Mr. Joseph Urban’s new theatre on Sixth Avenue at Fifty-Fourth Street, is something more than a recent building. Opening at practically the same time as another well advertised playhouse, it is interesting to note the difference between the stupidity and vulgarity of this large theatre and the curious strength of Mr. Urban’s. In the former, full expression is given to the assumed evil taste ascribed to the New York public. The building is loaded with meaningless ornament produced quite obviously to startle the audience with a display of cardboard magnificence. The Ziegfeld theory, apparently, is that the kind of architecture that theatre owners have produced for some years past is not necessarily the final word in design. The pathetic Adamesque creations, Italian Palaces in the latest interior decorator manner, need not be a steady diet. The Ziegfeld building cannot be labelled historically, so it will be fitting to say that it is modern in conception.

Mr. Urban has taken an ellipse as the basis for his plan and quite happily expresses the same form on the exterior by framing a curved portion of the façade between large pilasters. The detail of these pilasters and the powerful decorative form between them is startling in its unusual scale. Other masses of decoration, the huge masks flanking its center shaft, are in similar proportion. The relation to the normal New York building is unusual and quite possibly
more vigorous than might have been necessary. The effect, nevertheless, is refreshing, not only because of the relief from the flat wall that might have been expected, but because of the great simplicity that is obtained by the plain surface of the stone. Mr. Urban has been willing to experiment freely and boldly, and the result, irrespective of minor criticisms, will be stimulating to those who realize that archeology and design are not necessarily synonymous.

The use of electric flood lighting develops an interesting composition of mass in the evening, taking full advantage of the whiteness of the curved façade and the strong horizontal line of the shelter over the main entrance. The stores are unfortunate in spite of the evident possibility of additional income. When they become filled with the average shop merchandise, flaunt their own signs and illumination, they are likely to be extremely discordant notes.

The interior, apparently, interested Mr. Urban more than his exterior, for here he has emphasized his break with the classic tradition by hurling to one side the entire category of architectural forms and has expressed his own version of what a theatre might be. The basis of his plan is the ellipse, as contrasted with the normal use of the fan shaped auditorium. By projecting part of the stage into the body of the house—the Shakespearean plan, incidentally—the audience is brought into more intimate touch with the actors. The forestage permits minor action to take place while the curtain is drawn, permitting flexibility that is different in the customary stage set apart and sharply cut from the audience. The rear of the stage has the customary cyclorama and the elaborate electrical equipment permits the variety of light effects that are so characteristic of the modern play.
THE ZIEGFELD THEATRE, NEW YORK CITY

Joseph Urban and Thomas W. Lamb, Architects

(From a Perspective Drawing by Hugh Ferriss)

The entire wall and ceiling of the auditorium is painted in a medley of landscape that attempts to bring the audience in the happy carefree mood of the stage. Whether or not one is in entire sympathy with the amount of decorative painting, it is quite clear that Mr. Urban has been able to rid himself of most con-
THE ZIEGFELD THEATRE, NEW YORK CITY
Joseph Urban and Thomas W. Lamb, Architects.

[388]
DETAIL, ZIEGFELD THEATRE, NEW YORK CITY
Joseph Urban and Thomas W. Lamb, Architects

May, 1927

Photo, Sigurd Fischer
INTERIOR, ZIEGFELD THEATRE, NEW YORK CITY
Joseph Urban and Thomas W. Lamb, Architects

May, 1927
CEILING IN AUDITORIUM, ZIEGFELD THEATRE
Joseph Urban and Thomas W. Lamb, Architects.
THE ZIEGFELD THEATRE, NEW YORK CITY
Joseph Urban and Thomas W. Lamb, Architects.

[392]
PROSCEINUM, ZIEGFELD THEATRE, NEW YORK CITY
Joseph Urban and Thomas W. Lamb, Architects

ventions and seems to enjoy his independence. He has under any circumstances produced a theatre that can be examined critically, which is very much more than can be said for most of his contemporaries.
In the CAUSE OF ARCHITECTURE

By

Frank Lloyd Wright

1—THE ARCHITECT AND THE MACHINE

The Machine is the architect's tool—whether he likes it or not. Unless he masters it, the Machine has mastered him.

The Machine? What is the machine?

It is a factor Man has created out of his brain, in his own image—to do highly specialized work, mechanically, automatically, tirelessly and cheaper than human beings could do it. Sometimes better.

Perfected machines are startlingly like the mechanism of ourselves—anyone may make the analogy. Take any complete mechanistic system and compare it with the human process. It is new in the world, not as a principle but as a means. New but already triumphant.

Its success has deprived Man of his old ideals because those ideals were related to the personal functions of hands and arms and legs and feet.

For feet, we have wheels; for hands, intricate substitutes; for motive power, mechanized things of brass and steel working like limited hearts and brains.

For vital energy, explosives, or expansives. A world of contrivance absorbs the inventive energy of the modern brain to a great extent and is gradually mastering the drudgery of the world.

The Machine is an engine of emancipation or enslavement, according to the human direction and control given it, for it is unable to control itself.

There is no initiative will in machinery. The man is still behind the monster he has created. The monster is helpless but for him—

I have said monster—why not savior?

Because the Machine is no better than the mind that drives it or puts it to work and stops it.

Greed may do with it what it did with slaves in "the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome"—only do it multiplied infinitely. Greed in human nature may now come near to enslaving all humanity by means of the Machine—so fast and far has progress gone with it.

This will be evident to anyone who stops to study the modern mechanistic Moloch and takes time to view it in its larger aspects.

Well—what of it? In all ages man has endured the impositions of power, has been enslaved, exploited and murdered by millions—by the initiative wills back of arms and legs, feet and hands!

But there is now this difference—the difference between a bow-and-arrow and gun-powder. A man with a machine may murder or enslave millions, whereas it used to take at least thousands to murder millions. And the man behind the machine has nothing on his conscience. He merely liberates an impersonal force.

What is true of the machine as a murderer is just as true of it as a servant.

Which shall it be? It is for the creative-artist to decide—For no one else. The matter is sociological and scientific only in its minor aspects. It is primarily a matter of using the machine to conserve life not destroy it. To enable human beings to have life more abundantly. The use of the machine can not conserve life in any true sense unless the mind that controls it understands life and its needs, as life—and understands the machine well enough to give it the work to do that it can do well and uses it to that end.

Every age and period has had its technique. The technique of the age or period was always a matter of its industrial system and tools, or the systems and tools were a matter of its technique. It doesn’t matter which. And this is just as true to-day.

This age has its own peculiar—and,
unfortunately, unqualified technique. The system has changed. The Machine is our normal tool.

America (or let us say Usonia—meaning the United States—because Canada and Brazil are America too)—Usonia is committed to the machine and is machine-made to a terrifying degree. Now what has the mind behind and in control of the machine done with it to justify its existence, so far? What work suited to its nature has been given it to do? What, in the way of technique has been developed by its use that we can say really serves or conserves Life in our country outside mere acceleration of movement?

Quantity production?—Yes. We have ten for one of everything that earlier ages or periods had. And it is worth so far as the quality of life in it goes, less than one-tenth of one similar thing in those earlier days.

Outside graceless utility, creative life as reflected in “things” is dead. We are living on the past, irreverently mutilating it in attempting to modify it—creating nothing—except ten for one. Taking the soul of the thing in the process and trying to be content with the carcass, or shell or husk—or whatever it may be, that we have.

All Man-made things are worthy of life. They may live to the degree that they not only served utilitarian ends, in the life they served but expressed the nature of that service in the form they took as things. That was the beauty in them and the one proof of the quality of life in those who used them. To do this, love entered into the making of them. Only the joy of that love that gives life to the making of things proves or disproves the quality of the civilization that produced them.

See all the records of all the great civilizations that have risen and fallen in course of Time and you may see this evidence of love as joy in the making of their things. Creative artists—that is, workmen in love with what they were making for love of it—made them live. And they remain living after the human beings whose love of life and their understanding of it was reflected in them, are thousands of years dead. We study them longingly and admire them lovingly and might learn from them—the secret of their beauty.

Do we?

What do we do with this sacred inheritance? We feed it remorselessly into the maw of the Machine to get a hundred or a thousand for one as well as it can do it—a matter of ubiquity and ignorance—lacking all feeling, and call it progress.

Our “technique” may therefore be said to consist in reproduction, imitation, ubiquity. A form of prostitution other ages were saved from, partly because it was foolish to imitate by hand the work of another hand. The hand was not content. The machine is quite content. So are the millions who now have as imitations bearing no intimate relation to their human understanding, things that were once the very physiognomy of the hearts and minds—say the souls of those whose love of life they reflected.

We love life, we Usonians as much as any people? Is it that we are now willing to take it in quantity too—regardless of inferior quality and take all as something canned—long ago?

One may live on canned food quite well—But can a nation live a canned life in all but the rudimentary animal expressions of that life? Indefinitely?

Canned Poetry, Canned Music, Canned Architecture, Canned Recreation. All canned by the Machine.

I doubt it, although I see it going on around me. It has its limits.

We must have the technique to put our love of life in our own way into the things of our life using for our tool the machine to our own best advantage—or we will have nothing living in it all—soon.

How to do it?

Well! How does any one master tools? By learning the nature of them and, by practice, finding out what and how they do what they do best—for one thing.
Let architects first do that with the Machine. Architects are, or must be, masters of the industrial means of their era. They are, or must be—interpreters of the love of life in their era.

They must learn to give it expression in the background for that life—little by little, or betray their office. Either that or their power as normal high-priests of civilization in a Democracy will never take its place where it is so badly needed. To be a mason, plasterer, carpenter, sculptor, or painter won't help architects much—now.

They may be passing from any integral relation to life as their architecture, a bad form of surface decoration superficially applied to engineering or buildings would seem to indicate and their function go to something other and else. An embarrassment of riches, in the antique, a deadly facility of the moment, a polyglot people—the necessity of "ready-made" architecture to clothe the nakedness of steel frames decently or fashionably, the poisonous taste of the period; these alibis have conspired with architects to land us where we all are at the mercy of the Machine. Architects point with pride to what has happened. I can not—I see in it nothing great—at least nothing noble. It is as sorry waste as riches ever knew. We have every reason to feel ashamed of what we have to show for our "selves" in any analysis that goes below the skin.

A kind of skin disease is what most architecture is now as we may view it today. At least it never is organic. It has no integrity except as a "composition." And modern artists, except architects, ceased to speak of "composition" long ago.

Fortunately, however, there is a growing conviction that architecture is something not in two dimensions—but with a third and that third dimension in a spiritual sense may be interpreted as the integral quality in the thing or that quality that makes it integral.

The quality of life in man-made "things" is as it is in trees and plants and animals, and the secret of character in them which is again "style" is the same. It is a materialization of spirit.

To put it baldly—Architecture shirks the machine to lie to itself about itself and in itself, and we have Architecture for Architecture's sake. A sentimental absurdity. Such "Architecture," being the buildings that were built when men were workmen—and materials and tools were otherwise—instead of recognizing Architecture as a great living Spirit behind all that—a living spirit that left those forms as noble records of a seed time and harvest other than ours, thrown up on the shores of Time, in passing. A Spirit living still only to be denied and belied by us by this academic assertion of ours that they are that spirit. Why make so foolish an assertion? I have asked the question in many forms of many architects in many places and always had to answer myself. For there is no philosophy back of the assertion other than a denial or a betrayal—that will hold together. Instead there is a doctrine of Expediency fit only for social opportunists and speculative builders or "schools." There is no other sense in it. The Machine does not complain—it goes on eating it all up and crying continually for more.

Where is more coming from? We have already passed through nearly every discovered "period" several times forward and gone backward again, to please the "taste" of a shallow present. It would seem, now, time to take the matter seriously as an organic matter and study its vitals—in a sensible way. Why not find out what Nature is in this matter. And be guided by Principles rather than Expedients? It is the young man in architecture who will do this. It is too late for most successful practitioners of today to recover from their success. These essays are addressed to that young man.
IT HAS BEEN SAID that the first impression a great building makes upon one is our best guide in determining the true spirit of the whole mass. No one can view the huge pile of masonry which composes this Masonic Temple without feeling something of the same emotions that come to us when viewing the great buildings of the old world. These great monuments of the past each in their turn play upon our emotions. We are filled with awe and reverence by the façade of Notre Dame of Paris; we are satisfied to the fullest extent with the loftiness of the Cathedral of Beauvais; we are overcome by the vastness of St. Peter's in Rome. Not that I would compare this Masonic Temple with these great monuments but I do not hesitate to state that this Temple enkindles similar emotions. They are emotions that only architecture in its highest form can stir; they are emotions aroused by dignity, nobleness and simple grandeur. Perhaps we should not consider the façade of this Temple as the façade of a mere building, but rather as a great architectural composition; an architectural composition that for its daring and its boldness is comparable in many respects to any of the great façades of the world.

Due to the varied requirements of the plan, which consists of some eight or ten large halls, there has been little or no attempt to design this temple in accordance with accepted precedent or established principles. It is made up of impressive masses; sculptured into appropriate and beautiful detail, the whole mounting into a superb and imposing composition. In the logic or lack of logic of this façade in reference to the component parts of the plan, I am little concerned; I am content with the satisfaction and pleasure that comes to me in the power of the abstract beauty of the whole. While there is nothing new or original in the classic details of the architecture of this building, there is great originality in the conception of the composition of its façade. Its architecture is pure, the details having been carefully studied from Greek and Roman temples; there is an eternal quality here and fortunately there is no trace of any ephemeral style forced upon the building to satisfy mere personal vanity. In thinking of this temple, we are reminded of the recent speech delivered by Kipling at Oxford, when he expressed the hope that there would be found in his work some slight contribution to art, if only it were "an ancient truth retold, some old delight reborn."

This temple is the result of the combined efforts of two St. Louis architects, T. C. Young and A. B. Groves—the latter now deceased—and it has been a work that has taken practically all of Young's time for the past four years. The original conception for this design, Mr. Young tells us, was the result of an effort to express symbolically in architecture the three great steps to be taken in Freemasonry. Interesting and effective as this symbolization may be, in reality it served as a bold and effective stroke creating the composition of a noble façade. While many similar compositions were to be found in ancient Greece and Rome, Mr. Young tells us he drew his inspiration largely from the Acropolis at Athens. The palaces of the Caesars upon the Palatine Hill in Rome which were built upon platforms cut out of the side of the hill forming similar picturesque composition when viewed from the Forum below must also have inspired him. Most effective is this temple when seen at night with the flood lights turned upon the stately line of columns at the
upper level; but little imagination is needed then to recall a great fête when the Palatine was aglow with colored lights in celebration of the return to Rome of a Caesar back from war.

One may gain some conception of the scale of this building when we realize that the upper pediment is almost as
high as the towers of Notre Dame. The Ionic capitals of the columns measure 6 feet from tip to tip, almost equal to those of the great Temple of Jupiter, in Rome. When we think that the building on the inside contains some eight or ten great halls, each designed in a different style of architecture and that these halls staged one upon the other form a mass equal in height to a twelve-story building, all served with elevators, stairs and every requirement that a modern building of this type must have, we will realize that the structure as a whole was an undertaking of no small proportions. Many of these halls contain beautiful and interesting details and each possesses a quiet and dignified character that will unquestionably stamp them as models for future Masonic lodges.

From the above drawing, one may visualize the designer’s finished picture of this temple. The finished design calls for an heroic figure of Mercury, symbolizing light, to crown the central pediment; upon the upper platform bronze tripods, from which vertical rays of electric light will shoot in varying colors; on the pedestals at the second platform, bronze griffins typifying the guardians of the Masonic secrets; behind the columns at the main entrance an allegorical frieze in marble, depicting a great procession of architects, builders, engineers and laborers, while in front of the building two stone sphinxes are to rest upon the pedestals flanking the entrance.

Today, without the groups of sculpture that are to still more enrich the façade, the building is by no means nude or un-
adorned. The architectural details, the bronze shields, the play of light and shade upon the various motifs are so carefully studied and placed that these alone seem almost sufficient and demand but little further enrichments. In this building the aesthetic power of pure architecture is felt and I cannot but feel that a notable

[400]
QUALITY RATHER THAN STYLE

From an address by Frederick Maynard Mann, Professor of Architecture, University of Minnesota, at a testimonial dinner given by the St. Louis Chapter of the American Institute of Architects to Thomas Crane Young.

IT HAS BEEN given to few men in the field of architecture to participate effectively and contribute continuously through a period of great development such as has taken place in America in the years of Mr. Young's active career.

Aside from the modest attainments of our architects of Colonial times, this country had produced scarcely anything prophetic of a great American architecture up to the time when in 1885 Mr. Young finished his apprenticeship and entered active practice. To a young architect, thrilled by the glorious achievements of past ages and filled with ambition to go and do likewise, the prospect must have seemed cold and barren.

True, there were a few men in the ranks just ahead of Mr. Young, like Hunt, Richardson, and McKim who imagined that they saw a new light, but who were, nevertheless, groping blindly. When these men came upon the field in the seventies, America was enshrouded in a gloom of bad taste and ignorance of the essentials of good Architecture. England was in like condition; and in France the academicians were wailing "L'Architecture est Morte." For fifty years or more Victorian Romanticism had continued in full sway; during that period men's fancy was stirred only by the substance of remote styles, but the vital spirit and understanding of architecture was, in reality, dead.

In France, the academy clung to classic traditions and taught the fundamentals of architecture as exemplified therein, and insofar, its teaching was sound, but it did not attempt to interpret modern needs, or to connect architecture to modern life.

Hunt, Richardson and McKim, the first Americans to come back from the French Academy, were equipped with its splendid fundamental training, but if they had attempted to foist the dry bones of Classic Architecture upon young and energetic America, they would have failed. Though in many respects they were wise beyond their time, each sought for an architectural expression in one of the dead styles of the past that would be sympathetic to American conditions. They knew the value of the logical plan and were versed in the subtleties of composition, proportion and scale, and in these qualities their work showed true greatness, but they were still dominated by the traditions of their time, the romantic reverence for past styles. Hunt chose the early French Renaissance, Richardson the French Romanesque and McKim the Italian Renaissance, and in the heart of each was the hope that out of these dead styles an American style would take root and blossom forth.

Thus began a battle of styles, amounting to blind copyism by lesser men, and destined to lead nowhere. The early work of Hunt, Richardson and McKim had elements of greatness because they were great men, and was so in spite of the deadening traditions they were obliged to labor against.

From the advent of this group in the seventies, I am confident will date what will be called the American Revival, and, I believe it safe to say, the beginnings of an Architecture that will be entered upon the pages of history as one of the greatest. I did not say it would be a great architectural style, for today the question of an American style is of little concern to architects. The prophecy which I express so confidently is based on the thoughtful concentration of the American architects of today on the fundamental thing—good architecture.

I believe it is for the architect to concern himself only with good architecture, exactly fulfilling the needs of his time, leaving it to the historian to concern himself with the qualities and characteristics of style.

We cannot today survey the accomplishments in American Architecture, encompassed as they may be practically within the span of one architect's career, without a feeling of wonder and pride. The great Hunt, Richardson and McKim passed through the first decade of the Re-
vival, and had only begun to feel solid ground under their feet, when, with the rising generation, in 1885, Mr. Young entered his eventful practice. His generation was not large and not many of them were able to see American Architecture in the new light that was dawning, but Young was among those who could, and the fine qualities of his work soon brought him into national notice. He not only kept abreast of the tide of development, but his contribution has been notable and continuous, even to the present day.

Architecture is but a record of civilization and cannot be otherwise. Greek architecture was the expression of an intellectual democracy; Roman of imperial power; Gothic of the religious commune; Italian Renaissance of a cultured aristocracy; and French Renaissance of kingly power and the dignity of the State; and, shall we say of America of the present its architectural expression is of a democracy of free individualism. In fact, in America, for the first time in history Architecture has been in the hands of the individual citizen untrammelled by the power of a ruler, a ruling class, or of communistic restraint. By reason of this unique condition, I believe, we cannot expect in America the development of an exact and homogeneous style of architecture, such as is familiar in the great periods of the past; nevertheless, the actuating spirit of America does and will continue inevitably to stamp itself upon American Architecture. Let us hope that that spirit is great enough to transcend petty details and express itself in terms of quality rather than in style.

If we compare our architecture of the eighties with that of today, it becomes
It is apparent that enormous advances have taken place, and, moreover, it is evident to all that the practice of architecture has become exceedingly complex.

The incessant discoveries of science alone, and their application to building, have rendered the art of Architecture more difficult, and have required new
knowledge almost from day to day on the part of the architect.

Wonders are achieved with reinforced concrete and with the frame of steel. The first steel-frame building—one of ten stories—was built several years after Mr. Young began his practice; later came a new wonder in the Flatiron Building of twenty; then the Woolworth Building of fifty stories; and no sooner was the Book Tower of Detroit of eighty-one stories designed than forth comes a host of designs contemplating one hundred stories or more.

A swift pace, indeed, in one class of buildings alone,—within the span of forty years. If American Architecture should ultimately find its chief expression in commercial structures, which I see no reason to predict, possibly an Englishman's characterization of America as an "industrial feudalism" would be justified. But, today, our architecture belies this classification, for the advance of Architecture in this country has not been confined to the commercial field. It cannot be questioned that taste and understanding are evident in our monuments of other types. In our public buildings there exists a fine sense of monumental quality;—these include buildings of the National Government at Washington, numerous State Capitols, libraries, art museums, churches, schools, colleges, and universities (yes, and Masonic Temples of which Mr. Young's notable achievement is unquestionably one of the greatest, if not the greatest.) Another of our English cousins finds this monumental sense existing only in America and, to a lesser degree, in France. In church work the
modern world has not produced the equal of our own Goodhue, and in private homes America is acknowledged to lead the world.

I do not mean to say that Architecture of other countries is at a standstill; much of great interest, and possibly of great significance, is being done in Europe, particularly in the way of a conscious and studied attempt to interpret the modern spirit. In contrast to this, one of the most potent characteristics of American Architecture, it seems to me, is its very lack of self-consciousness, or studied effort. Herein lies one of its greatest hopes.

As we examine the work in the early eighties, even the best of it showed an experimental timidity and conscious attempt to break away from the clutches of Victorian tradition, while today, after the relatively short span of fifty years, we can but be struck with its sureness and self-confidence, and to these qualities I would add,—simplicity, restraint and scholarly intelligence.

Thus is the brief summing up of what has happened in the lifetime of the man we are met here to honor tonight; surely it has been given to few to participate in, and to contribute materially to, a development so vast. Throughout these years, Mr. Young has been in the forefront, always keeping step, and even at the present moment he has demonstrated his mastery of the intricacies of contemporary practice by the production of a monument which his colleagues willingly acclaim to be one of the great works of American Architecture and representative of its finest qualities.
Entrance
APARTMENT HOTEL AT 28 EAST SIXTY-THIRD STREET, NEW YORK CITY
Henry S. Churchill, Architect; Herbert Lippmann, Associate

[406]
The problem which the architects of Twenty-eight East 63rd Street faced was to design an apartment hotel providing a maximum number of attractive rooms on an inside lot which was partly in a residential and partly in a business zone, and so came under two conflicting portions of the set-back law. It was decided to frankly make the most of the area admissible under both sections, and to treat the resulting elevation as a problem of balance rather than as one of symmetry. The masses were considered in such relation, and this relation was then further emphasized by ornamental design in terra cotta to give direction and dynamic action to the masses. The upper portion of this building is distinctly a study in giving direction and balance to dissimilar parts, achieving rest and harmony thereby instead of by the simpler static means usual when a plan is symmetrical or nearly so.

The lower portion of the building presented no such complicated problem of design, but is the result of the architect's belief that a structure on an inside lot is a problem in façade, that the covering of the steel should be admittedly a mask and not a fake "construction," and that color and texture on such a façade must take the place of form. To achieve this desired effect the architects used several unusual methods. In the first place, the brick was laid up in as flat and surface-like a manner as possible, bonding it only at every sixth course as the law requires. As a vertical emphasis in the composition and also to tie the base in with the rest of the building, brick piers were used. These piers, while they project slightly surface, are again in surface pattern by laying all the bricks in soldier courses with all vertical joints running through. Furthermore three colors of brick were used: the darkest for the vertical piers and lower pattern; medium color for the field up to the first setback; and the lightest from there up. Finally the architects treated the first story as a screen stretched across the face of the building, related in line and color and texture to the surface above, but not structurally in the sense of a "base." This first story is carried out in warm-colored terra cotta and marble, for the entrance to a residence, it was felt, should be warm, gay and inviting—one should want to see what was behind so pleasant a screen.
In plan, the architects of course aimed at as good a solution of the real estate problem as possible. The plan has great flexibility. The basic arrangement of one, twos and threes has in actual renting developed into fours, fives and sixes, as required, with ease. Closet space is ample, and in no case has any bedroom to be entered through any other room.

The decoration of the public rooms is modernist in color and furnishing. There is considerable use of iron designed by Ferrobrandt.
RESIDENCE OF JACQUES VINMONT, ESQ., LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA
Roland E. Coate, Architect
RESIDENCE OF JACQUES VINMONT, ESQ., LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

Roland E. Coate, Architect
RESIDENCE OF JACQUES VINMONT, ESQ., LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

Roland E. Coate, Architect
RESIDENCE OF JACQUES VINMONT, ESQ., LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

Roland E. Coate, Architect
RESIDENCE OF JACQUES VIMMONT, ESQ., LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

Roland E. Coate, Architect
RESIDENCE OF JACQUES VINMONT, ESQ., LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

Roland E. Coate, Architect
BRESCIA HALL, COLLEGE OF NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y.
Henry J. McGill and Talbot F. Hamlin, Architects
Entrance Tower

BRESCIA HALL, COLLEGE OF NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y.
Henry J. McGill and Talbot F. Hamlin, Architects
BRESCIA HALL, COLLEGE OF NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y.
Henry J. McGill and Talbot F. Hanlin, Architects
BRESCIA HALL, COLLEGE OF NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y.

Henry J. McGill and Talbot F. Hamlin, Architects
LAKE SUNAPEE YACHT CLUB, LAKE SUNAPEE, N. H.
Prentice Sanger, Architect
LAKE SUNAPEE YACHT CLUB, LAKE SUNAPEE, N. H.

Prentice Sanger, Architect
LAKE SUNAPEE YACHT CLUB, LAKE SUNAPEE, N. H.
Prentice Sanger, Architect
Part V. Cremona

The Piazza del Comune

It was early that the water was not hot for the caffè expresso machine, nor had the rolls come from the baker. I had chosen to wait outside at a freshly washed table fairly in the Piazza del Comune across which I could watch the sun coming up from behind the Cathedral. High in the Campanile a bell had struck seven, yet the clock face below said it lacked half an hour of it. The shadow from the Baptistry had crept down the arcade of the Palazzo Communale and was moving back across the square.

Inside the caffè the padrone dusted the bottles on the bar while he talked me over with his wife. Why had the stranger demanded breakfast so early when there was no train out of Cremona for two hours?

“He has been to early mass,” she suggested.

“Not a bit likely,” he said, taking another look at me.

“Then he is a salesman of some sort. Look, he is opening up his case. Tell him we need nothing!”

“Madame,” said I, turning to address her, “I should be the last person alive to bring commerce to Cremona. I have come only to appreciate this, the most perfect medieval square in all Italy.”

“Then you must be an architect,” exclaimed the proprietor, giving his wife a ‘what did I tell you’ look as he came out to shake my hand. “Only architects come to Cremona for pleasure,” he regretted, the while he glanced at my sketch book.

“Luigi,” he called to the boy, “Drop the mopping and run for the bread; the gentleman shall eat breakfast at once.”

“Let us have it together,” I suggested, “While you tell me about your famous city.”

“It is done,” he assented, “But first a table-cloth!”

The Campanile

I had intended to count the steps as I climbed up in the bell tower, but between admiring the brickwork and stopping to lean out each window opening that I passed, the count was lost. Near the top the eleventh century brickwork gave way to the brick and marble lantern of the next century that carries the tip to just under four-hundred feet. Upon reaching the platform under the Lombard arcade I took out the map of Cremona and checked off the churches that were spread out at a larger scale in the city below. S. Michele, S. Agata and S. Vincenzo had been chosen for closer inspection before I came, in my circuit of the parapet, upon the owner of the view. He appeared all of eighty, except for the fine color of his face. I was on the point of stepping around a column to avoid disturbing his meditation when he turned to me and wished a good morning.

“Can you tell me something of the small towns?” I asked, indicating the flat plain below over which the Po twisted like a string lying on a carpet.

He knew, it would seem, every house and tree in the radius of twenty miles. As I left him I suggested that he must have climbed often to this isolated platform.

“Almost every day of my life,” he said, and added, “You see, it is always cool up here, and quiet, and besides, what else is there to do with one’s time in Cremona?”
The Baptistery, Cremona, Lombardy (Twelfth Century)

NORTH ITALIAN BRICKWORK, PART V.

[442]
The Architectural Record

Apse and Campanile, Abbey of S. Antonio di Ronverso, Buttigliera Alta, Piedmont

NORTH ITALIAN BRICKWORK, PART V.

May, 1927
Plate 1. Gable Arcade from the Cathedral, Cremona (Twelfth Century)
NORTH ITALIAN BRICKWORK, PART V.
S. MICHELE, CREMONA
BAND COURSE AND
BASE, FROM APSE

TWO FEET
SCALE FOR UPPER
THREE DETAILS

S. AGATA, CREMONA
CORNICE OF APSE

TYPICAL IMPOST
CREMONA

PATTERN BRICKS
FROM THE CATHEDRAL,
CREMONA

Plate III. Details from Cremona, Lombardy
NORTH ITALIAN BRICKWORK, PART V.
ing a generous movement toward my pocket.

He looked appealingly to the priest, but found no comfort. Then I was given a key so heavy that it outweighed the others together. The priest tucked a piece of candle in my pocket and wished me a pleasant day.

A pew, when moved back from the wall, showed a secret door in the paneling which opened only to disclose another and older door, strapped with iron. One of the keys shot the bolt back, and I stepped up into a black passage in the masonry. The sacristan slammed the door shut behind me. Centuries had filled the stone steps with an accumulation of dust. By degrees I felt my way up until a turn showed light above and I was soon out on the first gallery of the façade. It was from these galleries that the Cremonese of the eighth century were wont to view the free-for-all bull fights that they held each year in the Piazza below. The arcade of the Bap-

**The Cathedral**

The priest, just come from Mass, was pulling his surplice off over his head as he looked up to see me standing in the sacristy door. When told my errand, he sent the boy off to hunt up the sacristan. While waiting he opened up a cupboard and took out from amongst some impossibly ugly baroque urns an enameled silver cross of the late fifteenth century, a marvel of minute craftsmanship, half Gothic in form but thoroughly Renaissance in spirit. I was yet admiring it when the boy returned with the janitor.

"The gentleman has come far to see our Cathedral," said the priest, "Give him the keys to everything."

After an appraising glance, he handed me two heavy iron keys.

"Will these let me up into the domes and out on the roof?" I asked.

With some grumbling he took a bunch of older and larger keys down from a nail.

"And the Baptistry?" I persisted, mak-
Fig. 5. Detail, Palazzo del Giureconsulti, Cremona, Lombardy

Fig. 6. Detail of North Transept, the Cathedral, Cremona, Lombardy

The Architectural Record

NORTH ITALIAN BRICKWORK, PART V.

May, 1927
tistry, opposite, showed detail so interesting that I resolved to measure it when I had finished with the Cathedral. At the end of a gallery (Fig. 1), a door passed me into another stairway and so up to the attic, over the domes, and out to the stepped arcade of the north transept. This I measured (Plate I and Fig. 6). The peculiarity of this façade is an unaccountable twist in the wall that throws the far surface a foot out of plane. The original building, said to date from 1107-90, was rebuilt in 1124 of the present orange red brick and in the two centuries following the rose windows were added. Probably the pattern brick (Plate III) belong to this last period.

The Baptistry arcade (Plate II and Fig. 3), contemporary with the Cathedral arcade of Plate I, shows an appreciation of materials that indicates there lived in Cremona a designer who could use both brick and marble and give each its own characteristic form and scale.
Decorative Hoardings

Nowadays it has become the rule, rather than the exception, to find that our city alterations and store front changes are being carried on behind a hoarding of decorative and architectural interest, rather than of mere utilitarian bareness and ugliness. And so a recent store front alteration in Boston has been made back of the simple and yet ingenious screen shown in the accompanying "woodcut" illustration. While here shown merely in the effective contrasts of black and white, the actual hoarding was painted in a cool green and a cream white, and the particular appositeness of the selected treatment resides in the use of the silhouettes, for which the design selected provided four major and two minor panels.

The concern for whom the alteration was being made has for some years been using similar silhouettes as a part of its general advertising policy, and has used them, in varying colors and gown outlines until they have almost become an accepted trademark. And so this temporary front made almost as effective an announcement of the intending occupants as could have been secured by the most elaborately worded and conspicuous advertisement.

The arrangement of the hoarding design, the more than life-size outlines of the silhouettes; the ample light areas obtained above the panelled and door sections of the enclosure, the effectively simple color scheme and, finally, the light touch of the flower boxes and their contents, made the whole as effective and as appropriately simple an example of an artistic work-enclosure as could probably be found.

Frank Chou-teau Brown

Utilize Natural Beauty

A motor trip through Virginia from Fort Monroe to the Natural Bridge vividly illustrated the failure of the present generation to utilize natural beauty. Along the highway were notable instances where the authorities failed to grasp their opportunity. The conditions on this trip were not exceptional, but the fragrances of the omissions made them more impressive. Old Point and Newport News about twelve miles apart abut on Hampton Roads. Our imagination would depict a roadway between them running along the shore line so that Hampton Roads would be constantly in view. This great body of water would interest
THE ARCHITECTURAL RECORD.

all who might pass along its borders. It presents not only a magnificent water view but upon its surface may be seen an ever changing panorama of the world’s ships, seeking this harbor for either commerce or safety from outside storms. Here we may see the now rare sailing craft from the five masted schooner to the full rigged ship, their graceful lines always presenting a pleasing sight. Steam ships of all kinds may be seen going, coming and at anchor. Here are the most modern iron ships, tugs, freighters, ocean and bay passenger steamers. War ships with the naval operating base near by may be frequently seen, whether they be colliers, submarines, destroyers, cruisers or men of war.

Shipping is not the only interesting sight for the occasion is rare when dirigible air ships, sea and land planes from the Naval Base and Langley Field may not be seen floating or flying in the air above Hampton Roads. The varied phases of the sunlight and moonlight upon the water in connection with the many changes of atmosphere enlivened by commercial craft and our naval guarantees against aggression, is a never tiring sight to be seen only on Hampton Roads. This harbor is not only attractive to the eye—it has great historic interest.

John Smith landed at Old Point and sailed through Hampton Roads in 1607. From its waters the French ships hemmed in Lord Cornwallis, when he surrendered at Yorktown in the Revolution. The Monitor and the Merrimac, the first types of revolving turret and armored cruisers, fought upon its surface during the Civil War. Hundreds of thousands sailed from it to France during the World War.

State pride should have induced the officials to give natives and visitors an opportunity to see and enjoy these gifts of nature, to appreciate the great commercial advantages and to remind them of important historic events. Have the authorities in laying out this important highway appreciated the beauty, historic interest and utility of Hampton Roads? They have not. The highway instead of coasting the Roads is a good concrete thoroughfare running through a low, desolate, sandy country with nothing to attract the eye or interest the mind.

Our route took us over the mountains about midway between Charlottesville and Staunton. For miles the road winds up the mountain side until it reaches the crest at Afton. There is no point on this bit of roadway which does not command charming views of quiet valleys, hemmed in by mountains, varying in color according to distance, from green to blue and purple. No effort has been made to enhance these views by clearing away poor scrawny trees—or to emphasize the vantage points by opening up the view from the highway. A little clearing and trimming would have a wonderful effect in the utilization of Nature’s grandeur and beauty on this part of the highway.

The termination of our jaunt was the universally known Natural Bridge. The main highway south passes over this bridge which spans the valley. It has served from the earliest times as a carriage roadway—then a stage route, now a motor route. It spans a deep, picturesque ravine whose sides are bold and ragged cliffs gray with age, decorated with moss-lichen, flowering and evergreen bushes. A view of this picturesque valley from the road as it passes over the Natural Bridge would be charming. Instead of utilizing its beauty, a high, close board fence prevents even a glimpse of the picturesque scene. The ravine is owned by private individuals who apparently think they are protecting their rights. I think it a short sighted policy as a view of the Ravine would induce many to pay for a trip under the bridge and up the valley. The state should own, if it does not, the top of the bridge, which is but little wider than the roadway and remove the screening fence and open the view up and down the valley to utilize its natural beauty.

This experience recalls the Mount Vernon highway built through a monotonous country, giving no thought to a route along the river from which visitors could enjoy fine water views, backed by hills with varied colored foliage in the distance. I hear, I am glad to say, that the Highway Commission are now considering a boulevard along the river to Mount Vernon.

On our return we stopped at Monticello, the home of Jefferson, which is built on the mountain top and has enjoyable views from three sides, over charming valleys to distant mountain ranges. This home reminds us that the cultured people of our ancestors sought and secured sites where the natural beauty would add to the interest and charm of their homes. We may recall among the prominent examples Shirley and Westover on the James, Gunston Hall and Mount Vernon on the Potomac. While Washington was too young to have had a hand in the selection of the site for Mount Vernon, one of his reasons for the present location of the White House was its charming view down the Potomac.

Carnegie Institute of Technology

It is announced that Dr. J. C. Morehead will be in charge of the summer courses in architecture this year. Professor Camille E. Grapin will give courses in Outdoor Sketching and Architectural Design during the summer.

[454]
Memorial Tablets for Old Western Reserve College

We Americans have never been overly concerned with our history or with places and things connected with historic events. In fact we are notoriously derelict in this respect and are inclined to neglect what we should regard as sacred shrines. Here and there, to be sure, a community, society or individual has taken upon itself the responsibility of preserving relics, or of erecting monuments and tablets, but rarely has it been done systematically or artistically. The artistic element is sadly lacking, as is all too evident in the atrocities that have been perpetrated as "soldiers' monuments."

A group of memorials, which were intended to be both permanent and artistic, was dedicated last year at Hudson, Ohio, in connection with the centennial celebration of the founding, in 1826, of Western Reserve College. Among the earliest higher institutions of learning to be established west of the Alleghenies, its history has been most distinguished. Known as the Yale of the West, with a faculty composed originally of Yale men, it has a record of achievement well worthy of perpetuation. It trained "three United States senators, governors of four states, ten members of the United States Congress, twenty-nine members of the state legislature, and thirty-eight judges, among them being three judges of state courts, three chief justices of state supreme courts, and one justice of the United States Supreme Court." John Brown of Harpers Ferry lived in the town twenty years and many other men of note lived here or attended the college. Here Professor Edward W. Morley carried on his experiments on the composition of air and the atomic weight of oxygen, and later in Cleveland conducted, with Professors A. A. Michaelson and Dayton C. Miller, the so-called ether drift experiments upon which Einstein based his theory of relativity. Here Professor Elias Loomis made his valuable contributions to mathematics and astronomy, and evolved the type of weather map that is now used by the United States Weather Bureau.

In 1882 the college was moved to Cleveland, where it became the nucleus of Western Reserve University. The old buildings continued to be used as an academy until 1903 when financial stress necessitated the closing of its doors. Ten years later James W. Ellsworth, whose boyhood was spent in Hudson, secured control of the property, restored such buildings as were still in condition to make repairs possible, erected additional buildings and once more established a preparatory school on the old campus.

At his death in 1925, it was found that he had established trust funds, which, with the buildings and land, aggregated approximately $4,000,000, thus assuring the future maintenance and development of the school. With a future assured and a distinguished past that merited remembrance, it was decided by those in control of the institution and its finances, to erect memorial tablets on the existing buildings and on the sites of those that had disappeared. A committee was appointed to decide on the locations to be marked, and to prepare suitable wording for the inscriptions. T. B. Hapgood, of Watertown, Massachusetts, was commissioned to prepare designs and models and to supervise the casting.

Nine bronze tablets were placed in position and dedicated during the centennial exercises on April 26, 1926. Two more were carved in wood and placed on buildings of frame construction.

In preparing his designs, Mr. Hapgood kept in mind the simplicity which characterized the people and the times of which this institu-
The Architectural Record.

Memorial Tablets for Old Western Reserve College

Designed by T. B. Hapgood

[456]
No trend in the architecture of today is more striking than the return to form. The nineteenth century was so intent on “expressing” practical arrangement, materials, and structure that it tended to forget that there is such a thing in architecture as abstract form—dependent on symmetry and relationships of proportion in surfaces, masses, and spaces. The expression of varied requirements, the informality and picturesqueness, were often mere shapelessness. The books on design of the period stressed truth of expression rather than orderly form. It is rare to find in them suggestions of the different possibilities of combination in geometrical masses and spaces.

The great example of renewed emphasis on the dominance of unity of form over variety of expression was the work of McKim, Mead and White. Coming in the teeth of hostile reigning theory, it was at first attacked as arbitrary; and even, where the great unity was spread blandly over minor necessary features, as false. The public, however, was quick to respond to the basic appeal of groups of unified and dominated masses, like those of the Villard houses, of the Chicago Fair, Columbia and New York Universities, as well as to musical compositions of interior space. The architects, often still mouthing an opposite in-

I. T. FRARY
herited theory, were borne along by the new current. Although certain foreign writers, beginning with Wölflin in Germany, have again been formulating architectural theory in terms of mass and space, it has taken time for the literature to catch up with practice. Recently, however, have appeared, both in America and in England, a number of books written from the new point of view, the latest being Curtis's "Architectural Composition," Arthur Stratton's "Elements of Form and Design in Classic Architecture," and Robert Atkinson's "Theory and Elements of Architecture."

Among all these the first and most remarkable in many respects is Werner Hegemann and Elbert Peets' "American Vitruvius, an Architect's Handbook of Civic Art."* It is both a vast assemblage of the finest historic and modern examples—a new "Grand Durand," but a magnificent celebration of the merits and possibilities of form:

"The artist . . . running continuously against the opposition of the so-called 'practical' man with his 'lack of funds' and his untrained imagination, gradually learns to make concessions and be satisfied with compromises. He finally loses the nerve to propose big plans and to fight for them. . . . It is invigorating even for the strongest, from time to time, to see together a large number of compositions, straightforward proposals untainted by compromise."

What might seem at first an undigested mass of illustrations from all periods and countries is found on consideration of the chapter divisions and the text to be a reasonably systematic consideration of composition in space and in mass for the design and grouping of buildings and whole cities.

The conception of shape in hollow space, as more neglected even than that of mass, comes first in the mind of the authors. This explains the preliminary glorification of Camillo Sitte's teaching, which they interpret as by no means a praise of informality, but an emphasis on the enclosure and shapeliness of civic spaces. "Plaza and Court design" thus begins the discussion. In dazzling array there pass before the reader the projects of Bramante and Ducerceau, the compositions of Michelangelo, the French designs for the famous competition of 1748, the groups of the French and German planners of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. Then follow the American examples, the World's Fair, the universities and hospitals, the town plans of Burnham, McKim and their associates.

Then follow chapters on "Street Design," "Garden Art as Civic Art," "City Plans as Unified Designs." The emphasis here, as throughout, is on the unity achieved by formal organization. The helter-skelter of street frontages, the irrelation of urban parks and squares, the meandering of land subdivisions even when on level ground, which all grew up under the individualism of the romantic era, are contrasted with architectural effects in harmony with urban life. The new and fundamental point of view, effectively advanced also by Mr. Charles Downing Lay, is that urban life is not an evil to be disguised and shunned in little artificial pseudo-rural paradises (the parks and garden-subdivisions) but to be joyously accepted and taken as the basis of a characteristically urban beauty.

The authors, however, are not content merely with "formality" itself. They demand a real form. Haussmann's piercing of straight avenues in the interest of traffic, the work of an engineer with no regard for the creation of orderly intersections and shapely spaces, comes in for their reprobation, as it had earlier for that of Garnier and Guadet. In America the recent achievements of formal town-planning, such as the designs for the Mall in Washington and the Parkway in Philadelphia, have been so welcome as hitherto to have been considered sacrosanct and exempt from detailed criticism. In this work, however, especially in the concluding chapter on "The Plan of Washington," they are subjected to some very searching and trenchant observations. It was inevitable that the pioneers of the modern renaissance of formal design should be unable to reach at once a complete mastery of spatial composition, and such intelligent criticism is necessary if we are again to rival the achievements of the Romans and Italian and French masters of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.


Fiske Kimball
Theory and Elements of Architecture*

This is the first instalment of a work to be published in a series of volumes. "Vol. I deals with Architectural Elements and is divided into two parts: Part I. The Simpler Elements. Part II. The 'Orders,' Domes, Vaults, etc., with chapters on Mouldings and Ornament. The two parts of Vol. I form an introduction to Vol. II, The Development of Planning; and Vol. III. The Planning of Modern Building Types."

Parenthetically I may say that among the numerous definitions of the word "volume" in Murray and Webster there is none which means two separately bound books. The Murray editors, who make some mention of nearly all usages, do not note even for condemnation the unfortunate frequency in modern book-making of two volumes called one volume. At any rate it is always a misusage, always confusing, and always can be avoided by the use of indicative subtitles. The word "volume" in respect to books means a single material object, and does not mean a division of a subject. The Theory and Elements of Architecture is to be a work in four volumes, labeled as if it were three.

But there is no confusion in Mr. Atkinson's handling of his subject. The work so far is a model of construction and style. In general he regards architecture as growing out of the contact of intelligence with conditions. "Design," he says, "is a sequence from dominant requirement to idea, from idea to plan, from plan to elevation, from elevation to detail and ornament. . . . Taste is the expression of the desire for quality in life and its form. . . . History (for the architect) is the study of peoples in their constructive moods. . . . When the student shall have learned the true nature of architecture, he can walk at home in history. . . . Tradition is crystallized reasoning. . . . The difficulties involved in a restricted site or in a special requirement may themselves give the key to a fine design; then the resulting building may appear original, when it is truly rational. This is the kind of originality the architect should seek. . . . We must study modern buildings in exactly the same spirit as antique buildings, for we are ourselves in a historical period. . . . The building most truly "Greek" in a modern street may have no orders
of architecture upon it, it may be nothing more than a steel frame structure harmonized and vitalized, and yet be truly Greek in spirit. . . . The "Classic" is not a matter of the antique only; it is primarily a standard of values. . . . We shall not be able to humanize steel frame or reinforced concrete construction, and make buildings in these or any other future material logical and graceful, by any other essential process than that by which the "Greeks long ago humanized marble masonry."

Mr. Atkinson's meaning here is clear and cogent, but it extends the meaning of "Greek" of the sun; of Mesopotamia not only from direct rays, but from extremes of heat and cold, and the dome was invented to meet these conditions; Armenia (the old Hittite country) had these extremes and also rain and snow. The moderate Mediterranean climate led to open air life, and this to an architecture considered from the outside; the northern climate developed an architecture considered more from the interior. England has a dual climate, hence an unstable architecture; for a classic portico looks foolish in the rain, but very proper when it clears off, whereas Gothic looks best in a half mist.

In respect to building materials, Egypt had limestone and brick clay at hand. Mesopotamia also had plenty of clay, but little stone. Greece had limestone and marble—that pure Pentelic marble had something to do with Greek taste; Poros limestone is full of cavities which call for plaster. Italy was peculiarly rich in building stone—tufa, marble, tufa, and pozzolana which makes the best sort of cement. Tufa is soft and friable; hence the plaster habit of Italy. But plaster is very old. Sundried bricks in a rainy climate need a rain proof coat. Where wood was abundant, wood was used; but the difference between English and French oak make a great difference in architectural woodwork.

These are only a few general conditions.
Mr. Atkinson’s treatment of the numberless details of circumstance, the way in which problems were met, the architectural features resulting from these solutions, and the long history of these features in architectural tradition, is extremely illuminating. “Inventive designers can twist and compel a material to serve them and to take up shapes they desire, but the finest forms in architecture are those in which there is an obvious link between the form and the material.” Such are the beautiful lintel forms in Greece and Egypt where marbles and long crystalline stones are common. “Fully developed Gothic forms have risen from the long limestone ‘bancs’ of Burgundy and the Paris basin. The dome seems to be at its best where bricks are traditional . . . Dome forms in masonry in countries such as Armenia and France, tend to revert to the corbel or develop into the pointed arch . . . Today the great common fact of material before the architect is the large bending strength of steel and reinforced concrete lintels.” The small bending strength of his masonry lintel conditioned the Greek’s design, and the jointless wholeness of his building came from the crystalline fineness of his material, just as the Roman’s vault, and his rustication or emphasis of the separateness of each stone, came from pozzuolana cement which made a joint as strong as the stone itself. “Where large common structures are concerned this age of ours is again a lintel age,” and steel and concrete argue also a return to monolithic unity. The panel comes into play in place of the course.

The bulk of this volume is taken by the chapters on Walls and Wall Surfaces, on Roofs, and on Doors and Windows. Everywhere he reasons from conditions to the means meeting those conditions. But he rides no hobbies. In the matter of the overlapping and survival of forms after their true reason has disappeared—such as stone columns applied as decoration to concrete walls, steel structures conforming to masonry tradition because its shapes are decent and familiar—he does not insist that it is wrong, but he insists on clear thinking upon the facts.
the one hundred and sixty plates which illustrate the book, beginning with the earliest geometric vases of Greece and ending with the Hellenistically inspired wall-paintings of imperial Rome. It provides, as no other book does, a handy and illuminative guide to the whole history of Greek pictorial art.


This comprehensive history of Italian art will prove a boon to students of art, visitors to Italy, and all who love the work of the master painters and sculptors, architects and metal workers, and wish to understand it in its relation to the politics and the culture of its times. The author takes up first the beginnings of Christian art, then Romanesque art and Italian sculpture and painting in the thirteenth, fourteenth, fifteenth and sixteenth centuries successively, and concludes with a chapter on Italian art after the Renaissance.


The Guide 1926-27 is the fifth edition of this valuable reference data book published annually for engineers, architects and contractors. Several new chapters appear and the other sections have been amplified with much new material. For the first time, Air Conditioning, Drying, Mechanical Draft, Ozone and Building Insulation have been treated thoroughly and in addition new data have been given on Greenhouse Heating, Water Supply Systems, Boilers, Oil Burning and Gas Heating. The result of further laboratory research has produced new tables on heat, humidity, and air motion as well as a new comfort chart. A new index to the technical data section is an added feature that will make the book more useful.


This book provides a humanised course in interior decoration. It presents by the illustration method an easily grasped survey of the whole subject. From the first page the reader learns how to use his eyes, to catalogue, compare, analyze, and finally, as he absorbs the real principles of art behind the subject, to create and originate on his own initiative. The subject being of such extent, the author has made his work the complete outline for study by wisely giving suggestions and references for further reading, using as a basis the standard work by Eberlein, McClure and Holloway on Interior Decoration.


A clear, authoritative and interesting book which condenses the abundant literature of the subject into a form adapted to ready reference and study.


The book embodies an experience of nearly forty years. It has enabled architects to work independently of engineers, and builders and contractors have made it their handbook. The problems of building construction are fully treated, from the design of the floor joist and small posts to long span trusses and the largest columns.

In the new third revised and enlarged edition every chapter has been gone over and brought up to date. The chapter on semi-rigid frames has been extended and the treatment of stresses in knee-braced bents is complete in every way with worked examples clearly explained.


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Methods and Problems of Medical Education. (6th series.) Plans of medical school buildings all over the world. Descriptions of buildings and equipment. Engineering installations. Description of special rooms. Division of Medical Education, The Rockefeller Foundation, 61 Broadway, New York City. (Limited distribution to individuals and Institutions interested in medical education.

Decorative Stone. The advantages of Travatex and Travertine with method of use and description of products. Water-proof and fire-proof floors, side-walls, etc. Travatex Products Corporation, 369 West Grand St., Elizabeth, N. J. 3½ x 6 in. Ill. folder.


"Autumn"
From A Painting by Eugene F. Savage