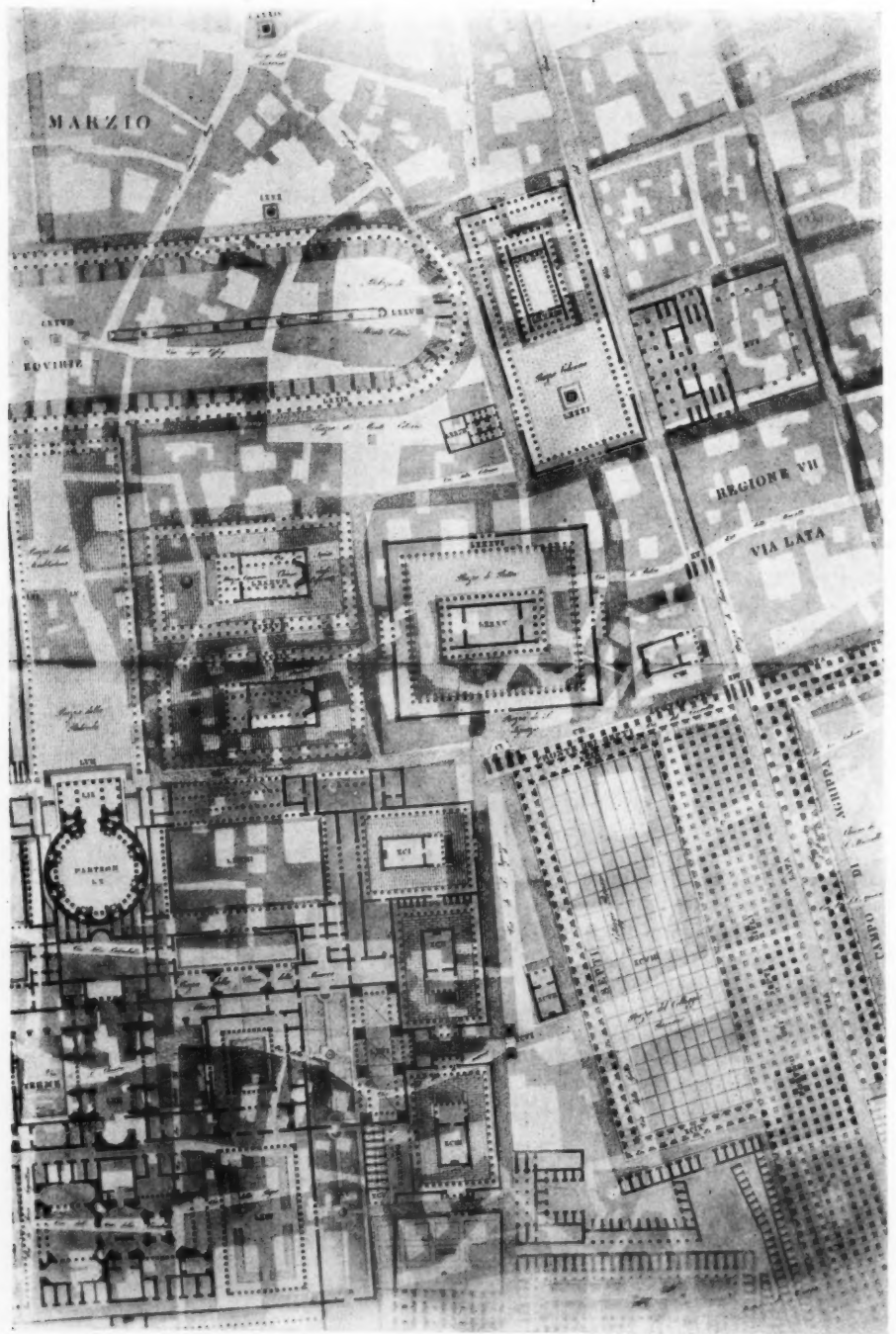
When Vitruvius began to write his book, it does not appear he had any such module as the lower diameter of a column or the width of a triglyph, in mind, for in Book I, Chapt. 2, he says:

"Moreover symmetry is the fitting accord of the members among themselves and of the parts with the whole, because of the uniformity of measure with reference to a certain part. As in the human body, where there is found a symmetrical harmony between the arm, foot, palm, finger and other small parts, so it is in perfected works. And especially in temples where symmetry may be calculated from the thickness of a column, the width of a triglyph or even from a module."

As further on, in his third and fourth books he prescribes the thickness of columns and the width of triglyphs as modules, this is equivalent to saying symmetry may be calculated from the thickness of a column or the width of a triglyph, or even from the thickness of a column or the width of a triglyph.

Evidently, when he wrote Book I, he was thinking of some other modules than those subsequently adopted. Notwithstanding his claim to be transmitting to others what he himself had been taught, it seems probable that this particular module was a thing of his own invention. The whole tone of his book accords well with such a supposition. He reveals himself as self important and of a highly mathematical turn of mind. His object was to present a complete and "improved" compendium of architecture and the pompous introductions to the various books, into which his work is divided, show how thoroughly well qualified he felt himself for the task. When he says "Invention is the solving of intricate problems and the discovery of new principles by means of brilliancy and versatility," he evidently has himself in mind.

Guadet says of him: "Vitruvius, surely a mediocre writer, probably a mediocre architect, if indeed he was an architect at all, had left a very debatable book but one whose text conformed more or less with the rules of Greek architecture. Far removed from the origins of Greek art, he was to the creators of that art what the rhetoricians were to the great orators, the sophists to the great philosophers. But as ancient writer on architecture, he alone had survived, and criticism was not yet born. The 16th century believed him implicitly, just as one believed implicitly at that time in everything written in Latin; and the writers of the Renaissance, Alberti,



FRAGMENT OF CANINA'S MAP OF ANCIENT ROME

Vignola, Palladio, Philibert de L'Orme, all great artists, followed him faithfully in the path of arithmetical architecture (*l'architecture chiffrée*). However, the genius of the Renaissance retained its freedom in spite of all, and its æsthetic expression was superior to the teaching it received."

Five hundred years had passed since the great Epoch of Greek art, when Vitruvius wrote, but some of its traditions still lingered and his work is the only written link between them and us. It is therefore of inestimable value in spite of the incapacity and vanity of the author, who, while recording some of the Grecian doctrines, has his own methods to exploit. It is important to discover which is which, and the key for so doing lies in existing remains of the ancient buildings themselves. They show the use of numerous units in their design and substantiate the truth of what Vitruvius says of the common use of modules, but they also show that in Greek art, at least, the modules he recommends were not the common ones. Unfortunately, up to the present time, this truth has not been sufficiently realized, nor the full significance of the module in Greek architecture understood. Instead of a simple way of obtaining harmony with certainty and preserving rhythm in architecture by measure, as in music and poetry, we have been taught architecture *chiffrée* as Gaudet says.

Through the mediocre intellect of Vitruvius* this great principle of Greek art has been seen as through a glass—darkly. Some glimmering of it there has been, but so confused in the presentation as to be worse than useless. Fortunately by the ancient buildings themselves his text may be sifted in the light of truth and the wheat separated from the chaff. Figures do not lie, as the saying is, and by them we may unravel the long tangled skein of Greek design and understand the true part which the module played in it. If this knowledge had been placed in the hands of the great men of the Renaissance, what might not they have accomplished and how profoundly might it have affected modern art!

If Vitruvius's work had never been discovered it is probable that our knowledge of the true principles of Greek art would have been far greater than it is now, for then we should have studied the ancient works open-mindedly and received our information at first hand from sources which cannot lie. As it is, the world has accepted as true the statements of a man about whom nothing is known except what he says of himself and that not of a nature to inspire either confidence or respect. On his own statement he stands self-condemned as knowing little of, and being out of sympathy with Greek art. Between him and the architecture of Paestum and Athens there existed a gulf too broad for him to see across. Yet he would "correct" its faults by the applica-

*More recent studies have convinced me that Vitruvius was not as bad as I thought him to have been. The trouble is that what he says of Roman art of his own time has been taken as applying to Greek art of an epoch five-hundred years earlier, an art about which his book shows that he knew practically nothing

E. F.

tion of a rule of thumb of his own making. In Book 4, Chapter 3, he sets out to do this for the Doric order and displays his qualifications for the work thus:

"Some of the ancient architects said that the Doric order ought not to be used for temples, because faults and incongruities were caused by the laws of its symmetry. This is not because it is disagreeable in appearance or lacking in dignity, but because the arrangement of the triglyphs and metopes (*lacunaria*) is an embarrassment and inconvenience to the work.

"For the triglyphs ought to be placed so as to correspond to the centers of the columns, and the metopes between the triglyphs ought to be as broad as they are high, but in violation of this rule, at the corners, triglyphs are placed at the outside edges and not corresponding to the center of the columns. Hence the metopes next to corner columns do not come out perfectly square, but are too broad by half the width of a triglyph. Those who would make the metopes all alike, make the outermost intercolumniations narrower by half the width of a triglyph. But the result is faulty, whether it is attained by broader metopes or narrower intercolumniations. For this reason, the ancients appear to have avoided the scheme of the Doric order in their temples."

After giving mathematical formulæ for the design of the Doric order, he says: "In these ways all defects will be corrected, whether in metopes or intercolumniations or *lacunaria*, as all the arrangements have been made with uniformity."

That one who could write thus should ever have been accepted seriously as authority on the Doric order is astonishing. To try to apply his theory to Greek Doric buildings is to insult the designers of them.

For more than five hundred years this obscure writer has imposed his teachings on a credulous world. His word has been accepted in preference to the testimony of the buildings themselves. His module fits no work antedating his time, yet faith in it remains unbroken; the fantastic theory of this mathematician is accepted in all seriousness and design of the orders reduced to a mere application of formulæ or rule of thumb. Every existing Greek building is a protest against such "art."

To one approaching the subject with an open mind it seems extraordinary that architects and archaeologists should persist in using the Vitruvian system in representing measurements of ancient work when the fact that it does not fit is so patent. Yet with many investigators the unsupported word of Vitruvius seems to outweigh the evidence of their own senses, and in measuring ancient monuments his scale is applied though practically every dimension proves it wrong.

As an example of what is meant, take a drawing from Bühlman or one of many similar drawings which may be found almost by the square mile in works by architects and archaeologists concerning classic buildings. Here we have, instead of standard units, metric or other-

wise, the Vitruvian module and parts. The diameter of the column only is given in centimeters and all other dimensions in the Vitruvian way; the module being one half the diameter of the column and the part 1/30 of the module. Unless by some happy accident, none of these measurements conforms to the rule of proportion laid down by Vitruvius. Two modules equal the width of the column, because that is assumed, while beyond that, all is chaos and exasperation to one who wants to know the dimensions in standard units.

In order to make this drawing, the work was, of course, carefully measured, then these measurements laboriously translated into the Vitruvian modules and parts as noted in the drawing. Now to obtain the dimensions in comprehensible form, the investigator must as laboriously again translate the figures given into standard units. This sort of thing has been going on for five hundred years and nothing gained by the vast amount of misdirected labor unless it be indubitable proof that the lower diameter of the column was not the module commonly used in designing the work, but simply a fantastic theory based on nothing more substantial than the declaration of an obscure writer of the first century.

The fame of Vitruvius is great and doubtless always will be so, but in the future his distinction will doubtless rest on the fact that he was the perpetrator of one of the most gigantic hoaxes ever launched on an unsuspecting world.

His procedure was simple and plainly apparent when the truth is known. In each of the three orders of architecture there is a family resemblance between the various specimens. To establish a rule or formula for the design of an order, one has simply to take a normal example, measure it and tabulate the results. The formula thus made will not be likely to conform exactly to any other specimen, but because of the family resemblance it will often come near doing so. The rules laid down by Vitruvius have never been found to apply exactly in a single instance to work antedating his time; doubtless because the particular specimen on which his proportions were based has not been found, but they do necessarily apply approximately in certain cases, and when that happens, great is the joy of the investigator. This unfortunate habit is a great hindrance to any one who is more interested in obtaining the true dimensions, than in learning whether Vitruvius was, in certain instances, somewhere near right.

What Vitruvius did, anyone with even a superficial knowledge of classic architecture could do, but in the doing, almost anyone would make fewer mistakes.

He would not say, for example, that the ancients avoided the use of the Doric order in building temples. A statement which shows that Vitruvius had not traveled much, even in Italy, and that he had little or no knowledge of architecture beyond the vicinity of Rome. Nor would he say that the width of the triglyph was half that of the column, that temples are twice as long as they are wide, that triglyphs should be placed over the axis of corner columns and many other absurdities.

His book is indeed a veritable tissue of mistakes. He seems to have been a sort of jack of all trades and had probably begun life as a clock maker for he says the three parts of architecture are the building of buildings, the construction of machines and the making of clocks. That a man of his calibre should have been able to cast his baneful influence over architecture for more than four hundred years is one of the tragedies of history. By a mere chance his book alone, of all the ancient works of architecture, survived, and by this stroke of fortune he achieved fame beyond anything which he could have pictured in his wildest dreams. For more than four hundred years his theories have dominated architecture, so that today, in every architectural school on earth, his false module is accepted as the standard in teaching the student.

Now after nearly 1800 years he stands condemned by the testimony of the very buildings, the method of whose design he pretended to describe. Although his book has done inestimable harm, parts of it are, as we have said, of great value, for they throw some light on Greek methods which were common knowledge at the time it was written. The trouble has been, that along with these truths he has mixed theories of his own and the false has been accepted with the true. Architecture, so far as he could do it, has been reduced from the status of fine art, as it was with the Greeks, to mere mathematical formulae. The ancient rules have been lost because the manner of their application was falsified, or wrongly stated. Proportions, upon which nine-tenths of beauty in architecture depend, have been guessed at and the guesses in most cases have been wrong. Rhythm and harmony, the dominant characteristics of Greek art, have been relegated to the background and ugliness has become the common characteristic of most of the constructions of man.



HIPPODAMOS OF MILETOS AND GREEK CITY PLANNING

By NILS HAMMARSTRAND

TODAY we may regard as antiquated those conceptions of the beginnings of Greek city planning which were current not long ago. Up till rather recently the opinion prevailed that the activity of Hippodamos of Miletos, in the fifth century B. C., actually marked the inception of Greek city planning. Today we have archæological evidence of fifth century planning that seems to be of so early a date as to exclude the possibility that the Milesian architect and philosopher had anything to do with it. Moreover, there are traces of Greek planning which certainly belong to an earlier period than the fifth century B. C.

Even if there were no traces of actual city planning in the great era of Greek colonization (about 750 to about 500 B. C.), we might still maintain that there must have been some instances of planning in this period. Indeed, it would be remarkable if the Greeks, with their high level of civilization, would have failed to make use of the planning expedient in founding hundreds of cities, most of which no doubt materialized by a deliberate effort of statecraft, as Alfred Zimmern expresses it in "The Greek Commonwealth." A considerable degree of organization evidently prevailed in many of these enterprises, and the emigrants who set out to found a colony were very likely sometimes so numerous that it seemed proper to resort to planning in establishing the new settlement. In many cases, however, the colonial towns no doubt developed gradually from small beginnings in an irregular and perhaps more or less scattered way.

There has even been discovered fairly certain evidence of pre-Hippodamean planning on the site of Miletos, the native city of Hippodamos.

The city of Miletos was destroyed by the Persians in 494 B. C. after the suppression of the great Ionian revolt. Its rebuilding on a regular plan began, in all probability, as early as in the period from 480 to 475. It seems very probable that the northernmost section of the new city was planned at this date. The center of the city, as well as its extensive southern area, south of the central agora, were only laid out much later, in the Hellenistic period.

If the plan of the northernmost section of the city originated soon after the year 480, as seems very likely, Hippodamos cannot have been its author. True, Hippodamos may have been born before the year 475, which is the generally accepted approximate date of his birth, but the few known details of his life indicate that his birth cannot have taken place earlier than around the year 500.

However, if he was born as early as around the year 500 he may have witnessed the planning of Miletos, and, if so, it is probable that this aroused his interest in the various aspects of city planning. He received an impression which became decisive in turning his thoughts to the best ways of laying out cities. And, no doubt, he was the first man, in the Greek world at any rate, who expressed his thoughts on this matter by laying down rules and formulating principles. In other words, with Hippodamos Greek city planning emerged from the primitive stage of being merely an application of certain traditional methods in establishing a street plan. Henceforth city planning became in the Greek world an object of scientific and esthetic speculation, and the later Greek writers on the subject elaborated or modified those theories which Hippodamos had evolved. For instance, it is certain that the Greek city planning theorists kept abreast with the evolution of medical science in establishing hygienic rules to guide the city planner in locating and platting a new city. But even more important, as an evidence of intellectual progress, was the application of architectural ideas and conceptions to the city as a whole. There entered into men's minds the thought that a city can and should be planned not only horizontally, but vertically as well.

Previous Greek planning, no doubt, was only two-dimensional. If it was three-dimensional at all, it was so only incidentally and in a limited way. For instance, it may sometimes have had regard for the third dimension in locating public buildings in such a manner as to secure to them an especially favorable effect. Such a limited application of architectural planning has no doubt taken place also in other transitional periods, for example in our Middle Ages. But the non-esthetical, empirical planning of our medieval era was superseded by the fully developed architectural planning of the doctrinal Renaissance, and, similarly in the Greek world, city planning proceeded from a corresponding primitive stage to its full development in a period of practical and esthetic theory. The validity of this parallel is not essentially affected by the circumstance that the city planning theory of the Italian Renaissance was largely based on the ideas and the doctrines of the ancients.

What I have said so far regarding the significance of Hippodamos must not be understood as if I ascribed to him more than can be reasonably expected to have been accomplished by one individual. It may be summed up in the statement that Hippodamos's theory and achievements contained in germ those elements which gradually

became developed in the subsequent period. It is probably in this sense that we should interpret those statements in Aristotle's *Politics* which attribute to Hippodamos the honor of having "invented the art of planning cities" or of having "introduced the modern manner of laying out street systems."

Aristotle refers to Hippodamos as "the man who invented the art of planning cities and who also laid out the Piræus—the first person not a statesman who made inquiries about the best form of government."

Moreover, Aristotle says that "the arrangement of private houses is considered to be more agreeable and generally more convenient if the streets are regularly laid out after the modern fashion which Hippodamos introduced, but for security in war the antiquated mode of building which made it difficult for strangers to get out of a town and for assailants to find their way in is preferable."

These statements have long been regarded as proof that regular planning was unknown in the Greek world before the age of Hippodamos. However, in reality they do not necessarily imply that the Greeks made no use of regular planning before the age of Hippodamos.

Let us consider the second statement in particular. It emphasizes that it is more agreeable and convenient if the streets are regularly laid out after the modern fashion which Hippodamos introduced, but for security in war, it is being added, the antiquated, irregular mode of building is preferable.

In attempting to interpret this utterance, let us remember that it was made at a time when the city planning ideal had conquered the Hellenic world and the Greeks in general were conscious of the desirability of laying out cities in a well-ordered fashion. At the advent of Alexander the Great, the Greek world was on the threshold of that era in which numerous cities were founded and laid out on regular plans in the Macedonian Empire and later on in the various post-Alexandrian, Greek monarchies. City planning had developed into a veritable institution. However, where was the beginning of this development? In answering this question the Greeks of that period would say, as a matter of course, that it had its inception in those great examples of city planning which were linked up with the name of Hippodamos of Miletos. They would add: "Not only was Hippodamos a great city planning practitioner, he also made city planning an object of theoretical speculation. Certainly he is the father of city planning, just as Hippocrates is the father of medicine."

Even Aristotle was no doubt prone to share in the general inclination, at that time, to attribute to individuals, discoveries and inventions which in reality cannot be linked up with any particular person. In view of this we have all the more reason to regret the loss of that work of Aristotle which may have contained some allusion to pre-Hippodamean Greek city planning, namely, his treatise on Greek colonization.

However, we are today no more in doubt as to the rôle which Hippodamos actually played in the Greek city planning development. In Aristotle's *Politics*, in the passage just quoted, the new fashion which was introduced by Hippodamos is contrasted with the antiquated mode of building. In this contrasting of the new fashion with the old the author merely emphasized that irregularity was characteristic of the overwhelming mass of those Greek cities that originated before the age of Hippodamos, while from his time onward the practice of laying out cities along regular lines became established.

In reality, the Greeks of the fourth century, B. C., were as justified in designating Hippodamos as the inventor of the art of planning cities as we are today in referring to Ebenezer Howard as the originator of the Garden Cities. For Ebenezer Howard not only wrote "Garden Cities of Tomorrow," he has also been successful in realizing his Garden City ideal in more than one instance. We therefore refer to Howard as the inventor of the Garden City, although theoretical speculation as well as practical endeavors have been directed toward similar aims in the past and have paved the way for the ultimate victory of the Garden City ideal in our own time. The almost immediate world-wide response with which Howard's message met, may be ascribed, to some extent, to the preparative effect of kindred propaganda and kindred endeavors. Similarly, the Greek world was remarkably quick in seizing the importance of Hippodamos' activity, as a practitioner and a theorist, and this invites the conclusion that earlier examples of city planning had been effective in creating receptivity to the epochal achievements of Hippodamos.

Hippodamos' function was, to a great extent, to lay the basis for a wide knowledge of city planning and to arouse a new interest for it. From this viewpoint his practical endeavors were of course especially important. It is true that the only plan which can be attributed to him with certainty is that of the Peiræus, the harbor city of Athens. But it is to be noted that this plan was an outstanding achievement by virtue of its scope and its scale. In these respects it must have widely surpassed all previous examples in the Greek world. Moreover, it is likely that a first attempt was made, in the laying out of the Peiræus, to subject whole groups of buildings to uniform architectural schemes.

These circumstances combined in establishing Hippodamos' fame. He was certainly a personage whose name was rather often mentioned in the agora. In Aristotle's *Politics* there is a characterization of his personality which indicates that the Milesian sophist and architect liked the limelight and also succeeded in gaining a place there. He is being pictured, in a rather mocking fashion, as a very pretentious individual, and his philosophical speculations on the best form of government Aristotle depreciates in such a manner as to suggest that Hippodamos, in his opinion, had become more famous

than he deserved. We may nowadays admit that this opinion was not wholly unwarranted.

Thus, despite recent assertions to the contrary, we have no reason to believe that Hippodamos was less famous in antiquity than has been generally assumed in modern times. It is evident that his activity aroused a widespread interest. There is in Aristophanes' play, "The Birds," some evidence of this which seems significant, and, besides, is entertaining. The well-known passage, in which Meton plans the aerial metropolis of the birds in geometric fashion, is to be understood as a sarcastic criticism of what people no doubt referred to as "the Hippodamean innovations." As Aristophanes made these the target of his sarcasm, we may conclude that they constituted a rather popular topic. The new fashion in city planning had its fanatic adherents and its rather disgusted opponents. An excess of regularity, of straightness and of exactness cannot even be advocated without meeting with the mocking disapproval of imaginative minds, and if extensively applied they will meet with the revolt of even the unimaginative—as they actually have in the present age.

In this connection I may refer to that passage in Aristotle's Politics in which it is being suggested that "The whole town should not be laid out in straight lines, but only certain quarters and regions, for thus security and beauty will be combined." In this passage Aristotle recommends to unite the modern, Hippodamean planning with the antiquated irregular mode of building, because a town laid out in such a manner would combine the beauty of the former with the security afforded by the latter. This shows clearly that regular planning was being advocated not only for practical reasons, but also on esthetic grounds. However, in using esthetic arguments in its favor, its advocates were bound, we may say, to arouse some opposition as is indicated in Aristophanes' play, "The Birds." At the same time this implies that the development had entered upon a new phase in which the Greeks began to think about the city as a work of art.

The esthetic speculation also gave birth to ideal or phantastic city planning conceptions which are important evidence of the new departure. According to

Vitruvius, the architect Deinocrates, to whom ancient writers ascribe the plan of Alexandria in Egypt, made a design for the shaping of Mount Athos into the statue of a man, in whose left hand he represented a very spacious fortified city, and in his right a bowl to receive the water of all the streams which are in that mountain so that it may pour from the bowl into the sea. This architectural vagary reminds one of the rather freakish imaginations of Bernard Palissy and of Colonna at the time of the Renaissance. But while the conceptions of Palissy, of Colonna and of Deinocrates have in common the characteristic of being absurd, they are also, by virtue of their absurdity, especially symptomatic of the intensely imaginative trend of thought which is inherent in the speculation on the city as a work of art.

It seems pertinent to recall, in this connection, that we traverse at present a period which is fertile in imaginative ideal projects, ranging from schemes for small garden cities to plans for industrial and commercial world centers. Whatever the individual value of such theoretical schemes may be, they are evidence that there is alive in the present era a very active speculation on the problems of architectural city planning. We look with envy to the great city planning conceptions of past periods. And the retrospect of today extends its inquiry and its study into all the creative epochs of the past, seeking in the contact with their spirit, rejuvenation of our own thoughts. Thus, the Viennese architect Camillo Sitte, whose world-renowned work on City Planning according to its artistic principles is a flaming protest against the degradation of city planning in the 19th century, reminds us of the fact that Aristotle wanted cities to be built in such a manner as to answer not only practical requirements but also the human desire for happiness. Similarly, when Plato formulated his program for an ideal city, his so-called second-best state, he did not fail to give some directions for the architectural distribution of this model social and economic organization. He planned his ideal city on a centralized, architecturally uniform scheme. And it seems evident that the Hippodamean ideas found an echo in this conception.



ZONING IN WASHINGTON

The Zoning Commission of the District of Columbia took commendable action recently in refusing to amend the zoning regulations to allow the erection of buildings in Washington to the height of 130 feet without setbacks, instead of to 110 feet, the present limit. The Commission also denied the petition of the Garfinkle department store for a special permit to allow the erection of a 130-foot building at Fourteenth and F Streets. The American Institute of Architects was represented at the public hearing and was, of course, vigorously opposed to the amendment. The following letter from President C. Herrick Hammond to Colonel William B. Ladue, Chairman of the Zoning Commission of the District of Columbia, sums up the situation admirably:

"The current press carries a news item concerning a possible change in the Zoning Regulations for the National Capital, a change which I believe the architectural profession at large would regard as fraught with very serious possibilities. This change is the advance in the height limit on certain streets to 130 feet without setbacks.

"I have not full information concerning all of the streets involved, but I am in a position to speak authoritatively on the relation of the proposed change to one of these streets, namely, Pennsylvania Avenue.

"The American Institute of Architects has for many years endeavored to help carry on the great work begun by L'Enfant. In accord with this idea, its ablest men have given their services, without compensation, through the McMillan Commission, the Fine Arts Commission, and on the Planning Commission. Furthermore, it is giving the services of special groups throughout the country in studying special problems in the development of the city.

"One of these groups, a special committee of the Chicago Chapter of the Institute, has been studying the extremely difficult problem of reconciling the opposing developments of the south and north sides of Pennsylvania Avenue, the one of public buildings averaging less than 95 feet in height, the other of commercial structures with 110 feet possibilities plus setbacks plus the possibility of further special height concessions which, in one building recently authorized on another street, has run the total height up to 183 feet. Any such development along Pennsylvania Avenue would be a travesty on orderly civic development and a standing reproach to this generation for having made it possible.

"The special committee has completed its preliminary studies and has made a report to the Planning Commission with its recommendations. These recommendations have given due consideration both to public needs and to private property rights. While informa-

tion as to the exact nature of these recommendations may with propriety be given out only by the Planning Commission, we feel at liberty and under obligation to register our conviction that the zoning change proposed would be a grave error in so far as Pennsylvania Avenue is concerned.

"As to the other streets under consideration, we cannot speak with the same definite knowledge of conditions; but we feel strongly that no increase in height should be granted until each special problem has had the same intensive and detailed study by experts that has been given to Pennsylvania Avenue,—a study not only of the special street but of its relation to other streets and to the ultimate general treatment of areas.

"We recognize that the Act of Congress granting a special privilege to the Press Club against the protests of the Zoning Commission has caused certain complications; but we do not feel that these complications necessitate or justify further departure from a well considered plan, entailing still further complications. Two wrongs do not make a right. We do not believe, in so far as the special case is concerned, that the over-riding of the Zoning Commission by Act of Congress establishes any precedent for further departure from carefully considered height limitations with far-reaching complications; nor do we believe that any special private case, however pressing in its details, warrants placing in jeopardy a general scheme of public development.

"In general, the American Institute of Architects feels that the adequate development of the National Capital is too important to the country at large to take any chances of doing the wrong thing at any stage. Our chief problems at the present time are due to earlier errors in planning or to departures from plan.

"The Institute urges, therefore, that before making any further sweeping changes the Zoning Commission avail itself of the authority granted by Congress to the Planning Commission, to have the zoning situation as a whole studied by the ablest zoning specialists whose services can be secured. Such a study at this time would solve current problems, anticipate others, and stabilize property values."

The whole incident is of particular significance to members of the Institute all over the country. For many years we have all been saying that Washington was a national shrine and that the aesthetic problems of Washington were national problems; that whatever injured the character and beauty of Washington injured the nation and was of serious concern to all of us, in whatever corner of the country we might live. Saying was one thing, but to have a group in Chicago take it upon themselves to study carefully a specific detail of the Washington Plan and report on it knowingly and expertly, as indicated in President Hammond's letter, shows that we believe and mean what we say, and the

letter and Institute opinion undoubtedly had much to do with the Zoning Commission's action. Incidentally, Mr. Horace W. Peaslee, Chairman of the Institute Committee on the Plan of Washington and Environs, reported that groups in the New Jersey, Rhode Island, Philadelphia and Boston Chapters are studying different details of the Washington Plan. It would be a fine service to the Institute and to the nation if every chapter undertook to study some particular detail of the Plan in the same way. It would prove that we meant what we said about the problems of Washington concerning the whole nation, the endorsement or opposition of the Institute would have weight, and the Institute would never again be considered what a congressman once called it, "a group of mere faddists who would hang streamers on the moon for aesthetic effect."

COLUMBUS MEMORIAL LIGHTHOUSE COMPETITION

The program for the first stage of the Columbus Memorial Lighthouse competition has been published and is now being distributed to the 800 and more architects who have already registered for the competition from 49 different countries. One-third of the competitors are from the United States. The competition began officially on September 1st, but further registration of competitors will be allowed for several weeks. The program contains the rather extraordinary provision that the ten premiated designs of the first stage of the competition, and perhaps others, with comments by the jury of award, are to be published in the program for the second stage of the competition, and so become not only public property before the final award, but the common property of the ten authors of these designs, the competitors in the final stage, to be used by them as they see fit and without compensation. There is also the provision that the same jury, if possible, is to judge both stages of the competition. We believe these provisions will not only check the enthusiasm of all the competitors in the first stage, but that they nullify all the safeguards of good and fair practice in competitions for the second stage. The competition is being held under the auspices of The Pan American Union, Washington, D. C., and Mr. Albert Kelsey of Philadelphia is the Technical Adviser.

The program is in the form of a sumptuous, typographically excellent, bound book, and contains besides a history of the project and the conditions of the first stage of the competition and general rules which apply to the second stage as well, a series of vivid impressions of the Dominican Republic, its architecture, its people, its customs and traditions, recorded by Mr. Kelsey in that interesting and entertaining style which is familiar to many who have heard him at Institute conventions and elsewhere.

FROM OUR BOOK SHELF

The District of Columbia

The Institute for Government Research has rendered a signal service to the people of the United States and to posterity by presenting before it is too late and the records are lost in obscurity, the complicated governmental machine which exists in the territory set aside under the authorization of the Constitution of the United States as the seat of the National Government.

Dr. Schmeckebier opens his scholarly study¹ with a concise statement:

"The government of the District of Columbia is of more than local interest, as the District is the seat of the national government, as the economic life of the community revolves largely around the activities of the government of the United States, and as there is demanded a municipal development of the District commensurate with the importance of the city as the Nation's capital.

"The District is unique in that it is the only political subdivision in the United States in which all the powers of government are vested in the United States. In this one unit are combined all the powers and functions of government which elsewhere are divided between the United States, the state, the county, the municipality, and various other civil divisions.

". . . Congress itself performs the function of both a state legislature and a city council, but it has also delegated certain ordinance-making powers to other agencies. On the executive side the powers are divided among District and Federal agencies dealing exclusively with the District and among Federal agencies concerned with both District and Federal affairs . . .

"The District of Columbia is also unique in that it is the only community in the continental United States which does not enjoy the suffrage and has no form of representative government. The lack of any elected body to pass laws, to fix the rate of taxation, and to determine how the money shall be spent makes it imperative that careful thought be given to placing these powers where they will be wisely exercised for the common good."

The volume opens with a description of the geography of the 70 square miles which now constitute the District since the recession by Congress to the State of Virginia of the district lying south of the Potomac River. The economic and social conditions are set forth. A political and financial history of the District is presented. The development of its financial system is traced.

Many readers will be surprised to learn that private property in the District is taxed at a rate determined after the estimates have been approved by the District Commissioners and the Federal Bureau of the Budget and

¹"The District of Columbia—Its Government and Administration," by Lawrence Schmeckebier, Ph.D., issued by the Institute for Government Research in the Studies of Administration Series and published by the Johns Hopkins Press.

after Congress has confirmed or amended these estimates and set the amount of its own contribution. Taxes are covered into the U. S. Treasury and Congress votes out the entire appropriation.

Dr. Schmeckebier outlines the powers and duties of the Board of Commissioners (two of whom are appointed by the President from the residents of the District of Columbia and one of whom is detailed from the Engineering Corps of the U. S. Army). Accounts are given of the various Offices, and Officials of the District and their functions.

This volume will undoubtedly occupy the place of the authoritative history and description of the governmental machine up to the year 1928. No one can read the nine hundred-odd pages without being impressed with the fact that the governmental machine has been tinkered with, repaired and kept in running order with replacement of parts. Never have we purchased outright a new governmental machine with all the modern improvements, placing responsibility and authority in hands clearly designated by the constitutional sources of power.

It is understood that a second volume may make recommendations for a reorganization of the government of the District of Columbia, but the wisdom of issuing this fact-finding survey in a separate volume makes it available without prejudice to all groups, present and future, who may wish to make recommendations for improvement in the government of the District of Columbia.

Architects will be particularly interested in the functioning of the National Capital Park and Planning Commission and in the Board of Examiners and Registrars of Architects, both the result of legislation supported by the Institute. The planning of the District of Columbia and its environs should prevent a repetition of most of the unintelligent destruction of landscape in recent years and with added powers of architectural control placed in the National Commission of Fine Arts and the National Capital Park and Planning Commission, the future development of Washington may be less marked by sharp contrasts than it has been in the past.

HARLEAN JAMES,

Executive Secretary, American Civic Association.

OBITUARY

Theophilus P. Chandler

Elected to the Institute in 1873

Died Ithan, Delaware County, Pennsylvania, August 16, 1928

Frederick Wainright Perkins

Elected to the Institute in 1894

Died while traveling abroad, July, 1928

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BOUND VOLUMES OF THE 1927 JOURNAL

Many members of the Institute maintain in their libraries bound volumes of *THE JOURNAL*. Those who do not should begin now.

A special price for the binding of the twelve numbers of *THE JOURNAL* for 1927 has been secured, as follows:

In red Russia leather, title and volume reference on back, in gold \$4.50 per volume
In black Morocco leather, title and volume reference on back in gold \$5.00 per volume

Missing indices will be supplied free of charge.

These prices are close to cost and include return transportation from The Octagon.

Volumes for binding should be sent to the Executive Secretary, at The Octagon, Washington, D. C., with a letter of transmittal definitely stating the kind of binding preferred and shipping instructions for the return of the book.

In the absence of definite instructions volumes will be bound in black Morocco, at \$5.00, and will be returned prepaid to the address of the owner, as it appears in the *Annuary*.

Members are advised that there are few surplus copies of *THE JOURNAL* for any one of the months of 1927, and, therefore, the Secretary's Office cannot attempt to make up broken sets. In case one or two numbers are missing a letter of inquiry should be sent before the incomplete set is forwarded.

FRANK C. BALDWIN, *Secretary.*

Full Price for Back Numbers of The Journal

To the Membership:

There has been an unusual demand for certain numbers of *The Journal* issued since December. At The Octagon we find the surplus stock for three months in 1928 reduced to file copies.

Members who do not maintain bound volumes of *The Journal* can render a service to the Institute by returning to The Octagon copies of the numbers indicated below.

For each of the first twelve copies, returned in good condition of the *Journal* for January, April or June, 1928, a remittance of seventy-five cents a copy will be made. Any copies sent in after the first twelve are received will be returned prepaid to the senders, unless it is found that they can be used, in which event full remittance will be made.

Very truly yours,

FRANK C. BALDWIN,
Secretary.

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