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ARCHITECTS



WM. S. EAMES

September, 1949

Guest Editorial by Edgar Williams, F.A.I.A.

The Study of Architecture as Art

Skill with Scale

Sweden

The Cathedral—I

The Architect as a Mind Reader

The Schools and Adult Education

35c

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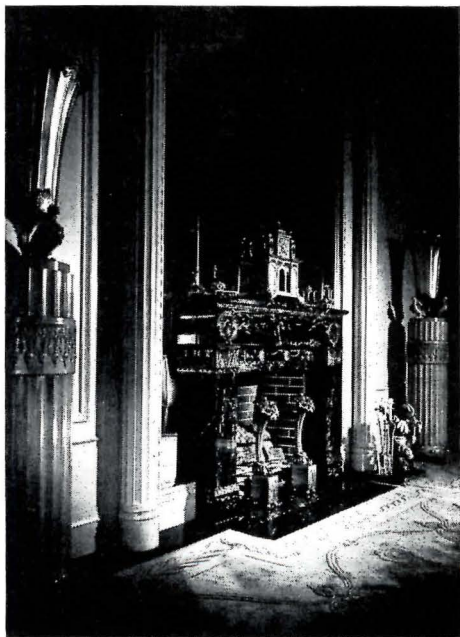
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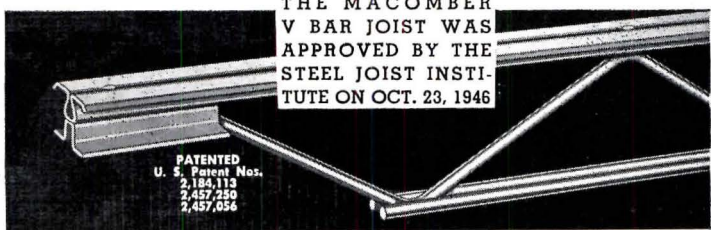
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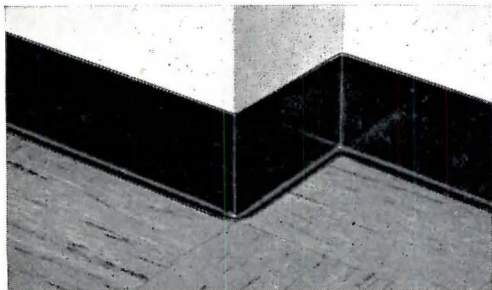
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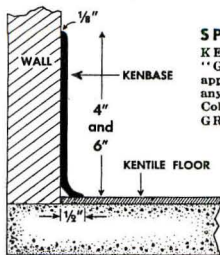


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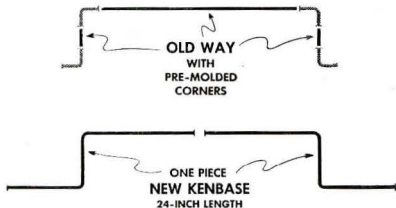
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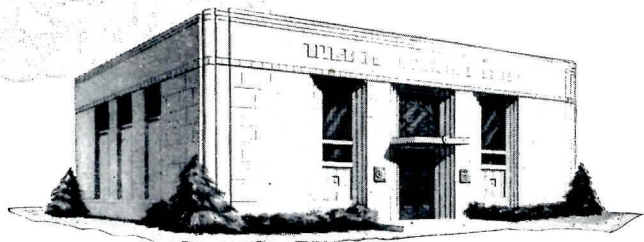
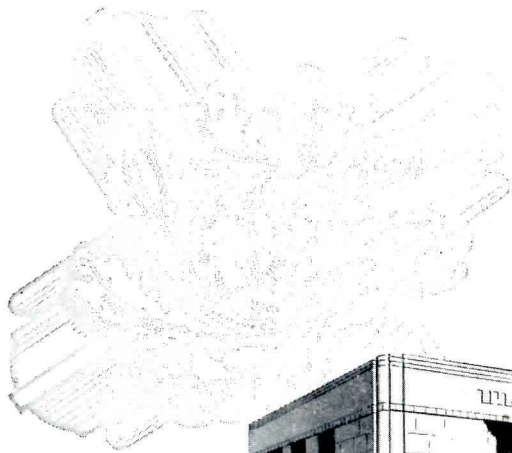
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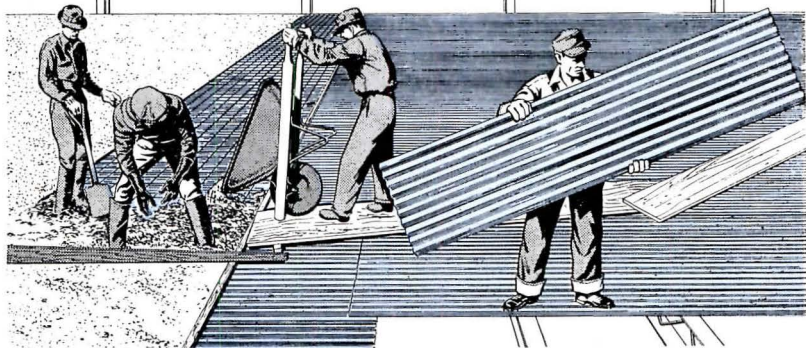
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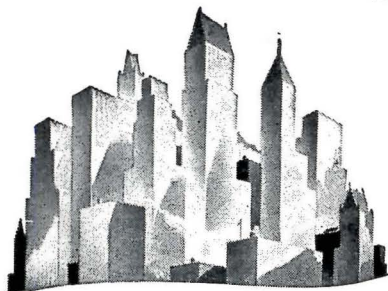
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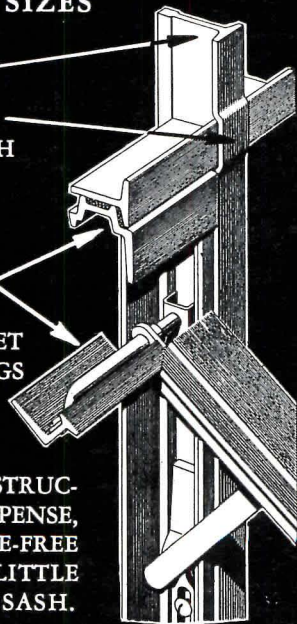
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Instituted on the premise that a lot of high-pressure conviction is being bottled up for lack of convenient outlet, these editorials appear to be serving as successive relieving-valves. The opinions expressed are always the uninhibited ones of the Guest who occupies a particular month's driving seat. This time it is—

Edgar Williams, F.A.I.A.

DURING World War I, a Texas cotton firm had an agent in Genoa, Italy, by the name of Paul Morphy, who knew all the answers on warehousing and shipping in wartime Italy. He was a tough New Orleans ex-professional baseball player. The American Red Cross in Italy took him on. The Red Cross had brought over a warehouse man from one of our big American corporations to head what was called Stores and Transportation. Morphy had forgotten more about warehousing and shipping in Italy than this man, his new boss, could learn. The boss' orders often got in his hair. One day Morphy came to me holding a letter and looking ready to explode. He slapped the letter with the back of his right hand and said, "Captain, if Ah could write English like you can, Ah'd write this so-and-so a

letter that was so intelligent he couldn't understand it!"

It was, of course, a relative compliment. When I read some of the stuff that passes for architectural criticism, when I read some of the emotional outbursts for or against this personality or the other, I want to try my luck by writing to the authors. Of course I do not do it.

When I am confronted with the device of setting up a straw man who might be called "eclecticist" or "old guard," or "reactionary," and then proceeding to lambaste him, I get the collywobbles.

I don't know whether or not there is more talk about architecture today than in past times, but it seems to me there are more words in funny relationships to one another that attempt to explain ideas about architecture than I can remember in a fairly lengthy past.

And there are more obscure people who believe their opinions are important.

A whole profession has appeared which contains many people who have some knowledge of architecture and who make a living writing stuff and collecting queer pictures of very ordinary things directly or loosely connected with the profession of architecture.

I do not infer that all writers about architecture are in that class. All the arts, all the professions have their critics and probably always will have. And since the very essence of the arts is to reach out and into the hearts and minds of all people, it is quite natural that the critic should reply.

But the statements of those who do not have understanding, or of those who have not even a moderate amount of experience and knowledge about a subject, merely confuse the issues under discussion. It has seemed to me, in the past few years especially, that our architectural magazines have used a lot of energy and spent a lot of money in trying to create excitement and make a mystery of architecture rather than to report the broad truths about the profession. They have developed a game for which the paraphernalia is not bases, balls

and bats; but typewriters, cash registers and fountain pens, and success is scored in advertising columns instead of runs.

I really haven't high blood pressure, but I do react even to the appearance of some of the issues. I recall the cover of one of our old magazines that seemed to me to reflect the editorial mind. The principal feature was a man's head, the bulk of which was newsprint, the brains a wormy housing development plan, and the face came from what might be a photograph of a real head in an advanced stage of decomposition.

There is a second phalanx of the architectural press that caters to what I believe is called the consumer class. They glorify the home—the *home beautiful*—and use it as a vehicle for business. Frankly, I like this type better than the professional one. The editor of one of these publications talked to us at the Architectural League of New York this spring. He said they had no interest in architecture except to give the public what it wants—or thinks it wants. The magazine spends a lot of money on polls. He said among other things that as far as they were concerned, assymetry might be a disease, and

La Corbusier second baseman on the Brooklyn Dodgers.

Now, I am not against magazines, but I am for architecture and architectural understanding. I am fed up with the abracadabra that is too often foisted upon us in the name of architectural discussion.

A solution of the traffic problem would be to permit on the streets only those cars that are paid for. Maybe the solution of the problem I am talking about would be to permit only those who practise architecture to write about it. We could at least ask, "What kind of stuff does that guy do?" and appraise his remarks in that light.

The world today is buffeted by storms of human passion and by

forces greater than man has ever before been conscious of.

Whether or not the arts are dying or are resurgent, whether or not we architects as a professional group can guide our own destiny so that we may help our fellowmen to gain greater happiness, are issues to which we should constantly address ourselves. For whether or not Mr. X thinks he is the greatest architect in the world today, whether or not Mr. Y was the first to use a plate-glass front for the bathroom, or Mr. Z did so and so in his pink, blue, or brown period, is all a matter of small talk, and in my opinion is not worth the ink used and the paper upon which it is printed.

Look if you will at architecture, not as a science but as an art form for the layman

The Study of Architecture as Art

By Edward Warder Rannells

HEAD OF THE DEPARTMENT OF ART, UNIVERSITY OF KENTUCKY

Reprinted by permission from *College Art Journal*, Spring 1949

WHEN the professional architect encounters a client who seems to know something about architecture — and there is a growing number of such people outside the profession today — he puzzles about it. What is it

the man knows? Where did he learn it? Surely not in a professional school. He does not talk that way. The architect will discover that his client's "education" began, like as not, in some college art course — not a course for pro-

JOURNAL OF THE A. I. A.

fessionals, the producers, but just a course for college students, the ultimate consumers. And if the enquiring architect really wants to know what happens in such courses he takes his question to the college art teacher and demands an answer. A group of architects put this question to me, and this is what I told them.

First of all we see architecture as an art form, a material realization of artistic concepts and purposes, as is the case with other art forms such as sculpture and painting or, for that matter, poetry and music. It draws upon the same human sources as they do; it must share its place in history with them. So it is that we study architecture as art, not as science, and we approach it through history. History is the framework within which we watch the forms evolve. For us it is a valuating process, descriptive of formal qualities rather than of technical means. A technical emphasis would be effective only where such history is supported by studio practice. We can do this for painting and sculpture, but it is hardly within the province of an art department to offer practical courses in architectural

design. For this reason we limit ourselves to the historical and esthetic study of architecture. And by tracing the continuant factors from works of the past we forge the tools of critical method in dealing with those of the present.

For the profession itself, the history of materials and methods of construction is the elementary history of architecture. But, for us, this is *only* elementary when seen in the larger context of history and of art. Because, at any given moment in history, all the arts, in spite of their different materials and methods, will at the same time have certain meanings in common, and certain formal qualities, too, that together give expression to the age. And, since they all dwell in the same realm of discourse, so to speak, they are substantially the same in style.

Style is the expressive form of art that can be identified with an era, a given time and place in history. Thus styles are temporal; they change. So, for us, the historical problem is not only to identify and describe the style, but to trace out the changes in style, and to search out the causal explanations of change. The distinguishing characteristic of a

style is its form. Yet the determinants of change are not to be found in the metamorphoses of the forms alone, but also in the conditions that environ them.

The forms and their environment interact; changes in one affect the other. The forms of architecture are material forms. But the environment is more than a material one—physical, social, economic, etc. — it is also a psychological one, a climate of ideas involving the mental outlook of men — how, at a given moment, men view the world and themselves in it. And so we have the translation of these views into the expressive and material forms of art — formal realizations of concepts and purposes. Thus all works of art have both form *and* meaning, and both must be taken together in any responsible approach to architecture as art.

What are the elements of form in architecture? First of all they are space, color, light, the very air itself. These, no less than materials such as steel and glass, have got to be molded and shaped as form. Again, there are movements, gravitational forces, thrusts and counter-thrusts that have to be resolved and held in

equilibrium. All these elements and forces are flowing and continuous, but at the same time they are plastic, they can be contained, given shape and texture, and thus given meaning as form.

And who is the form giver? The architect? Sometimes, but not always. In the Italian Renaissance, for example, the major concern of the humanists was man himself. He was the measure of all things, the central motif of all art. The artistic function of architecture then was to provide a proscenium for man; he was the central actor on the stage of life. It was sculpture and painting that materialized him as art, and made him to stand in full light, a palpable, living form. Artists determined the form; architects merely supplied the frame.

But in the high Gothic it was the other way around. Architecture led the way; other arts followed. Instead of the earth-bound, material and human orientation of the Renaissance, here was a heaven-seeking art, structurally daring, though its elements were hardly defined by light so much as dissolved by it, and man himself was immaterialized in forms that architecture determined.

These illustrations are cited to show how limited our understanding of architecture would be if we defined it in terms of materials and construction alone. We leave that to the engineers. But if we set the problem in terms of form and meaning we can hope to understand it as art. Inevitably, of course, any thorough examination of individual buildings will soon lead us into problems of materials, structure, technique, etc., as it would in a similar investigation of painting. But ultimately the precise form and its meaning will have to be analyzed and valued as art. Form is a problem for description; meaning is a problem for interpretation. By tracing the continuants of these problems into the present, into this living extension of history, we train ourselves to judge what is really contemporary and what is merely a survival out of the past.

Form and meaning are basic concepts in all esthetic thinking. They apply to all the arts and even extend beyond them. Their implications are endless. But architecture itself requires a closer specification of terms, a solid basis for description. The continuant factor is space. In my

teaching I have always used a simple definition of architecture as essentially the shaping of space into volumes proportioned and ordered in conformance with man's purposes. Naturally the means of defining inner volumes will yield also outer forms. But, in my thinking, architecture must be seen and felt and understood from the inside out; and for me the progress of architecture through the centuries is to be traced in the expressive development of the inner volumes rather than of the outer forms that contain them or, what is worse, merely stand before them as added monumental façades.

An architect, no doubt, would say all this in terms of plan, program, cubage, fabric, etc., and think of clothing it in some particular style. The profession is full of eminent antiquarians of style. But let it pass. Esthetically we must see that architecture begins with space which itself is endless, then shapes it in volumes which are measurable, that the volumes are defined as forms by bordering planes, and that these enclosing surfaces at the same time determine what the outer forms shall be. Finally we come

to ornament which textures the surfaces and accents the forms. If structure be called fabric, and style merely the dress a building wears, what then shall it be: a contemporary dress determined by form, or a period costume that denies it? The retreat into the past may be tasteful, but it is timid as art.

Even if we accept the view of the profession that the history of architecture is the history of materials and the means of construction, it comes to the same thing: the gradual development of lighter and stronger structural means to enclose and define larger and freer spaces, eventually breaking through the enclosing fabric to open them up to the light and air and thus achieve an expressive interpenetration of inner and outer space. Historically this interpenetration was sensed in the Gothic and the Baroque. It is an actuality now.

These three epochs, the Gothic, the Baroque, and our own, have made the great advances in spatial construction, employing different means, of course — the Baroque, for example, has a technical virtuosity and extravagance beyond our present taste — but all of them achieve a rhythmic,

flowing continuity of space and light and air such as the Renaissance, with its two-dimensional façades and paneled walls never knew. If there is any merit in our definition of architecture as essentially the shaping of volumes or, again, as the structural means to this end, the Renaissance was hardly a rebirth but an anachronism so far as the spatial progress of architecture is concerned. Except for Brunelleschi's dome in Florence, there was no technical advance to speak of, and the space enclosed was still a static Roman space. But the Renaissance was a charming anachronism, nevertheless, with artistic refinement of proportions and tasteful elaboration of ornamental detail. It was a kind of picture architecture, appropriate then, but not now.

All the classic styles — Greek, Roman, Renaissance, and the neoclassic revivals which followed and which haunt us to this day with their solemn erudition — have produced only a series of elevations and façades, an exterior architecture of solids that throttle space and cut off the light and air. It is even so with the Adam style, a Renaissance revival that still lingers here.

What is it? Always a symmetrical plan, whatever the program. Always a series of symmetrically ordered surfaces, separate little façades, placed around this plan, their separate symmetries accented and marked by patterns of panels, central mantelpieces, balanced openings, each set off by a frame of its own. It is a two-dimensional architecture, inside and out, and its ornament is all appliqué. In the days when men wore silks and satins, half hose and silver buckles, powdered their hair and tied it with ribbon, this decorous and ornamental style was all very well. But we look silly in such a setting now; there is no excuse for it in our time.

And what of architecture today? Is it grand as the old styles were when new? I think it is grander than we know, though it is not yet secure in its forms, surely not yet secure in ornament, the efflorescence of a style. That will come in time. But, viewed in the long perspective of history, and in the light of the essential function of architecture as art, its certain achievement in spatial construction should be apparent to all who can see through façades.

That space, and the architectural expression of it, is the crux of the matter, all progressive architects appreciate and know. As living artists they must, else what they do would be an anachronism, pleasing to the timid and sentimental historians, perhaps, but not to those alive to the dynamics of our present world.

Of what significance is steel that enables us to span greater distances than even the vaults of the Pantheon, and do it in a straight line, unless it be used to give fuller and freer expression to space? Of what significance is glass that enables us to open up enclosures to the light, unless we use it to express the continuity of inner and outer space? New materials and new methods of construction are only means to an end — the steady advance of architecture as the great art of molding space in memorable forms, material formulations of the contemporary outlook of men.

With these new means at hand, plans need no longer be conceived as the foundations of solids. The cellular construction of space, the static realization of form, the classic ideal, have no continuant validity in our day. Walls need no longer be conceived as sup-

porting piers, or even as confining surfaces, but rather as planes of reference merely indicating the limits of volumes, giving direction and continuity to a freely flowing space. And ceilings need no longer come to centers, accented by medallions and crystal chandeliers; rather they float in the air, free to extend beyond walls and echo into outer space. In terms of construction, this is the slab ceiling; it is the real spatial continuant of contemporary architectural design, the unifying factor in the interpenetration of

inner and outer space which is the artistic achievement of architecture in our day.

Armed with this knowledge, the client, the consumer, the amateur of art, need not be intimidated by the technical language of the professional architect, nor awed by a tradition of elegant façades which he knows to be false in a living and changing world. He knows the lesson of history: that only the contemporary has meaning as art. It is better to make an intelligent mistake than to take refuge in the past.

The Architect as a Mind Reader

By William Roger Greeley, F.A.I.A.

From a local broadcast to a New England lay audience

IN FIFTEEN MINUTES I cannot tell you, listeners-in, all about the fine art of architecture and the men who practise it. As a matter of fact, you don't want to know all about it. But, as possible employers of architects, you *do* want to know how to get out of your architect the kind of results you are after, and to tell you that is my task.

An architect is like any other servant with a specialized training—he can be handled so as to be a

help or so as to be a hindrance. He can be misled, fooled, frustrated, pampered or spoiled, or he can be enlisted, guided, encouraged and challenged to his best. In this respect he is just like a composer, a doctor or a cook, and not so unlike a sensitive child.

It is a common error to start in, as soon as he is introduced to you, by asking him what his ideas are. If he is the right sort he won't have any. His mind will be purposely blank ready for impressions

—like a clean slate. He will be upset by being asked to show you what you should have. To him any satisfactory answer to your problem must come as a result of long and concentrated study. You see he takes his profession seriously. Any so-called architect who starts in by showing you sketches is like a hen which cackles before she has laid her egg.

When you approach your architect, imagine that he is a doctor. You won't stick your tongue out at him, but you will let him see the color of your thoughts. Don't hold your ideas back for fear they are sick ones. Trot them out and let them be examined. Above all show your architect your enthusiasms. No architect can do his best without being stimulated to it. He needs a client who won't be satisfied with anything but the best, and who will urge him on to create the best that it is in him to create.

You, the client, occupy the commanding position. What *you* do will determine what *he* does. Do you know how to encourage servants and get a lot out of them? It is an art in itself and one worth cultivating with your lawyer, your minister, your doctor and your architect. You can rub them the wrong way and hinder their efforts

to serve you, or you can have them outdoing themselves to please you.

Now, listeners-in, the architect designs and creates, and so is an artist. Yet his work must provide useful and convenient buildings, so his art must be kept within bounds and not interfere with utility. His art is, or should be, a conforming art, not free and unfettered like the other fine arts—like music, painting, sculpture, the dance, the play, the story, the poem. His building in addition to being beautiful must keep out the rain, admit the sun, be warm in winter and cool in summer. It must be what you expected it to be, too. He must have read your mind and put into definite shape your own pet wishes. Your ideas are jumbled together. He ought to arrange and harmonize them. He should make up his mind which ones are impractical and mistaken and then persuade you to discard them. (That may be not too easy to do.) When you tell him that you must have purple shutters and not red ones, he must read your tastes more clearly than you do yourself. He must know whether when they are finally hung you will say to him, "Why didn't you insist on red shutters? I paid you to give me your best service and judgment and

you gave *in* to me when you shouldn't have done so."

You see that you can't succeed with your architect without what the law calls "a meeting of minds." The first obstacle to this is your own bashfulness and timidity—your I'm-afraid-if-I-speak-to-the-cook-she'll-leave attitude. When you employ an architect you employ him for whatever services you need and no more. Let us say it is for advice on matters related to a new house for your family. He agrees to advise. You agree to pay him for his advice. There are two ways in which he might betray his trust. On the one hand he might try to dictate to you rather than to understand and be governed by your wishes. His justification to himself would be: "This person doesn't know as much as I do about architecture. I must decide what is best and insist on its being done. My client will thank me in the end." This is not the proper attitude toward an intelligent client.

On the other hand he might go too far the other way and give you what he sees that you expect. He is sometimes tempted to follow that easy path and collect his fee for just being an echo of his client's notions. Doctors do the same thing when they solemnly advise a patient

not to do anything that she doesn't want to. It would be bad for her health. (Five dollars, please!) The right attitude is neither of the two just described. If he understands his profession your architect will set about to discover your needs and your desires. He will find this one of his greatest interests. As the portrait painter studies you in different lights with his perceptions keenly stimulated to read your character in your face and to paint a speaking likeness, so your architect will make himself sensitive to your tastes and wishes and will congratulate himself upon his opportunity to enter into your life and thoughts a bit so that he can interpret them in terms of architecture, and develop your understanding of your own vague and partial desires into a house that will fit you and your family and that will truthfully declare in wall and roof and chimney that it is *your home*, the outgrowth of your particular character and spirit, in which you will be at your best and happiest.

Just a word here about the importance of setting a hard task for the architect. Do you know that artists are at their best in a society which is exacting and discriminating, and among friends who will

not admire anything but the best work? Fine public taste is the creator of fine artists. When you listen to music or go to see a picture or a play, you are patron of the arts. Your choice will help to make or mar the art of your age. So when you hire an architect don't overlook the fact that you are a *patron* of architecture. Demand the best, expect the best. And, of course, this means that you must have formed some judgment of your own as to what is good and what bad. Have your own ideas. Let your architect *read* your thoughts so that he may have a definite theme for his composition. Otherwise he will be designing just another house.

Now a friendly warning about two elements in successful architecture. One is the environment or the background, and the second is the building itself. These two are so interdependent that neither one is a source of great pleasure alone. They must harmonize. If you have bought land and wish to build, there are a thousand beautiful houses that will lose their charm by being built on that land to *one* beautiful house that will fit the surroundings and enhance them. *No one thinks enough of this.*

Neglect to realize this is the cause of myriads of disappointments. Why isn't the house satisfactory? What is wrong? It is copied from that darling house in Duxbury. What can be the trouble?

It may be placed wrong on the land.

It may be graded or planted unsympathetically.

It may be brick when it should be wood.

It may be square when it should be long and narrow.

And so on.

In spite of all its own perfection it is ruined by its setting. A much less charming house but of different proportions might in this location produce more sense of charm.

Take your architect into your confidence before you buy if possible. His preliminary advice, based on his varied and long experience of failures and successes, will cost you nothing extra and may be of first importance.

I cannot drop this vital consideration of environment without another admonition. You are New Englanders, most of you, and were the architect to try to read the mind of New England as a whole what would he see in the crystal sphere? He would see a people

busy and anxious about many things and carelessly unaware of a rich inheritance waiting to be enjoyed. And this is the heritage: a countryside and a seaside of unparalleled charm for homes, where the lakes and the forests and the streams and the islands, the rocky headlands and the sandy coves all conspire to make life worth living; where the little villages are exerting upon strangers without our gates an irresistible lure to come and settle; but where the mind of the New Englander is scarcely aware of how easily and how quickly all this seductive landscape can be ruined, and these beautiful villages spoiled. The architect sees that this danger is not fully appreciated and this source of revenue not safeguarded as it should be. Wherever you turn the danger is there. Even if you find a perfect spot to build upon, you will be anxious about the future preservation of the surroundings. Satisfy yourself, with your architects' help in regard to zoning and building laws, community stability, schools, and neighbors.

Remember that you can almost always count upon enlarging your house, seldom your land. If you buy a lot upon a partly developed street everything looks roomy and

open. Five years later, with all lots built upon, you find yourself sandwiched in between a neighbor's kitchen window on the east and a noisy piazza on the west, with no peace or privacy.

Get enough land, even if you have to build only half a house to begin with. Bear in mind that you may some day be forced to sell your house. It will not sell as a book might sell in a bookshop—because it is a good book. The book is a detached article. The house is one of a group on a street or in a given neighborhood. A large part of the value of your house—don't mistake it—is in the value of the houses in the immediate vicinity. If they are stupid and drab, your chances are not so good. If they are bright and fascinating, your house is sold already.

For a complete revolution has taken place in the real estate market. Millions are being spent on eye-service in renovating and modernizing individual houses, in studying and laying out carefully balanced developments for new streets, circles, groupings of one kind and another. The day of quantity value is gone. Quality governs now, and quality in a home involves not your own house alone,

but all those that belong with it in its neighborhood grouping.

And one more caution! Do you think the value of your investment in a house ends there?—with the neighborhood? Far from it! The neighborhood derives its stability and the marketability of its houses from the character of the town or city of which it is a part. In some towns there are no houses for sale. It is almost impossible to get in. Those towns are worth examining. In other towns the For Sale signs are as numerous as the hydrants and street lights. Be careful here. There may be a reason.

In some towns there is a certain esprit-de-corps—a local pride, and it shows in the architecture. A neat village green, orderly groups of white cottages behind their fenced lawns, an air of independence and yet of relatedness. You know these towns. You rise

into raptures when you pass through them. They are what makes New England New England. Their names recall the quiet beauty and charm of places you long to live in—Sharon, Washington, Litchfield, Old Lyme, Canterbury in Connecticut; Stockbridge, Northfield, Ashfield, Petersham, Bolton, Yarmouth, Cohasset in Massachusetts; Hollis, Oxford, Newfields in New Hampshire. You know the types—and whether you can live in such a village or not, the ideal is with you and whatever place you pick can have the makeup of a future New England neighborhood.

And so, in a word, your problem is one of care and foresight in the selection of your location, and of tact and patience in dealing with your architect if you would finally move into the house of your dreams.

News from the Educational Field

ALFRED ROTH, Zurich, Switzerland, will join the faculty of Washington University at St. Louis, as critic in Senior Design.

JULIUS WALTER ROTH has been awarded the Henry Gillette Woodman Scholarship by the University of Pennsylvania, enabling him to have a year of travel in

Europe. Mr. Roth was also a finalist in the Lloyd Warren Prize Competition this year.

PROF. WILLIAM H. SCHEICK, who has been Coordinator of the Small Homes Council, at the University of Illinois, has been granted a year's leave to serve as the first

Executive Director of the newly organized Building Research Advisory Board at Washington.

JOHN KNOX SHEAR, who has been Assistant Head of the Department of Architecture of the Carnegie Institute of Technology,

has been appointed Head of the Department, with the rank of Associate Professor.

GEORGE E. DANFORTH, an instructor in architecture at Illinois Institute of Technology, has been raised to Assistant Professor.

SWEDEN

As It Appears to the Architectural Eye

By John W. Gross

The author won the John Stewardson Memorial Scholarship in Architecture for 1947 and set out to see both traditional and contemporary architecture in Europe. From his formal report to the Managing Committee in the Philadelphia Chapter, A.I.A. we reprint the following excerpts from Mr. Gross' chapter on Sweden.

SWEDEN is a small country in population. The whole country has fewer people than the city of New York; but this small group has a very unified spirit, very evident in the architecture. When a few architects started the trend toward the contemporary architecture for which Sweden is so well known today, the others fell in line quickly. At present no architect in Sweden would think of designing a building in any traditional style. In fact the architects of Sweden will take offense if anyone states that their architecture takes inspiration from any source other than Swedish.

With such men as Ostberg, Asplund, Tengbom, and Lallerstedt leading the way, the architects of Sweden have reached the front ranks of architectural design today.

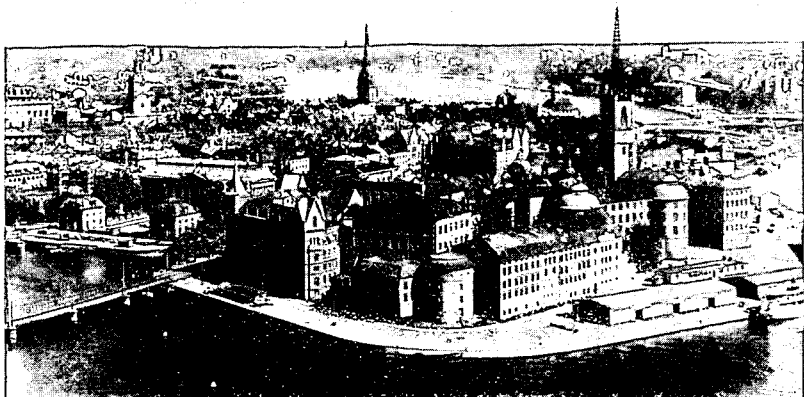
The architecture of Sweden is centered in the city of Stockholm and no city in the world can boast as much contemporary architecture per square kilometer. The finest building in Stockholm—or for that matter, the finest building seen all summer—is Ragnar Ostberg's Town Hall, sitting majestically at the end of Lake Malaren, its lofty tower commanding the whole of Stockholm. Many visits

are required to do this building justice and to study its superb detail. Ostberg's design is completely Swedish in character. Swedish craftsmen and artists were used exclusively in the construction. The architectural masterpiece is confined to no period of architectural history. Its design is undated. The details are playful; the form is functional; the color and texture of the materials have an unforgettable beauty; handmade Swedish bricks have a deep red glow and an uneven texture; light, warm granite gives a pleasing contrast; copper towers and roof have a soft green appearance; gilded ornamentation stands out well against the clear blue Sweden sky.

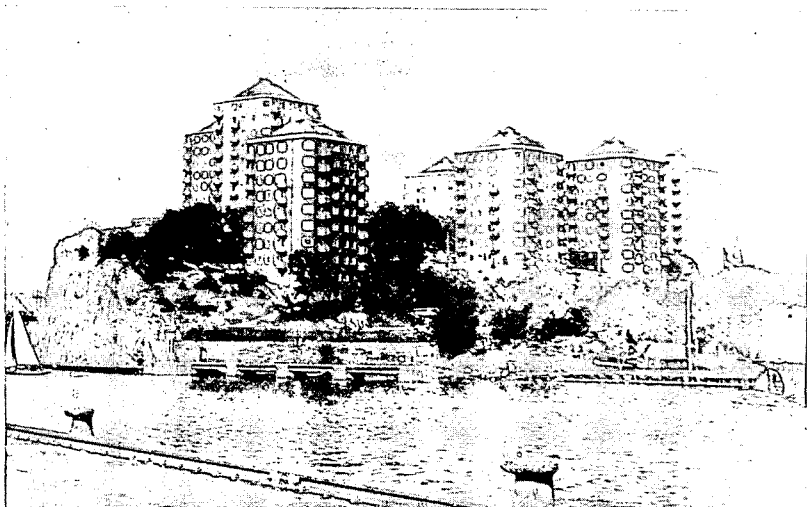
In the field of housing, Sweden has reached the highest levels. With the aid of the state and the cooperative building societies, most of the people of Sweden are adequately housed. Most of the work in rural dwellings has had the benefit of state aid, but in the urban areas cooperative building societies have produced great developments at a cost which is within the means of the people. One of the largest of these building societies is the HSB, whose symbol can be seen on many housing projects in Stockholm, Malmö and Göteborg.

The way HSB operates is thus: The tenant who is part owner of the house must pay 10% of the value of the apartment in advance, and thereafter for 20 years an annual rent towards amortization of the building loan. After the lapse of this period, he is free of debt and receives back his initial capital stake. If a tenant wants to move or leave the organization, he may sell his apartment to any person approved by the management committee, which also scrutinizes the conditions of every transaction to see that no robbery takes place. As a rule, the maximum price allowed is the initial payment plus the amortizations made by the seller.

The cooperative building societies have a twofold purpose—to secure lower rents and adequate living quarters for their members. The quality of the apartments produced by HSB and similar building societies will stand up beside any privately produced apartment building in Sweden or any other country of the world. They have not sacrificed quality for low costs. Their own architects are constantly at work improving plans and producing the best in design. The Reimersholme project is an excellent example of work done by



STOCKHOLM'S "OLD CITY"—GAMLA STAN
POINT HOUSES, 1945, AT DANVIKSKLIPPAN
BACKSTRÖM & REINIUS, ARCHITECTS





THE TERRACE TYPE OF HOUSING, 1938, INVERNESS, STOCKSUND
HARRY EGLER, ARCHITECT
THE LAMELL (OR SLAB) TYPE OF HOUSING, 1946, LIDINGÖ ESTATE
WORK OF THE H. S. B.



HSB. In 1943, the Island of Reimersholme was a heap of rubbish. The town planning department of HSB started to work. Natural surroundings were preserved as much as possible. Today, evidence of their work can be seen. Dwellings for 3000 people exist, a model modern community surrounded by water, embedded in green trees.

The housing units in Sweden have taken many forms. The villa or detached house exists to a lesser degree than apartment-type units, because the people prefer living in apartments. For the most part, the villa developments are in small communities or in the outskirts of the cities. Since apartments are preferred, most of the housing groups contain units of that type, but these units have taken several forms. These forms are the terrace house, a low strip-type house of one or two stories, usually with a garden; the point house, a tall structure with several apartments per floor, a central stair tower and elevators; the three- or four-story lamell buildings, usually walk-up; and the most recent development by architects Backström & Reinius, the star house, which are row houses in a sort of honeycomb form.

The use of several of these different type units is not uncommon in a single project. This, combined with the natural surroundings, have produced housing projects of great beauty in Sweden, projects with a park-like atmosphere, amid the trees and rocks.

Brick and stucco on brick are the usual finishing materials but considerable wood is used in some of the terrace houses and villas. The Inverness project contains terrace houses with brick party walls and frame facades. The buildings with stucco finishes are painted in brilliant colors. The new point houses at Danvikslippan, of which there are nine, are of painted stucco. Ordinarily this brilliant painting might be objectionable, but in Stockholm, where everything is so colorful, the effect is quite pleasing.

Stockholm has its "Old Town," commonly referred to as *Gemla Stan*. The Swedes call this their slums, but it is hardly a slum area as we know slums here in America. Granted, it contains many narrow streets and is a congested area, lacking in light and air; but at the same time it is very clean. In *Gemla Stan* are found the quaint old shops; a truly delightful place with all the charm of a former Sweden. Here too, are found the

government buildings, although they do not have as much of the Swedish flavor, having been done by foreign architects before the time when Sweden came into its own as an architectural producer.

While speaking of the old Sweden, some reference should be made to Skansen, a museum of old farm and rural buildings, located high on Djurgarden, overlooking the city of Stockholm. Here at Skansen are the old Swedish buildings, the colorful log houses, churches, windmills and all the memories that are dear to the Swedes. Amid this setting many of Sweden's national holidays and traditions are held. Native costumes are as plentiful as conventional dress. In one section of Skansen can be found the old handicraft shops where one can see such trades as glass blowing, metal work, leather work, printing, baking, etc. being carried on as they were a hundred years ago in Sweden.

The building trades were slowed up some during the recent war because of the lack of materials and labor. But during this period, a great deal of planning and a few structures were produced. It was at this time that a reactionary movement set in in Swedish archi-

ture. The architects turned away from the style which won international acclaim during the 1930s. The reason for changing their design was brought about by the feeling among the architects that functionalism was taking architecture away from the people. It was too sterile and cold. The new movement in Sweden is referred to as "Humanism." It is an attempt to make architecture more livable. An explanation of "Humanism" is very difficult. Even the Swedish architects can only give an explanation in generalities. Yet this movement is very evident in the architecture being produced in Sweden today. Perhaps the need for a more human architecture exists, but the present Swedish approach is for the most part unsuccessful. Most of the architects have resorted to the use of old Swedish details, which seems a mistake. More successful attempts at "Humanism" have been achieved through the better use of color and materials and the use of planting. The Swedish architects are very serious in this movement, which is still in an elementary stage, and before they have finished they will have solved this problem.

Schools have felt the effect of "Humanism" more than any other

building type. Stockholm can boast many fine schools, elementary, secondary and high, the latter being equivalent to an American college. Architects Ahrbom & Zimdahl have designed many of the more recent schools. The Eriksdahl Elementary School, completed in 1938, is a very large primary school, somewhat like a university in that it is made up of a group of buildings, all of which are beautifully designed. In an interview with the architects, they expressed the opinion that the school was too large for primary students, and if they were again to do the job, they would attempt to build several smaller separate schools rather than the large consolidated school.

In the case of two secondary schools for girls, which were done in the offices of Ahrbom & Zimdahl, one gets a good picture of the influence of "Humanism." The Norrmalm School, completed in 1938, has a gray stucco finish and a slight factory-like appearance, but otherwise beautifully detailed. The building is typical of the Swedish buildings of the time, with few breaks in the facade and with a flat roof. In 1945, after "Humanism" was introduced, the Sodermalm School was built. Although the need was exactly the

same, and the general scheme of the schools is the same, their appearance is different. Sodermalm School is faced with buff colored bricks. The roof is gabled, broken up with many chimneys (containing air vents). Also, the shape of the windows has changed, but this is more a matter of personal preference than anything else. One other major difference does exist however, and that is in the auditorium, where almost every conceivable change has been made, some of them for structural reasons. Sodermalm School's auditorium has a unique wooden ceiling with built-up wooden arches. It gives a very delightful appearance with the warm natural finish of the wood. This type ceiling cannot be repeated, however; building codes will not now permit it because of fire hazard.

While on the subject of schools, it might be well to mention several other Stockholm schools. Architect Paul Hedqvist did some very nice schools in the 1930s. Principal among these are the Trade School, quite well known because of the circular, free-standing, glass-enclosed stairs, and the Freedhall Elementary School. Other Hedqvist-designed schools include the Technical Secondary School and

the Institute of Bio-Chemistry at Stockholm University.

Another recent educational building in Stockholm with unusual requirements, is the State Handicraft School. Here only the leading craftsmen of the country are invited to attend courses, teaching the latest developments in the various crafts. Just about every known craft is taught from sewing and cooking, for women, to automobile mechanics, bricklaying and carpentry, as well as the fine arts, including bronze casting of sculpture, ceramics, silver work, glass carving and many others. Each craft has varied requirements for the room or rooms in which it is taught.

Stockholm has two fine new hospitals to care for the medical needs of the people, the Sodersjukhuset or South Hospital, and the Karolinska Hospital. Both are very large institutions but are quite different in architectural design. The South Hospital is one large stucco building with little or no landscaping, while Karolinska, located on the north edge of town, is made up of several dark red brick buildings, nestled among the trees and rocks. These buildings are connected by underground passages. This latter hospital is more "Humanized," and

no doubt the park-like atmosphere and somewhat smaller structures might have a psychological effect on the patients; quite obviously it makes a nicer appearance. As far as the actual content of the hospitals, they are quite similar. Also, there is no noticeable difference internally from American hospitals.

Only within the last fifty years have industries sprung up in Sweden to assist their all-important wood industry and put the country on a sound economic level. Some of the buildings housing the manufacturing industries show evidence of the spirit of contemporary industrial design. The great Luma plant where electric-light bulbs are manufactured stands out in the horizon, day and night. During the day, the huge white masses stand out against the clear blue sky and by night the many windows are illuminated by the products manufactured within. Architect Adolph von Schmalensee, one of Sweden's leading industrial architects, produced this building in 1930. Also, he was the designer of the recent buildings at the Marabou chocolate factories, including the very fine research laboratory built in 1942.

Another important industrial plant in Stockholm is the head of-

fice and factory of the L. M. Ericsson Company, manufacturers of telephone and communication equipment. The main interest was in the office section. Almost every detail was conceived with the idea of communications, sound or light, dictating the form. The elevators were operated by an electric eye. Perhaps the idea was carried a bit far when ceilings and walls take a wavy form to simulate sound and light waves. The pride and joy of the company is their Board Room, which has been executed in intarsia, a mural of inlaid woods, one of the greatest of Swedish decorative arts.

No report on Sweden would be complete without some mention of

Carl Milles, the great Swedish sculptor. Although Milles has taken up residence in the United States, a great abundance of his work was done and can still be seen in Stockholm and other Swedish cities. Also his models are sent to Sweden for casting. The sculpture of Milles may be seen anywhere in Stockholm. On the docks is "The Sea God," a roly-poly mass of red granite. Before the Concert House stands the famous "Orpheus" fountain. "Sunsingers" can be seen everywhere. But for a very complete collection of the sculptor's work, one must travel to the Island of Lidingo to the Milles' Villa and garden, which is now a state-owned museum.

Satisfied that you know all you need to know? Neither are we.

The Schools and Adult Education

By Martin Stephen Kermacy

ASSISTANT PROFESSOR OF ARCHITECTURE AND PLANNING, UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS

WHAT RESPONSIBILITY can or should the schools assume in furthering the professional education of men in practice?

I should like to begin by taking first the question, "Should the schools assume this responsibility?" Surely we must answer Yes, unless

the university and colleges are conceived to be a sort of super trade-schools, teaching trade-professions, trade-arts, and trade-humanities. Such institutions could be considered as fully discharging their obligations to the individual and to society by producing gradu-

ates who know What, but not the Why.

The primary function of an institution of higher learning is to stimulate the thought process within the mind of the individual; demonstrable and knowledgeable facts are mere tools to this end. By means of these tools, the university serves as an auxiliary starter to the intellect, using Effects to investigate Causes, studying Parts to know the Whole, presenting Facts to pursue their Meaning. This continuing process of integrating the fields of human knowledge and experience is the beginning of wisdom.

The pursuit of knowledge is worthy only in so far as it contributes to the progress and happiness of the society of man. The ideal of progress and happiness embodies a sense of responsibility in the individual, both to himself and to society. This concept of responsibility is a corollary to the educational process, and when the schools undertake the responsibility for furthering the professional education of men in practice, they act through a duty which is theirs without volition.

Any program for further professional education presupposes a sincere desire on the part of the

schools to contribute to the profession in terms of time, staff, and budgetary allowances. Such a program also assumes that the profession is interested and desires further professional education. The program also presupposes that teachers are qualified men who, along with their ideals, recognize and are sympathetic to the problems and limitations of competitive practice, anticipate them, and are ever looking toward new and better solutions for them.

A curriculum for further professional education divides naturally into refresher courses, and courses designed to keep the practising architect up to date on progress in the profession. Refresher courses should present a condensed version of basic courses in the degree curriculum for those who desire, either from practical or cultural motives, to review work in this area. To be practical and effective, these courses must be specifically designed for this purpose. The most readily perceivable need for such courses is in the structural and mechanical fields, for while specialization has advanced to the point where it is the unusual architect who can solve the simplest structural or mechanical problem, there still remains the small office

without access to engineering help, yet loath to let the Portland Cement Association design its concrete, Bethlehem its steel, or the electrical contractor its wiring system.

New courses may run the gamut of both technical and non-technical subjects. The schools could advantageously provide studies in the newest construction techniques, the technical and legal phases of professional practice, and personnel relations. First in importance is still, I insist, Design, and this subject, in connection with our thesis, gives rise to interesting speculation.

I believe every architect who ever fancied himself as a designer (and if we count heart-of-hearts instead of noses we get a clear majority of the profession), secretly or openly believes he can do a better job of teaching than the professors. Herein lies the greatest opportunity for the schools to be of service to the practitioner. I say give him the opportunity to test his belief, and whether in so doing he prove himself right or wrong, we shall all be wiser for the process. For those of you who have not experienced it, let me sound a warning: The student of design wants to know WHY; unless you are prepared either to explain or to dis-

card your most cherished notions about design, don't mention them. The chastening power of this process holds an educational value from which the most accomplished practitioner does not fail to profit.

Design courses for practitioners should then, provide first of all for contact, democratic and without benefit of professional ceremony, with undergraduates. In addition, the schools should emphasize design theory and philosophy in a paralleling course or courses, because theory is the special province of the schools, and because theory precedes sound practice. Often the bemused practitioner rejects the efforts of the younger men because of faulty detail, and in concentrating on the faults completely fails to recognize the quality of the over-all conception and the conviction underlying it.

The architect is a competent and practical man; so competent he can properly detail almost anything—and often so practical he does not realize the creative potentialities of coupling his knowledge and experience with philosophic conviction. He should be afforded the opportunity occasionally to do a project in continuous consultation with the school's design staff, and free for once from strict budget

limitations, clients' vagaries, and the countless other trials that plague the profession in the everyday business of making a living. For the creative spirit a momentary breath of air in this oppressive atmosphere of expediency and practicality: If I were free to; If I had a million dollars . . .

Time is the particular problem of a curriculum to further professional education. The busy practitioner can rarely afford the time necessary to take concentrated short courses; these must, therefore, be limited to review courses and subjects that cannot reasonably be handled in any other way. All other subjects could be treated most advantageously by the seminar method, consisting in presentation of papers by qualified individuals who may be practising architects, teachers, or professionals in related

fields. In the discussions following the presentation of the subject, the influence of the school is exercised in the role of moderator. This method of instruction, in which the school also serves as program arranger, is widely used at such universities as Minnesota, Michigan, Michigan State, Washington, Florida and Oklahoma.

If, as we claim, the practice of architecture is a profession, it is not because we claim it, but because our occupation involves mental more than manual labor, and because our activities are founded on a liberal education. As the concept of social and professional responsibility lies implicit in liberal education, and as liberal education is the schools' trust, so must it be their liability to nurture and cherish the Ideal, and their onus if it default.

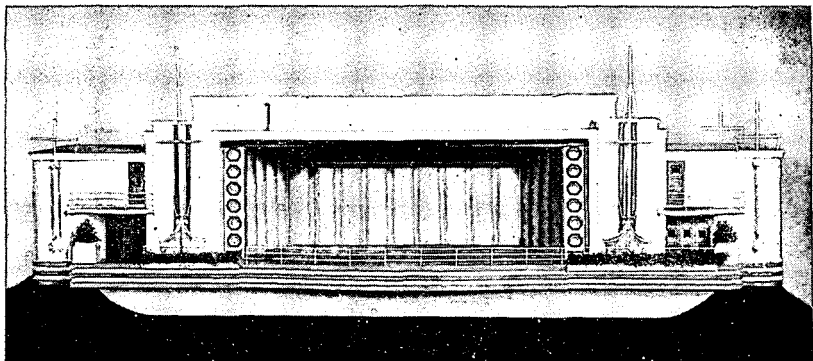
In a large expanse of wall what do you use to preserve scale—large units or small?

Skill With Scale

By Edwin Bateman Morris

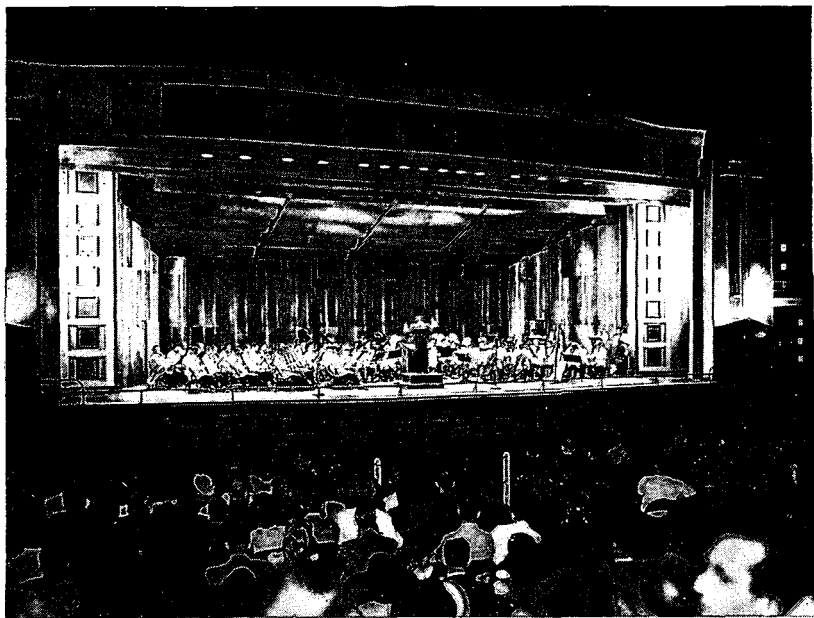
A PLEASANT postprandial diversion of architects is to discuss that elusive and will-of-the-wisp subject Scale. The definition of scale might be: the quality that

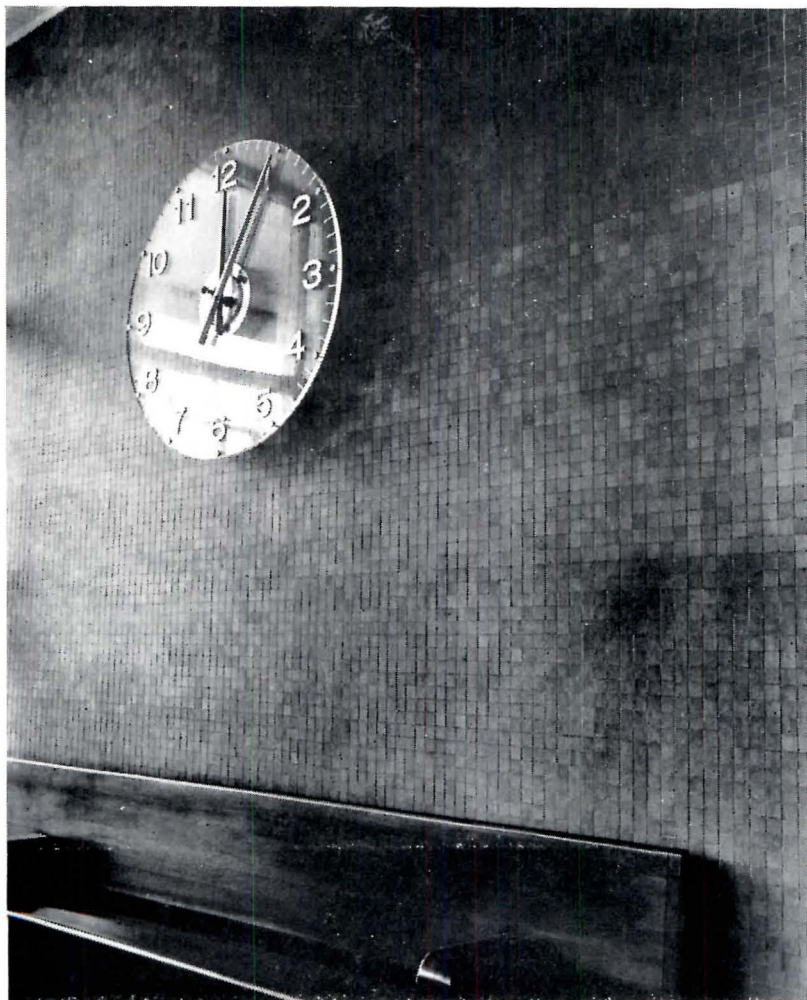
makes a thing as big as it is — a combination of wording that skirts absurdity. Yet it becomes a high point of design contemplation because of the tendency of archi-



MODEL OF THE WATERGATE BARGE, WASHINGTON, D. C.
Photographs by A. Rowe, by Courtesy of the National Park Service

BAND CONCERT IN THE BARGE ANCHORED AT THE WATERGATE





WAITING-ROOM WALL, NORFOLK & WESTERN RR STATION, ROANOKE, VA.
RAYMOND LOEWY, DESIGNER

In the clock face faintly reflected can be seen the
half-timber front of the Hotel Roanoke

fects in their haste or inspirational abstraction to falsify a surface.

Architects over the ages have, in a sense, feared an expanse of wall. It was a thing to be written upon, to be ornamented, and when the accent had been placed, there arose the gnawing fear that the motive was either too big or too small. A part of that thinking was the size of the component parts. An adequate indication of size might be large parts, emphasizing bigness; or small parts, which by their multiplicity underlined expanse.

What did one do about that? Large size of parts was a strong and appealing thing. Yet an effective device was the many parts, whose continued repetition gave a message of far spread and, by their very impossibility of being counted, spoke of infinity.

A while ago I was in the new

station of the Norfolk and Western Railroad at Roanoke, Virginia, an efficient yet rather uninspired piece of passenger-handling machinery. But its careless and half-awake architectural simplicity was relieved and almost redeemed by the texture of its walls, which were an unbroken field of warm suede-grey tiles, 2" square, which varied somewhat in tone and caught the light on their surfaces, giving the changing sheen of a pleasant fabric, or perhaps that almost imperceptible light variation one sees on silver fur.

One of the accomplishments of our present architecture is this ability to obtain warmth and expression from a completely unornamented surface setup, as it were, like a wide construction fabric. The photograph shows the 2" units and the effect of expanse and scale achieved by their simplified use.



Bernhard Hoffmann

BERNHARD HOFFMANN was a practical idealist in the best American tradition. A telephone engineer in New York, he moved about thirty years ago for reasons

of family health to Santa Barbara, California.

Here he worked enthusiastically in preserving from ruin the ancient adobe buildings of Spanish-Colo-

nial times, encouraged the design of architecture founded on Spanish precedent, restored the famous de la Guerra adobe featured in Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast," and had built adjoining it, with his wife, the Paseo, a charming congeries of shops grouped about a central patio and designed by James Osborne Craig, after whose untimely death the buildings were completed by Carleton M. Winslow. Through the Community Art Association Mr. Hoffmann helped create public opinion for good and appropriate architecture to such an extent that Santa Barbara became one of the most attractive small cities in the United States.

In recognition of these conspicuous achievements in the furtherance of distinguished architecture Mr. Hoffmann was made an Honorary Member of The American Institute of Architects in 1929.

Frail in body but abounding in spirit, he worked with self-effacing devotion for civic art, city planning, roadside beauty, better homes, music and drama, and many other cultural causes dear to his heart. The charm of Santa Barbara will carry through the years the touch of his hand.

He died July 7, 1949 at Stockbridge, Massachusetts, the town of his boyhood.

—WM. TEMPLETON JOHNSON,
F.A.I.A.

Calendar

September 11—November 20: "Exhibition for Modern Living," Detroit Institute of Arts, Detroit, Mich. Alexander Girard, Eero Saarinen and other architects are on the Executive Committee.

September 26-29: American Hospital Association's 51st Annual Convention, Hotel Statler, Cleveland, Ohio.

September 30—October 1: Annual Great Lakes Regional Seminar, Indianapolis, Ind., in which Light, Color and Acoustics will be studied. Further details from

Arthur Wupper, 10220 Architects' Bldg., Indianapolis, Ind.

October 20-21: Annual Convention of the New York Association of Architects, Rochester, New York.

November 1, 2: Semiannual Meeting of the Board of Directors, A.I.A., White Sulphur Springs, W. Va.

November 4-5: The West Virginia Chapter, A.I.A., meeting at The Greenbrier, White Sulphur Springs, W. Va. All A.I.A. members are invited.

December 4-10: VII Pan-American Congress of Architects, Havana, Cuba.

January 16-19, 1950: The First Plant Maintenance Show, in the Auditorium, Cleveland, Ohio, in connection with a four-day Conference on Plant Maintenance Methods.

January 21, 22: North American Conference on Church Architecture and the Church Architectural Guild, Neil House, Columbus, Ohio. Exhibit of Church

Architecture, Arts and Crafts by Interdenominational Bureau of Architecture and manufacturers, Neil House, Jan. 21 to 25.

January 23-27: Southwestern Air-Conditioning Exposition, State Fair Park, Dallas, Texas, in connection with the 56th Annual Meeting of the American Society of Heating and Ventilating Engineers.

March 28-31: National Plastics Exposition, Navy Pier, Chicago, Ill.



Requiem Notes on "The Fountainhead"

To supplement the reviews of Ayn Rand's screen play published in the July JOURNAL, here are several characteristic excerpts from the reports of other reviewers of like mind.

"The Warner Brothers, whose eager fingers are incessantly groping for the pulse of the public, have evidently decided that the pressing problem of the day is the plight of the nonconformist architect . . . The hero has to battle the most powerful publisher in New York, who so loathes his fellow-man that he finances the construction of horrible-looking buildings just to offend his fellow-man's aesthetic sensibilities. All kinds of hidebound architects are opposed to our boy, too, but there is a girl, crazy for beauty, genius, and greatness of soul, who understands and loves him. This girl is something less than stable. As a matter of fact, it's hard to grasp why she is

allowed to run around loose, since she is always muttering about being afraid of love, while rolling her eyes frantically and flopping about on divans like a seal . . . She doesn't have a good day, actually, until she joins the hero in blowing up a housing development about the size of Stuyvesant Town. He does this because a few classical friezes have been superimposed on his design, thereby ruining its nice, square lines . . . The most asinine and inept movie that has come out of Hollywood in years."—JOHN McCARTEN in *The New Yorker*.

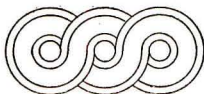
"This thesis is that the artists—the 'creators'—in this world are justified in maintaining their rigid

independence of public pressure at all possible costs and that the interests of the individual genius, not the interests of society, must be served . . . By its dark innuendoes, it is the 'mob' which blindly resists the efficiency and the light-shedding beauty of its hero's architectural designs. It is the insensitive 'people' which permit themselves to be swayed by selfish and power-hungry leaders into shunning the genius' works. And it is, by some specious dialectic, society itself which becomes a cruel and inflexible 'collective' against the freedom of the individual man . . . By stacking the cards in favor of the hero, whom Gary Cooper plays; by wildly distorting the aspects of the normal behavior of men (such as having the staff of a huge newspaper pull a walk-out because of an architectural feud); by using high-sounding phrases to say absurd and empty things, it whips up a strange enthusiasm for an illusion of recititude. But behind this beguiling illusion is a dangerous doctrine in which to place faith."—BOSLEY COWTHER in *The New York Times*.



" . . . She has achieved a motion picture that will rank high in the

voting when the time comes to select the most preposterous crashing bore of 1949 . . . Gary Cooper has the great misfortune to find himself miscast in the leading role in 'The Fountainhead.' He plays the idealist architect of Miss Rand's imagination, who never compromises with principle and permits buildings he has designed to be built only as he has designed them. Never did Mr. Cooper look more uncomfortably like a man who didn't give a hang about principle, but just wished he were somewhere else, like out on an open prairie . . . Raymond Massey plays a newspaper publisher who wants Power. Mr. Massey is a good man to have around, but he is no more of a match for the flamboyant script than Mr. Cooper . . . Mr. Massey shoots himself. It's a good thing he hadn't seen the picture yet, or he might have used live ammunition. Anyhow, this leaves Miss Neal, her character developed, free to go to Mr. Cooper and she does. Whether she reaches him or not, we couldn't say. She was halfway up the uncompleted structure of the tallest building in the world, looking far down on the Empire State Building, when we had to leave. Our nose bleeds at 27,000 feet."—HARRY MACARTHUR in the *Washington Evening Star*.



Gregory Ain's Low Bid

Gregory Ain, a member of the Southern California Chapter, A.I.A., aspires to be Poet Boreate of his chapter, and thus addresses Theodore Criley, the Editor of the Chapter Bulletin:

Dear Ted, the editor:

It's said
"Man liveth not alone by bread."
How true! I rue to think, not few
refuse to choose the muse instead.
For poetry, I grieve to say,
is lacking in the A.I.A.,
leading me thus to fuss today.
I feel, to deal with real material,
first durst touch much on the ethereal.

Behold me then, a candidate
aspiring humbly to the state
of CHAPTER POET BOREATE.
The right to dare this chair exalted
must light on some one by default, Ted.
But if you deem I seem too bold,
well, we can have the Chapter polled.

I'll lay my cards right on the table
and outline why I think I'm able
to fill the bill, and to deliver
lyrics to make your liver quiver:

ONE.....I can pun on how to dun,
and teach how creditors to
shun

TWOIt is true that even you
need views of news in
brighter hue.
I'll preach with speech as
fresh as dew,
and this will never frighten
you.

THREE....You will see that ART, to me,
is something not beyond the
sea;
I'll show beauty as the duty
of each Institute recruitée.

FOURWhat's more, the chores that
bore
others will not make me sore;
I'll report on kitchen floor
as well as on more noble lore.

FIVE.....I thrive (I'm still alive)
through F.H.A. and danker
dive.
Even the L.A. Building Dept.
has not yet made me feel
inept.

SIX.....I'll fix you tricks how to col-
lecture
fees and debts in architecture.

Give me an answer, Theodore,
before I batter down your door.
Ere you peg me in the neg-
ative, examine well, I beg,
the pome below.*

Sincerely,
Greg.

P. S. I guess it's best you rest
a bit before the final test,
lest the pest of my preamble
make you trample on my sample.

*Reserved for a future issue if, after
this, we are allowed to continue pub-
lication—Ed. of JOURNAL

The Cathedral

A FABLE OF THE MIDDLE ANCIENT TIME, THE MORAL OF WHICH, IF ANY, YOU WILL HAVE TO DEDUCE FOR YOURSELF

IN TWO PARTS—PART I.

By *Harry F. Cunningham*

COLONEL, G.S.C., U.S.A., RETIRED

IT HAS COME to our ears that, in the ample and glorious days of the Middle Ancient Time, a King came home from the Wars. Now there was nothing very remarkable about this of itself, for he had often done exactly the same thing before. It was a part of his job—a very important part of his job—to come home from the Wars every little once-in-a-while. But the particular homecoming concerning which runs the tale we have heard, was different in at least one respect from all prior homecomings of this particular King. For he had beaten the current enemy or, to put it more accurately, his Army had.

Now this King, before he left for the Wars, he vowed him a vow. And this again was not a particularly noteworthy thing for him to have done. For the vowing of vows, great and small, was a regular part of his royal job (although the keeping of them was quite another matter and one in which the job allowed him a considerable

degree of latitude). However, the vow concerning which this tale is told was by way of being a very special vow—a Vow with a capital V—in that it really *had* to be kept. It had been vowed (carelessly enough to be sure) on the very holiest of all the Holy Relics and in the hearing of a considerable number of really important persons. And VIPs have colossal memories as well as means for insisting upon the accomplishment of things they remember. Life has changed but little, in its major aspects, since the Middle Ancient Time. And the Vow which the VIPs heard and remembered had promised that the King would build the most beautiful Cathedral in the world if he came home safe and sound (as he was practically certain to do) and had beaten the current enemy in the bargain (which was by no means so certain and therefore left a ray of hope). But, the current enemy had been beaten, so the Vow had to be kept.

So, when he came back to his Capital City a little behind the news of his coming (for news traveled faster than Kings, even in the Middle Ancient Time) the King found the Royal Reporter at the City Gate with quill and parchment, breathlessly awaiting the royal First Word. The Official Spokesman—on behalf of His Majesty—gave the good people a greeting and a wish for their continued health, happiness and prosperity, assured them of the fundamental soundness of the country's economic structure, and promised an important announcement concerning the fulfilling of the Royal Vow in due course.

Realizing that the Vow concerned the building of a Cathedral and that building was distinctly *their* business, the Architects who hung regularly about the Court, trimmed their beards, polished up their nails, and hung about more conspicuously than they had ever hung about before. They questioned every questionable person about the Court until they had run quite out of questions—and they learned exactly nothing at all. And this was so unusual—and so very bad—a state of affairs, that they held a caucus and appointed

a committee of the Best Beards to wait upon His Majesty, the King, and acquaint him with the proper procedures to follow to secure an Architect for the most beautiful Cathedral in the world, without going outside the regular Court circle. This was a notable committee. Of its members, one had built the tallest building in the world, another had built the widest building in the world, and its Chairman had collected the largest fee (all in cash) that had been paid to an Architect since ever the world began paying fees to Architects. Each member of the committee was, of course, a full Fellow of the Inner Circle and each sported a bountiful beard.

In accordance with the requirements of the protocol, the King received this imposing committee, as even Kings must receive imposing committees, and appeared to listen attentively as lengthy dissertations on Ethics, Morals, Religious Significance, Fees (of course), and assorted what-nots were filtered through the Best Beards in the profession. Piles of pious precedent were unloaded into the patient Royal ears. All of the organization magic—all, that is, that was safe to spread—was spread before the King. It was observed by one

of the pages that His Majesty had a faraway look in his eyes and a bit of a twinkle now and then, as this palaver went on. But the page never told anybody about that. After the Chairman had made his summing-up speech, His Majesty thanked the committee for its painstaking presentation of the Professional Magic and excused the distinguished gentlemen, first however, leaning down from the throne to hang his own collar of the Order of Bigger and Better Buncombe about the great neck of the Chairman, against whose beard the jeweled decoration made a very fine showing indeed. The gentlemen of the committee bowed with appropriate decorum and slowly backed from the presence. They went down the grand staircase in high spirits. They had done the obvious thing at the obviously proper time and they had done it well. And so much, for the moment, for the Best Beards.

But the King—once the committee was well out of earshot—turned to the Royal Secretary and remarked that the language was sadly deficient in words adequate for the expression of certain sentiments. And he laughed the most Royal laugh that had been heard

in many a day. He beckoned to a page and said, "And you, my lad, will straightway seek out and bring directly to our presence the good Maitre Carolus, our Director of State Tournays." In short order the page returned accompanied by Maitre Carolus, whom His Majesty hailed with great delight. (The King was very fond of Maitre Carolus—he was the only honest man in the Court circle, and even a King may be fond of an honest man when he can find one. The trouble is, of course, that it is very hard for men to be really honest with Kings.) The Director of State Tournays was always a bit afraid when he came before the King. He was a retiring sort of chap and the mere idea of kingship frightened him. Being the sort of chap who does things better than they need be done, Carolus was always fearful that he had left some detail undone, and his neck itched him most of the time. However, he bowed quite properly and awaited the Royal word.

The King smiled at Maitre Carolus and anybody might have seen the merry twinkle in the Royal eyes. "And what has our good Director been doing of late?" he asked. The Director replied that he had been working on a re-

vision of the National Tourney Code, in the effort to make it afford full protection and insure adequate rewards, to all who tilted according to its provisions. And he hoped that he might be able to shorten it somewhat. The King laughed outright, which was, of course, a perfectly human and quite un-Kingly thing to do.

"Aha, good Maitre Carolus," said the King, "we have a *real* job for you now. We plan to have a Tourney such as was never had before. The lances will be good straight goose-quills and the gore that flows will not be the red blood of doughty warriors but the black ink of those who wield the quills. And this Tourney will be fought on a field of parchment. We plan, in short, to have a competition for a design for the most beautiful Cathedral in the world. And you, good Maitre Carolus, are to have full charge of the thing. We impose no restrictions, we have only one requirement. This competition must bring us the design for the most beautiful Cathedral in the wide world, and there you are! Now isn't that the sort of Tourney that you would really like to handle?"

The Director of State Tourneys quite forgot that the King fright-

ened him. He smiled. Here *was* a real job at last. He thanked the King and backed from the Royal presence.

Once back in his study, Maitre Carolus began to consider how best the Royal command might be carried out. Obviously, there must be a Programme; there always was a Programme. And the Best Beards would surely have to pass on this one. The King had not mentioned the Best Beards, and that was very odd, for this Tourney certainly touched the pious precincts of their precious profession. It could not be that the King had forgotten the Best Beards, for they maintained a very active National Society for the Prevention of Forgetfulness. He must immediately ascertain His Majesty's wishes in the matter of the Best Beards. So, he sent his page to the Royal Secretary to ask information in this connection.

When Maitre Carolus read the note the page brought back, he smiled a grand good smile and clapped his hands with joy. "That," he said, "is exactly the place they *should* go, of course, but Charon would never let them in his boat and I *know* they can't *swim*." And with the Best Beards thus royally

relegated to Limbo, the good Director set gaily to work on his programme. He drew on the Royal Library for all the Tourney Programmes that had ever been written and he read them all. It took forty pages of foolscap parchment to contain the wisdom gathered from these dusty, musty manuscripts. Obviously, forty-odd pages made quite too bulky a package—even for a Programme. It must be boiled down. He boiled it all down to about twenty sheets and could boil no more. He was rather proud of his success as a boiler, but even so, it was still a pretty sizable thing and the copying of it, in the many copies necessary for full circulation, would take many scribes many months. He needed help and advice. So, he called a conference of all those persons who had no knowledge of the matter in hand but whose sentiments were known to be proper. When the notes of the conference had been transcribed and Maitre Carolus had read them over, he realized that all of the resolutions concerning mandatory and non-mandatory phrases, clauses, sentences and articles, would run to many more than his twenty sheets. The good Director was in a quandary. He had heard also, that the King was

wondering why he hadn't come up with something.

Finally, in a state of mixed fear and desperation, Maitre Carolus called upon the Royal Secretary and asked for an audience with the King. The audience was granted with suspicious promptness and, when Maitre Carolus came before His Majesty and saw the hard glitter in the Royal eye, he knew that his job and his neck were hanging by the same very slender string.

"Your Majesty's servant has come up against a wall and cannot seem to scale the wall without the aid of the Royal wisdom," said Maitre Carolus.

"And what, Sir Director, is the nature and composition of your wall?" queried the King.

"Sire," wailed the Director, "I cannot make a Programme. There are not enough restrictions and there are no definite requirements. There is just nothing to go on—it is all so blank."

"So, it is 'blank,' is it?" purred the King. "I always loved that little word 'blank.' I love a blank book, I adore a blank wall. Each has such infinite possibilities. But, if something doesn't happen pretty blankety-blank soon, I wouldn't give a Turk's toenail for your

blankety-blank-blank neck, my good Maitre Carolus. I want a *design*—not a Programme!”

“And the King, who never made long speeches nor ever used the personal pronoun in the singular number unless something pretty terrible were in the air, waved the Royal Skibook in such a manner as to suggest to Maitre Carolus the desirability of a speedy exit from the Royal presence.

If the Director of State Tourneys was in a quandary before, there was no word in the language fittingly to express the state he was now in. He got himself back to

his study somehow and perched himself on his high stool. “Well,” thought he, “if the King wants a design and not a programme, why not ask for the thing he wants and forget all this hullabaloo about a Programme?” It would, of course, be an unheard of thing to do, this asking for a mere *design*, without a Programme. But why not try it out anyway? Why not, indeed? The motto of the good Director’s house was, “*Au moins une fois*,” and any way he looked at things, his neck itched him; one chance was as good—or as bad—as another.

(To be concluded)



Architects Read and Write

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



SHALL WE CRIB?

BY GUY STUDY, F.A.I.A., St. Louis, Mo.

IN A recent number of *The Atlantic* Newman Levy, in an article entitled, “They’ve Stolen My Plot,” discusses plagiarism from the writer’s point of view and makes clear that authors freely draw from the past, quoting Kipling’s lines:

“When ’Omer smote ’is bloomin’ lyre,

He’d ’eard men sing by land an’ sea;
An’ what ’e thought ’e might require,
’E went an’ took—the same as me!”

We architects have always kept our sights set high, and theft of direct ideas has never been considered strictly legitimate; but if

we may consider our professional brothers, the writers, honorable men, perhaps the art of architecture would be better off today if we, too, had a bit more easy conscience. Amongst the men of the modern school it has become fashionable to condemn the architects of the first quarter of the nineteenth century for stealing from the past, yet they do not hesitate to steal from one another of the little that there is to steal. And they have so stripped our architecture of both motifs and details that a building today is scarcely more than four plain, unadorned walls pierced all over with nothing but monotonous factory-designed windows.

This is not to say that out of the whole product of modern architecture one cannot find some good, for in mass composition much has been accomplished. But most of this mass composition has been mere striving for effect; the lapping over of one mass upon another is seldom satisfactory and more frequently, bad. Nor have the new materials, for which so much has been claimed, produced startling results. I carry in my mind's eye only two or three new motifs that modern work has created. There is that much-used doorway, recessed by rounding or curving the walls at the side, which, when done well, isn't bad at all and one which might be called "a swell motif" except for the fact that it has been done to death. The other is the massive wall thrust into so many

designs, although it serves no useful purpose except to make a mockery of the most sacred tenet of the modernist's creed. The motif might properly be called "The International Harvester Company's Wall," as it has become one of the distinguishing features of that company's country show rooms.

With the denuding of our architecture, one looks around for the professional architectural critic, only to find that he, too, has passed out of existence. As I recall names, Lewis Mumford's was about the last on the list. Perhaps he, as much as anyone, was responsible for the chorus of amateur critics who considered American architects of thirty years ago to be plain cribbers. It was Lewis Mumford who damned the work of that period with faint praise by calling it "eclectic" and simultaneously endorsed the modern movement. Then, within a few years, he found that the field which he had helped sow produced such a disappointing crop, he switched his endeavors to what one can hardly call greener fields.

In the first architect's office that I entered I was fortunate to be assigned to a table alongside of a highly skilled draftsman and a good designer, Louis Smetana. Whenever he had a building to design he got out a number of books and a pile of plates for intensive study. After he developed a tentative plan, he began on the elevations, selecting his different motifs from the

material in front of him and, after innumerable studies, invariably arrived at a highly satisfactory result. I recall that the less gifted men in the office, envious of his skill, accused him of cribbing his designs and that he invariably replied, "It takes a damn good man to crib!"

To close one's eyes to the past is as futile as to gaze into a crystal ball and, as far as I can see, cribbing in architecture is no different from cribbing in literature and is equally legitimate. For us architects to set ourselves up as the most holy of creative artists is but to emphasize a foolish and untenable position. In architecture, as in literature, if the designer is an artist he will combine old motifs and details so as to form something actually new and he will infuse into the whole a new spirit which is all-sufficient and worthy of acclaim.

Architects seldom lift a whole facade, although McKim, Mead & White did just this with great success. Their Madison Square Garden Tower was, of course, a steal from the Cathedral of Seville, their Boston Public Library from the Library of Ste. Geneviève in Paris, the Tiffany Building from a Venetian palace—but in each in-

stance they improved upon the prototype. And so one finds ample precedent for cribbing amongst architects. We have seen that Kipling approved of cribbing; and the high priest of modern poetry, T. S. Eliot, gives it his sacerdotal blessing—provided, of course, the original is improved upon—and Mark Twain was free to admit that all humorous stories are based upon one of seven original jokes.

But already we are beginning to hear voices, and oddly enough coming from the very centers of learning which were at the start so eager to endorse the modern style—voices that indicate an uneasiness and fear that this stripping of our buildings of all motifs and ornament has not produced the happy results expected. Already men are asking, "Shall the American scene be made still more bleak and drab?" But it will do no good to weep and wail and say that so long as we keep our noses in our ledgers we will have no interest in the arts. The world has passed through other barren periods; but always after a time, in response to the soul of man, art and beauty have flowered again. The truth is, there never was a period when there were not a few men to keep the flame alive.

Books & Bulletins

MARCEL BREUER: ARCHITECT AND DESIGNER. By Peter Blake. 128 pp 8 $\frac{1}{4}$ " x 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ ". New York: 1949: The Architectural

Record for The Museum of Modern Art. \$4.

The author is Curator of the Department of Architecture and

Design at the Museum of Modern Art; he presents an understanding and sympathetic record of the pioneer who came here in 1937 and who has had, with Dr. Gropius, great influence in Harvard's School of Architecture.

THE CHURCH BUILDER. By Elbert M. Conover, 192 pp 6" x 9". New York: 1948: The Interdenominational Bureau of Architecture. \$2.75.

The Director of the Interdenominational Bureau of Architecture since 1934, Dr. Conover, as a pastor and as a keen observer of church building for many years, brings together the fruits of his wide experience.

RETHINKING URBAN DEVELOPMENT. By Coleman Woodbury and Frederick A. Gutheim, 30 pp 7 $\frac{3}{4}$ " x 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ ". Chicago: 1949: Public Administ'n Service. \$1. The authors' names are known wherever urban development is a subject for serious thought. With characteristic understatement they offer this pamphlet as "only a preliminary analysis and outline of problems and potentialities."

FLORENTINE ART UNDER FIRE. By Frederick Hartt. 157 pp 6 $\frac{3}{4}$ " x 10 $\frac{1}{4}$ ". Princeton: 1949: Princeton University Press. \$5. The story of Tuscany and its art treasures as told by a scholar in the field of Italian Art, who served there in World War II as a Monuments, Fine Arts and Archives Officer. There is an

appendix listing the intact monuments and also the damaged monuments and their repairs.

ARCHITECTURAL DRAFTING. By Wm. J. Hornung. 160 pp 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ " x 11". New York: 1949: Prentice-Hall, Inc. \$4.50.

Material for use in vocational and technical schools, based on a course in National Technical Institute, New York City.

HIGHROADS AND BYROADS OF PROVIDENCE. By John Hutchins Cady. 70 pp 5" x 7 $\frac{1}{4}$ ". Providence: 1948: The Akerman-Standard Press.

A guide to the architectural and other historic treasures in and near Providence, R. I. Many of our cities would do well to pattern after this service to visitors, by Mr. Cady, a Fellow of The Institute and Past President of the Rhode Island Chapter.

MAPPING FOR PLANNING. By E. B. Wilkens. 29 pp 7 $\frac{3}{4}$ " x 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ ". Chicago: 1948: Public Administration Service. \$1.50.

An effort to standardize symbols for various types of land uses in the increasing number of land surveys being made by community planning boards.

HOUSING AND TOWN & COUNTRY PLANNING. 76 pp 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ " x 11". New York: 1948: Columbia University Press. \$1.50.

No. 1 of a Bulletin to be issued under the aegis of United Nations, providing information from all parts of the world that should be of use to policy-making officials and technicians.



The Editor's Asides

LEON KEACH, who is an associate editor of the *Bay State Architect* and responsible for that publication's Boston notes, has devised a new procedure. Like all editors of architectural publications, he is constantly plagued by the failure of his constituents to send in news and comment. Finally, in despair, he selects several constituents by name and proceeds to imagine News Notes that would have some semblance of verisimilitude.

As for instance:

"Robert E. Minot has taken an agency for the sale of incandescent neckties. They are made from a sympathetic plastic in various colors and will glow for seven hours without recharging.

"Through a simple but ingenious mechanism, somewhat like a free-swinging pendulum, the tie flashes on and off when the wearer's gait is unsteady. For a slight additional charge opaque letters may be purchased to show in silhouette through the cravat and spell out a message. Mr. Minot's sample, which he wears for publicity purposes, says, 'It's only us chickens' in Caslon Old Style, very neat, and in full con-

sonance with an architect's rather particular regard for good lettering."

DON'T MISS the August 15 *Time* and its story of Richard Neutra, F.A.I.A. and domestic architecture. Whether or not you approve of all, or of anything, *Time* says, remember that with every such personalized story in a periodical of wide national circulation, literally thousands of persons are getting their first faint glimmer of what the word architect means.

VOLUME I, NUMBER 1 of a periodical is usually well worth looking over. The amount of advance work, and even the money investment, is sure to have been formidable, and if the idea of a publication has inspired such travail, the result probably has merit. This was undoubtedly the case with *Planning Outlook*, recently launched by University of Durham King's College, through its Department of Town and Country Planning. We gave you a taste of the first menu last month in a

few short excerpts from Bruce Allsopp's "Planning for Delight." Professor J. S. Allen is Editor of the new journal—at present a quarterly—and I feel sure he would welcome correspondence from this side of the ocean. His address: 3 Devonshire Terrace, Newcastle upon Tyne, 1, England.



WHEN GEORGE WASHINGTON was President, the average age of our people was 16 years. Now it is 30 years. By 1975 it will be 35 years. These facts may not startle you. How about this one?—Fifty years ago there were 3 million of us over 65 years of age; now there are 11 million in that age group. Economically, we are in for some big changes. Age is more conservative, less creative, less productive, less mobile. We can let others worry about those factors, but what we architects might well begin to think over is the whole bundle of changes imminent in dwellings, apartment houses and recreational space planning—to face the most obvious elements in a widening field of change. In 25 years from now the old folk will have become probably six times as numerous as in 1900;

they will have increased two and a half times as rapidly as the whole population. Looks as if the manufacture of slippers, canes and wheel-chairs should be good business to enter.



WASHINGTON'S CLIMATE, according to newspapers of other cities is reported to be a lot worse than it really is. We are feeling very comfortable, thank you, after reading news of the semi-annual meeting of the American Society of Heating and Ventilating Engineers. It seems that two University of California professors have been heating some of their students in temperatures of from 140 to 240 degrees Fahrenheit. It was all in good clean fun, with the "intelligent and manful cooperation" of the parboiled students. The students were found able to tolerate temperatures of 237 to 242 degrees for an average of 28 minutes. Just to indicate the adaptable functioning of the human machine, the professors found that the mucous membranes in the respiratory passages lowered the hot inhaled air 100 degrees in a few inches of travel.

Which will you have — iced tea or mint julep?



Northern Hard Maple Floor—Greenwood Gymnasium, La Grande, Oregon

Charles B. Miller, Pendleton, Oregon, Architect
 Photograph—courtesy of Maple Flooring Mfg. Association

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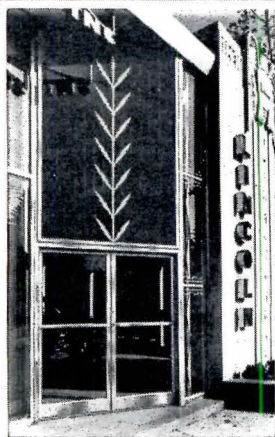
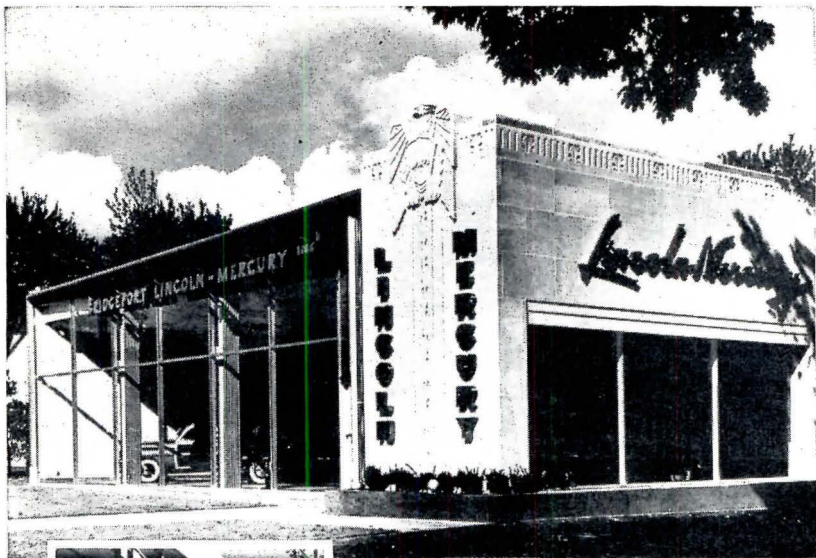
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8d Wood Siding-Sinker Hd.	575	500 sq. ft. 1/2" x 8" Bevel Sdg.	DK. Blue	36					
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8d Wood Siding-Casting Hd.	575	500 sq. ft. 1/2" x 8" Bevel Sdg.	Lt. Blue	36	1 1/4" Rock Lath	2646	35 square yards	Orange	16
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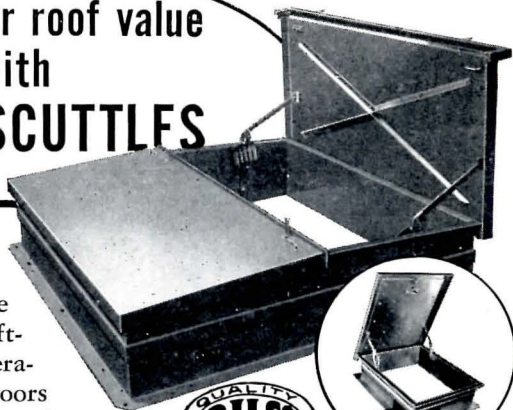
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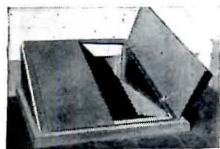
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