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# Louis H. Sullivan

Died 14 April, 1924

**D**ESPITE the fact that Louis Sullivan failed to write himself in an arresting way on the skyline of any of our cities; that he has left no masterpiece at which his devotees might gather, as at a shrine; and though the promise of his earlier work was not fulfilled in later years, the profession of architecture has nevertheless lost, by his death, its most compelling and luminous figure.

He was this by reason of the strength and steadiness of his spiritual perceptions, and the dynamic character of his thought, which fertilized and made fruitful in new ways the minds of those with whom he came in contact, as also—through the broadcasting power of the printed page—it has stirred and will go on stirring the Open-Minded to that manner of clairvoyance, that testing and transvaluation of values, in which all Newness has its origin.

Making his appearance in the architectural firmament in the place and at the moment where and when the structural method was undergoing the most profound change which it had undergone in centuries—when the steel frame and the elevator had made possible the skyscraper—Mr. Sullivan was among the first to realize how profoundly the substitution of steel struts for masonry walls would affect architectural design, and he was *the* first to “dramatize” the new structural method in any authoritative and eloquent way.

To Mr. Sullivan the skyscraper spelled opportunity, and not—as to the architect enchanted by precedent—frustration. Its verticality, so far from being an embarrassment, was an inspiration, and he made of the Prudential building, in Buffalo—the finest of the all too few incarnations of his idea—“a proud and soaring thing,” without a dissenting line from bottom to top, and with the metallic structure palpably felt through its envelope of baked clay. In later life opportunity knocked at his door less and less frequently, and he never

transcended this success, but the later development by others of the steel-framed office building, in its finer manifestations, has been along the lines which he laid down.

These later manifestations, however excellent, lack Mr. Sullivan’s highly original and individual touch, most clearly manifest in the character of his ornament, to which, since it fails of classification in any existing category, the name of “Sullivan-esque” has been applied. This ornament establishes for him another claim to distinction, so beautiful is it—like flowers wedded to snowflakes—so individual, and in the best sense original.

But it is as a spiritual and intellectual force that Mr. Sullivan will be best and longest remembered. He was the revealer of architectural hypocrisies and shams, the prophet and (let us hope) the precursor of a better order. We shall do best to think of him as a pathfinder and pioneer, for he had their characteristic qualities of faith, vision, courage, single-mindedness, self-reliance, as well as the defect of this last-named attribute: a certain intensification of the sense of self, scarcely native to his kindly and truly lovable spirit, but imposed on him from without, as it were, by reason of the fact that the forest he was called upon to clear was of such monstrous growth, and the lurking enemies so powerful and savage.

It is good to know and pleasant to remember that he lived just long enough to see his autobiography in print, a palpable assurance that the travail of his spirit had not been in vain, but that its record would be a perennial inspiration to ardent and high-spirited youth—always his self-elected following. Turning the pages of his book with feeble fingers, Death already just outside the door, well might he have said, fronting that despot of our days,

“This grave shall have a living monument!”

CLAUDE BRAGDON.

# Bertram Grosvenor Goodhue

Elected to the Institute in 1901

Elected to Fellowship in 1906

Died at New York City, 24 April, 1924

FROM the time, thirty or thirty-five years ago, when with his facile pencil he gave us that figment of his imagination, a wonderful, mythical, mediæval city in Europe, until the last, Bertram Goodhue always showed himself to be, above all else, a creative artist. It mattered not if it were an alphabet, a bit of embroidery for an altar cloth, a building or a great group of buildings, that which Goodhue designed was always beautiful and characteristically Goodhue. To few men has been given that wide adaptability and gamut of the sense of creative design which enabled Goodhue to vivify a group of letters with a beauty unexcelled in modern type design, to imbue marble with all that made Gothic beautiful as he did in the reredos of St. Thomas', and at the same time to visualize the big splendor of the San Diego Exposition, the Baltimore Cathedral or the capitol at Lincoln, Nebraska.

Goodhue has been called a master of Spanish Colonial, a master of Gothic, a master of mass composition, but rather let it be said that he became the master of everything he essayed in creative art, and he essayed many things. And let it be remembered that his Spanish and his Gothic were not merely archæological Spanish and Gothic depending on the familiar, traditional vestures of these styles for character. They were created with the soul and in the spirit of Spanish Colonial or Gothic, and were always placed where they belonged and so that they seemed to be of the soil.

Intensely individual and temperamental,

Goodhue was yet magnanimous and broad-minded. The narthex of the new Saint Bartholomew's is the rebuilt porch of the old church, designed by Stanford White. Many an architect would have submerged it, but with what loving devotion and regard for its worth, with what modest subduing of his own work, has Goodhue woven this porch into the fabric of his own design!

Bertram Goodhue accomplished much and left the world richer and more beautiful for having lived and worked in it. Always a rational iconoclast, always growing, every new thing he did was fresher and better than the last, and he had just reached that ripeness of experience when he seemed ready to forsake the last lingering tendencies to follow tradition, ready to create out of that vision and imagination which scholarly regard for tradition had ripened and matured, and with his profound sense of beauty and the fitness of things as a guide, when his earthly career was ended with a suddenness the shock of which will remain for many a day.

Goodhue was always proud of the little Chapel of the Intercession, with its gilded and painted timber ceiling, all so Gothic and yet so much of Goodhue, and it was particularly fitting that within the walls of this chapel, beneath that gilded ceiling, amid the beauty which he had created, he was laid for his friends to bid him the last farewell.

B. J. L.