

GERMAN PAINTER LOVES SKYSCRAPERS

Herr Struck Is Returning to
America to Enjoy the Beauty
of Our Skyline.

CRITICISES OUR ART SENSE

Recommends Less Devotion to Fa-
mous Names, More Recognition
of Intrinsic Merit.

By Marconi Transatlantic Wireless Telegraph
to The New York Times.

BERLIN, Jan. 4.—Hermann Struck, the distinguished German etcher and portrait painter, returned from America last Summer with such enthusiastic impressions of New York that he will sail for another three months' visit to the United States next week on board the Kaiserin Auguste Victoria.

He will go primarily to execute a number of etching commissions from prominent Americans, who made acquaintance with his work at his exhibition in New York last Spring.

Herr Struck talked to-day entertainingly of matters artistic to THE NEW YORK TIMES correspondent.

"I can hardly wait," he said, "till I have had again that inspiring glimpse of New York's glorious skyline, as the pyramids of Broadway loom up before the gaze on an incoming ocean voyage.

"The tall buildings on Manhattan Island are to me one of the greatest architectural joys of the whole world. American builders will do well to stick tenaciously to the skyscraper school which they have created and keep it distinctive, developing it along strictly original lines instead of trying to graft Grecian, Roman, and Gothic ideas upon it.

"That brings me to say that I think the chief need for the promotion of art ambitions in America is a less slavish devotion to the old masters. Your people undoubtedly possess the means to gratify almost any taste in art. You already own about one-tenth of all the pictures ever painted by Rembrandt, besides several scores of others which he is supposed to have painted, and you can increase the grand total at will; but what you need most of all is to cultivate the love for pictures for their intrinsic beauty and merit without regard to age or the celebrity of the signature attached to them.

"Artistic America is to-day where Germany was about a generation ago, that is, in a state of transition. From love of the purely famous, as distinguished from the genuinely meritorious, you will advance to a better and more intelligent level without fail; your Morgans, Altmans, Wideners, Johnsons, and Gardners will see to that. But, meantime—no more lions like those guarding the entrance to the Public Library or forty-four-story campaniles. Build more gems like the Boston School of Medicine, and do not lay such stress, as the Boston Museum of Art does, for example, upon two Rembrandts, which are not Rembrandts at all, even though they pass for such in the Hub of America's cultured universe."

Herr Struck tells a capital story about his difficulty in securing access to the Altman Gallery in New York. That collector appears to give permission for an inspection of his gems with considerable reluctance.

"I was first refused when I applied," said Herr Struck, "and it was not until I sent back word that if I could not get in the front door, I would break in that the coveted consent was secured."

Herr Struck's comments on New York always end where they began, with glowing tributes to the skyscraper.

"My happiest Sunday afternoons," he said, "during the next three months are going to be spent in strolling across the Brooklyn Bridge and drinking in the incomparable vista which Manhattan offers the artist's eye."