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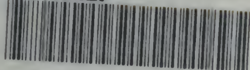

Storied Walls of the Exposition

By
Katherine Delmar Burke

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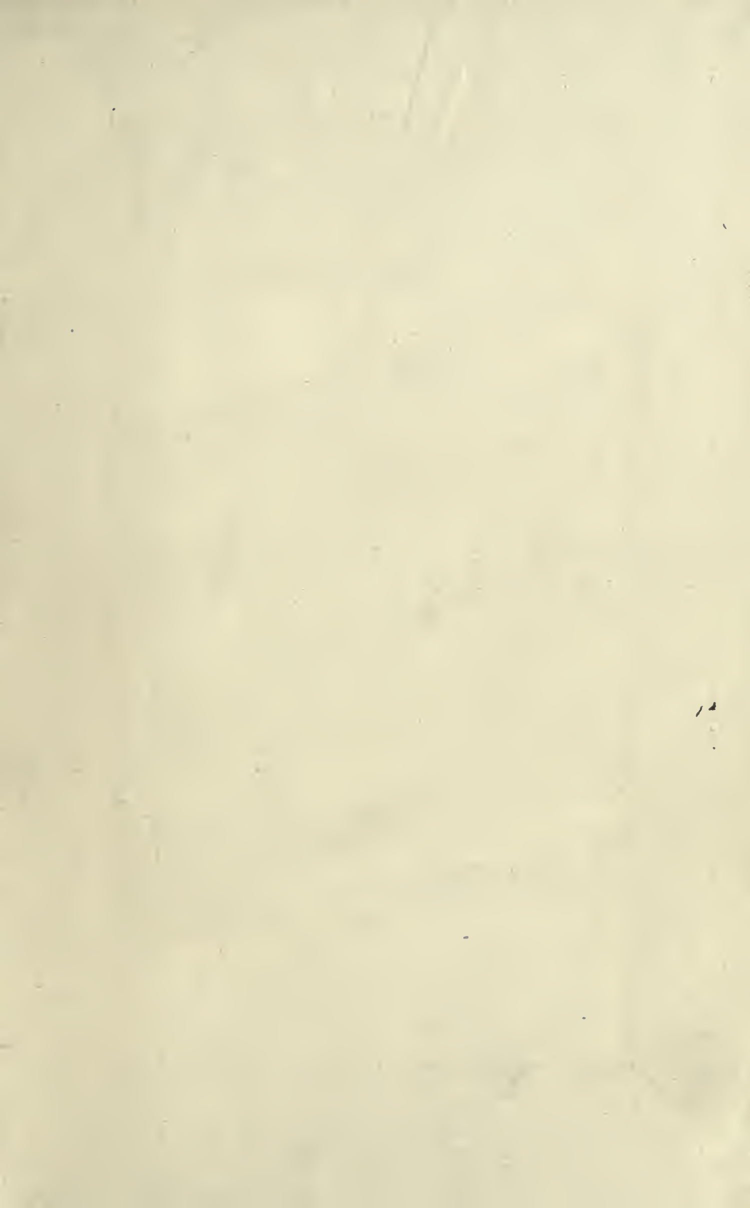

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KATHERINE DELMAR BURKE

STORIED WALLS
OF THE
EXPOSITION

By

KATHERINE DELMAR BURKE

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

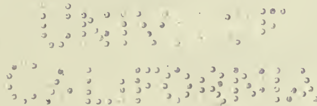
N4874
B8

Class of 1887

TO MY MOTHER,

WHOSE SMILE HAS BEEN THE SUN OF MY LIFE; WHOSE COURAGE, INSPIRATION, AND WISE COUNSEL, HAVE BEEN THE SUM OF ALL MY STRENGTH,

THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED



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Jas. N. Doolittle

FOUNTAIN OF THE MERMAID

STORIED WALLS OF THE EXPOSITION

FOREWORD

This is the story of the Exposition as it speaks to me through its walls and towers, its arcades and columns, its murals, its friezes, its foliage, and the symbols and symbolism that on every hand the architects and sculptors and painters have lavished upon their work. A thousand forms have been wrought into the decoration of wall and window and colonnade and doorway, and each in its own language tells of romance, of achievement, of tragedy, of fame, of victory and of decay.

Within the palaces there are many marvels, but to me the great beauty of the Exposition lies in the genius of its builders. Like Aladdin's palace it has risen almost in a night. For a day in its flags and banners and brilliant colors, it flutters in the sunlight like a gorgeous butterfly; and tomorrow it will be gone.

Like all beautiful things, it will take its place in memory, and live long after its walls have been razed; when the smoke of factories obscures the sky where now its gleaming lights vie with the stars, and the quickening life of the city breaks the silence of the lagoon and dispels the solemn grandeur of the Palace on its shore. It can never be wholly recalled even in memory, but to those who seek to understand it the romance of the Exposition will yield itself bit by bit and page by page in one endless web of fascinating study.

The Persian Hafiz has said: "Who sees with the eyes of the body sees the little things that lie close to the earth and the things that the hands of man have made. Who sees with the eyes of the soul sees the great things that rise above the earth and the things that the hands of man have made to the honor

and glory of God." And the Japanese Hokousai has said: "It is not what we see but what we think when we see, that is important."

This then is the Exposition as I see it. It is not a catalogue nor a criticism. It is merely a transmission to my friends and companions of a small part of the pleasure and inspiration this wonder-place has been to me. To some it may tell a different story; to others none at all; but to all who come within the spell of its transcendent art and beauty it brings a message plain, direct and unforgettable.

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

THE FORBIDDEN GARDEN

CHAPTER I

GENERAL PLAN

Lying as it does along the shores of the bay at the base of the city's hills, the Exposition seems a bit of the Orient set down beside this Western sea. Byzantine, Saracenic, Moresco—its softly rounded azure and bismuth domes, topped here and there by delicate floating balls, its tapering terraced towers, its red tiled roofs, all breathe a note of strange and distant lands. The cloistered courts; the separated buildings linked into a whole by pillared arcades; the masses of flat blank wall; the ornate portals; the delicate pointing fingers of the minarets—all are notes of Spain.

In the colors too is seen the spirit of the Eastern land. The blues, the browns, the rose, the gray, the soft dull tint of travertine, the splendid bursts of gold, have nothing in common with this new land. They are all of Spain and of the East.

In a marvelous unity with this atmosphere, the architects have introduced touches of decoration from other times and other lands. The arches of the Court of the Universe are Roman; their ornamentation largely Saracenic; the lines of stately columns are Greek; the banding friezes Greek too; and that sense of the open out-of-doors is Greek, for in the early days of their glory the Greeks prayed to their gods under the open sky and fenced their places of worship with the slender trunks of the trees.

Machinery Palace is Roman in its impressive leaping arches and its heavy cornices, but the note of Spain is in its tiled roof and the treatment of the architectural decoration. The doorways of this mighty palace are superbly Roman.

In the group of palaces all the doorways have the ornate note of Spain, varying from the typically Spanish door leading into the Palace of Varied Industries through the colder and more classic doorways of the other palaces to the Marina where, in the entrances on the northern front, is the elaborate plateresque, the silversmith filigree work of that first period in Spanish Renaissance architecture—the days of Ferdinand and Isabella and to Philip II.

To the west the Palace of Fine Arts rises in majesty. In the early morning light, at mid-day, at twilight, and in the shadows of the fading evening light, it is still dream-like—haunting in its beauty. Its curving wings and colonnades of Corinthian columns are like the Greek peristyles of old; its dome fantastic Byzantine in the heavy arched effect, and there is a powerful Roman note in the majesty and might of it all. It belongs wholly to no clime, no race, no school. It is a dream of all the beautiful things in the builders' art brought into concrete form. The lagoon before it, mirroring its beauty, is the final touch to this most perfect whole.

To the south of the block of main buildings there is the wide-spread approach of the main entrance with its fountains and pools, flanked by two buildings so different and still in such harmonious balance: the Palace of Horticulture and Festival Hall.

To the east rises Festival Hall, with the touch of the florid French Renaissance in the days of the Louis', the note of the Orient struck in the outline of the dome. To the west, lifting its opalescent dome in splendid height, Horticultural Hall gives the finest blend of Byzantine, Saracenic and French Renaissance architecture. The domes are of the Orient; the minarets are Saracenic; and the banded garlands, the flowered plaques and the fanciful caryatides are of the French Renaissance, bordering closely upon the characteristics of the Rococo period of this most florid and fanciful time in the arts of France.

Throughout the buildings the red tiled roof is in evidence; everywhere, the travertine wall; everywhere the windowless front—again all notes of Spain.

The long blank wall on the south front has been finely treated, broken in the center as it is by the superb lift of the Tower of Jewels, raising its head over four hundred feet. The eye runs up from terrace to terrace, following the pale jade columns, to the glittering apex topped with a globe. Through the arch, out to the hills and bay beyond, the view is broken by the shaft of the great Roman column—the Column of Progress, topped by the Adventurous Bowman.

Half way down on either side on the south front, opening into smaller courts, are delicate towers, their slender forms in airy contrast with the bulk of the massive Tower of Jewels at the center of the wall. These smaller towers are daintily colored in Spanish patine design. In form they are very Italian.

To the east, a massive square tower, altar-like in its solemn lines, closes the Court of Ages to the bay.

Beyond on the Marina, a fitting close to this gamut of the builders' art in Spain, the last cry in the Spanish architecture of the old day—the California Building—lifts its heavy beams and bastions to its own familiar sky. The adventurers in the new world, in their wish to plant a new Spain upon its soil, tried with the material at hand to rear anew the cathedrals of the older home, and this solemn pile, devoid of ornament, with its heavy doors, its loopholes and its bells, is typical of what they wrought—the Spanish note of the new Spain; the Spain that Columbus brought home to his queen.

To the west the wall of these mighty palaces is broken by the tree-bordered allee leading into the Court of the Four Seasons, by the two magnificent half domes similar to that in the Court of the Four Seasons, and the small niches in which sit, throned in solitary splendor, the odd figures typical of the plentiful gifts of the earth's harvest and the triumph of

agriculture. The wall swells majestically into the two great half domes—one set about with the Figures of Culture, the other with the Lover of Books. Above these the arches of the domes rise beautifully tinted in delicate rose and blue and bossed with the rose of Jericho. Below in each a Spanish *poso* fountain sends out a shimmering iridescent veil of falling water.

Along the eastern wall the view is less romantic, less classic, less reposeful. Iberian bears perch upon the tops of the pilasters, and the finely arched doorways and the foreground of foliage here make up a fine harmony; the floating banners and wonderful lamps a gorgeous color note.

Aladdin of the days of old must live again in the lamps of the Exposition. The subterranean garden in which he found his magic lamp, was lighted with fairy-like lanterns shining in soft radiance amid the foliage of many trees. The banners richly wrought with heraldic designs and bearing the names renowned in the annals of Spain, form spots of fine color by day—at night, softly glowing, their radiance brings in the thought of Orient lands and their enchantments.

The plan of the Exposition and the arrangement of its buildings were dictated by its location. The winds and fogs made shelter imperative. The plan of connected buildings surrounding and forming inner courts, sheltered from the elements, suggested itself. This led to a plan wherein the exterior was plain almost to severity and the decorations were lavished upon the inner courts. This too suggests the Spanish idea, for the barest front, the plainest doorway, may conceal from sight the most beautiful patio gemmed by placid pools and surrounded by fairy-like galleries.

In conception and in the carrying out of the color scheme, the plan of decoration, and the general design, the Exposition is true to the Spanish type as it has been brought down from the Saracenic and Moorish builders' art through the Spain of the Renaissance.

TOWER AND FOUNTAIN OF EVOLUTION IN THE COURT OF THE AGES

CHAPTER II

THE RENAISSANCE

The Renaissance is generally presumed to have been a revolution or a revival of art; but it was more than this. It was an uplift of the entire mental attitude of the world.

It was a vital change in the relation of man to his neighbor, to himself, to his country, and to his God. It had its roots in man's sense of personal power and independence. He began to consider himself a free agent. He thought; he acted; he dared; he did for himself and by himself. His ideals raised in character; his religion became broader; and politically he began to free himself from the shackles of serfdom and the domination of clan and family. He turned to the classics for inspiration, and on the splendid form thus set he branched out into new ways in literature, in science, in music, in art, in architecture and generally in the expression of all forms of this new personality.

The Renaissance was an awakening. For years the world had slept. It had lain in the lethargy brought about by over three centuries of Roman domination with its attendant splendor, pomp, power and decay. It had passed through the period of the most cruel of all persecutions, and the light of Christianity burned feebly. The world rested, as the tired child rests. From the fifth to the eleventh century, in that strange sleep known as the Dark Ages, the world apparently relapsed into what seemed barbarism but was in reality a great germinating period.

In the eighth century began that superstition, widely spread and generally accepted, that the world would come to an end in the year 1000—the Millennium.

Pestilence, war, disaster, floods, fire, comets in the skies, and earthquakes seemed to give color and to justify this belief in approaching dissolution.

The year 1000 came—and passed—and the world still lived on.

Following the dawning of the fateful year 1000 was a mild beneficent period. No storms, no pestilence, not even a comet crossed the sky. Sunshine and plentiful rain, rich harvests and peace blessed the earth. The people slowly began to realize that the God they had worshiped in fear was in fact tender and merciful. The whole scheme of the practice of religion changed. From a system of fear worship became a wild enthusiasm, and in the midst of this atmosphere the Crusades were born. That the tomb of the Son of God should remain in the hands of unbelievers became a thought intolerable—that the Holy of Holies where He had lain in the manger was used again as a stable, inflamed all Europe.

The world had experienced a tremendous revulsion of gratitude and relief. The people had turned with new ardor to the churches, and when the message of the Crusaders came to them they blazoned the Cross on their shoulders and streamed forth against the Moslems in a religious frenzy that knew no restraint, raising the cry, "It is the Will of God." Even the children took up the call to arms and followed the standard of the Cross into the plains of Palestine.

Thousands of the Crusaders perished in the desert sands, but many more returned; and these brought with them new thought, new creeds, new science. It was thus that into the life of mankind swept that overwhelming power, that irresistible force, the greatest educational uplift the world has ever known, the spirit of the Crusades.

Men awoke to the joy of exploration and expansion. A broader, kindlier spirit arose in this new brotherhood. Nations forgot their petty quarrels in the issue that stirred the souls of the people, and in this mar-

velous outpouring of the inner, finer self, this awakening of the soul, the Renaissance had its being. Italy first, and then later the other romance nations—France and Spain, then distant England and Germany—seized this spirit with new vigor and new power. From dreamers and drifters the people became creators. In Italy they turned to art, painting and sculpture; in Spain to architecture; in England to literature, and in Germany to building and to music; and they gave to their work in those early days of this great awakening a subtle beauty, an idealistic strength that seems in this later time to have died out of the world.

The Renaissance did not come suddenly. It was born in the long sleep of the Dark Ages. But its splendid gifts matured and blossomed within a few centuries. We, the inheritors of this time, do best when we imitate and emulate that marvelous spirit.

To the Renaissance Spain gave one dominant note—a lavish profusion in architectural decoration, Oriental in form and barbaric in its splendor. Spain was then the richest country in Europe and the taste for display and a certain ornateness in beauty, inherited from the Moors, was given free indulgence and expression. In the arts of Spain there must always be considered this deep impress that the Saracenic influence made upon them. After throwing off the yoke of the Romans, the Spaniards fell a prey to onrushing hoards of the infidels, and even in the days of her greatest glory Spain has never freed herself from this Saracenic impression. Under Ferdinand and Isabella, down through Philip and Charles and Philip again, even beyond the days of degradation and demoralization that followed the destruction of the Armada, Spain has been more Oriental in her architecture and in her art than any other European nation.

In the marriage of Ferdinand and Isabella a certain compact was sealed—that the last of the unbelievers should be driven from Spain—and this was done.

With the ebbing tide of Saracenic power however, passed much of the romance and glamour and beauty in Spain. Rich, ambitious and daring, the young king and queen sought to build upon the ruins of this earlier time a splendid empire. The proposition of Columbus was in direct line with their soaring ambitions; his gift of the Western world to his queen, a fitting tribute to her adventurous spirit. In the long line of Spanish explorers who poured the gold of the New World into the coffers of the Spanish kings is seen the spirit of Aragon and Castile living on. It came to full height under the haughty Philip, husband of Mary Tudor. It fell into the throes of death in the defeat of the Armada, and passed splendidly into slow and sure decay. But through it all there lived the strange, fantastic touch of the Orient in form, in color, in decoration, in conception of design, that stamped the art and the architecture of Spain with an individuality that cannot be mistaken nor concealed.

It is fitting, therefore, that in this land where the Spanish romance and influence are woven into the fiber of its history, the greatest expression of its artistic feeling, the Panama-Pacific Exposition, should draw for its inspiration upon the splendor and beauty of old Spain.

CHAPTER III

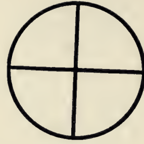
SYMBOLISM

Because of the lavish freedom of its decoration, Spanish architecture yields broad opportunity to architect and artist for the use of symbolism—the expression of a thought by conventional figures or conventionalized forms. In this freedom the builders of the Exposition have reveled.

In their use of symbolic emblems at the Exposition the architects have chosen many that have a direct and definite meaning. These they have combined with decorative motives of their own in producing a most original and charming and beautiful effect. For some of the symbols used they have drawn upon the architectural history of the ages. In many cases these have been adapted almost in their primitive form. In others they have been much conventionalized, but under either the original or the conventional use of these old forms, their meaning will be revealed to those "who see with the eyes of the soul." Some of these emblems are most complicated; some are very simple; some drawn from pagan sources; some from the Christian. Some have evidently been used without thought of their meaning, and for decoration only; others have been carefully chosen to give form to the thought that underlay the architect's work. But around them all hangs the mystic charm of the cipher and the secret, the story that is revealed only to him whose eyes have been opened by a love of the beautiful and whose mind is enriched with the lore of buried years.

Symbolism may be best and most simply defined as a sign for the thing signified; a suggestion for the

JAPANESE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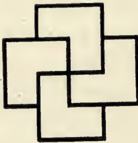
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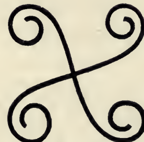
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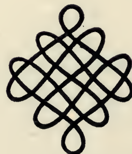
PERSIAN


CHINESE

SWASTIKA FORMS

idea. It has had its forms in every phase of human nature and intelligence. In art and architectural decoration it has two distinct trends—one religious, the other intellectual—and in the Orient and in the Occident its expression has differed widely in purpose. In the Orient it became involved in the thought of mystery, reserve, aloofness; its purpose mainly religious; its meaning veiled to all but the initiate; its tendency to conceal. In the Occident it appealed more to the growing intelligence, seeking freer and larger modes of expression, and its purpose was to reveal. At first it was an effort at a direct message, generally religious in intent. Later it became a beautiful and varied scheme of decorative effect. As time went on the desire to impart deeper meanings led to such complexity that symbolism rose above the comprehension of the masses. Its messages became as a sealed book, especially in the Orient.

Primitive man, essentially a social animal, desired communication with his fellows. At first by signs was the gulf bridged. Then came the crude sound ripening into the spoken word; later the picture, often merely an outline, first drawn in the dust or on the sands of the shore, and later chiseled into the cliff, bearing its message of warning or of vengeance. Then a spot of crimson, the feather of a bird or an autumn-colored leaf was laid near by, that the eye might be caught by the glow of color, and so decoration entered into the kingdom of art and went hand in hand with it down through the ages. Thus had symbolism its beginning in these two great phases of decorative or didactic purpose.

Last of all came man's supreme intellectual achievement—the use of a symbol for each vocal sound—the alphabet. Then the signs of weights, measures, and values came, and with these at hand to communicate thought, symbolism as a spiritual or religious mode of expression fell into decay. It was revived again in the early days of Christian art, but once more, inspired by

religious purpose, it took on the old mystic phase which shut it eventually from the understanding of the illiterate for whose information it had been revived. Thus defeating itself it perished for a time from the world of art, to be revived again in new splendor and beauty and power through the Renaissance, coming into its kingdom again as a beautiful decorative motive, employed not only in painting but in architecture and sculpture. It is in this last phase of its use that it finds expression today.

The earliest known or most primitive of symbolic characters is perhaps the swastika, found in some form in every land. The Japanese swastika is composed of curves; the Chinese has a series of squares centering around a common point; the Hindu radiates from a center. The form appears in the Greek and Roman fret and is seen in the mystic Egyptian sign of death across the wings of the scarab. This is a symbol of eternity, line returning upon line.

From the Egyptians the Greeks drew many inspirations in their art, and from the earliest times they employed symbols, some acquired from other lands and some evolved by themselves. From the Greeks come most of the flower symbols, the symbols of the seasons and of the heavenly bodies. There was nothing mysterious or threatening in their thought. The more mystic power which the Egyptian symbolism possessed seemed to the Greeks to threaten rather than to invite, and in adapting these forms the Greeks stripped them of much of this sinister suggestion. The Greeks had not many animal symbols, leaving these to the Hindus, the Chinese, the Japanese and the Romans. Symbols of the forces of nature the Egyptians shared with the Greeks, but it remained for the latter to develop these into motives of singular beauty and definite meaning. While the Egyptians preceded the Greeks in the use of these nature symbols, with them these forms were crude and never very highly developed.

In China, Japan and India symbolism grew so complicated that it became exaggerated into the grotesque, and the temples and tombs of these lands were peopled with strange monsters of terrifying aspect. As animal life to these races was intensely sacred, their symbolism principally tended towards the exploitation of animal forms, but varied by the adaptation of nature forms—the curves of a river to suggest overflow; the triangular sign of the mountain to denote a barrier; or the zigzag line suggesting a man-made road.

Undoubtedly from the Orient and the Egyptians the Romans took their early modes of symbolic expression. They gave to animal forms in a more material way, the symbolic meaning of the various powers that they themselves held in high esteem—strength to the lion, speed to the eagle, craft to the fox.

The Persians, worshipers of the sun and of fire, and perhaps deriving from their Assyrian and Babylonian ancestors the underlying thought of some great and all-powerful controlling force, used the theme of light as opposed to darkness. To them the sun was most sacred and the things made by man but of little purpose. It was not right in their philosophy of life that the works of God should be copied by man, and so their symbolism has a strange fantastic trend. Their animal, their tree, their mountain and their river signs were deliberately distorted. The only one easily read and easily understood is the beautiful sun-ray cipher—beams of light radiating from a central force.

It is a strange fact that in their employment of nature signs and in their reverential attitude toward the great forces of nature, the Aztec Indians and the American Indians employed their symbolic expressions in the same general way as the Egyptians and the Persians.

At the beginning of the Christian era the world found itself with an intellectual capacity superior to its ability for expression and the transmission of knowledge. The story of the birth, life and death of

Christ spread rapidly from man to man, its pathos and dramatic power making a direct appeal. When persecution began it became necessary to practise the new faith in secret. Its story could not be written as few among its followers dared carry the scroll, and the masses moreover knew not how to read, therefore it was told symbolically, secretly. The life of Christ lends itself marvelously to pictorial expression, and in the early days of Christianity artists had recourse to the ancient method of giving their message through visible signs. Because of its peculiar personal appeal, the human being was first used as a medium of expression. Well-known figures became associated with definite thoughts and meanings. Later, in place of a definite personality, it became expedient to identify the figure by some conventional sign or symbol, as Saint Mark with a lion, Saint Sebastian with arrows. Still later, in the days of persecution, and the necessity for greater secrecy, merely the sign—the lion or the arrow—was used.

That the full meaning might be given, the words necessary to an interpretation of a picture were often printed on scrolls held in the hands, or issuing from the mouths of the figures. As persecutions grew more violent these also were abandoned and the cross, the crown, the palm, the heart of flames or the fish stood alone, and "to the eyes of the soul" full of a deep and definite meaning.

When Christianity was established as a national creed and an open avowal of belief was safe, the beautiful story entered into pictorial art and gave to us the best of the high Renaissance in Italy—a period of classic perfection, unapproachable, unsurpassed.

Art at this teeming period drew upon the resources of all ages, all races, all times. It drew for its motives in decoration or in expression upon the pagan as well as the Christian, the Orient as well as the Occident, upon the material as well as upon the spiritual, and it

wrought into one harmonious whole the intellectual thought that had run beside the outward sign throughout the centuries.

In the same cosmopolitan spirit has symbolism been given to us here today—not on canvas, not in marble, but upon the roofs, the domes, the doors, the cornices, the friezes, arches and portals in this Dream City.

Symbolism of today while sacrificing nothing of the sentiment or mysticism of the earlier symbolism, has added to them a note of materialism peculiar to modern times.

In its materialistic form modern symbolism has lost none of its decorative splendor or importance, and the builders of the Exposition have made lavish use of this peculiar value. There are definite examples of this in the Miner with his pick at the door of the Varied Industries Palace, contrasted as it is with the Rose of Old Spain, the Cross of the Crusader, the Angel with the Key, the Flaming Torch and the Shell, all belonging to the earlier days of symbolistic usage. In the End of the Trail the realistic story of desolation, defeat and despair is in contrast with the old Renaissance decorations in the Court of Palms behind it. Realism appears again in the splendid figures of Power, Electricity, Steam and Invention, and in the sphinx-like figures of Machinery bound in the chains of its own making, as they are found at the great Roman doorway of the Machinery Palace. Again it is on the Marina where the Bowman gives the definite symbol—Energy, Ambition, Success. And he stands in the midst of the most complex symbolism of all, the symbolism of old Spain with its mysticism and its background of classic and Oriental lore, shown in the four main doorways fronting the bay.

It is this constant contrast that makes the symbolism of the Exposition so fascinating and so well worth study.

CHAPTER IV

EMBLEMS

The use of symbolism throughout the Exposition is essentially Spanish. It is not religious in purpose; it is purely an architectural decoration. In Spain, symbolism in the days of the Renaissance was wrought out mainly in the hands of the architects. It did not appear in the early Spanish paintings to any degree, but about the doorways, on the façades of the buildings and upon the friezes and cornices the Spaniards lavished a veritable lacework of heraldic and symbolic decoration.

Some of the most characteristic of these Spanish motifs have been drawn upon throughout the architectural schemes of decoration at the Exposition, notably the use of the rose and the shell. The stories of the origin of these two motifs in Spanish architecture show in what beautiful and romantic thought the Spaniards employed symbolism.

The rose as used throughout the Exposition is what is known as the Rose of the Renaissance—the Rose of Jericho.

A Spanish crusader of the House of Castile, answering the mystic call that summoned men forth to unknown lands and unwonted hardships, fell exhausted upon the desert sands in the land of Jericho, and at his earnest entreaty was left to perish by his companions. As he lay alone and dying a Saracen chief rode by with his daughter. She besought her father to bear the helpless stranger to their home, and in accordance with the desert laws of hospitality to give him shelter and assistance. In the home of the

Saracen the Christian knight was brought back to life and health, and in the garden surrounded by the white roses that seemed the emblem of her youth and beauty, he wooed and won the maid, and took her as his bride to Spain.

In the new land she drooped and faded, and he learned with anguish of her longing for her own land and her own people. She pined for the scenes of her girlhood, and particularly for the great white roses that had bloomed with such profusion in the garden of her home.

The knight sent across the seas and the d[illegible]s and had brought to Spain slips from the white rose of Jericho. These were planted and tenderly cared for, but like their princess they drooped and faded in the strange land—all save one. That grew and blossomed into splendid beauty, but, as is true of the rose today, in its new home it had changed color. Its blosso[illegible] was blood red. He brought her o[illegible] and as she held it in her slend[illegible] she said: "Oh, my beloved, the white rose [illegible] soul that I have left in my own land among [illegible] people. And the red rose is as the blood of [illegible] that I have given unto you."

She died, and the Crusader planted [illegible] above her tomb. He had the flower form c[illegible]ed in stone upon her memorial in the church of his fathers, and the Spanish builders, seizing upon the beauty of the design and the pathos of the story, wrought it about the doorways and the arches and the friezes throughout all Spain.

This is perhaps the most widely used of the Sp[illegible] architectural symbols at the Exposition. About doorways, below the cornices, supporting the garla[illegible] of the friezes in the coffered vaults of the arches, everywhere the Rose of Jericho—the Rose of Spain—is set.

In art generally the rose signifies glory, and the thought of Spain. Among the Romans and Greeks and in Christian art the rose stands for opulence, for festivity, for abundance and for pleasure.

The story of the shell has more of a religious note.

Saint James of Compostella turned from the thoughts and pleasures of this life to meditation on the sufferings, humiliation and death of Christ. He vowed that alone, barefoot, and in humility he would travel to the Holy Land and stand by the tomb of the Saviour in Palestine. The first of the palmers or pilgrims, he kept his vow. On his eastward journey he bound upon his hat a little black cockle-shell, the sign of the sea and the suggestion of water in the desert. On his return from the tomb he wore a white cockle-shell, a symbol of purification. Since that time the shell has been the pilgrim's sign, the sign of the wanderer, the traveler from the far lands, the seeker after the unknown. When a pilgrim returned from Palestine with the

white shell upon his hat, kings made way, for the pilgrim had stood on sacred ground. So this sign was seized upon by the builders and became a frequent form in their decoration.

Topping most of the light posts, gracing the cornices, banding the columns, and in many places intertwined with the rose about the portals at the Exposition, can be found the cockle-shell of Saint James, the other great Spanish sign.

Another beautiful story is found in the adaptation of the acanthus leaf into Greek symbolism, the motif of the Corinthian capital. The plant grew in the gardens of the Greek Elysium, hence its meaning is heavenly life; the resurrection. It springs up afresh each year and therefore typifies the new life. In symbolism it is very Roman, very Greek and very Pagan. It recalls this tender story of death and love, and the triumph of love over death:

Death robbed a young Greek sculptor of his bride within the marriage month. He had entered a great contest for an architectural design for the cap of a column to adorn the Temple of Diana. Broken-hearted, he followed his bride to her tomb and placed upon the stone a basket of acanthus leaves as the sign of life and love imperishable. The wind blew the leaves about and the unhappy youth placed a tile to hold the leaves in the basket. Returning within the week he found them drooped and curled beneath the weight of the tile, but still fresh and vigorous. He sketched them thus, submitted the design, and gave to the world the capital of the Corinthian column, perhaps the most favored among architects.

Among the Greeks this column always stood before the shrines of the virgin goddess Diana, before the portals of Minerva's temples, and upheld the roof above the shrines of Juno.

Hundreds of other forms have in this manner, through romance, through tragedy, through sentiment or through pathos, found their way into the forms of decoration that artists, sculptors and architects have lavished upon their work. Some other of the most frequently used and easily recognized emblems that may be seen in the friezes, on the walls and cornices, on the columns and arcades and arches, around the doorways and topping the domes and towers of the Exposition, are these:

The olive—leaf and branch; among the Greeks, sacred for its healing qualities; for peace and rest. Among the Christians the olive means peace, reconciliation. It is a very Spanish symbol, especially when combined with the dove.

The pineapple—the emblem of power and resistance to the elements; also of preservation.

The swastika—the symbol of eternity; forces returning upon their basic point; best seen on the double Greek fret or in the curving Roman form. The Greek rose is here shown with the Greek fret.

The Egyptian rain sign—parallel lines waving in a vertical direction, suggesting the falling rain.

The fleur-de-lis—fecundity. It comes from ancient Egypt, Syria and Persia, and entered into the art of the west by way of Byzantium. Ornamenting the scepter and crowns of the early Christian kings, it expresses majesty, royalty and loyalty.

The crocus—the first flower that comes above the snow; adopted by the Greeks as their emblem of spring. The crocus is shown bossed on the Ionic column.

The pomegranate — a Roman symbol of fecundity, fruitfulness, unity and power. The thought is found in the countless seeds shut within a single shell. Dante speaks of the pomegranate as the emblem of life on the other side of death. Mrs. Jamison says it is the symbol of immortality; the seeds of hope in eternity typified by the unexpected sweetness of the seeds in the bitter rind. The early Roman Christians took it as the symbol of unity of thought; hence, a vast congregation within a single church.

The palm—a Roman sign for victory over death.

The honeysuckle—the first vine to put forth its buds in the spring. The young Greek maidens bound it about their temples on festal days. It was, therefore, among the Greeks an emblem of rejoicing and of purity.

The primrose—the Greek emblem of childhood. It was the flower sacred to little girls.

The apple—the emblem of the knowledge of good and evil.

Corn and wheat—the lavish gifts of the earth. Corn was indigenous in Egypt, and wheat in the valley of the Tigres. These two grains were used on the temples of Greece and Rome as emblems of man's appreciation of the generosity and bounty of the gods. They were peculiarly sacred to Jupiter and to Ceres.

The lotus—an Egyptian sign of the resurrection. The ram's head is shown below with the lotus on the under side of the bowl.

The oak—emblem of the passing of long years; hence, disuse; hung with ivy it typifies decay. These two symbols are of Norse or Druidical origin.

The cock—a widely known and very beautiful emblem. Among the Italians it symbolizes the clarion call of the Renaissance—the awakening. It is a very Italian sign. It is found at the crossroads and on the pinnacles of the churches to remind the people of the resurrection and that when the cock calls the day begins anew. Also the cock is the emblem of faith, bringing back the old story of Saint Peter who thrice denied Christ before the cock crew, and then at the sound proclaimed his fealty. Through all ages the cock has been the emblem of the break of day and the passing of the darkness. This gives him a peculiar fitness as a Renaissance emblem. Probably in the "Chanticleer" Rostand took this idea of the cock's crowing at daybreak from the old legends among the Romans. Cocks were sacrificed to Apollo by the

Greeks and Romans at a very early date. They were not known in northern mythology until after the Gallic conquests except among the Huns, who brought them from their original home in Siberia, northern India and the far Orient. The Romans knew of the cock and the hen from Persia.

The dragon—perhaps derived from the dinosaur of ancient times. It typifies the power of demoniacal fury; hence, power, might. This is a Norse symbol. It was adopted by the Chinese to typify sovereignty; also the awful power of pestilence to bring death upon high and low.

The salamander—the symbol of undying faith, because it can live in fire and cold. In heraldry it signifies the brave and generous courage that affliction and defeat cannot subdue.

The four elements are often typified:

Fire by the salamander; air by the eagle, unconquered ambition suggested by its soaring flights; earth by the lion, dominant, powerful, the king of beasts; water by the dolphin.

The pelican—symbol of piety and of self-sacrifice. The old legends told that in time of famine the pelican pierced her own breast and fed her young upon her blood. The grapevine is shown here with the pelican.

The lion is used by the Romans as the symbol of the midsummer month of the year; the month of the summer solstice.

The dolphin, king of fish, ruler of the denizens of the sea, in the old French superstition was believed to be the shrewdest fish that swam. In the province of Dauphine,

even to this day, the peasants have a festival in which they pass in procession through the streets, carrying as a votive offering to their patron saint a huge fish of pastry from which paper streamers in the form of fish depend. Because at one time the fish from this province saved the people of France in time of famine the King of France named his heir the Dauphin. Among the Greeks the dolphin was sacred to Apollo, because he once took this form. The dolphin signifies the conquest of the sea, and is a favorite emblem for many seaports.

The gorgon—Medusa's head—signifies sagacious ferocity; implacability; hate.

The basilisk, king of serpents, whose eyes were so terrible that a glance killed, is the emblem of deadly sin; depravity; evil; and fear begotten of evil.

The serpent, universal object of primitive worship, symbol of wisdom and treachery. Among the Greeks it was the seeing creature, the sign of healing; among the Romans, the strangler; the destroyer. On the caduceus of Mercury it means sleep and craft; among the Christians, the sign of the fall; of subtlety. Shown in a circle with its tail in its mouth is the sign of eternity. The Viscomti family of Italy use it springing from the helmet—the sign of relentless enmity.

The double-headed eagle—used by several countries to show authority over two lands, and used by Spain to show she had possessions in two hemispheres. It was first used in Spain in the arms of Charles I.

The scorpion—emblem of deadly hate; death to a

foe. It was included in the arms of the House of Gonzaga. Rodomonte of Gonzaga, favorite of Philip V. of Spain, had it as his personal device, emblazoned: "Who living wounds, in death is healed."

Pegasus, the beautiful winged horse — in classic allusion symbolizes fame, eloquence, poetic study, contemplation, swiftness of thought, ambition, and creative power.

The signs of the zodiac—these are Arabic and probably run back through the Persian to a Chaldean origin. They are twelve in number: the ram, the bull, the twins, the crab, the lion, the virgin, the scales, the scorpion, the archer, the goat, the water carrier and the fish.

The griffin or gryphon—a creature with the head, neck, wings and talons of an eagle; the hinder parts of a lion; the powers of the cloud-cleaving eagle combined with the strength of the lion; the projecting ears indicating acute sense of hearing. Among the Greeks and throughout all heraldic and symbolic use this is the emblem of violent heroism, strength and vigilance. In later Byzantine symbolism it means the spirit of watchful courage, perseverance, and rapidity of execution. The idea of this most popular symbol probably came originally from the Orient. In India the griffin is used as the symbolic guardian of

earthly treasures. Small griffins have been found in ruins in Greece and in India. In Greece the griffin was sacred to Apollo and was one of the very few animal symbols the Greeks used. In Christian symbolism, according

to Dante, it has a mysterious shape, and joins two natures in one form—the eagle in its spiritual power as king of the air; the lion in his strength symbolizing the temporal power on earth. On Gothic churches it might be the union of the divine and human nature.

The obelisk—gnomon of the sundial of the ancient Egyptians. Set with discs it symbolizes the planets known in the days of Ptolemy.

The centaur—or Sagittarius—a sign of the zodiac—half man, half horse. He is holding an arrow on a bended bow. Among the Romans the centaur was sacred to those slain in battle. Among the Greeks it was the emblem of the old Thessalians overwhelmed by Athens; therefore barbarism overcome by civilization. Stephen, husband of Matilda of England, used it as an heraldic blazon after the success of his bowmen in the battle of the Standard.

The phœnix—an imaginary bird; in form like an eagle and of beautiful plumage. It was the bird sacred to the sun. Every five hundred years it built its nest of spices in the heart of the desert of Arabia. This pyre, heated by the sun and fanned by the wings of the phœnix, took fire and consumed the bird. From the ashes a new phœnix soared, to live again five hundred years, ever new, ever beautiful. Therefore, to the Greeks and Romans and to the early Christians it typified resurrection and immortality. The Chinese and Japanese held it sacred and believed that it ascended into heaven with the dragon and that great events would call it to earth again. In heraldry it is always shown rising from flames with its wings expanded. It is a favored emblem among chemists and apothecaries, as it shows the power of rejuvenation. The family of William of

Nassau placed it upon their coat of arms to symbolize the sacrifice of his life for his people, for even from his death The Netherlands arose in new strength. The phœnix is the official emblem of the city of San Francisco—twice risen to new power from her ashes.

A group of golden balls whirling about a central point — used by the Saracens to typify the months of their year, calculated by the phases of the moon. These were thirteen in number.

The gourd — resurrection; turning brown and withering away in autumn, its seeds spring to vivid new life in the spring rains.

The laurel leaf crowned the victor in the games and contests of Greece and Rome; hence, means victory.

The lily of Aragon—a Spanish symbol of purity. They are also called Annunciation lilies.

The ram—an Egyptian symbol denoting silence and strength. Jupiter Ammon often took the form of a ram. In the temples of the Jews, in times of festivity, the worshippers were summoned to prayer by blasts on a ram's horn. The acanthus leaf is shown on each side of the ram's head.

The fasces of the Roman lictors—bundles of rods in the center of which was bound an axe to show that the minions of the empire had power to scourge and slay those who did not obey the law; also the rods bound together denote strength to be found in unity.

The grapevine—used among the early Christians to symbolize the lavish gift of Christ; hence, redemption, sacrifice.

The scarab—an Egyptian sign. The outstretched wings that spring from beneath the carapace are the sign of death and the indestructible carapace of eternity. Among the priests in Egypt death meant

not oblivion, but the after-life. This the ignorant were not allowed to know.

The baton—carried by the consuls and generals of the Cæsars; the sign of the pomp and power of military achievement: later, the sign of conquest. The batons are shown here on each side of a Roman shield.

The seahorse—a mythical creature whose best counterpart is found in the tiny pipe-fish of today. Seahorses were creatures of Neptune, and symbolize the waves as they pursue each other to the shore. The great trading cities used the seahorse as the emblem of the speed of their ships. Cromwell bore it on his arms with the lion to show that he guarded both sea and land.

Pan, the Greek symbol of Nature; not in her destructive, lavish mood; but the all-controlling power of life without its soul.

The bulls' heads or bucrania are emblematic of the gifts of the fields. Among the Greeks the ox drew the plow and after death his bones returned to the dust in the fields his labors had helped to make productive. The bulls at the feast of the harvest, garlanded by flowers, were led by the maidens into the temple, and their blood was poured into the festal urns with oil and wheat and wine. In the height of the glory of Greece the bull was not sacrificed.

The Persian sun cipher—the rays radiating from a central point on a field of blue.

The sphinx — a creature with the head and bust of a woman, the paws of a lion, the body of a dog and the tail of a dragon. Among the Egyptians the sphinx represented physical and mental power.

It was the symbol of royal dignity, wisdom and strength; of profound theological mystery. Sphinxes are black, in allusion to the obscure nature of the Deity. The white head-dress may suggest the linen tiara of the priests. The belief is growing that the sphinx was symbolical of the bountiful overflow of the Nile which happened when the sun was in the signs of Leo and Virgo, the beast and the woman suggested in its body, and that it had its name from this circumstance, for in the language of the Chaldeans the name "sphinx" means overflow. Among the Greeks, who undoubtedly took the idea from the Egyptians, the sphinx was changed. Wings were added and the face lost its Nubian character and assumed its more classic and sharply chiselled features. The real Egyptian sphinx is never winged.

The egg and dart—emblems of fertility. This is shown surrounding the arms of the seaport of Barcelona.

The chimera was an imaginary fire-breathing monster of great swiftness and strength. It had the head of a lion, the body of a goat, the tail of a dog, and the feet of a dragon. It was used by Philip II. of Spain after his marriage with Mary Tudor to symbolize the heresy of England which he purposed to destroy.

These signs have been used by the architects mostly in their conventional sense and purely as matters of decoration, they all however, have a definite origin and were originally used as symbols for the expression of definite thought and meaning.

POOL AND HALF DOME, COURT OF THE FOUR SEASONS

CHAPTER V

COURTS

The system of inner courts which is a feature of the plan of this Exposition, is unique in the architecture of expositions. From the great central Court of the Universe radiate allees to the Marina on the north and on either side to the Court of the Four Seasons on the west and the Court of the Ages on the East. Opening to the south from the Court of the Four Seasons is the Court of Palms; opening to the south from the Court of the Ages is the Court of Flowers. In all these courts the decorative fancies of the builders have run unrestrained.

TOWER OF JEWELS

A fitting gateway to the Court of the Universe, the heart of the great Exposition, is through the arch of the Tower of Jewels. Over four hundred feet the tower rises into the blue, sparkling in a riot of iridescent light, alike in sun and mist. At night it is most beautiful when it stands pearl white against the velvet blackness of the sky.

On either side the façade from which it springs is lavishly decorated with the emblems that stand for Triumph and for Glory. The sacrificial altars of the Egyptians with the rams' heads at the corners, top the wall. The obelisks, record of the departed glory of Egypt, here bearing the disks of the planets, rise beside the altar stone. Below on the balustrade is the Persian cipher of the sun and the Hindu signs of the sun and the rain. The Roman eagle poises for flight along the rail and the lion's head is bossed below. Festal wreaths are hung between the Corinthian columns, and the fasces of the lictors are set below the

Rose of the Renaissance, while the Shell of Saint James is set upon the light posts near by.

As the basic thought of this celebration is the triumph of the mind of man, it is fitting that the figure of Minerva—dominant, victorious—should stand upon the keystone of the mighty arch leading into the Court of the Universe.

COURT OF THE UNIVERSE

In contrast to the peace and the sense of solitude in the classic Court of the Four Seasons, and the solemn sacrificial atmosphere of the Court of the Ages, is the splendid inspiring note that sounds from the Court of the Universe, as one steps beneath the arch of the Tower of Jewels into the glorious amphitheater. The great leap of the arches of the East and the West, and the long lines of columns from the northern side of the court down the *allee* to the Bowman at the end, lend a dignity most impressive. There is one note in this court, unfortunate, impossible—the gingerbread band-stand. All else is splendid. In this great uplift of man's power and thought, in this assembling of the architecture of all nations and all times, the mighty chords of music should sound, checked by the blue vault of the sky alone.

The arches are classically Roman in their lift from the ground to the turn of the arch, but they are ramped in Saracenic fashion and backed on either side by towers with Moorish domes. These domes, softly colored in amber or brown or in a blue that seems to blend into the sky above, are topped by groups of golden balls, symbolic of the Saracenic months of the year, counted by the phases of the moon. The obelisks that corner the arches are the Egyptian sun-dials. The center of the arch above the keystone bears the Persian sun cipher. It was at first the idea to have this the Court of the Sun and the Moon and the Stars. At the corners of the arches Roman shields bear the round face of the Roman sun.

Above on the balustrade over the Persian cipher of the sun all about the court, the Star Maidens poise with arms upraised as though in greeting to the sun, their jeweled crowns sparkling in the noonday splendor and shining in paler glory beneath the softer light of the moon. When the mist and fog sweep over them they seem to swim in the swirling clouds. Once, in a violent April storm, they stood in prismatic radiance in the falling rain.

The frieze in this court is most lavishly and intricately decorated. There is the honeysuckle, the first vine to put forth its buds in Greece, used by the vestals who bound it upon their brows in the Greek festivals when they entered the temples; the banded garland, emblematic of fertility, into which is worked the rose of Castile and the crocus of Greece; the grapevine and the grapes, emblematic among the Romans of the lavish gifts of the earth; the skull of the oxen, the Greek emblem of the fertility of the earth and its gifts to man; and the lion's head, emblematic of the summer solstice, the midsummer month of the year among the Romans, and their sign of might and power.

On the front of the arch, so Roman in its leap, so Saracenic in its rampart, are the Moorish windows typical of Granada and Seville in Spain, bossed above by the Spanish rose and latticed by the jalousie, painted the same hue of green as those whose shutters screened off the harems in the palaces of the Moorish days in Spain. Below them the great archangel, Michael, the Angel of Peace through war, stands guard, his sword unsheathed but pointing to the ground. Above the band of the frieze, on either side of the arch, rise the griffins, half eagle, half lion, typical of dual power over the mind, over the body, over the air, over the earth; the flight of the imagination, quickness of thought; the power of physical strength and control. On the spandrel of the arch is shown Pegasus, the winged horse, emblem of inspiration and creative power, and typical of imagination and poetry.

Separating the division of the frieze, on the front of the arch, are batons like those held by the generals of the Cæsars when leading their armies to victory and hence symbolic of military power and achievement.

The columns throughout the court are Corinthian—the delicate acanthus leaf rising about the garland of fruit and flowers at the top, and this capped by the pineapple, the Italian Renaissance sign of the fertility of the earth. The dark-brown columns that front the arch are a powerful note of color against the soft buff travertine and the delicate touches of blue and rose in the background of the frieze decorations.

Aloft on the arch to either side rise groups of statuary which give these their final triumphant note, the sharp silhouettes of the sculptured figures against the sky on either end recalling the Brandenburger Thor and the Arc de Triomphe in Paris. These groups are known as the Nations of the East and the Nations of the West.

The huge elephant in whose howdah rides the Spirit of the Power of the East is flanked by a Mohammedan chief mounted on a dromedary and bearing the standard of his tribe; by an Arab sheik on his fiery steed; and by a Tartar chieftain on his rugged pony. On foot between are two negro servitors bearing baskets of fruit, an Arab huntsman with his falcon on his wrist, and a Thibetan llama with the great sword of faith.

Across the court is the group from the West. In the center the great prairie wagon lumbers heavily along. Above it the Spirit of Enterprise with wings outspread urges it forward. To the front, gazing wistfully at the unknown world before her, stands the Mother of Tomorrow. Grouped about the wagon are the voyageur whose feet knew the trackless wastes of the far Northwest; the Alaskan squaw bending pitifully beneath the weight of her burden; the conquistador; the different types of the naturalized American; the settlers of the early days; the American Indian

mounted, and beside him, on foot, his squaw. Children at either end of the group typify the promise of the youth of this young land. The figures in this Western group, individually, are stronger than those in the Nations of the East. The Mother of Tomorrow, Enterprise, the Alaskan Indian and the American Indian mounted are especially fine.

Around the arches, flitting out softly in ever-widening circles, the pigeons sweep to and fro in the shadows and sunlight, down to the pools in the sunken garden above which the lovely Rising Sun and Descending Night seem floating in the air. The blaze of brilliant flowers change with the changing of the seasons, forming a gorgeous spot of color when seen through the shifting spray of these two fountains.

On four sides flights of steps lead down into the sunken garden. At the head of the steps to the south are the great figures of Air and Earth; to the north, those of Water and Fire. Above the figure of Air sweeps the eagle, and man crouches below, bound on the wings of Air, ready to spring upward in flight. The dreaming Earth lies asleep and about her start the growing things, and the last of her children, man, comes slowly to life. Fire, malicious and crafty, teases the salamander wriggling at his feet, and Water in the presence of old Neptune seems to shout aloud the hollow call of the seas. Beside him lies a sea monster and strands of kelp enmesh him and sweep over the trident at his side. These figures give a splendid sense of solidity and are a wonderful note in the harmony of line, sweeping away in the curves of the friezes and the rounding tops of the domes.

At the head of the stairway, to the east and west, are the graceful groups of Dance and Song, Poetry and Music.

Beneath the domes, under the ramparts and repeated about the court is a beautiful classic frieze, cameo-like in its exquisite play of line, showing Atlas, posed like the Moses of Sargent's Prophets, in the center, and the

figures of his daughters, the signs of the zodiac. With each figure there is a medallion graven with the special sign of a month, and the groups are separated by two figures, veiled in floating drapery representing the clouds. This is one of the most beautiful bits of bas-relief decoration at the Exposition.

On the face of the great arch below there are two medallions in bas-relief, bearing queer, sketchy, twisting figures, garlanded apparently in strands of kelp, the meaning of which it seems all too impossible to tell. They seem to have little relevance to the other decorations of the court, but are not inharmonious. Hindu elephants form the stands for the flagpoles here, and from the poles flutter banners of rose, blue and gold.

The colonnades leading out of this court toward the north front a long pool. They give a very beautiful effect of height and distance, and the vista from under the arch of the Tower of Jewels would be a wonderful one were it not for the bandstand.

About the sunken gardens there is another daring architectural innovation—the lighting posts are alternate figures of men and women used as caryatides. Their effect is most harmonious.

COURT OF THE FOUR SEASONS

The peaceful Court of the Four Seasons is as a haven of rest to the weary and the oppressed. The repetition in classic proportion, the noble arches, the splendid rise of the half dome, the graceful sweep from cornice down to soft green foliage and to the emerald pool in the center, satisfies the eye in flowing line and unobtrusive color. There is a note of peace in this court that seems to sound nowhere else in so strong a degree. Look down the long allee, past the graceful statue of Ceres with her flowing garments blown back seemingly by the north wind from the bay, and across the blue water to the hills beyond; the world will seem very peaceful, and strife and care things of another sphere and another day.

Above the half dome to the south of the court rises the figure of Harvest, her overflowing horn of plenty pouring forth the fruits and grains of the generous earth. Below her, poised on columns, are the figures of Rain and Sunshine—Rain catching the water in her shell, Sunshine shielding her head with a branch of palm. The capitals on these columns show one of the many daring bits of decoration so quietly introduced into the general scheme throughout the Exposition as to be hardly noticeable. The capitals are composed of dancing figures.

Aloft on the balustrade which surrounds the court are set the sacrificial urns of the old Greek time; the urns that held the oil, the wheat, the wine and the blood of the sacred bulls in the days of the Greek festivals of the harvest. At the corner of the plinth on either side stand the sacrificial bulls, garlanded in roses and being led by a youth and a maiden to the place of sacrifice. Below the bulls are eagles, the Roman emblem of ambition and the dominating power of the mind over the temporal power of earth, the earth being typified in the lions' heads bossed just above. The columns are Ionic, the little fern crozier capital typical of reviving life. These columns in the old days of Greece were set about the temples of Ceres and of Vesta and in front of the halls of learning, medicine and law. The addition of the ears of corn below is another one of those decorative innovations very successful in the Exposition. Above the tassels of the ears of corn is set the crocus, the first flower above the snow and the Greek sign of Spring.

Above the arches stand the maidens who followed in the train of Ceres to greet her daughter Proserpine when she came from Hades to visit the earth. Their brows are banded with wheat and they carry fruited trees in their hands. In the spandrels of the arches figures most gracefully outlined bear also the fruits and flowers and grains of the earth. The names of the signs of the zodiac are carved above and the fountains

in the arches tell their own story of the four seasons of the year, their waters flowing softly in a shining veil over the steps that lead down to the pools below.

In the vaults of the arches are exquisite little bas-relief Greek medallions typifying the festival seasons of the Greek year. These are among the loveliest bits of bas-relief in the Exposition but they are lost to the sight of the many who pass through the arches beneath them without realizing the dainty beauty hidden in the blue and rose colored vaults overhead.

At night when the central pool takes on opal tints and the bulls and the figure of Harvest are mirrored white in its placid surface, stand at its edge and look out to the west toward the shadowy outline of the Palace of Fine Arts rising in pale splendor, or down the colonnades to the velvety blackness of the sky sown with twinkling stars; and there will come a vision of peace and restfulness that will linger long in memory. Or on a late summer afternoon, with the fog drifting through the court, torn as it swirls about the balustrades and drifting in ragged veil-like mists through the trees and among the columns, the central pool takes on a misty loveliness that seems unearthly—each vision wonderful; each view of it a thing apart.

COURT OF THE AGES

See the Court of the Ages at night, by moonlight first if possible; if not, on a night when the mists are floating heavily about it and the smoke from the braziers on the great altar at the entrance and about the pool seems to rise and mingle with the mists above. In this court Mullgardt has given a strange weird picture, complete and perfect, though many things were denied to him in the making of it.

The plan of the court was to show the evolution of life from the lower forms of the sea-creatures up to man; and this is done by a system of symbolic decoration commencing at the ground and rising to the figures on the rim of the court and still higher to the

crest of the tower. Close to the ground entangled in the seaweed that envelopes the lower forms of the growing things of the sea are first, in formless fashion, suggested the crab, the lobster and the crawfish. The slender shafts bearing these figures go wavering up almost like tongues of flame, shifting into delicate Gothic-like spindles and ending in little spires like the finials on Gothic churches. At night or in the mists they seem to waver and leap upward in obedience to the purpose of the court that tells of the upward rise of life through the ages to man.

Topping these flame-like columns are Primitive Man and Woman, the man crude and brutish, feeding a pelican or bearing home the spoils of the chase; the woman sodden and heavy, bearing her children in her arms. Back of them, the cock, the clarion call of the Renaissance—the sign of the awakened conscience of the world.

The garden in the Court of the Ages is a dream of beauty. First it glowed in the blush of pink hyacinths; then in tulips red and yellow; in pansies deep blue and violet, and later to shine in all the splendor of autumn color. Slender Italian cypress trees lead the eye up along the wavering lines of the walls. Orange trees weight the air with their heavy perfume and the glance is drawn upward past the silly little water nymphs that top the pillars on either side of the court to the solemn majesty of the altar-like tower to the north.

On the first lift of this tower are Primitive Man and Primitive Woman, struggling from the mire of the earth and fettered by Ignorance and Superstition in their struggles upward into the light of a freer life. Between them shapeless figures rise from the mud above the reptilian forms to which they seem almost akin. On the next lift stands the Crusader, gazing afar toward the land of Palestine and the promise that his efforts shall bring. On one side the Archer who won by the sword; on the other, the Preacher who won through the heart, both teaching the lesson of progress

and life. Enthroned beneath the vault of the tower sits Modern Civilization, Reason Triumphant. Beside her the Lamps of Learning are alight, and braziers burn their incense to this great, all-powerful spirit. Serene and calm she looks down upon the Fountain of the Earth with its tragic story; down to the end of the pool to the group of the Sinking Sun drawn down into the darkness of oblivion. Beside her sit the children of men, one with the book of learning just opened; the other, with a wheel, some say of industry, in his hands. Perhaps it is a prayer wheel which he is about to cast aside to prove that man is done with superstition and fear. Serene and confident that man has bettered himself and has come to his kingdom, this great figure of Reason and light looks out across the Court of the Ages.

In the center of the allee leading to the Marina rises a heavy incongruous figure, badly placed, called The Story of the Sea. At the end of this allee and repeated within the court rise the great Renaissance sun ciphers, their blazing brightness at night the only touch of direct lighting of its kind throughout the Exposition courts or palaces. They form a brilliant note and are in harmony with the beautiful Spanish lamps that hang from the Gothic arches encircling this wonderful place.

While the Court of the Ages is a thing of beauty in the daytime, the scheme of illumination at night lends a mystic sacrificial atmosphere to it that is most impressive. With the air heavy with the scent of orange and hyacinth or the jasmine fragrance of the bell-like datura, this court takes on the aspect of a place where holy rites might be held. Great clouds of smoke colored with a rosy glow rise from the altar and from the braziers by the fountain. Flames shoot from the mouths of serpents that seem to writhe alive about the urns beside the pool, and from the solemn group in the center of the fountain great clouds drift slowly upward. The whole air seems impregnated with a spirit of sacrifice and prayer. About the walls the tall cypresses rise like pointing figures toward the upper

tier of figures that float in the smoke-wreaths swirling about, and beyond the cock rises sharp and alert. The figure of Reason at the top of the altar takes on new majesty and power, silhouetted against the sky, and from her benign presence down through the rosy light comes her message of assurance and triumph.

The Court of the Ages has less of the peace and rest of the Court of the Four Seasons, but by day or by night is a beautiful, solemn place. It is perhaps there in the evening, in the midst of all the spirit of sacrifice, one can best feel that the work of man is truly inspired by a great and powerful, all-knowing, all-seeing One. In giving to us this court, its creator, Mullgardt, has done a service to our better selves; has given to us an artistic ideal and a vision so beautiful that his name should live always in our grateful memories of this Exposition with those of Maybeck, Weinmann, McNeil, and last and best beloved, McLaren.

The allees leading to the east and west of the Court of the Ages are largely Florentine in character, their cloistered effect enhanced by the severity of vertical and horizontal line. Between the doorways, set in a molding of the egg and dart and carrying out the patine effect of the walls are little medallions representing the arms of the seaboard cities of Spain and Italy—Barcelona, Cadiz, Palos, Gibraltar, the Jebel-Tara of the Moors, Genoa and Venice.

COURT OF FLOWERS

The Court of Flowers is an exquisite feast of color, of light and of graceful line effect. It opens to the south from the Court of the Ages. A loggia, set with the dainty figure of the Flower Girl, runs around its three sides. The travertine here is a fine deep buff, and the color scheme a lavish use of rose and blue. The lamps that hang before its three doorways are reproductions of Greek temple lamps.

The arrangement of this court is in the style of the best of the Florentine Renaissance effect and in

consequence the griffin is lavishly used on the frieze, for the griffin was very dear to the house of Medici, meaning as it did the power of the mind. The pillars are in harmony with the lavish decorative effect here; they are a composite of the Corinthian and Ionic—the acanthus leaf curling below a basket effect of fruits and flowers. The light posts are very ornate, being fashioned of baskets of fruits and flowers from whose top the soft indirect light glows.

The columns are garlanded below with a laurel band and the swinging lamps in the corridors are ornamented with caryatides of flower girls. The doorways are banded with garlands of flowers and the egg and dart motif. The great Florentine lion—the Maroccio—in festal guise and bearing a flower wreath, the bringer of good luck and power to the House of the Medici, stands on either side of the steps leading out of this most charming court.

The story of the Maroccio lion is interesting. It is said that Giovanni de Medici in his days of poverty and oblivion while walking along the seashore found a crude carving of a tiny lion. Faintly outlined on its base was the fleur-de-lis, and it is said that this determined him to seek his fortunes in Florence, for the fleur-de-lis was the sign of that city. So, say the Florentines, the Maroccio stands guard always over the treasures, palaces and tombs of the Medici.

Beneath the cornice about this court is the rose of the Renaissance.

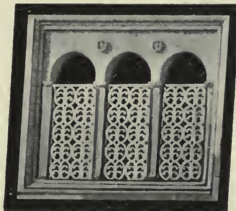
COURT OF PALMS

The beautiful little Court of Palms leading out of the Court of the Four Seasons to the south, offers many charms to the careful view. The false loggia or gallery faced with travertine blocks, grained in the rich tint of brown-veined marble, hung about with garlands of fruit in the brown, orange, gold and green of autumn, catches the eye with its fine color notes. The quaint caryatides, their faces rarely lovely beneath the

little wings that grace their heads, gaze down into the quiet pools in the sunken garden below. The doorways are banded with the shell and in the inner vault is the rose. They are fronted by two dancing nymphs bearing an unscarred shield. In the tympana of the side doors the murals Pursuit of Pleasure and Fruits and Flowers of the Earth are good color notes, but not otherwise satisfying. The one at the end is splendid. The glorious gold in the robe of the Victorious Spirit of Truth triumphing over Ignorance and Superstition makes a wonderful burst of color to hold the eye ere it drops to the soft blue sky seen through the court beyond.

The engaged pillars are Ionic, their flat shafts giving a peculiar air of spaciousness. Steps lead down to the pools past the palm garden with its beds of yellow flowers, first in the glory of tulips, then in the riot of golden pansies, and then in the soft tints of the little lady's-slipper.

Here again is found that strange and daring blend of times and themes. This court, so happy in its gorgeous tints; so gay with flowers; its palm trees breathing of warm sunshine and tropic splendor, holds in its outer entrance the tragic compelling End of the Trail. And to the thinker it seems fitting there, for what in life is free from some shadow, some serious thought!



ROMAN WINDOWS, MOORISH JALOUSIE AND THE SPANISH ROSE WINDOWS IN THE ARCHES OF THE EAST AND WEST

CREATION

CHAPTER VI

SCULPTURE

Unique in all respects, the sculpture at the Exposition is new in type, for it forms for the first time in exposition history simply a note in the architecture as a whole. This has been tried elsewhere in single features but never before on so complete a scale. The use of travertine as a building material has made this possible and the sculpture throughout on frieze, decorative niche figure, and detached and fountain groups, all seems a part of the architectural scheme; a unit in the building plan.

There are many classes of figures, varying widely in purpose and intention. There are the composite groups upon the arches of the East and West; the equestrian figures, the Pioneer, the wonderful End of the Trail, the Scout; the joyous rioters in the basin of the Fountain of Energy; niche figures of the fairies in the Court of Flowers; the graceful star torches in the Court of the Universe; the conquistador and the pirate on the Marina; the great winged archangel, Saint Michael, on the arches of the East and West; the allegorical group of Creation; the figures of Fire, Earth, Air and Water in the Court of the Universe; the Vestal guarding the flame in front of the dome of the Art Palace; the hopeless Pioneer Mother; the portrait figures of Lafayette, George Washington and Benjamin Franklin; the superb Lincoln by St. Gaudens; William Cullen Bryant; the unimpressive Henry Ward Beecher, and the unknown Barry, all to be found in front of the Palace of Fine Arts. On the Tower of Jewels are the Crusader Horseman, the Philosopher, the Adventurer, the Soldier and the Priest. In the Court of the Ages are

the groups on the tower indicating the upward rise of man, the figures grouped about the Fountain of the Earth and the great figure of Civilization. In many of these the nude has been emphasized and in fact has been exploited to the point of criticism.

Beneath the dome of the Palace of Fine Arts, in place of beautiful unbroken vistas, the space is crowded by statues in very little harmony with the classic beauty of the dome. Our debt to Lafayette is undeniable, but even he, being a Frenchman and of good taste, would not be happy to find himself in Continental regimentals bestride his war horse under a Byzantine dome so far away in tone and atmosphere from the thought of martial things. Benjamin Franklin too is there with his little bundle of bread and clothes and his three-cornered hat; and a college athlete in gown and sweater, his books upon his arm; and a memorial to a man named Barry that nobody seems to know anything about. There is a statue too of William Cullen Bryant in pensive mood. None of these are particularly striking, neither good nor bad, perhaps because they are placed in contrast with the prosaic figure of the Pioneer Mother. There are no words to describe the Pioneer Mother. She must be seen as the final note that goes far to spoil the noble simplicity of those arches giving out on the lagoon.

Along the colonnade in front of the Art Palace are many very lovely little statues. Perhaps the setting against the wall of green to the west or the glint of the lagoon beyond to the east lends them an added fascination. There is the baby with the fish and the baby with the ducks; the baby with the wild flower on her head; and two piping babies and the dancing baby, and a sun-dial baby with a doll; archers shooting their arrows upward into the sky and downward into the mouths of serpents; small fountain boys blowing spray in clouds and a lovely little Diana poised above a globe, her slender fingers having just released an arrow from her bow.

In contrast to these dainty fairy children there is the powerful figure of the Indian waving a scalp, Primitive Man, the Return from the Chase, the Runner from Marathon, the solemn heavy marble figure of the Outcast, the tragic story plainly told; the exquisite and poetic L'Amour—The First Kiss.

Raised on an altar and backed by the dainty green of the walls that surround the dome, kneels Stackpole's figure of the Vestal, guarding the flame of Inspiration which must burn forever on the Altar of Art, an exquisite, solitary figure, most beautifully placed, and one of the very satisfying bits throughout all this wonderland. Below her is a classic frieze on the face of the altar, representing all sciences, all labor, bringing their tribute to Inspiration.

At the turn of the corridor leading out of the Art Palace and beautifully placed under a tree fronting the lake, is a marble figure of Meditation. At the south end of this same colonnade of the Art Palace is the splendid St. Gaudens' Lincoln. The great statesman sits pensive, the weight of all his country's future on his shoulders and calm confidence in his eyes. Across from him is Henry Ward Beecher. It is hard to think of Beecher, eloquent, fiery, magnetic, superb, in this squat figure that faces Lincoln.

About the lake are many beautiful groups—a Diana, a water nymph, a circle of exquisite dancing figures—the Wind and Spray—instinct with life; they seem to laugh aloud as they riot about in the tumbling water.

Half screened by trees and doubly fine because of perfect placing, is the figure of an Indian scout, alert, on guard, he and his horse ready for what may come. This is one of the best bits of realistic sculpture.

At the end of the Court of Palms stands the finest touch of realism in the grounds—The End of the Trail. Wind-blown, despairing, desperate, lost perhaps, the little cayuse has reached the end of his strength. Upon his back, the rider, blinded, fainting, sits loosely, head down, beaten, at "the end of the

trail." This wonderfully realistic figure from our own pioneer life should be made the gift to San Francisco from her children at the close of the Exposition. It should stand in Lincoln Park in enduring bronze, facing the ocean, there at the very end of the trail!

At the opening into the Court of Flowers stands the joyous, triumphant figure of the fine old Pioneer, old only in the sum of his years. Courageous and confident, he starts forth to conquer the new land, armed with his axe and his rifle, to hew out his home and to hold it against all comers. This is the real pioneer.

Well placed in front of the Tower of Jewels are two of the great Spanish conquerors—Pizarro who gave South America to Spain, and Cortez, the tyrant of Mexico. This latter figure, with lance and banner, is well modeled and typical of the daring Spanish adventurer. Pizarro, in full armor, is perhaps the more picturesque.

On the Tower of Jewels are four figures regularly repeated—the Soldier of Fortune, the Philosopher or Student, the Priest, and the Adventurer or Colonizer. These figures are of heroic size and splendidly placed on the first lift of the tower. Next is a fine group—the Crusader Horsemen, with bannered lances, topped with the cross, similarly repeated.

Badly placed in front of Machinery Palace, stands Creation, the group that should have been beneath the dome of the Art Palace. The face of Creation is grave and full of wistful tenderness. She shelters beneath her drooping wings the figures of Adam and Eve. About their feet circles the snake, through which came to them the knowledge of sorrow and sin and despair. Though parted, beneath the sheltering wings of the All-Mother their hands are about to clasp to show that those who truly love are never really apart. How beautiful it would have been to have placed the First Kiss opposite the doors of the Art Palace and Creation beneath the dome, that we might think again of Adam

and Eve in "Paradise Lost" when cast forth into the outer vast, strong in love and hope—

> "The world was all before them where to choose
> Their place of rest, and Providence their guide,
> They hand in hand, with wandering steps and slow,
> Through Eden took their solitary way."

Without proper background, poorly placed, this Creation is still the strongest, the most poetically beautiful group on the grounds.

Fronting the Marina, at the end of the colonnade leading out of the Court of the Universe, superbly placed, rises the classic column crowned by the Adventurous Bowman. The arrow of Progress has sped from his hand out into the west. Youth beside him confident and exultant, marks it in its flight, while at his feet crouches Victory with her wreath ready to crown him when it falls. The Bowman, Youth and Victory stand above the toilers whose bent backs support their weight, for some must toil that others may climb. The superb column rises above a square pedestal, garlanded with laurel wreaths—the sign of victory; the eagle for ambition, at each corner.

About the base are four fine panels in bas-relief. To the south, Patience and Achievement open the gates and summon their trumpeters to sound the pæan of victory for those who have striven and shall arrive to enter the portals of fame. To the east the Scholar, the Scientist, whose failing strength is supported by the tender woman at his side; Thought with arms outstretched beneath the eagle—the emblem of ambition and soaring flight; then the General and the Statesmen march on toward the goal of achievement. To the north, in the center, is shown Energy; to one side of this a man, faltering and failing, cheered by the woman's all-protecting love. To the other side a man struggling forward, held firmly up by a woman joined to him in the shackles of love;

and the aged priest praying for strength that he may go on until his work is done. To the west the toilers with their hands, the men bearing heavy sheaves of wheat; the boy who pauses, weary but undefeated; the man spent with toil, still led on by the woman, helpful, cheering, unafraid, and behind another toiler who catches her bright spirit and hurries on. In this frieze Konti has paid a beautiful tribute to the helpful companionship of woman.

SACRIFICIAL URN

From its base the great Column rises majestically, circled by a spiral band up which sail the galleons of old Spain. At the top beneath the frieze of the toilers is the Greek egg and dart, symbolic of the rich gifts of the earth to those who toil for them. McNeil at the top and Konti at the base have here wrought a harmony as wonderful as any that characterizes the building group and decorations throughout the Exposition.

At night in white radiance, the base in deep shadow, the Bowman seems to soar above this earth, sometimes mirrored on the fog banks—the mighty figure becomes a series of shifting shadows, weird and compelling.

The urns that adorn the walls, the niches and the colonnades are of particular interest. These are of two general classes—the sacrificial urns used at sacrifices and religious ceremonies, and the festal urns, used on occasions of rejoicing. The two types shown are Greek in form.

FESTAL URN

CHAPTER VII

FOUNTAINS

The fountains form a most important element of the decoration of the courts and provide the motif for some of the finest symbolic sculpture in the Exposition. Most of the work is of a very high order of conception and execution. Some of it is commonplace.

FOUNTAIN OF ENERGY

As the triumph of energy and the victory of the mind of man over the difficulties of nature are the keynotes of the Exposition, so it is fitting that the great Fountain of Energy should rise in the open square at the main entrance to the grounds.

In the basin of the fountain riot dolphins and sea nymphs in fantastic form. The four oceans are there—the gay Atlantic, a mermaid on a dolphin; the Southern Ocean, a South Sea Islander on a manatee; the Pacific Ocean, a siren mounted on a fantastic seal; and the Northern Seas, an Aleut astride a walrus. From the center of the basin rises the globe of the earth encircled by the ocean currents. With locked arms they riot about the globe. Up and down on either side on the face of the globe rush the winds. Here and there are little sea-horses, symbolic of the speed and energy of the unchecked sea. Homer speaks of the waves as horses of the sea.

On the globe, mounted on a huge charger striding irresistibly forward, is the virile figure of a man, the very essence of directed strength. Upon his shoulders perch two utterly irrelevant and unnecessary figures. They are not even needed as a matter of balance.

Were that thought necessary in the artist's mind, a cloak or scarf would better have carried out the idea, whirling its folds about the rider's head and streaming out behind.

In contrast to this fountain which is glorious in the late afternoon when all jets are spouting and the sinking sun turns into rainbow splendor its fleecy, misty veils, two smaller fountains, similar in design, rise on either side from the ends of the pools in this same splendid open square. One of these fountains is in front of the Palace of Horticulture and one in front of Festival Hall. They are the last touch of the French Renaissance, the late French Renaissance—the time of the Louis'. Above a shell-like bowl, supported by dolphins, rises a graceful shaft, richly garlanded. This in turn supports another shell bowl and out of this rises the exquisite figure of a mermaid who riots amid the spray which she herself has dashed about. These are the work of Putnam, the only work of this genius to be seen at the Exposition. Failing health has robbed the world of further gifts from his master hands. These lovely fountains should be kept playing always that the mermaids might be veiled in flying spray. Classically considered, according to time and setting, these are in many respects the most nearly perfect fountains at the Exposition.

RISING SUN

In comparison with these mermaids the group of Beauty and the Beast in the Court of Flowers suffers by an almost direct contrast.

THE RISING SUN

Go to the Court of the Universe early in the morning. Enter it from the west and stand to the side on the south of the steps leading into the sunken gardens, and there soaring aloft with the new day is the figure of the Rising Sun, so instinct with life and beauty that it is difficult to speak of it in any way but as a living thing.

The poet Shelley, who so loved this beautiful world of ours and of whose beauties he could so well tell, sings to the skylark:

Hail to thee, blithe Spirit!—
  Bird thou never wert—
That from Heaven, or near it,
  Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher
  From the earth thou springest;
Like a cloud of fire
  The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning
  Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are bright'ning,
  Thou dost float and run
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

Teach me half the gladness
  That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
  From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then—as I am listening now!

These lines to the lark live again in the Rising Sun.

DESCENDING NIGHT

In the late afternoon when the golden light steals through the arch below and the long shadows of the West encompass her, stand and watch Descending Night drop softly down with pinions folded; and Longfellow's tender lines come to mind:

> The day is done, and the darkness
> Falls from the wings of Night,
> As a feather is wafted downward
> From an eagle in his flight.
>
> *   *   *   *   *   *
>
> And the night shall be filled with music
> And the cares that infest the day
> Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
> And as silently steal away.

DESCENDING NIGHT

Poised aloft on columns these two beautiful figures seem to float in airy loveliness in front of the heavy triumphal arches that back them. They breathe the purity and sweetness of the new-born day and the day departing. In bas-relief on the drums below Weinmann carries out the thought of the figures above. Beneath the Rising Sun the sign of Apollo, the sun god, calls upon all the earth to awaken and to rejoice. Sloth and crime, toil and ignorance, turn their scowling faces toward him, and the lost woman veils her face in her hair that the sun may not shine upon her sin and her sorrow and her shame. On the other gentle Night and Dreams brood over the weary world.

The mother cradles her child, lulling it into dreamless sleep. The man and the woman look sorrowfully upon the last departing beams of the day so bright and dear to them, and for us Celia Thaxter sings:

I have so loved thee but cannot, cannot hold thee.
Fading like a dream the shadows fold thee;
Dear were thy golden hours of tranquil splendor,
Sadly thou yieldest to the evening tender;
Thou wert so fair in thy first morning ray,
Slowly thy perfect beauty fades away;
Good-bye, sweet day; goodbye, sweet day.

Thy glow and charm; thy smiles and tones and
glances
Vanish at last, and night advances.
All thy rich gifts my grateful heart remembers,
The while I watch thy sunset's glowing embers
Die in the west, beneath the twilight gray.
Oh, could'st thou yet a little longer stay.
Good-bye, sweet day; good-bye, sweet day.

About the lagoon facing the Art Palace there are several smaller fountains—one notably interesting, it is so instinct with life and motion—the Wind and Spray. The dancing figures circle about in a frenzy of joy and freedom.

Within the Art Gallery there are several small fountains, none of them especially strong either in modeling or in original conception. The group of Titans by Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney in the entrance hall of the Art Palace is unworthy her best efforts, for where in the Fountain of El Dorado she has secured loveliness and power, here is only cumbersome strength.

FOUNTAIN OF CERES

At the end of the colonnade leading from the Court of the Four Seasons is the dignified Fountain of Ceres. The north winds from the bay seem to

blow back her airy robe. In one hand she holds a stalk of corn and in the other a laurel wreath. About the base riot in gay dance a beautiful group of nymphs. It is fitting that this Fountain of Ceres should stand in the Court of the Four Seasons, as it was to her that the Greeks attributed the six months of their beautiful weather, their flowers, their blue skies and their rich harvests; and the six months of winter darkness, autumn decay and early spring frost.

In four niches set about the Court of the Four Seasons are fountains by Piccirilli, representing Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter. The repetition of these figures in each group is restful and dignified. The groups themselves are neither original nor particularly interesting. The central figure in each is finely posed and in the Autumn group, most graceful; but all seem to lack spirit. They are beautifully set in their niches above steps down which slips a silver veil of water. Above them long pendent streamers of green swing softly in the breezes. These groups add a beautiful note to this court.

FOUNTAIN OF EVOLUTION

In the Court of the Ages Robert Aitken has set a fountain that tells in tragic fashion of the rise and downfall of man. It is in strange contrast to the airy lightness and grace of this most beautiful court, bearing as it does its stern lesson of man's slow development. It is the story of man's mental and physical rise. Above the wings of Destiny, whose mighty head is hidden beneath the waters, lie groups of figures on either side. On the west side the great pointing finger gives life, at first dimly suggested in the limp figures of two women. A third one is rousing herself from oblivion. The next two have known love, and the woman lifts her child out toward the earth. Then comes the gap to symbolize the time, after the creation of man, for which there is no history of his life or development.

The group to the south of the fountain centers on the figure of a woman with a mirror in her hand. Through the vanity and pride of woman came sorrow and toil into life, say the Scriptures. Through the vanity and ambition of woman came much that has been great and splendid. Next to this woman who perhaps strikes the first note in the upward march of human life, are two figures, toil-worn and weary but tender of each other, bearing in their arms their children.

It is in harmony that all these various groups about the fountain should be divided by the old Greek boundary-post—the terminus—topped by the head of Hermes, for each group marks a certain era in the progress of the upward rise of man.

The group to the west has been called most aptly Natural Selection. In the center stands the man dowered with might of mind, the wings of swift thought sprouting from his head. On either side the two women leave their baser mates to follow this master mind. One man turns helplessly away; the other, a creature of brute strength, will fight for his own.

Then another boundary-post; and to the north, again man's upward rise—the contest between intelligence and brute strength. Reason has cast behind him the woman of his choice and the other woman, she who has been scorned, seizes in the unequal contest the man of brute strength, that the man of reason may win. The third man gazes on the contest with sorrowful eyes; he seeks not to claim his lost mate, hopeless of regaining favor in her eyes.

Again a boundary-post, and to the east two men, one a warrior who would win by the sword and the other a son of toil, both with faces keenly intelligent, struggle for the love of a woman. To the north the aged father would dissuade the ambitious son from the years of his experience knowing that the woman is unworthy. The mother pleads in vain to the son,

who turns away unheeding toward the woman of his choice; then unlawful love on the south panel and the gap of oblivion through which all must pass before going down on the wings of Destiny unto death. Back on the wings of Destiny, on the east side, is seen first the miser, with the bulk of his worldly goods still clutched in his hands, and then the man of faith giving to the woman who is passing quietly out, the scarab, the Egyptian symbol of immortal life. And then two who have passed into unconsciousness and slip down into the waters of oblivion.

The Greeks believed that at the close of the day Helios, the spirit of the sun, blind and deaf, reached slowly up his mighty, unrelenting arms and drew the sun below the sea, hiding its glory and splendor beneath the dark waters. There the slimy, crawling things came and devoured its brightness, and night cloaked all the land. This figure of Helios drawing down the sun lies at the south end of the pool in the Court of the Ages.

THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH

In the eastern niche of the Tower of Jewels is the Fountain of Youth. Above the primroses, symbolic of young Greek girlhood, the figure of Youth stands gazing with frank, innocent eyes. Below, her aged parents gaze up through the mist of their tears at this vision of their lost childhood. Behind her the Phœnix has spread its extended wings, for Youth is always young, always vigorous and always beautiful. On either side stretch two friezes, most pathetic in their meaning—the aged, the forsaken, the deaf, the blind, the crippled, sailing toward this radiant vision, their boats guided by the spirits of their own vanished childhood.

FOUNTAIN OF EL DORADO

To the west in the other niche of the tower the fountain is almost forbidding in the stern lesson of

life that it reveals. It is the Fountain of El Dorado; of the land of gold; of the dream of hearts' desire. The heavy doors behind which sits the Judge of all things, are all but closed. A great oak tree, suggesting disuse, has grown across the portals, and the servants of the unknown, Ignorance and Superstition, stand guard. On either side the man and woman of the world of strife and endeavor rush on to the land of hearts' desire. Two arrive at its gates and kneel humbly before the servants of the Judge.

Stretching out on either side is a wonderful frieze. To the north side the first in the race is the unsexed woman who has thrown aside the garment of feminine charm. Swifter in intuition, her lithe form outdistances the men who run with her. Should she fall they will trample over her as she over them in the mad race for gold.

Next comes the pathetic figure of the woman who is content in her present happiness. She dreads the glitter and dazzle of the brighter day. Tenderly, beseechingly, her companion prays that she go with him into the promised land. How many stories, how many tragedies center on this problem—the lure of wealth coming to those who have but little and were content therewith. Next strides the man of might and power. Across his arm a woman rests. She slips from his grasp to be caught in the arms of a man of lesser mind and greater heart who, gazing upon her helplessness and beauty, forgets the El Dorado. Next a group of three—a woman who turns away from her helpless sister fallen by the wayside, her hand loosening its clasp on the limp arm. Behind the prone figure stands a man who will follow the stronger soul, come what may; and again, the toil-worn plodder on the road of life lifts the burden from the dust. Then there is the woman who has been deceived. Wrapt in the garment of distrust she gazes with frowning eyes, deaf to the pleadings of the preacher, the teacher, the guide beside her. With his arm about her as a

brother might, the preacher pleads that he might lead her into the light of a better day. Then follows the man soul-torn; his heart set upon the land of promise far beyond his duties here. Then the two who in the act of parting for the time forget in the anguish of coming separation the glory of the land of hearts' desire.

To the south the lesson is much the same. The first to come run in frantic fashion, crowding, shuffling, to the goal. After them comes a woman, wild, demented with joy at the sight of the opening gate. Behind her the unconscious child dances in imitation of her frenzied joy. With slow and stately step next comes the man of dominant mind, his hand outstretched in calm confidence towards the light. Behind him, unseeing, plods the woman to whom his life is linked, her heavy eyes cast on the ground. She cannot see with him that promise of a brighter day. Following her and gazing earnestly at the woman who hesitates, is a man of weaker mould. He longs to follow the stronger soul, but the woman who hesitates keeps him irresolute too. Then the beautiful group of self-sacrifice; the beloved one has fallen exhausted on the road of life and the man and the sister spirit, forgetting all else, turn away from the land of fair promise to minister unto her. Next, the sordid group who quarrel for place and for the gold they already possess. Some of it has fallen and one who has crawled along in the dust has grasped it in his greedy hands. His back is turned to the El Dorado and he sees it not in the sordid joy of present possession. Then there is the man to whom the El Dorado will bring sight and life renewed; his face is transfigured with emotion; his sightless eyes turned toward the gate. Then the lost woman leading with her the son of toil, and beyond them the eager searching spirit, far removed from the land of promise, but gazing with steady eyes, setting her face toward the land with energy untiring.

In these figures in this race of life Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney reads a terrible lesson of the sordidness and littleness in the heart and soul of man.

THE FORBIDDEN FOUNTAIN

Next to the lovely mermaids in the main entrance court, the fountain most beautifully set is that which leaps and plays in the sunlight or in the soft shadows of night in the center of the raised pool in the California garden. Set about with beds of radiant flowers in every color that these children of the soil can shed, this little leaping, dancing, gurgling jet of water is a wonderfully lovely thing. Most beautiful is it on a still moonlight night or on one of those nights when the fog drifts over the cypress hedges and the little fountain jet seems a part of the mists that steal softly over it. The tinkle of the water, coupled with the hum of the bees and the call of the birds, brings one closer to the heart of the spirit of those old romantic California days than any other thing in all this great Exposition. It were well if this perfect note could be preserved to give a place to rest and a proof that this beautiful dream has not all passed forever; that at least this bit of it, real, tangible, and sweet, shall be a part of our daily lives.

It is perhaps in the gardens that circle this beautiful pool that the genius of John McLaren has spread into fullest flower.

Beneath the half domes in the Palace of Food Products and the Palace of Education are two beautiful, very Spanish fountains—each an upraised bowl spilling a silver sheet of water into a bowl below. There are Spanish galleons and shells and heads about these fountains and the mist blows the spray about so as to make the old ships seems to move and the queer, grotesque heads to chatter. They make a very dignified center to the great half domes above.

CHAPTER VIII

MURALS

For the first time in the history of architecture since the days of the Greek supremacy, both painting and sculpture have been made subsidiary to the greatest of the arts—architecture. Famous men have wrought statues and painted pictures that are but a detail to round out the wonderful unity suggested in the buildings. In most places the painters have been hampered by the color restrictions imposed upon them by Guerin. In two cases where the artists have taken the liberty of following their own devices the murals riot in splendid hues, notably in the Brangwyn murals in the Court of the Ages, and Mathews' magnificent Victorious Spirit in the Court of Palms.

The Victorious Spirit is the most powerful color note of its kind, and though hung in a dark niche, is well worthy of the sincerest admiration. It symbolizes the power of the spirit of man over-riding difficulties, defeats and despair, and shedding over the darkened landscape and the figures sheltered beneath its wings the glory of its own light. The whole picture is filled with the golden glow emanating from a great winged angel. This mural has the rare quality of seeming to light up the dark space in which it is set. California may well be proud of this picture, for it stands alone in its peculiar glory.

It is flanked on either side by two pictures, in comparison poor in design and pale in color. The one to the left—Holloway's Pursuit of Pleasure—is thin and colorless, the central figure, Pleasure, strangely contorted. On the other side is Childe Hassam's Fruits and Flowers of the Earth. Childe Hassam is an easel

TRIBUTE OF EAST TO WEST

painter, famous for his brilliant color and line effects. He has given us none of these in the cold and vacant canvas which represents him here.

Beneath the arch of the Tower of Jewels there hang perhaps the largest canvases painted since the days of the great Venetians, and it seems as if William de Leftwich Dodge has caught the highest note of triumph and joy, for these murals glow with life and spirit. In the patine background the painter has so faithfully followed the surface effect of the travertine that these paintings more than all the rest seem actually to be part and parcel of the great arch. He has fittingly chosen as his subject the story of the background leading up to the history and the completion of the Panama Canal, closing the sequence with the Crowning of Labor and the Victory of Achievement.

To the west in the center—The Meeting of the Waters—stands a gigantic figure, joining the hands of two graceful forms—the Pacific and the Atlantic oceans. On the left the stolid oxen draw the prairie wagon, surrounded by the miner, the prospector, the engineer, and the farmer; and sinking down before them into the blue waters of the Pacific the Indian slips into that oblivion to which the coming of the white race will drive him. On the right the Hindu mother reaches out to this promise of a better, freer life, her little child—she, the type of the Indian that Columbus expected to see. Behind her ranged as they have appeared upon the stage of our history, is a group of the nations that have helped to make us

MEETING OF THE WATERS

what we are. There is the Negro, the Chinese, the Greek, the Persian, the Syrian, the Arab, the Tartar and the Hun. All those from the Oriental lands have entered at some time or other into our national life. This comprises the central panel.

In the panel to the left of the center—Discovery—stands Balboa on the rock in Darien; behind him his followers, awed and silent. Ambition shelters Balboa with her wings and points to the shadowy distance. Below him the waters of the Pacific leap against the crag, and a galleon, bearing the banner of Spain, sweeps into view. Across from Balboa an Aztec Indian backed by the prairie schooner, sits mourning upon the ruins of his home, for death and desolation come to him with the coming of the adventurers from Spain.

In the panel to the right Dodge has raised to fine allegorical power a rather prosaic incident. He calls it The Purchase. To the left the men of France, disheartened, throw down their rusty tools. Behind them rises the ruin of their abandoned machinery, and France mournfully passes the deed to the Canal to the blithe young figure in whose outstretched hand is a full purse. Behind America who has grasped the deed stands Ambition, urging on the transaction; and to the right a group of eager workmen reaching for their tools with joyous anticipation. Behind them are two dusky servitors carrying fruit and grain for the toilers.

On the east wall of the arch in the center is the Gateway of the Nations. Through the Canal come rioting the figures of Progress and Fame. Mounted upon the white horse of Ambition and urged on by the promptings of Achievement they hurry toward the West. Beneath them in the Canal disport the spirits of the sea, drawing after them a shadowy galleon and a great warship. At the side rises the sand shovel which made the Canal possible. Beside it the master-workman whose brain has dominated all this, stern, alert, untiring. At his feet, his labor done, crouches the man who has worked merely with his hands and who now sits inert with fatigue.

In the left panel on the east wall Achievement sits enthroned, and Labor, and Skill, and Progress, and the Arts and Sciences come and lay their tributes at his feet. In the right panel Labor is crowned by Toil, Industry, Patience and all the forces that lead to the success of those who strive.

These pictures, colored as they are in shades of rose and yellow, touches of deep blue and a very little green, keep to the color note set by Guerin and rely for their virile beauty on their peculiar strength and arrangement. The Meeting of the Waters is like a garland swung downward; the Gateway of the Nations is like a garland swung upward.

Beneath the arches of the East and West that flank the Court of the Universe there are four murals. Those of the East are rather pale and delicate in color; those of the West much more vivid. One of these, because of its delicate coloring, has been perhaps too little appreciated—Edward Simmons' beautiful group of the Tribute of the East to the West on the north wall of the Arch of the East. True Hope in rose color and False Hope in gray lead Adventure to the West. False Hope casts behind her the rainbow bubbles of promise, and Adventure, ever hopeful, clad in radiant green, the symbol of reviving and unquenchable energy, stops to pick them up. Behind her come,

Commerce with her ships; beautiful Inspiration in her flowered gown; Truth, naked and unafraid; Religion, humbly kneeling, her hand upon the cross upon her breast. Behind them, forth from the domes and minarets of the Oriental city, come Wealth with her lap full of treasures, and the Mother and Child of the Old World, all following the bubbles of promise into the new land of the West.

On the south wall of the Arch of the East, urged on by the impish spirit Ambition blowing the trumpet of fame, the Toiler plods westward. Above his head little elves whisper of the founding of a great race and of power and place. The war galleon lies at anchor ready to sail, and the Warrior sharpens his sword. The Explorer, the Preacher, the Artist, and the Toiler last of all, again urged on by Ambition, all turn with eager eyes toward the West. These two murals are paler than all the others. The figures of the one on the north are exquisitely drawn; the faces rarely beautiful.

Under the Arch of the West Dumond has taken for his theme the departure of the travelers to the land of the West. There is little of allegorical meaning here, in sharp contrast to those beneath the Eastern Arch. Beneath the shade trees of the old farmyard the youth bids his aged father farewell. In the distance the tiny church lifts its spire. The old prairie wagon loaded with the impracticable things that our forefathers brought to the West, rolls on before him, and the group about it is made up of types of those travelers who drifted westward with it in those pioneer days—the poet, the toreador, the college professor, the pioneer woman who with her shawl about her head went out to do her works of mercy in her neighbor's house as well as in her own. These and others of that sturdy type and day surround the wagon drawn by the heavy horses. In front Ambition blows the horn to lead them on, and in front of

Ambition, needing no invitation, spurred by the memory of their wrongs and privations, the immigrants from lands far across the Atlantic fare forward to the land of promise with their few possessions in bundles in their hands.

On the other side of the arch is the arrival of the travelers in the West. In the vanguard are the soldiers of Captain Anza in red and white. They should have been clothed in blue and buff, but Dumond needed the more brilliant red for his color scheme and took the painter's license to clothe them thus. Fame sends them on and there follows a group said to be portraits of historic figures notable in the days of our development here. Painters, poets, writers, miners, prospectors, all these follow the ox team and march to the feet of radiant California. She sits crowned in gold, blazoned with mellow light among her fruits and flowers, the bear quiescent at her hand; behind her the bright spirits of this promised land shower gifts upon the travelers. These two pictures are as strong and bright in color as those beneath the other arch are pale and delicate.

In the Court of the Four Seasons the murals are arranged two and two about the fountains. There is a singular repetition about them. It seems as if Mr. Bancroft has carried almost into exaggeration the note of reiteration which helps to give to this court its peculiar quality of restful peace. Beneath the half dome are perhaps the best two of these ten murals, all by Bancroft. Art Crowned is very rich and decorative in effect. Time holds the laurel wreath above her head and all the decorative arts—glass-making, jewelry, painting, weaving—come to do her honor. On the other notable mural Man comes to receive instruction from the Arts. The Mother of the Arts holds him lovingly, and Life and Love and Skill and Ambition come to teach him to create. About the court are such groups as Seedtime, Harvest, Festivity, Winter, and Autumn, all in groups of three seated or

standing, the figure in the middle balanced by two figures crouching or a little remote. The best groups are the richly colored Fruition, the dainty vivacious group of Autumn, and the one of Seedtime. The standing figure in Seedtime is full of dignity and power. Autumn is most virile; Fruition, a great commanding figure accepting the wine and fruits of the earth, has a simple reposeful dignity that is very impressive.

These murals too are in conformity with the regulations that Guerin has set down and are loveliest therefore at night when the soft light intensifies their thick dull color. The indirect lighting seems to give the life that the color in the daytime lacks.

Beneath the dome of the Palace of Fine Arts are the murals by Robert Reid. To do them justice they should be veiled in the daytime and shown only at night. Placed as they are against the vault of our blue sky and backed by intenser blues in the painting of the dome, their veiled mists of yellow and orange do not lend the color they should. Against the indigo velvety coloring of the night skies, in the indirect lighting, they take on a splendid lustre. The idea of the Four Golds of California is beautifully carried out—the poppy, the orange, the metal and the grain. Each in a characteristic richness of color tells its own story; the floating nymph in each bearing the flower, the fruit, the grain or the metal in her hand. They are rather fantastically placed, with little cupids peeping here and there through the folds of rather irrelevant trailing, scarf-like drapery.

The other panels are more interesting and tell the story of the inspirations that have led to art; in one what the Orient has given; the Chinese and Japanese—the dragon and the eagle. In another, what pomp and pride and victory and ambition and religion and piety have given; and in the others, what the sciences, discovery, study and exploration have brought to art.

To do justice to the great Brangwyn murals in the Court of the Ages one should stand under the central arch, first to the south and look eastward at the feast of color in the Primitive Water picture. Then face westward; go no nearer, and look upon the vivid wonderful line work and the master-hand in the picture Air Controlled. Then down half way to the east center of the colonnade and look toward Fire Controlled and Water Controlled; then down the north side and see Primitive Fire and the Fruits of the Earth. There is a feast of color at each turn; long distances, shadowy lights and shifting clouds and figures instinct with life.

In passing close to the pictures look away, because on near view they take on in some respects an air, almost grotesque, so heavy is the line, so high the color, so intense the shadows. It is a pity that it is possible for any one to be within less than twenty feet of these wonderful pictures. The most beautiful—Primitive Water and Air Controlled—should be placed for all time with us, but up high on some wall, well lighted, when nothing but their splendor and majesty will appeal. They are by far the strongest pictures among the murals at the Exposition, but they are placed too low to do them proper justice.

PALACE OF FINE ARTS WITH THE LAGOON AND
FOUNTAIN OF THE WIND AND SPRAY

CHAPTER IX

DOORWAYS

In contrast to the severe plainness of the walls a most lavish scheme of detailed decoration has been put into execution in fashioning the doorways of the Exposition. On the south wall of the main block of buildings, the doorways are, with the exception of the towers, the only decoration. To the extreme east on the Palace of Varied Industries, and to the extreme west on the Palace of Education, the doorways are individual in design. To the west of the center in the Palace of Liberal Arts, and to the east of the center in the Palace of Manufactures, the two doorways are the same. Smaller doorways break the plain line of the wall at intervals between these more pretentious elements. These smaller doorways differ on the end buildings and are similar in the two buildings in the center.

The four doorways in the north wall on the Marina in the Palaces of Food Products, Agriculture, Transportation and Mines are similar. They are the most lavishly decorated and fanciful of the doorways of the Exposition.

VARIED INDUSTRIES

The most characteristic touch of Spanish decoration to be found in the Exposition as a combination of detail is the doorway of the Palace of Varied Industries. This is the most easterly of the doors on the south front of the main system of buildings. It is copied from a doorway in Toledo, in Spain.

On the gable of the building rides the graceful winged figure of Victory and Good Fortune, by

Ulrich, a beautiful silhouette against the sky. On either side the door is flanked by pilasters each topped by the Iberian bear holding a shield on which is dimly suggested the arms of Castile and Aragon. The door itself is richly colored in a soft golden brown shaded into rose and blue, with here and there a touch of green in the jalousie and in the panels of the entrance below. On either side of this entrance is a very ornate band set here and there with the rose of Spain and the cross of Malta. Outside of this rise on either side figures of a workman with his hammer, and then a beautiful Spanish Renaissance pillar with a Corinthian floriated capital. These two elements support an ornate lintel topped with an arch. On the front of this lintel is an escutcheon quartered with the lizard and the amphora and held in place by a spread eagle. Resting on this lintel and forming the center of the arch are the groups of the earth receiving the tributes of the workers in wool, in stone, and on the fields, and the figure of Labor, all giving homage to Ceres who represents the earth.

Forming the spans of the arch are first, a band of characteristic Spanish decoration; then a band of angel figures each bearing a key and set beneath a Moorish dome, the figures symbolizing that Labor unlocks the door to all that man may know; that the salvation of man lies in the labor of his hands. On the keystone of the arch sits the pensive workman, a figure powerful and aloof in its loneliness. Rising on either side are Spanish candelabra. Resting on the arch and rising from it is a bit of decoration peculiarly Spanish; the apparently finished arch is topped by a complete element, in this case a second lintel upon which rests a group of figures flanked on either side with columns and candelabra. The figures are those of the aged workman passing his heritage of toil to his son, who willingly and with confidence accepts the burden. Resting on the frieze above the columns on either side and flanking the vault of the niche, is the

figure of an angel. Between this group and the angels on either side are two bands supported by a third band bearing the Spanish rose. Topping the whole is a decorative frieze and scroll work and from it all rises the shell of Saint James of Compostella, flanked by Spanish candelabra.

LIBERAL ARTS AND MANUFACTURES

The doors of the Liberal Arts and Manufactures palaces are the same. These doors show less of Spanish influence than the others. They are more Roman in their severity of line. Within the arch the doorway rises to a good height and is topped by an exquisite fan-grille of floriated design. About the doorway is a beautiful band decorated with the rose. On the keystone formed of the acanthus leaf stands the lion, emblematic of the power of the earth—temporal power.

Down the outer band of the portal is the acanthus and on the right side, two bears supporting pine cones; on the left, the winged horse Pegasus and cupids. Below is the Greek winged sphinx supporting a stand on which is the dolphin.

There is a beautiful frieze above these doors in which the arts and manufactures are displayed—the potter, the molder, the spinner, the blacksmith—and on either side in niches the woman with her spindle and the man with his hammer. Aloft are the Greek dentates beneath the cornice; the eaves above are of Moorish tiling, and the gable is topped as elsewhere by the virile figure of Victory.

EDUCATION

Opposing the Spanish doorway of the Palace of Varied Industries to the extreme west on the south wall is the main doorway of the Palace of Education. It is distinctive in that it is flanked by the twisted columns of the cedars of Lebanon that the Bible tells upheld the roof of the Temple of Solomon in Palestine.

They have been conventionalized through Italian architecture to the form in which they appear in this doorway to the Educational Palace, and also in some other minor doors within the interior courts. This doorway is Roman in its high unbroken semi-circular arch. Its detail of decoration is made up of fanciful forms, evidently Florentine, or at least Italian. The opening of the doorway is banded by an element in which the Spanish rose predominates. The capitals of the twisted columns are Corinthian.

Topping the arch is a figure of the world banded by knowledge, upheld by two scrolls in which the Spanish rose is the dominant note. Within the tympanum of the arch is a group of figures which is a standing argument for the nude in art. In front of the tree of knowledge sits a classic figure teaching a boy and a girl in ill-fitting modern dress. On either side are graceful classic figures of the youth with the child of his brain, showing the power of creative thought, and on the other side instinctive thought, the mother's teaching, which is after all the best there is. If the figures of the children in the center were stripped of their modern clothing and idealized as any one of a hundred nudes in the Exposition are idealized, this group in the doorway of the Palace of Education would be inspiring. In the support of the globe itself are worked Egyptian rams' heads, the sign of the mystery and power of Egyptian law. Just over the doorway is an escutcheon supported by two beautiful cherubs bearing the tables of the law, from which spread rays of light, and below is the hour-glass and above the crown signifying that knowledge crowns and brightens and controls time. Topping the pillars on either side are the usual candelabra, much conventionalized here. This is an intensely Spanish touch, grafted on a system of very Italian decoration.

The small doors on the south wall are in three groups. Those on the Palaces of Liberal Arts and of Manufactures are Roman in their tendency; those on

the Palace of Varied Industries intensely Spanish; those on the Palace of Education, Grecian.

Over the small doors on either side of the main portal of the Varied Industries Building the arch is surmounted by a basket of fruit. Beneath the tympanum is a shell with a rich blue background banded about with the rose. There are candelabra set on either side. On the face of the shell is the very Spanish escutcheon containing the shell or escallop and the vair or checker effect on a blue ground. Below is a little crowned shield with the pine-cone or pineapple, for in heraldry this is often the same, and the lizard; farther below is a band of the egg and dart. Griffins set upon rams' heads top the pillars on either side, and set in a square boss on the pillar are the Spanish lion and the griffin. Within the door is a jalousie of wheel-work grille.

The small doors on the Palace of Education take their dominant Grecian note from the gabled plinth and the supporting columns with their composite capitals and the suggestion of Solomon's columns in the spiral groining. A band of the Spanish rose surrounds the opening of the doorway with a finish of the egg and dart. On the doorway is an escutcheon supported by two griffins. The escutcheon is blank. Over the doorway set in the masonry of the wall is a frieze containing a group suggesting Learning Listening to the Arts.

The four doorways of the center buildings—the Palaces of Manufactures and of Liberal Arts—have the usual band of the Spanish rose surrounding the opening of the doorway. Two conventional columns support the lintel. The escutcheon bears the fleur-de-lis, an Italian Renaissance or French Renaissance sign. On the archway topping the lintel is seen the shell, conventionalized and forming the tympanum of the arch. On either side of this arch stands the Roman eagle. Topping the whole is a conventionalized ornament suggesting the rose and the shell.

The Palace of Food Products has a very dignified doorway opening into the allee leading into the Court of the Four Seasons. The lintel of the door is topped with a shell above which there is the pine-cone; below is an escutcheon banded with the fleur-de-lis, and the door is banded with the rose. The small doors of this building have a shell over the triangular top and below an escutcheon supported by clusters of fruit.

The main door leading from the Agricultural Building to the allee on its south front is interesting in that it is banded with the grapevine, leaf and fruit, emblematic of plenty; and the pelican, emblematic of self-sacrifice and the profusion of food.

Fronting the lagoon are the two beautiful half domes and imposing entrances into the Food Products and Educational palaces. In both the semi-circular opening is supported by fine Corinthian columns, those in the Educational Building topped with the Spirit of Thought, the open book in her hand; in the Palace of Food Products, the man bears the wreath of Victory, symbolic perhaps of the food that man has wrested from the earth. Outside of each of these doors stands the splendid pensive nude figure by Stackpole, the man in deep thought, his hands lightly clasped in an attitude of receptive attention.

Across the lagoon the door to the Art Palace is simply, severely Greek, with its plain lintel and plain sides. Above it rises the odd detached fragment, some say the Spirit of Inspiration, inviting the world to enter and witness success. The plainness of this door is a fine artistic touch in the beautiful dignity of the building.

MACHINERY PALACE

Most Roman in conception is the treatment of the doorways of Machinery Palace. Each portal is in itself an artistic triumph. The main doorway is superbly Roman in its three arches. The supporting columns are Corinthian and rise from beautiful drums

on which in bas-relief appear the mighty figures of Machinery, sphinx-like forms whose eyes are closed, because the power of machinery is blind in its obedience to a master controlling hand.

Across the top of the columns runs a broad lintel, breaking the leap of the arches, and from this soar two eagles in each archway, typical of unconquered ambition. The vault above is beautifully coffered and tinted a delicate rose, banded with blue and starred with the rose of Spain. On the spandrels of the inner portal are the allegorical figures of Labor, most graceful, and holding the hammer or lever. Outside of the arch rise the four great columns on which are set the types of power by Haig Patigian—Electricity, Controlling the Lightning; Invention, Creative Power, holding the winged figure of Thought in his hand; Imagination, the power of the mind, his arms uplifted and clasping the winch, his eyes closed, for the secrets of the mind are veiled as the power of machinery is hidden; and Steam, bearing a lever, symbolic of his might.

The great height of this doorway does not impress the beholder as it should, because of the break in the lintel and the placing of the statue of Creation just in front of it.

MARINA DOORWAYS

The four portals leading out of the north wall on to the Marina are all alike, probably because of the unusual and delightful ornateness of the design. They are in the best style of the Spanish plateresque or silversmith work and represent the elaborate lavishness of decoration that came into vogue with the wealth and splendor that began in the days of Ferdinand and Isabella. These doorways are more Spanish than any of the other doors except that on the south wall of the Varied Industries Palace.

There are three beautiful Roman arches below, banded on either side by the basilisk, king of serpents,

device of the Duke of Alva, of terrible fame, who won the name of the Spanish Fury. Above the basilisk set in banded wreaths are the emblems of the crab and the scorpion, or viper, the arms of the House of Gonzaga, favorite of Charles V; and the crab, the arms of the House of Rodomonte, one of the creatures of Philip. The Gonzagas were known as the vipers of Milan, and the Rodomontes, too, were of most unenviable fame.

Farther up on a small square boss is the chimera, another heraldic device, placed upon the coat of arms by Philip when he married Mary Tudor to denote the heretics of England whom he was going to destroy. All this is set on a lace-like background. Above the boss of the chimera is a shield carrying, faintly limned, the suggestion of the arms of Ferdinand and Isabella. Above, the great head of Neptune, to denote the power of Spain upon the sea. This device was one of the signet signs of the city of Barcelona, Spain's great seaport in the days of her glory. There is also the double-headed eagle of Charles V. to denote his power in two worlds; and over that the shell and Spanish candelabra, emblematic of the ever-burning flame of religious zeal.

Set in niches, purely Moorish in their delicate carvings, are the figures of the Conquistador and his aides, the pirates. These pirates were the creatures of the leaders—whom they adored. Sodden, dull and vicious, in blind devotion they carried out their master's will. It is fitting that the figure of the Conquistador should gaze in splendid isolation upon the waters of the bay which perhaps his forbears won for his queen. Daring, dashing, relentless men these were, winning by the sword what they could not win by peace; bringing the message of their civilization to the conquered and thrusting upon them their creeds and their rule. This fine bit of the lavishness and splendor of Spain before her decadence is the final touch upon these buildings fronting the bay.

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CONCLUSION

And now from the hill tops on a bright morning when the sun first touches the tops of the domes, see the city glow in rose and gray. See it in its noonday splendor, the travertine rich buff and the domes amber and bronze against the clear blue sky. See it at sunset when the sun, with lingering fingers, touches the golden balls and the slender spires and seems to leave it reluctantly to steal away into the shadows.

It is most lovely in the fading light when Tamalpais across the bay takes on the rich purple tone we love so well and the hues on the hills blend into the velvet skies above; and our beloved bay changes into the inky blue that is the forerunner of the night.

See this Dream City of ours when the fog rolls over it, trailing its long wraith-like tendrils over the

walls and through the foliage that rims the buildings. See the domes rise above it, to be again submerged. Perhaps we who live here love it best this way. See it again at night with all its glories mirrored in the silent waters. Go stand before the Art Palace and see its mighty walls and fairy-like columns and the lonely little Vestal by the altar. See all this reflected [illegible] waters of the lagoon and pray that all this vision of beauty may not pass from your minds as these radiant shadows from the pool.

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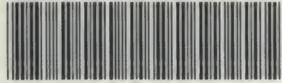
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