



2020

A VIEW INTO THE PRESERVATION OF OLD WINDOWS

window

Letter from the Editors

Window Zine Readers,
Thank you for caring about art, history, and our
built environment. Preservation has come to hold
so many things - preserving our history, our culture,
our buildings, our architecture, our resources.
It's a heavy burden for that one word.

Let's lighten its load by allowing art, writing,
photography, and our stories to share the space.
That's where the concept of *preservation* belongs,
whether in poetry or watercolor, our stories are
preserved when we protect places. We asked
preservationists, photographers, artists - everyone -
to share their stories about place with us.

Assigning value to spaces must be a living
thing. A static idea of "historic event" doesn't
make sense in an evolving world. New voices
must join to represent all communities and
every aspect of community.

History is happening now and being captured
on buildings and in windows. Once you see it, you
are part of it. If these windows and walls could talk,
what would they say about this moment in time?
What are they saying about it now?

Thank you for reading, join the
conversation online... @indowindows

Stories Build Places

A Window into our Own History



Top photo submitted by Russ Eisenburg, middle
photo submitted by Stuart Rosenfeld & bottom
photo submitted by Kristina Damschen Spina



The Muncy High School Windows

by **Laurea McLeland**

This window is one of three in my dad's woodshop. A simple, large 57" x 51" wood sash that swings out, awning-style to let in the breeze. It is a lovely window, but what makes it interesting is the glimpse we can see through it; of people long-passed and a town's history.

The story of these windows begins at nearby Muncy High School. The school was built in 1931, where this sash was part of a double-hung set. At 8.5 feet high, can you imagine the light in those classrooms?

In 1982, likely in dire need of repair, the windows were removed and replaced. Jim Shull, our family friend salvaged and stacked them in a tall pile behind his workshop. A passionate collector of all things useful and less so (he famously bought a barrel of left-handed gloves), Jim couldn't let the windows head to

the dump. Without use for them himself, he doled out the windows to different projects around the town. The Muncy Women's Seminary, now converted into a row of single-family homes, received one for a kitchen update. My dad got a set of three for his woodshop.

With their distinct size, these windows are easy to spot. Every time I see one, I think of Jim, now passed, and the stories of his collections. I think of those Muncy High School students who experienced the Great Depression, a world war, and a cultural revolution. I think of my father who has repaired his portion of the windows again and again over the years and who is now teaching me how to build, repair, and reglaze windows. This window, though a simple object, ties all these lives together through time, connecting me to the stories and history of this place.



Photo by Kimberly Bauer

Using Art for New Perspectives

KATHRYN FOSTER,
WINDOW ZINE EDITOR

When I started working at Indow, I didn't know a leaded window from a double-hung (I came here for the carbon stomping). As I quickly immersed myself in the language of the trade, I started to see architecture where before I had just seen buildings. Like when you learn a new word and it follows you into every conversation, windows with divided lites and waving glass were everywhere I went. How we describe the world we live in is important. If we don't represent the entire history and full truth of a place, we aren't doing it justice. Bringing art into buildings and preservation is sometimes necessary to tell the full story - to paint the full picture. A window can just be a window, or it can be a divided lite, leaded glass, history-holding, hand-made beauty.

By the Window



by Komal Sawant

They say you need your own unique art-style to be an Artist. I am in search of mine for a very long time now.

From the past few months, window has been the only source of connection to the outer world. The world is battling with deadly virus outside, and we humans are trapped inside making illusions of how the outside world would be after this pandemic. My daily routine has been sitting with a hot tea cup and imagining everyday- So today I am going to visit the Tea gardens of Kerala or today I am visiting the beautiful flower valley on Uttarakhand or I am having the most dense forest right outside my window although I stay on 9th floor of concrete jungle.

I love picturing different window and grill patterns to my existing simple rectangle window- modern ones with intrigue laser cut patterns to old heritage windows-made of woods, having simple joinery, metal plates, hand-carved patterns, wooden grills, colours-paints and finally its reflection on glass and imagining how the sun rays would fall through those intricate patterns casting shadows on my bed sheet.

Also being an architect has its own perks of being exposed to new and undiscovered places. Hence visualizing all this with a beautiful landscaped view is like cherry on top of the cake. Which made me grow my fetish for Green-scapes. I dream to have a backyard filled with all avatars of flowers and leaves. That's how I decided to combine these two main interests of my life, windows and greens as my element for art.

Presenting here is a series of fantasy windows with a lush full green view - By the window series. By the Window by Komal Sawant



Latticed

by Mike Arnesen

Thank you for caring about art, history, and our built environment. Preservation has come to hold so many things - preserving our history, our culture, our buildings, it's as if this particular window follows me. Its panes framing my story. You know the window, right? With those little diamonds of glass, each just the size of your hand? "Latticed". That's the word! I'll forget it again, in a day or two, but the next time that window shows up, it'll feel like getting to see an old friend again.

I struggle to capture how that window feels. Seeing it — always in a new and unexpected place — never fails to bring a childlike smile to my face. In an instant, my heart warms. I'm in a world of fantasy. I'm ten years old again, laying in bed, tucked in comfortably as my dad reads "The Fellowship of the Ring" aloud. It's raining outside, but here I'm warm and safe.

Ever since I was young, I've dreamed of living in a house with that window; I dreamed of living in a castle. And, yeah, I still dream of that. Perhaps one day. A geek can, indeed, dream.

I feel like this window, with its tiny diamond panes of glass — each one nearly identical but not quite the same; neatly managed by diagonally-running glazed bars — has been a recurring character in the story of my life. Without any foreshadowing, it appears just when I need inspiration, grounding, or the hope for a better world. A sighting drives me to build the life that I want to live; to build my castle.

That window is an old friend, in a sense, that I see from a distance but that I can't hug. Walking through Irvington, we see each other as I pass by on the street. I nod in grateful recognition, yet can't come any closer; I think that's okay. The connection is still strong. I smile to myself with that bittersweet lump in my throat that I know so well and continue on my way, already daydreaming of fantastical things; of plans for my castle.

One day, we'll be up close and personal — that window and me. Just not today, and that's okay. We have exactly as much time as we're meant to have.

When physical connections are in such short supply, maybe it's time to peer through a window and dream of forgotten realms. To imagine what it would be like to gaze through little diamonds of leaded glass into an otherwise decrepit tavern. Inside, a road-weary ranger awaits us, ready to call us to adventure. Beckoning us to a simpler time, where right and wrong are absolute. A land where even the smallest folk have the chance to turn tides.

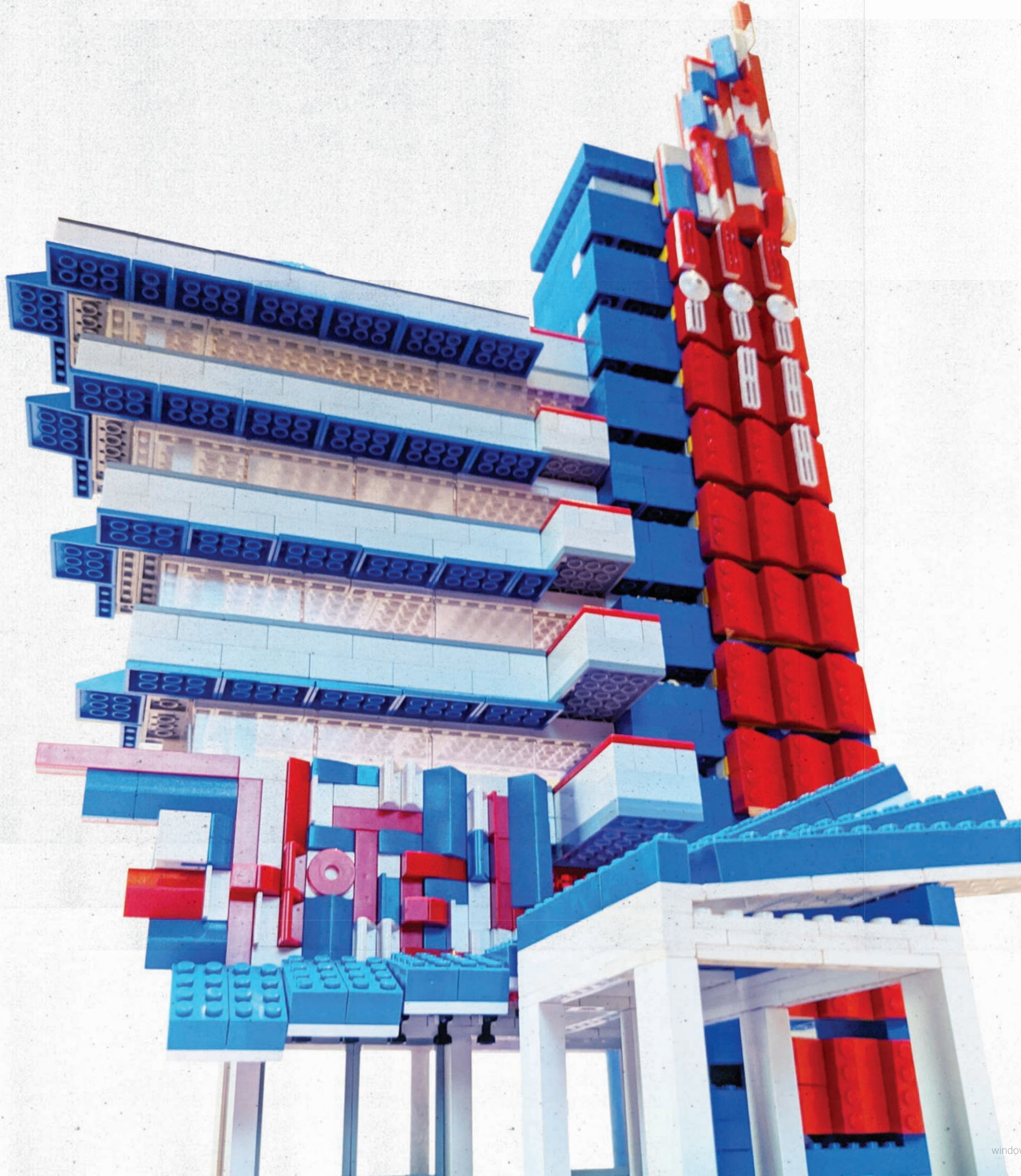
But, you know, maybe we're already there. Who am I to say? I'm not the author of this story; not truly. I just try to play my small part and hope that my chapter ends on a high note. In the grand scheme, we only have this small handful of pages to fill. A dozen or so where, with any luck, the words that are penned will tell of how we gazed through latticed windows, gave our imaginations free rein — for just a bit — and created a story that we were proud to be a character in.

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WINTER

by Rachel Marsom

We lost the lawn boy in the pandemic, for when we stopped going outside, outside took over. We gained eight window views, thick glass revealing the wild. Driveway once wide is now thin from unraked leaves, front sidewalk asphalt eaten by juniper branches. Our grass is five feet high. A new vine stalks — chokes the holly. Across the street, a ranch brick house is our great view, once home to an old lady named Olive. The new owner cut hedges, mowed grass, chopped down the pecan tree, parks on the lawn. We watch, but brown fur, closer, in our yard, distracts us, dense blades of grass a bunny haven. Safety. Shade.



geometry in windows



AYN RAND'S NIGHTMARE

by Kathryn Foster

A crack in the facade doesn't
crumble the empire. Rome
is a lasagna, layers of history stacked
with mends and amendments.

Harmony is weeds through the sidewalk,
roofs heavy with moss, abandoned—
testing time. An open host, waiting
for caring hands to reimagine.

Drawing by Alisha

window | 2020

Photo by Anne Shaw

window | 2020

A Wave in the Glass

by Erin Weber Boss

Years ago, my family rented an old farmhouse in Michigan. The age of the house is still up for debate, the internet estimating anywhere between 1900-1925. Regardless of the year it was built or its many renovations since then, that home stands as its own testament to farmhouse life during the first half of the 20th century. Surrounded by sugar beet and soybean fields and flanked by aging black walnut trees, what I remember most clearly is looking out its windows.

They each had the unique wave that's become synonymous with the leaded windows of that time period. At least five ran the length of our living room, looking out into the yard where a rotting wooden swing hung, its rope wedged deeply into a tree branch after years of growth. I remember how the grass and the trees of the yard looked like they moved as

I walked by the windows, a trick of the eye as my line of vision moved through the bubbled lens of glass. In the winter, it was less apparent, the blanket of snow melding everything together into one vast line of white until it hit the horizon, which had its own shade of gray-blue.

And now, twenty years later in my own home 700 miles away, I sometimes find that the view from my more modern windows are not any clearer. A trick of the light makes my rosebushes a visitor at the front stoop; the rains in April cloud my view of the neighborhood more than that leaded glass ever might have.

I find it's important to look all the closer, all the harder, to make sure that how we see it is how the world actually is and recognize when I'm only seeing my angle of waved glass.



Philly Flower Box, Drawing by Katherine Harrison

BLACK PLACES + WATER

IN LIVING HISTORY

If windows could talk, what would they say about this moment? We saw the voice of Black history in our communities being a strong story of our times. 2020 has opened many windows of new perspectives, and we celebrate the window into Black culture across our nation.

History is being written right in front of us. The voices calling out today are highlighting the need to change what and how we preserve. What you see from your window can change your worldview.



I had lived in my apartment for a year when Mulugeta showed up outside my window. He was beaming underneath large glasses, dressed in a suit and tie. His black and white image stamped in memoriam on a black street sign topper with Ethiopian script. He was close enough that he became a presence in the living room of my second floor apartment.

Before his memorial arrived I had heard his story in passing years earlier. Mulugeta was a refugee attending school in the area in the late 80's. One night after getting home from a party, he and a friend were confronted by four white supremacist neighbors who were on their way to distribute recruitment pamphlets downtown. His neighbors had been drinking and were excited at the prospect of acting out the calls for violence in their propaganda. The altercation ended in Mulugeta's death underneath a baseball bat decorated with racist slogans.

Thirty years later he showed up outside my window. Up until then I had always assumed that things like that occurred somewhere else. But sure enough, Mulugeta had spent his last moments just a block away from my quiet apartment, murdered by a neighbor that lived so close to him that one of the investigating offices commented they could have run tin can phones between the windows of their apartments.

It's so rare in this country to come across memorials for the victims of white supremacist violence. Why take the time to unpack it, when you can just re-wrap it and gentrify it. Seeing him outside my window made the history of my neighborhood come alive. Every day that I saw him I remembered, and every day that I remembered my resolve that this wouldn't happen here again grew stronger.

Mulugeta

by Ryan Libby



Photo by Ryan Libby

#BlackHistorySites

by Lillyanne Pham

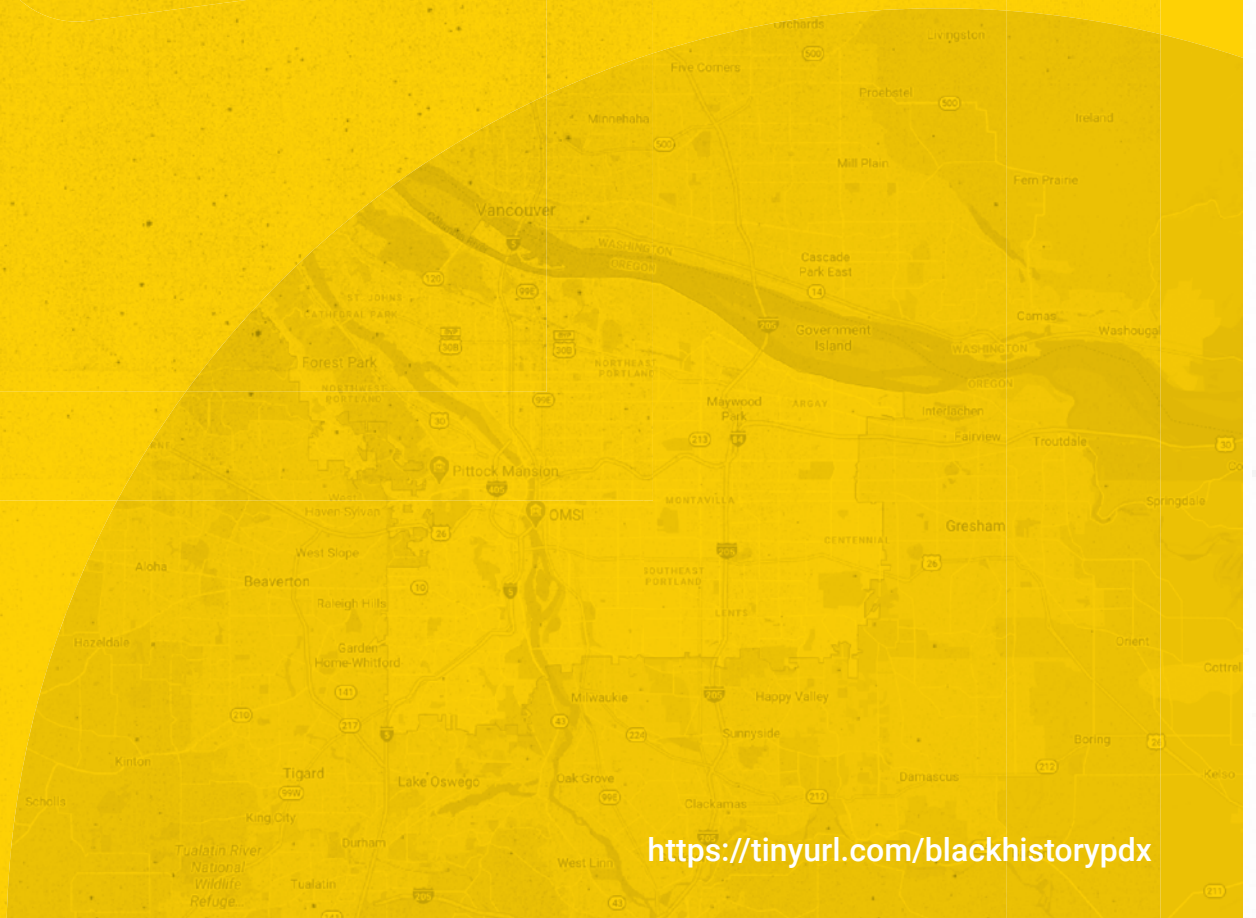


Scan me

I worked at Indow as one of the Community Engagement interns, focusing on historic preservation outreach and curating submissions for the Window Zine 2020. At the beginning of my research, at first glance, I learned that historic preservation was about advocating for places, infrastructures, and landmarks. As someone who skipped history during high school and replaced it with journalism, I wasn't too interested in historic preservation. It wasn't until I spoke with a place saver and storyteller, Sarah Marsom, that a light sparked in me. In this meeting, Sarah explained to me the dominant (e.g. architectural value > stories and meetings at government building) and nondominant frameworks (e.g. architectural value < stories and meetings in a neighborhood coffee shop) within historic preservation. I also learned about the use of art activism, the empowerment of marginalized stories, and the organizing strategies to stay accountable to the communities.

At the end of the meeting, I was inspired to begin a media campaign called #BlackHistorySite to centralize marginalized narratives as I promoted the zine and called for submissions. It was an experiment to mix marketing and community action. As a result, this campaign was partially a personal project too. Here, I self-taught myself how to search for local places rooted in Black history in Portland. I also illustrated the places as a means to creatively elevate the story of the place. While not all places were valued due to their architectural significance, I wanted to use digital illustration to show that there is always more than what meets the eye.

Map Details



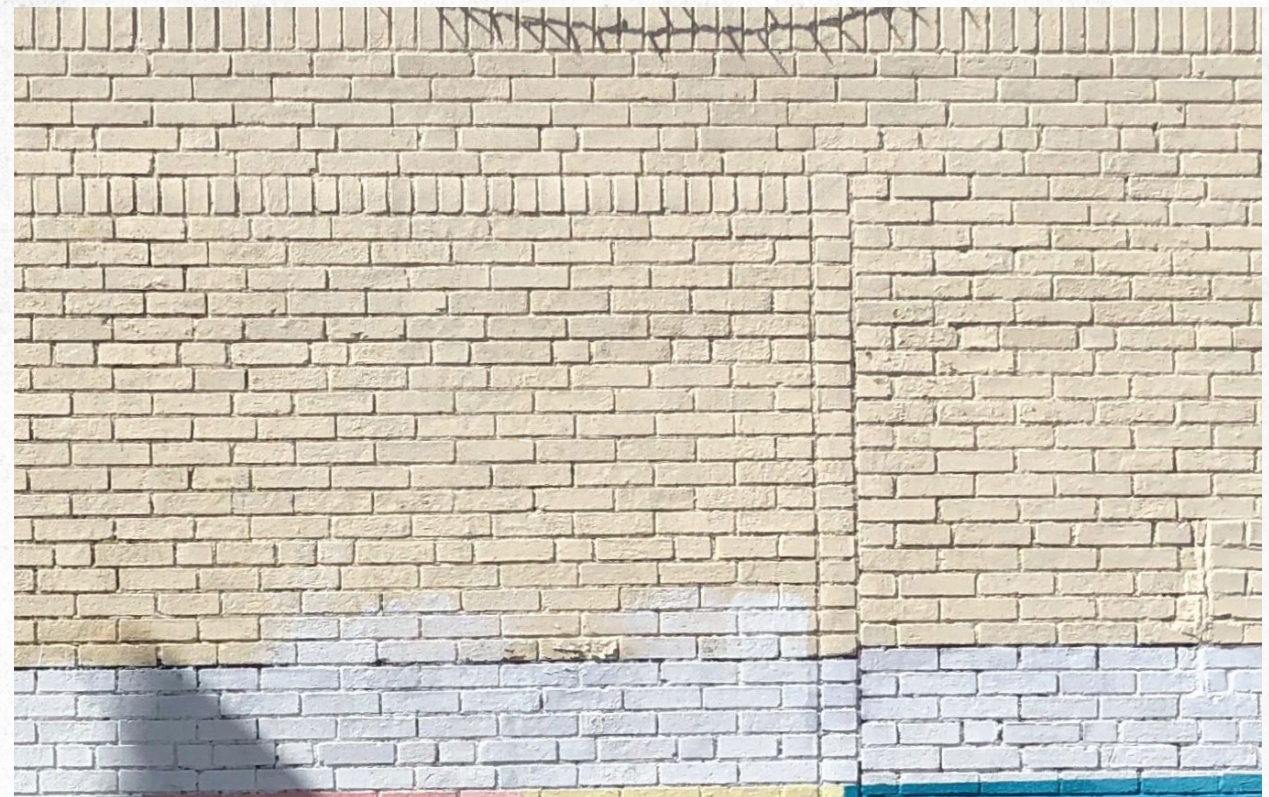
<https://tinyurl.com/blackhistorypdx>

Tiny Story: **Elite's**

by **Corinne Muller of Boston Preservation Alliance**

38 Warren Street, Roxbury—With a flourishing LGBT subculture, post-Stonewall Boston was a hub of gay activity and activism. Boston's first and only exclusively Black gay club, Elite's, thrived from 1970 to 1973 in the neighborhood of Roxbury. Elite's specifically celebrated and served the Black LGBT community.

Without the flashing neon signs boasted proudly by other local gay bars (like the Punch Bowl, Boston's foremost gay bar in the 1970s), Elite's vernacular architecture gave little suggestion of the social hub behind its facade. Today, the unassuming building that once housed Elite's remains, providing services as a Rent-A-Center.



Elite's historical value is mostly obscured by the building's perceived lack of architectural value. Little material evidence survives to tell the unique stories of the people who visited the bar in the early days of Boston's gay liberation movement.

For more history on Boston Pride's LGBT Anti-Racism Resources:

- Black Boston
- The History Project for Stonewall50
- LGBT Boston
- Boston Pride.

Elite's was founded first as a daytime bar and was later transformed into a nighttime gay bar by the son of Elite's owner. With its prime location near Dudley Square—now called Nubian Square—the club drew both local Black men and women. Elite's was regarded as a space without discrimination. There was one early incident where several locals attempted to burn down the building with people still inside. However, bar-goers were not deterred and continued to gather at Elite's for several years after.

Although the building at 38 Warren Street still stands, its rich history is largely forgotten. Elite's historical value is mostly obscured by the building's perceived lack of architectural value. Little material evidence survives to tell the unique stories of the people who visited the bar in the early days of Boston's gay liberation movement. These stories, however, are precisely those we must actively seek to preserve and share.



Photo by Matthew Dickey

Black Lives Matter

The people in power do not look like us, therefore, they have not favored us. Black and Brown neighborhoods have always pleaded to be heard to the point of exhaustion and we are tired! Black spaces and infrastructure in our communities have struggled to receive protection under landmark laws because New York City has not invested in them. This disinvestment mirrors what is happening locally and nationally with members of the Black and Brown Community.

The fact that we exist says a lot. We had to create this group to guard and protect our neighborhood against being destroyed by a rezoning plan in the name of "progress". Our name, "Preserving East New York" is in gerund, to denote that we are continuously taking action to protect our community because the way this country is currently set up, it is meant to savagely destroy Black and Brown communities without mercy.

It seems like our history does not matter and Money is the focus. That's why we had to create this group. To be the change and to be the voice of our community. But currently, while most of our Black and Brown neighborhoods are ravaged by health disparities, the Coronavirus pandemic, police brutality, joblessness, homelessness, and food insecurity, preservation has now taken the back seat because the focus has shifted in addressing these major priorities that come as result from this country's structural racism. Because before we say #buildingsmatter, we boldly say #blacklivesmatter! Our landmarks are for our people, by our people, and if we don't have our people, then who are we saving the buildings for?

When we testified in front of New York City officials to save our historic gems in the name of preserving our people, community, and culture, it fell on deaf ears. It is important we vote for community representatives that are not afraid to stick up for their constituents because we cannot create landmarks without their support. Look at what happened to the church Our Lady of Loreto in #Brownsville, we hoped to turn it into a much needed cultural center but it was torn down for "affordable housing", and we all know that affordable housing isn't affordable for the present community members it's affordable for the incoming population.

227 Duffield St., a 4-story brick building in Downtown Brooklyn with ties to the Underground Railroad that is threatened to be demolished for an apartment complex. The building stands currently engulfed by the speculative construction of high rise hotels, office spaces, and luxury apartments that have plagued Downtown Brooklyn. There has been a long effort, before PENY's existence, just like Our Lady of Loreto to save this building from demolition by recognizing it as a New York City landmark. But why is the city waiting to recognize the last remaining place that exists in Brooklyn linked to such an epic system of the liberation of our Black people? The city decided to rename the street where it's located to "Abolitionist Place" but leaves the building in jeopardy for destruction as they take no action to save it from the senseless hyenas of private and commercial development. The City should do better. NYC Landmarks Preservation Commission let's do this! Black lives matter, because it's everything, now and always! - **PENY**

by Preserving East New York (PENY)





This 1982 video on Baltimore City Screen Painters not only documents the Highlandtown neighborhood's folk art, but also shows how archival moving images provide a unique screen to view the lost places of the past. Supported in part by Preservation Maryland and the Maryland Historical Trust, Baltimore Heritage and the Mid-Atlantic Regional Moving Image Archive (MARMLA) are digitizing and curating videos of historic places to be viewed and studied through the Baltimore Sites and Sounds tour on the Explore Baltimore Heritage app.

Baltimore City Screen Painters
Screenshot from Video by WJZ-TV Collection

Screening Historic Preservation

by Preservation Maryland

1982 video on Baltimore City Screen Painters:
<https://archive.org/details/WJZ-PMAG-035-002?start=12>

Baltimore Sites and Sounds project on Explore Baltimore Heritage:
<https://explore.baltimoreheritage.org/tours/show/30>

During quarantine, windows took on another important role: communication.





Monumental Moments

Projections instantly transform century-old buildings into temporary, yet powerful statements. The canvas - sometimes brick, sometimes metal - often adds to the message. So does the fact that this artform is only at night, free for all who wander its lumens.



Projections by Ben Wood Photos by Jeff Lee and Keith Wyner



Projection by Dustin Klein

Value-Based Preservation

Pay attention to the signs that tell you a place has been loved. Look for signs of care, adornment, community, ware. Neglect is not always a sign of apathy, but sometimes a sign of need. Value isn't always money and history isn't always known. We asked previous Window Zine contributors for their insight on how art and preservation are connected. How to use this for the future of our built environment?

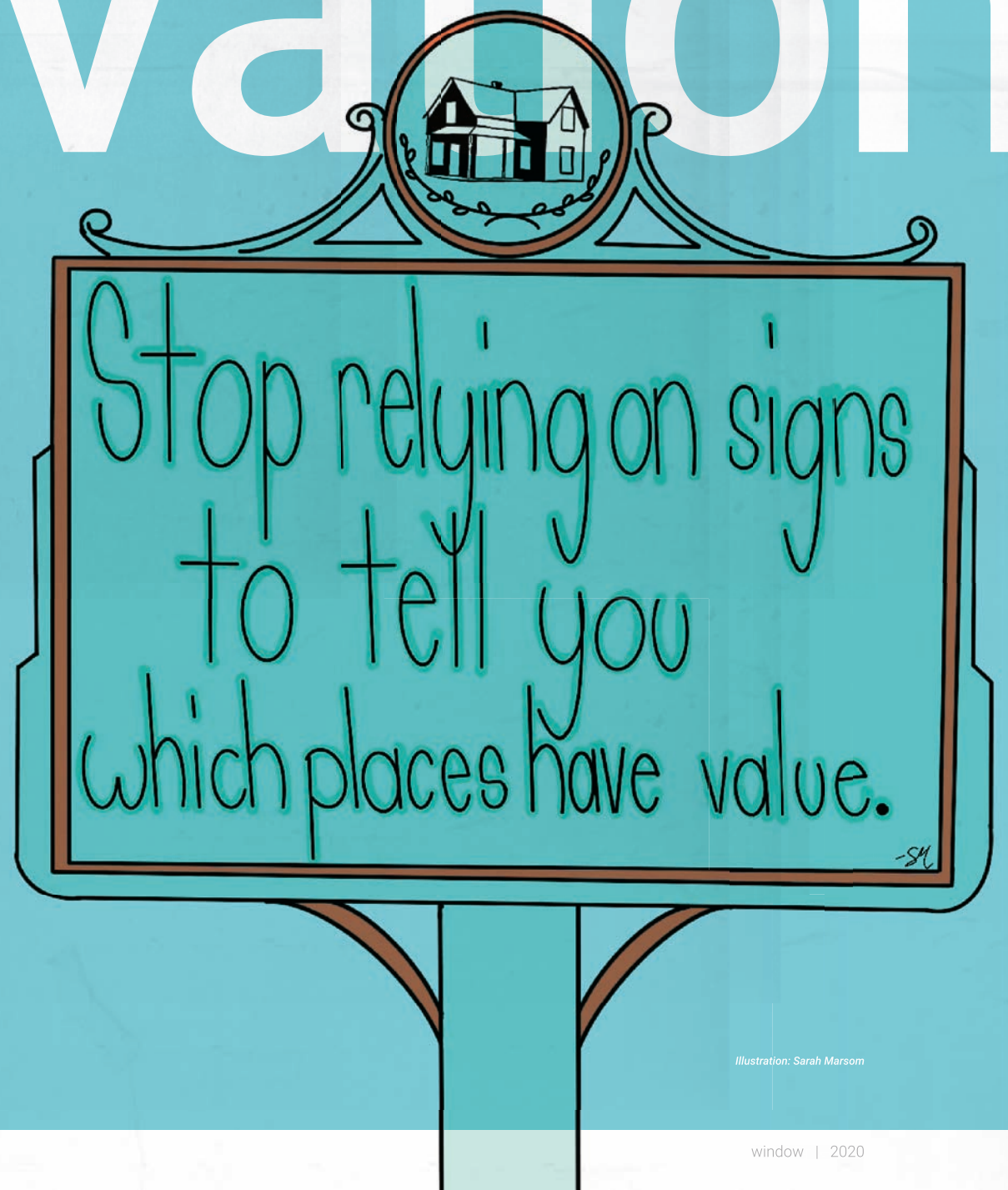


Illustration: Sarah Marsom

Reflections from Partners on Past Zines

"I have always had an artistic eye which influences my work as a preservationist. There is beauty in the physical construction of historic buildings and landscapes and also the stories of people can be interpreted through a creative lens. Both the tangible and intangible can be expressed through a picture, words or movement. I love taking pictures of old buildings and nature and find that there is so much overlap between the built and natural environment. This is true in Portland where old trees and houses made of old trees are demolished and deconstructed for less well made more expensive houses and apartments."

- Terra Wheeler

"As the world transitions to more social media and less physical (or static) media, you lose a bit of the long-form aspect that a zine provides. There's a sense of consistency that gets lost in the constantly-updating online space. Whether it's a physical item in your mailbox or a reliable e-mail attachment there's great value in getting a well-produced zine."

- Rhys Martin

"It's only natural that we use art to interpret the passion we have for beloved places. Yes, there is a place for landmark nominations and government committees, but the public relates to places in a much more visceral way, and place-based art is an engaging way to connect people with place."

- Jeremy Ebersole

"Historic Preservation to me is about history for the people by the people - not just for some of the people who have access to resources. It can be a powerful tool to advocate for social justice. The picture that I submitted for 2019 was for the Pacific Northwest Field School at University of Oregon. This was an amazing experience

for many reasons that could be even more powerful if it embraced Black and brown people -- preservation is still largely dominated by white people. Building bridges through honest communication and dropping of ego is essential for our field to move forward. Making scholarships available is one way to do this - take the cost burden out of learning preservation."

- Terra Wheeler

While we agree, there are physical limits to a zine. So we invite all of you to continue this conversation online with more submission and comments from contributors. Find us @indowwindows.

YOUR CHANCE TO PRESERVE A SPACE FOR STORIES

Prelinger Library preserves a space that holds our shared history, and a place to create art for the ages. **From the library:** We're ready to help continue the Bay Area's tradition of independent, artist-serving, activist-friendly resource exchange spaces: a workshop for history, an artists' use & reuse zone, and an accessible scholarly resource that holds many collections that can no longer be browsed or touched elsewhere. The library needs to raise **60k** for rent, utilities, and to pay artists. Donate to *Prelinger Library* so they can continue to lift up stories and catalogue our history. **Donate here:**

www.flipcause.com/secure/cause_pdetails/NjcwNQ==

If you were planning to donate during their December live event, please donate now.

Zines provide a powerful tool: to pass meaningful messages en masse, creatively, cheaply, quickly. They absorb the culture of the moment to proliferate & preserve it. Prelinger Library preserves these messages and makes them more accessible.



Photo by Claire Meyer



National Trust for
Historic Preservation®



So far we've saved
110,000 windows from
landing in landfill - that's
a number we're proud of.

Thank you to everyone who contributed content for this zine - we couldn't have made it without you! We also couldn't have done it without our amazing and growing community, National Trust for Historic Preservation for creating the space to save and celebrate places, and everyone who reads about preservation stories. Thanks everyone for helping us celebrate those who preserve!

INDOW ZINE TEAM:

M. Höfler, K. Damschen Spina,
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WWW.INDOWWINDOWS.COM