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Plate I. August 1926.

THE TOWN HALL, MOLSHEIM, NEAR STRASBOURG.

From a watercolour by E. Guy Dawber.

Art and Internationalism.

By the Editor.

SOMETIMES I have thought I would write a paper "In Praise of the Bourgeoisie," of that great central class of my fellow-countrymen whom Matthew Arnold, in the days of their prosperity and confident piety, labelled the Philistines; whose mere name is as a curse on the lips of heady speakers in many gatherings to-day; from whose ranks came Shakespeare, and Nelson, and Darwin, and William Morris, and all but a few of those who have made the name of England illustrious, and brought new visions and new hope to men in other lands; whose burdens are the heaviest, and whose privilege it still is to have all men look to them to be the first ready to offer their sons and daughters when the State is in danger; who have brought with them from the days of their pre-eminence a deep-seated sense of obligation and of the claims of public duty.

But a theme so national will, at first sight, rouse the antagonism of the artist; who at least since the days of Byron has aimed at emphasizing by his dress and his habits of life his difference from the ordinary citizen. This attitude is a growth of the nineteenth century. In the Renaissance an artist differed from his fellows only in being more skilful with hand and brain. Benvenuto was a wild man, but it was with an impetuous ferocity which was of his very nature. He had no need to advertise his difference, like the villain in a melodrama, with cloak and over-shadowing hat. This pose of withdrawal from ordinary life has only flourished among artists since the days when the importance of their skill began to be doubted.

Though the more extravagant manifestations of Bohemianism are to-day at a discount, it still remains true that an artist would hold it more distinguished, and more in character, to be an avowed Communist than an avowed churchwarden. And, above all, the highbrow at least will pride himself on his sympathies with internationalism rather than nationalism.

But however open we may keep our minds, however broad our sympathies with mankind in every land, we must, if we think about the matter at all, come to agree that internationalism, though it may be of commercial or scientific importance, is primarily a danger for the artist. It must be a serious deprivation for him to forego the source of inspiration which lies in the intimate savour of the things of his own people, of the ways of looking at life which, whether he likes them or not, are of the very fibre of his fellow-countrymen, and by inheritance intimately his own: for the Englishman—the village backed by the downs, the public school with its enthusiasms and its limitations, scarlet coats in autumn coverts, football and cricket, folk-song and country dance, lean mothers riding to hounds, broad-bottomed policemen and fisherfolk, the draymen of Barclay and Perkins mobbing a distinguished foreigner suspected of cruelty to women, bronzed youngsters dispensing unhurried justice in the midst of jungle and fever about the world. Who shall sum up more than a handful of our national characteristics? Yet we are conscious of them here and there by contrast with other peoples; even if in this age, when reading is more common than thinking, we are easily bemused by phrases, and can talk, with no sense of its complete irrelevance to our own people, of a "bourgeoisie," a title which can be properly applied only to small provincial towns of the Continent of Europe.

Hard is it to put in words, but it is there—a flavour, a difference, a quintessence of nationality: to some more evident in one aspect, to others in another—in our religion, with its officers of good breeding, in our countryside, in our towns, marked by the unfortunate prosperity of the 'seventies, in our little roads, like passages laid with linoleum through the dog-rose hedges. And all this, though it is difficult to explain it with clarity, is of vital importance to the artist. For his self-expression flowers from the quickening of emotion, and he cannot, at the lowest, afford to neglect a source of emotion so near to his hand. If for him man becomes merely humanity in the abstract, his feelings must become, in the phrase of Aristotle's criticism of Plato's theory of civic relations, meagre and watery. Thus, for the architect, the conception of a house will be that of a hygienic abode for a section of humanity, and the word "home," with all its implications, become meaningless. He will find himself without vital sympathy, lacking the bond of shared hopes and shared prejudices, trying to make something of the lowest common multiple of all people's characteristics, a flavoured cordial of the lees of the wine of mankind.

We live so subject to phrases that even a committee of despots, with all the usual apparatus of historical tyrannies, is in some way supposed to have a claim on the sympathies of those who work for liberty. But even if we can clear our minds of these muddled ideas, we shall surely find that art, and particularly architecture, can never flourish in the dilute air of a vague internationalism. Historically it has been the vivid parochialism of City States, of Athens, or Venice, or the Netherland towns, or the concentrated self-consciousness of a great Court, of the Medici or the *Grand Monarque*, that have proved the most fertile soil for the arts. And in spite of the breaking down of barriers and the interchange of ideas it will remain so, at least for our time.

All this is not to say that we may not learn from a study of the self-expression of other races. This throws new light on our own, and gives a keener relish to that sense of individuality, of peculiarity, which is the starting-point for the artist, whatever his medium. Technically we may learn new forms—not what to say, but how to say it freshly and in our own way. Thus the harmony of diversity comes to enrich the family of man, and to lay fuller stress on the variety of its gifts. But, when all is said, art in any form, if it is to have a real flavour and significance, can no more grow out of internationalism than Esperanto could produce a literature.

Letters of an Eighteenth-Century Architect—III.

Sir Thomas Robinson, Bart., to Ralph, 2nd Earl Verney.

Edited by Margaret M. Lady Verney & Patrick Abercrombie.

Continued from the letter dated 27th August 1768, and addressed from Chelsea. See THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW: *July* 1926, *p.* 3.

The King of Denmark and the dangers of green figs.

I refer you to the newspapers, relative to his Mjty of Denmark, he has disappointed 1000s & ten thousands in not going to York Races. Take care of *Green Figs*, his flux was brought upon him by eating *three* only—he took a vomit last Sunday has liv'd very retir'd this week. I was at his levee this morn^{g}, he looks thin, his courtiers say he sets out for York next Munday in his way to York (*sic*)

The Ballroom.

But this is a digression—as matters now stand I think it totally impossible to carry up the Hall & Ball room this winter, for if the roof of the latter should not be secure, M^{r} Rose can't proceed with the cove—on the other hand, if y^{r} L^{dp} by adding a N^{o} of carvers can get the Capitals of the Front finished *on the ground* or att least such part of them as can't be workt above, & I have the entablature ready to put up as soon as the Capitals are finish'd & get a sufficient N^{o} of able Carpenters to prepare the roofs of Hall & Belvedere—& let M^{r} Rose turn his thought People to this work only, you may get great part of this room finish'd by Lady Day next.

I mention this as an Expedient, but being convinc'd that the roof of the ball room is not sufficiently strong—I should not do my Duty to y^{r} L^{dp}, not to speak my thoughts, as y^{r} well wisher & an honest man—I remain with great Sincerity y^{r} most obliged humble Serv^{t}

THOS. ROBINSON.

P.C. I think it so necessary that y^{r} L^{dp} should have this letter with^{t} delay, that I have sent it with many interlineations etc. as I have kept no copy. I beg y^{r} L^{dp} would keep the original & hope to hear soon of y^{r} determination.

(*Addressed to Biddlesdon near Brackley*)

* * *

10th Sept. 1768.

My Lord,

Ranelagh business.

You will receive from me att the same time you receive this *four* folio sides of Architecture relative to your works att Claydon —this letter will be very short, as all letters should be, when they solely relate to the busines of the writer.

Could y^{r} L^{dp} conveniently come to Town when a board will be necessary to declare a Dividend, you might be of singular use to me.

Sir Rich^{d} Glynn continues in France, & without y^{r} presence & assistance I am afraid there will be no board, & I have to lay before them some claims, & alterations of rules & orders, wch tho' more calculated for the benefit of Ranelagh in general than for myself, yet oppositions some times arise from wrong headed People.

Y^{r} L^{dp} being in the Chair, & my known Friend, may obviate all difficulties—perhaps happily for me y^{r} own business may bring you to Town some day next week—the Monday or Tuesday following I propose to call a board to declare & to pay this year's Dividend, but till I hear from y^{r} L^{dp} on this head I will fix no day. Sure I am from the benevolent turn of mind, which experience has taught me you most amply possess you will att all events forgive this liberty from y^{r} L^{dp}'s most oblig'd & most sincere hum: Serv^{t}

THOS. ROBINSON.

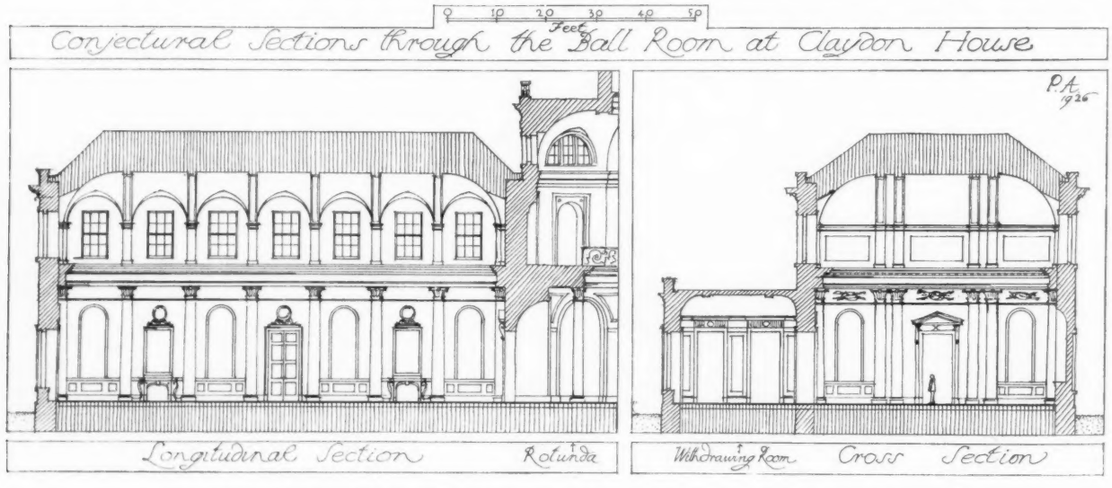
I write nothing of news & the K. of Denmark—flattering myself it may not be inconvenient y^{r} coming to Town as before mention'd.

Chelsea 10 Sept. 1768.

My dear Lord,

Earl Verney begins to suspect Mr. Light

Your letter of the third instant gave me a reall pleasure, from thence being convinc'd that my fear was groundless—viz. that my zeal & disinterested desire of being of some service, with



A RECONSTRUCTION OF THE BALLROOM AT CLAYDON HOUSE.

This was the room which put Sir Thomas Robinson to so much trouble, for when the roof was built it gave ominous signs of being too much for the walls, so that both Mr. Lightfoot and Mr. Clegg "very seriously declared" that it would endanger the building. Whether Sir Thomas ever solved this problem will never be known; towards the end of the present instalment we find that Mr. Rose's men, the "plaisterrers," had fled for fear of the roof falling in.

regard to your Buildings att Claydon had carried me too farr, in speaking my sentim[ts] against one, you had long employ'd in that work, but no motive whatever influenc'd me thereto, but y[r] Service, not having any personal Pique ag[st] Mr. Lightfoot, nor thank God can say with a safe conscience, ag[st] any one Living, & am well pleas'd indeed, that y[r] L[dp] begins to be convinc'd that he can't be of the least use to you, with regard to the work now going on att Claydon, & this I am very sure of, laying him, as the *Middle* Man, out of the question, two material points will be gain'd, saving *a great deal of money* but what is much more essential to y[r] L[dp] *a great deal of time.* I call the last more valuable, as att y[r] L[dp's] time of Life, a loss on that head, is irreparable; the loss on the former by time & economy may be retriev'd—the other not—keep therefore your resolution, that att Lady Day 1770, the whole work *must* be compleate'd give me *power & confidence* in persuance of that resolution, & I will pawn my Life ag[st] one shilling that ag[st] that period, you shall not see a Carpenter, Joyner, Mason & Bricklayer, Cart or Wheelbarrow, in or about y[r] house, in this Include finishing y[r] peice of Water & intended fence round y[r] Park, & all this with[t] giving y[r] L[dp] any other trouble, than to examine the plans & designs, & orders relative thereto, before I send them down—& after y[r] L[dp's] approbation, or correction, to let *no other* except M[r] Webb, y[r] Steward see them. M[r] Clegg will alone in this case be answerable that the work is well executed, & within the time limited, this was the method I invariably persued att Castle Howard, pending 12 years' work—& during that time, there was not £10 lost *in mistakes or alterations*, which is scarce credible, I appointed one Luccoop, who stood in the Situation I would place M[r] Clegg, he was honest, active & able, those 3 necessary qualities M[r] Clegg possesses, runs no risque with regard to his own opinion, of what does not appear very clear to his judgm[t], but sends directly to me, for an explanation & wch he shall always have by the return of the post. Alterations of new works going on, cost more money, than may att first be imagined, which proceed from 3 *causes*,—the first cause the overlooker, or Clerk of the Works, often thinks himself wiser than the Architect. A remarkable instance hapn'd att old Sir Wm. Strickland's in Yorkshire; L[d] Burlington gave him a beautiful design, with a Palladian roof, & an Attick Story, instead of garrets & the old wretched & ugly roof of our Gothick ancestors—when the house was compleated, Sir W[m.] went down, pleasing himself that he had improv'd the bad taste of his County, & should be the object of the Envy of his neighbours, when alas he found the old fashion'd roof, and many other material alterations from the plan—he was not of a very passive disposition, & said everything that rage & disappointment could utter—att last the undertaker of the Building was allow'd to make his defense—wch was in few words, that he took it for *granted* the Architect had made a *mistake*, therefore he put on the sort of roof etc—of all Seats in that neighbourhood; no reply of Sir Wm's could however alterr the mistakes, & it was a constant mortification to him while he lived—

Lady Day, 1770.

Sir Thomas's method of work.

The remarkable case of Sir Wm. Strickland and Lord Burlington.

The 2[nd] cause is the Architect himself often alters his opinion, Kent's alterations cost his clients much money indeed, especially to the Duke of Newcastle & M[r] Pelham. The *Signior* as he was call'd, often gave his orders, when he was full of Claret, & he did not perhaps see the works for several months after, he had indeed a pretty concise, tho' arbitrary manner to sett all right, for he would order without consulting his employers 3 or 4 hundred pounds of work, or more to be directly pull'd down, & then correct the plan & bring it to what it ought to have been att first.

New light on William Kent.

Your present Architect drinks *little* Claret & never frames an opinion, with regard to Architecture with[t] much thought & study—afterwards never makes any alteration, so y[r] L[dp] sees you are safe with regard to this 2[nd] cause.

The *third* cause is that the Builder himself often alters his opinion after the work is begun, with regard to y[r] L[dp] I have no fear on that head therefore flatter myself, as little will be spent in alteration here, as was att Castle Howard.

Don't my dear Lord be afraid of the enormity of the expense of finishing as above mention'd it will not be so much as some imagine—the Dukes of Norfolk, Devonshire & Northumberland, as also the Duke of Bedford, L[d] Scarsdale, L[d] Tilney, Sir Gregory Pope & several others have expended more in the heigth of their works, than what yours will cost, within the time allotted, and you will then enjoy a Hall & Gallery finished from the justest rules of Grecian & Roman Architecture, & one of the compleatest Seats in the Kingdom, where y[r] L[dp] & good Lady Verney will always have it in y[r] power from y[r] good understanding & most Friendly disposition to make many happy & yr rooms always full, should you confine y[r] company to those *only*, who you have *oblig'd*—out of this N[o] should you indeed deduct the *ungrateful* I am afraid there would be no *squeezing*, but many Lapses—I can answer for one att least, whose place can never be a vacuity on that head—whatever my real or imputed feelings may be, none shall accuse me of ingratitude to Lord or Lady Verney to whom I subscribe myself with the greatest regard & respect an oblig'd humble Serv[t]

Compliments.

THOS. ROBINSON.

P.C. I have this post sent to M[r] Clegg two large drawings & answers to all his queries—one of the plans contain, the plan & upright of the Octagon of the Hall—& he shall soon have drawings att large of the capitals of the Columns of the Front—they will be very fine & to make such drawings as workmen cannot mistake, requires great pains & length of time—but however shall send them by Tuesday's post. . . .

Pour faire bonne bouche I think it necessary to make this declaration, that neither y[r] Steward, nor any other employ'd in your works may have any umbrage on my account—that I never will interfere in recomending materials of any sort, or workmen or Tradespeople under any description—it is true I have recomended M[r] Rose, because I knew he was the first man in the Kingdom as a Plaisterrer, & was able & honest & would & can do y[r] work, within the time, provided he is not retarded by others, wch has been the case—& out of the above general resolution, I must except my desire to bring down the *capability* Brown—att least to give an opinion of y[r] intended peice of water—but I only mention this a wish, y[r] L[dp] will do (as) you please

The "first man in the Kingdom as a Plaisterrer."

Capability Brown.

once more Adieu. T.R.

The following year there is an undated proposal (with the letters of 1769) from Sir T. R. "to the proprietors of Ranelagh," offering to sell two pieces of ground to give "an Opportunity of Access and Recess for carriages to & from Ranelagh by different roads, to prevent that Tumult, Delay, Embarassment & Danger which the want of them w[d] frequently occasion." "On nights of the greatest resort, the whole of the ground is covered with carriages . . . & it is from the produce of such nights that a Dividend is principally formed. Ranelagh in its original state had little or no use for these grounds but when it became a favourite place of Resort to people of fashion, the Proprietors found it necessary to hire these two grounds for the different purposes above mention'd."

Sir Thos. Robinson's proposal is that they should buy the ground from him instead of paying a yearly rental.

Chelsea 29 July 1769, Saturday.

My dear Lord,

I return you many thanks for y[r] most obliging letter. This day the Proprietors met, & £80 a share was (as proposed by the Managers) agreed to—being £20 a share more than ever, was paid before—this summ with the amount of the two notes, you will please to draw for & y[r] draft shall be paid att sight—we met & did our business with most perfect harmony—& many civil things were said to me on the occasion. . . .

Ranelagh Shares.

With my best comply[ts] to the Countess, concludes me to y[r]self, an oblig'd & most Faithful humble Serv[t]

THOS. ROBINSON.

P.S. If you chuse I should bring that money down with me, it is equally the same to me—

* * *

Chelsea 10 August 1769.

My dear Lord,

Y[r] expressions of good will to me, you shall never have cause to repent. Enclos'd are two Bank post bills, according to y[r] desire the one for £80 & the other for £100. . . .

THE NORTH HALL AND GREAT PARLOUR.

This is probably the "Great Eating Room" which so shocked Sir Thomas: "Such a Work as the World never saw" as Mr. Lightfoot describes it. The overmantel suggests the designs of the period made up from pattern books. The carving on the door-hood is extremely delicate.

With regard to what is stirring, I refer you to the Daily papers, who tell you all they know & much more than they know, with the greatest attachment y^r L^dp's most oblig'd humb. Serv^t,

THOS. ROBINSON.

Lightfoot "an ignorant knave with no small spice of madness in his composition."

I am very glad y^r L^dp begins to suspect Lightfoot—it being what the world have long done—as *an ignorant Knave*, with no small spice of *madness* in his composition. I went lengths to open y^r L^dp's eyes long since, but with^t success, but as time brings everything to bear, I knew truth would come out—and I now venture to prophecy that y^r L^dp's loss on his acc^t will turn out much greater than you imagine—as you enquire daily in y^r own taste, many of his works—will be destroy'd by y^r L^dp & others, I too much fear from building with bad materials & with^t rule, order or proportion particularly the gallery, but more of that when we meet—& this last nam'd room—will require the most serious attention—

* * *

Chelsea 17th August 1769,
Thursday.

My dear Lord,

Ailsbury Races.

Last Post brought me the Honour of y^r Lordship's letter of the 15th—the contents of which will alter totally the Plan I had laid down as to the time of waiting on your Lordship in Buckinghamshire. As the Races of Ailsbury will interfere with the Jubillee of Stratford on Avon, & y^r L^dp (being Representative of the County) preferring the former prevents my measure of being at Biddlesdon the beginning of the next month, & going with you from thence to the Jubilee.

I have therefore fix'd being at Ailsbury (& shall bring Jones with me) on Saturday night to be at Claydon on Sunday morning at seven & stay with you there till Sunday Evening at seven. Thus we shall have 12 hours to ourselves, which is sufficient to answer all necessary purposes—M^r Webb, your Steward & M^r Clegg being there—I have wrote this Post to the latter, that he may be in the way, Sunday being a day when the Buildings will be clear of Workmen of all sorts, everything can be more accurately & minutely examin'd.

A meeting with Lightfoot suggested.

With regard to your request to meet M^r Lightfoot at his House in the Borrough with M^r Clegg & M^r Jones, most certainly I will comply with your request, & observe your Directions—the more you sift into this ignorant Villain's conduct, (for such I can prove him) the more you will be astonish'd—in my own opinion, you will gain little information or restitution from any measure you can take with him, but by a Bill in Equity—for a Discovery & which he must answer on Oath & may thereby & must bring truth to light—however, as I said before, I will observe yr directions Viz. to try more moderate measures, before that last dernier resort to bring a Rogue to Justice, is try'd.

I purpose laying at Ailsbury on Sunday night, & shall go next morning to Sir Wm. Stanhope's & return on Wednesday to London, where I am necessitated to be on a matter of great importance.

As soon as arriv'd at Ailsbury on Saturday night, I will send an Express over to Claydon, & if he does not find y^r L^dp there,

to go on directly to Biddlesdon for feâr this letter should not reach you—it is some inconvenience to me I own to carry this measure into execution, as to my leaving London at this time, but however it shall be done, as in my opinion the Business I go down upon is not only to make a thoro' examination into the (safety) of Mr Lightfoot's walls in the Ball Room & so take the proper measure to prevent that Room opening into two equal parts from the weight of the roof & Timber—the bad materials of the Walls & improper manner of carrying on the Works etc. etc. etc.—but also to bring back Mr Rose's Men who have fled for fear of the Roof falling in, but to hasten the covering in of the Hall etc.

Measures to prevent the Ballroom opening into two equal parts.

Your L^dp will please to observe that every Moment's delay, is a Moment of danger which has made (me) at all events to determine to meet you at Claydon on Sunday morning. Adieu my dear Lord, with my best Compts to the Countess & pray assure her my next visit into Bucks shall be to pay my Compts to her Lady^sp at Biddlesdon & wch shall be done this Season.

THOS. ROBINSON.

* * *

Chelsea 26th August 1769.

My Lord,

The meeting with Lightfoot.

Mr Lightfoot appointed my meeting him this morn att nine—accordingly I went & was within a very few minutes of the time, & am just return'd home—& as follows is the purport of the meeting.

Misdemeanour.

He rec^d me in his parlour with his *Hat* on his head an *austere* look, fierce as an Eastern Monarch, his Eyes sparkl'd fire, his *Countenance* angry & revengeful—did not ask me to sit down, said as he knew what I came about, he had desir'd a Person to be witness to what pass'd between us—I ask'd who he was, he reply'd a gentleman, had a vote for the County of Middlesex & that his name was Collier—on further enquiry I found he was a strong Wilkite, & dealt in the Silk way—so much for digression.

Wilkite.

I then open'd my Commission & told him I came as y^r L^dp's Friend, & if he chose it, to be also his Friend—wch was to have everything between you to be settled in the most amicable manner, & the sure & only way to do that was to shew me all that belong'd to y^r L^dp workt or not workt, & that he wd give leave for Mr. Jones (who came with me) & Mr Clegg to take a Catalogue & send to y^r L^dp. I explain'd & said my meaning was, those things that you had paid for, as I should advise y^r L^dp to send everything under that description immediately to Claydon—he reply'd the *whole* was paid for & that he had *no* demand on y^r L^dp—that he was very willing a Catalogue should be directly taken by the two above mention'd & was very willing everything should be sent to Claydon, when y^r L^dp gave orders for that purpose—in the course of our conversation he said he had recommended this to y^r L^dp two years since, as he well knew two of a Trade (meaning your humble Serv^t) could never agree, as I went with a resolution not to reply to any impertinence he might be guilty of, by word, or deed—I seem'd not to hear, what to ans^r properly must have carried me to lengths—

Impertinence of Lightfoot.

I left the two Persons to take the Catalogue & they not being return'd, I take this opportunity to give my opinion—relative to the affair in hand, as from long experience, I know, when any gentleman has got into the hands of a bad woman, or a scoundrel or rogue—to get out of them as soon & as well as he can, & with as little noise as he can—On that principle permit me to advise you to send Clegg with^t loss of time to London, & g^t t every carving belonging to y^r L^dp pack'd or cased up, & the marbles unwrought to be taken from his Custody & sent to Claydon—that being done—you will have him in y^r power & he must give you the designs for finishing the work begun, it is many hundred pounds of work & materials, you will by this means get in to y^r hands. When that material point is settled, I should send, was it my own case, for Mr Mastom the mason who has workt many years under him, & could unravell many things necessary for y^r L^dp to know & assist in finishing the work —he pretends it can't be done without him etc. etc. but when you are in possession as above, believe me he will be humble, & talk a different language.

Advice to the Earl.

It is now four a Clock & Mr Jones & Mr Clegg are just come in & brought the List of what belongs to y^r L^dp written by Mr Lightfoot's own hand—If my opinion be taken, Mr Clegg will be soon in Town, when, if I can be of any further service, y^r L^dp may freely command y^r most obliged humble Serv^t

THOS. ROBINSON.

I beg my most respectful compts to Ly. Verney.

P.S. Mr Lightfoot says he has let his House & Shop & the Tenant to take possession at Mich^s (he is going to live at Deptford), y^r L^dp therefore sees no time is to be lost.

* * *

Chelsea 9th Sept. 1769.

My Lord,

On the 26th of last month I wrote y^r Lordship a long letter relative to my meeting Mr Lightfoot at his own House—was in hopes ere this to have had y^r L^dp's resolution on that head.

I have since seen Mr Rose, who at my persuasion is willing to send his men to finish the ceiling in the Ball Room, which he says can be done by Candlemass—as I think there will be no danger at present with the bulging of the Wall—everything is on the spot & above half the Work is finish'd—for God's sake, therefore my Lord, don't let this Work be delay'd—he is extremely uneasy that the Wives of Petroles & Couldock have orders to quit their Houses, these he says are the two best of his men, & it will be a great expense to them to move.

Conditions at Claydon.

Ere this your L^dp must be inform'd you have not a *Board* for the Columns in the Hall, nor a *Board* for the Floor of the Ball Room—& Clegg says scarce enough for the Floor of the Drawing Room—in that, my L^d instead of getting the whole done at Lady Day next, as was proposed, I can't guess any time it will be done. Mr Lightfoot's design for finishing the great eating Room, shock'd me so much & is so much the ridicule of all who have seen or heard of it, & which when done, y^r L^dp will undo—that it would be want of that Friendship I profess to y^r L^dp not to acquaint you thereof—& therefore I will undertake to do it on a different design, in some measure parallel to & proper to the Work of the Hall & Ball Room —with regard to the Saloon & Drawing-Room they are not so bad, & their absurdities might be easily remedied—As to the Rooms above I should leave 'em to be finished as he pleased —all this may be done, with regard to the great Eating Room *at an easier Expense* than it will cost you ever to finish what he has begun—& if done by him will indeed be what he expresses very justly—*such a Work as the World never saw.*

Lightfoot's designs shock Sir Thomas.

Perhaps I go too far, my zeal for what may be to your Honour & Profit induces me thereto—that will I make no doubt plead my cause—& I hope soon to hear from your L^dp, & your resolutions that I may acquaint Mr Rose thereof —which, with my best Compts to the Countess, concludes me to y^r L^dp an oblig'd & most Faithful humble Serv^t

THOS. ROBINSON.

(To be continued.)

THE CHINESE ROOM.

Another of the "absurdities" done under the control of the irrepressible Mr. Lightfoot, illustrating the "no small spice of *madness* in his composition." He must, indeed, have been a man well worth knowing, but he hopelessly shocked Sir Thomas, who hoped to lead Earl Verney's taste from these Chinese excesses into the chaste simplicity of Adam.

In Spain.

Some Examples of Brick, Plaster, and Granite in The Spanish Renaissance.

I.—Aragonese Brickwork.

By L. S. Elton.

IT is only within the last few years that Spanish architecture has really come into its own. In America whole towns are springing up in a derivative Spanish style; a volcanic energy goes to the making of them, and they often have more pinnacles to the square yard, and more tiles to the square inch, than anything that was ever seen in Andalusia or Castile. But until quite a short time ago the whole style was surrounded with a considerable mystery, and anyone who tried to study it in books was likely to be disappointed. Not that books were scarce; there were plenty of them; in fact, the shelves of libraries fairly groaned with works on Spanish travel; but what the old writers were really hunting for was not so much architecture as adventure. Riding about in parties, under the guidance of some old brigand, or retired quartermaster of cavalry, they might stop to admire a ruined palace; they would spend a week at the Alhambra, and even a few hours at the Escorial; but what they really hoped for, in their heart of hearts, was to be captured and held up to ransom, and so have something really stirring to write home about. There were brilliant exceptions, such as Prentice's book on the Plateresque; but as a rule criticism was directed almost entirely to Moorish work, and if the Renaissance was mentioned at all it was usual to say that there were few good examples of the style in Spain, and that those few were the work of Italians. This latter criticism was surprisingly common. It was discouraging to read, right on the front page of Baedeker's Introduction, that the Renaissance suggested "A transplanted, overgrown and luxuriant Italian garden"; to hear of a traveller "picking his way through the labyrinthine streets of an old Spanish town," and failing to find anything Spanish. Murray's Guide broke the news still less gently; it just said Italian models were copied. And that was that. There was not much object in going all the way to Spain—with all the horrors described by Baedeker ("Fish in inland regions is seldom fresh"; "Pocket medicine-cases are convenient")—not much use going all that way, to see something that had already been far better done in Florence or Rome.

1. THE SEMINARY, TERUEL.
Showing the effect of the top arcades at a distance.

However, within the last ten years or so an entirely new light has been thrown on the subject. New material has been revealed, which to an architect is of far more vivid interest than the better-known discoveries of classical remains, or that much-boomed object the Tutankhamen tomb. Books have begun to appear in Spain and America—histories by Lamperez, monographs by Byne and Stapley and others—which reveal a whole new side of the Spanish style; merely to turn their pages rather takes one's breath away; instead of a weak, sham-Italian manner, there are buildings here which have all the full-blooded quality of those horses bred at Jerez, of English, Arab and old Spanish stock; which, although there are mixed strains in their pedigree, still manage to look like thoroughbreds. In fact, it becomes a question whether one is not entering new fields of architectural endeavour, such as neither Michelangelo nor Palladio ever dreamed of. What this new Spanish contribution to architecture amounts to, can best be discussed in connection with particular buildings. But to get at the first broad difference between the Spanish and Italian styles, one may ask, what *did* Palladio dream of? Possibly of a land where there was neither stone nor plaster nor marble to worry about but just a substance; a nameless, white substance, in which one could be free to work out an ideal system of proportions. Whatever the Spaniard dreamed of, it was not this. Material, in Spain, remained the chief source of inspiration; and the Renaissance developed freely along at least four different lines, according to whether the material available was granite, freestone, brick, or brick-and-plaster. The present articles therefore illustrate three of these styles; they are only meant to show what exists and

Photo: I. Mora, Saragossa.

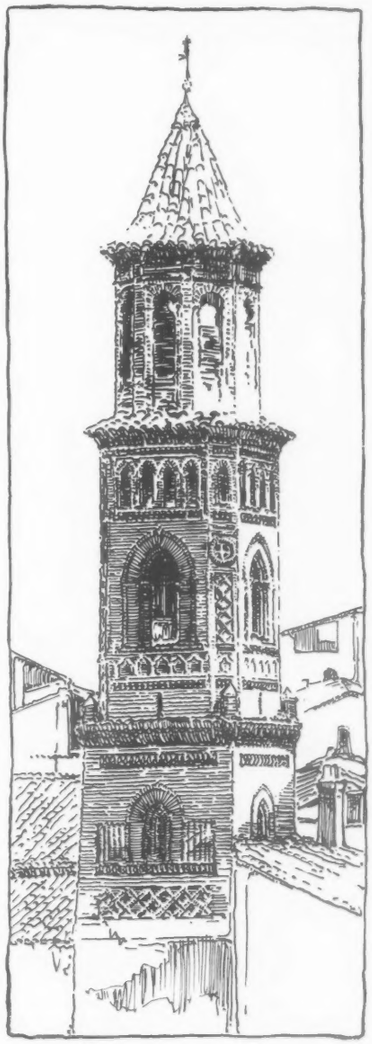
Plate II. August 1926.

THE HOUSE OF THE PETIUTOS, MALLEN.

An example of Spanish brickwork at its best. The façade is entirely simple, but the brickwork, helped by the contrast with stone base and plaster cornice, produces an effect of great richness, colour and solidity.

how to find it, for Spanish work evades reproduction, and its best qualities—colour, sense of material, bold massing in three dimensions—are just those that a photograph refuses to give. There is still no substitute for an actual visit to the country. But as a rule the problem is to find where to go, without wasting most of the time on a "picturesque tour," which, architecturally speaking, leaves some of the best districts untouched.

In order to see the three great brick districts of Spain, as given by Lamperez —Aragon, Andalusia and Castile—one would have to take a sort of aerial view of the country; when Aragon would appear as a reddish-grey desert, running down from the middle of the Pyrenees to nearly the level of Valencia. It looks rather dry and thirsty; hardly the paradise for an architect; yet rivers do run across the country, in a thin network, like veins on a dead leaf, and the rare towns scattered along their banks have a cheerful oasis character, which is reflected to some extent in the buildings. The typical Aragonese palace is a huge fortress-like affair, rising up from the street or square as blank and sheer as a cliff; it suggests that other type of desert architecture—the Egyptian temple; but there are always sudden bursts of rich brick panelling and decoration, or unexpectedly fine carving on the wooden cornice. A long line of towns runs from north to south of the country, Huesca, Saragossa, Calatayud, Daroca, Teruel; one can reach them all by rail, and stay at all except perhaps Daroca. Saragossa has been described by Byne and Stapley, so in the present case examples are chosen from elsewhere.



2. AN ARAGONESE TOWER.

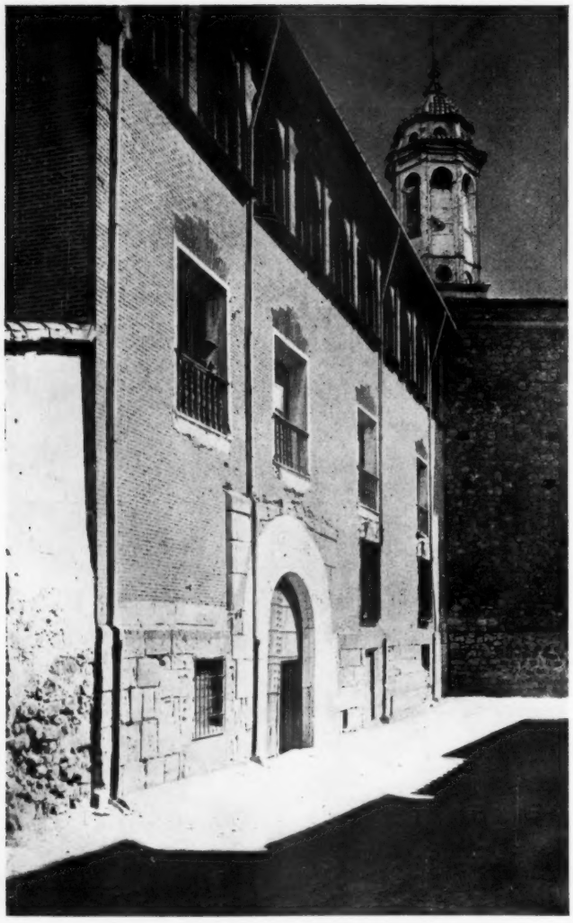
This half-Gothic example comes from Teruel. Aragonese towers are usually built in several stages, beginning square and finishing octagonal. The result has the tapering effect of the Wren steeple rather than the tower-like quality of the Italian campanile.

Andalusia, far to the south, between mountains and the sea, would appear in spring as a vast emerald green plain, with Seville and its coloured domes and spires somewhere in the middle. Its brick has not been illustrated, except for some towers at Ecija (in Soule's *Spanish Farmhouses*)—most of them a richer and more Baroque variation of the Giralda tower at Seville. The dim old photos in Spanish guide books give little idea of what really exists.

Castile, the third district, which Baedeker compares to a "large open pie or tart," is also unexplored as far as brick goes, except for well-known towns like Alcala de Henares, where there is nothing of importance, and medieval or Romanesque remains at Coca, Cuellar, Lugareja and so on. Lamperez says "The great central plateau of Castile was rich in large brick buildings," so possibly this is a field for discovery.

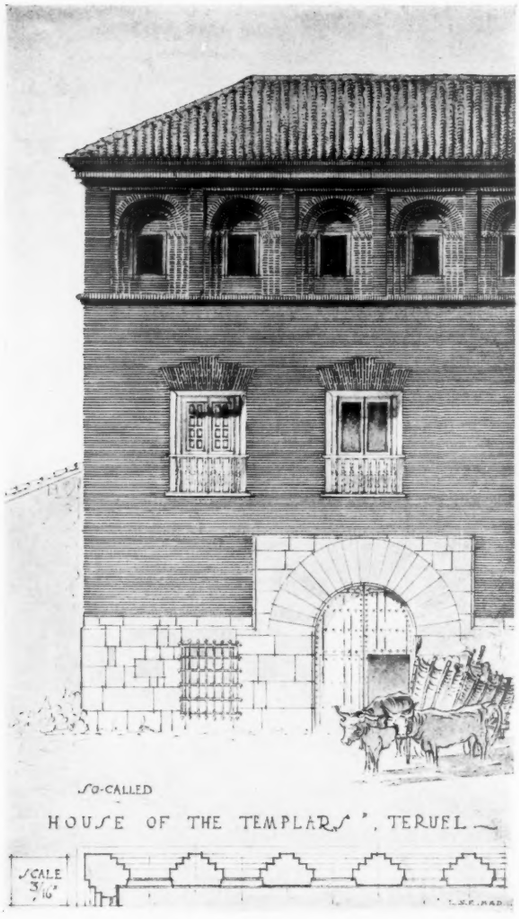
Looking down on all these buildings, and those of Aragon in particular, one would notice the strange fact that many seem to have pieces missing from them; towers knocked off, ends of façades carried away bodily as if by a shell. Grass, marguerites and other plants grow thickly on the roofs, fixed in the cracks between the tiles. Every town possesses one or two of these derelict buildings, and their weedy and neglected appearance has convinced strangers that the inhabitants must be weedy and neglected too. The *Encyclopædia Britannica* speaks of the "narrow gloomy streets" of Teruel and lack of enterprise of its inhabitants; Baedeker says the Aragonese are marked by "exclusiveness, melancholy, bigotry and poverty." Teruel sounds a good place to study this sort of thing; they keep the skeletons of two lovers there—is it in the cathedral?—and the whole place is so isolated that it seems impossible for foreign influences to have reached it. The train arrives late at night, after long, vague wanderings in the desert; all one sees is a blaze of electric lights on the side of a hill, and even these are deceptive as the town itself is at the top, and the lights only belong to a staircase leading up from the station. The hotel bedroom is beautifully clean though—no deception about that; big windows, spotless red-tiled floor, even a couple of basket chairs. It is best to look at a Spanish town in the early morning, before the colour of everything has dissolved into a hard, metallic glare . . . One resolves to get up in good time.

There are various ways of being wakened in Teruel. Sometimes the mules clank their chains in their own hotel below, or the fly which has roused them comes up obligingly and does the same for you, crawling slowly across your face, while all the other flies in the world hover somewhere near, uttering soft cries of delight. Once some enthusiasts played the national anthem under the windows, on what sounded like silver trumpets—a stirring tune under the circumstances; another time an orange patch of light fell on the bed, and there was a loud sound of guitars and people singing. It seemed incredible in a quiet country town; besides, they were singing really well. Outside there was nothing to be seen at first but a blazing bar of the same orange light, where the sun was catching the ridge on the opposite side of the valley; then some trees appeared, vague patches in the distance; an engine in the station, some hundreds of feet below, sent up a thin column of steam; and on the terrace below—the public parade of the place—was a small, compact group, the guitarrists on the ground, the two singers standing up in the middle. Were they making a film? I never liked to ask: but there was no camera to be seen anywhere, so it is just possible that the whole thing was a genuine manifestation of exclusiveness, melancholy, bigotry and poverty.



3. THE HOUSE OF THE TEMPLARS.

This building was once a palace and belonged to the Escriche barons, but now the inside has been stripped bare and the ground floor is used as a Ford garage. The Roman brickwork is a soft, beautiful crimson.



4. A MEASURED DRAWING.

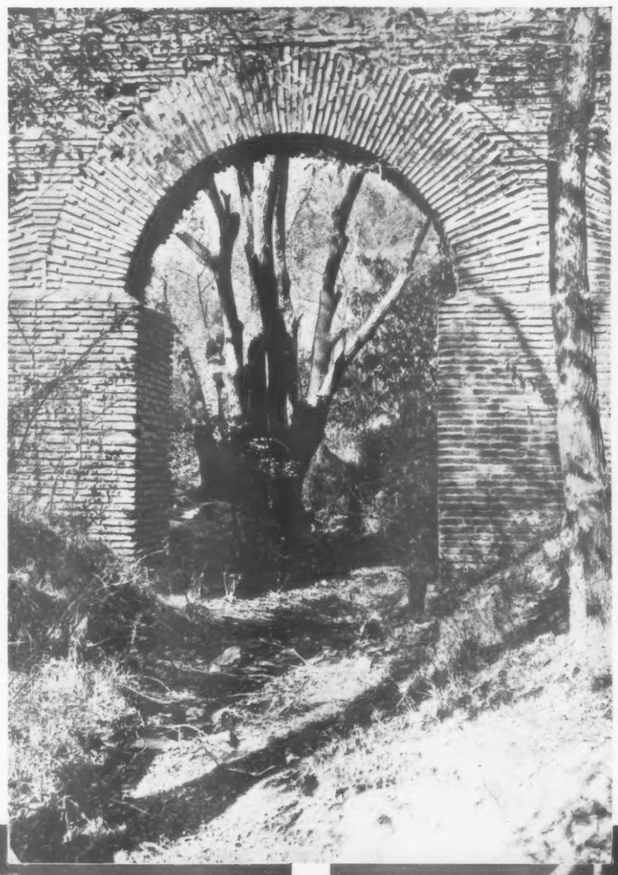
Several theories are put forward to account for the use of top arcades, but perhaps the most practical is that something of the kind is necessary for the purpose of cooling the house during a Spanish summer.

Not many people are about at that hour. The town stands on a cliff overlooking a valley, right in the heart of the Aragon desert; seen in the early morning light, it resembles a solid hill of brickwork, with blue and green-tiled watch-towers rising up above it and flashing in the sun. Not a large place, though it is actually a city; you can walk round it in twenty minutes; and as you go, at every turn of the road curious new views open out; vast panoramas of the fiery-coloured Teruel hills, getting greyer in the distance till at last there is nothing to be seen but a dim, cobalt-blue line. A thin stone aqueduct crosses from one hill to another, with a brick tower showing under one of its arches; palaces, monasteries, crowds of brown-tiled roofs. Yet it is not quite like Italy; there is an absence of those notices one sees on the walls—"Death to so-and-so!" Nothing but a faded circus poster flapping in the wind, bearing the legend "Great success of Miss Roxana and her ferocious lions."

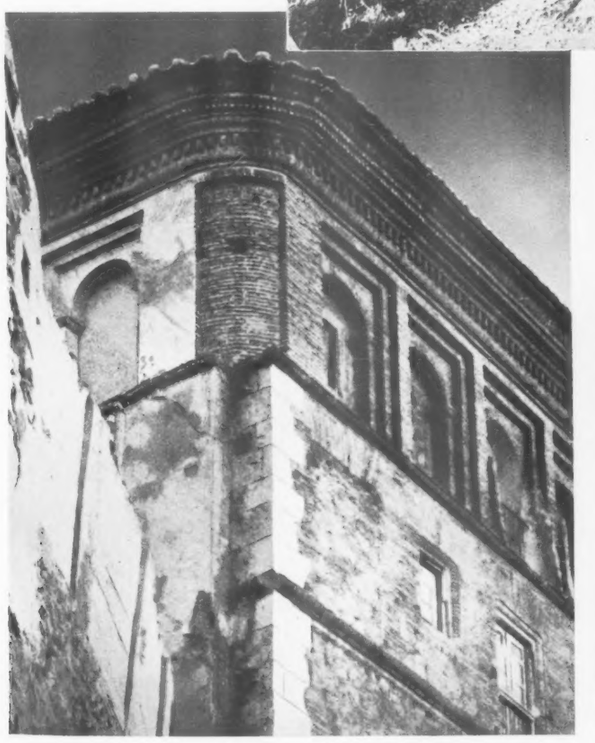
Of the buildings illustrated here Fig. 3 is a palace which once belonged to the Escriche barons, but is now known as the House of the Templars. It is just a façade; the inside has been stripped bare and the ground floor is now used as a Ford garage. Modern buildings make it rather shut-in and difficult to photograph, but it was built to command an open view and tell at a distance of several miles. The walls are two feet thick at the top, so that the builders were able to get a monumental effect by revealing this thickness in a series of plain arches; the faces of the bricks themselves average 6 in. by $1\frac{1}{4}$ in. and the mortar joints are about the same width. As one comes on the building round a corner, the effect is remarkable; it seems enormous, and absolutely dominates its surroundings. At first glance it is not very easy to see why, for there are none of the usual features of an Italian palace—rustications, quoins or pilasters; yet this crude façade fairly radiates power and dignity, and one begins to wonder how it is done. The windows are not even symmetrical, only roughly balanced out, and tied together by the arcade at the top. Apparently it is this arcade and the brilliant, sparkling Roman brickwork that do the trick; the colour of the latter (its effect disappears in a photograph) is a deep crimson, and soft and beautiful though it is, it quite overwhelms everything in the neighbourhood, so that the building holds its own without any further treatment; the effect of life and movement is completed by a brick string and cornice of harder, darker, moulded units—a common feature of Teruel buildings. The only difficulty with these cornices is their corners, which have to be of stone, unless

the whole angle of the building is rounded, as in Fig. 6. (In the House of the Templars someone has painted the stone to look like brick, but as a rule it is left undisguised.) Top arcades are found all over Spain; Spiers refers to them as an example of shadows put in the right place. The openings are usually arched in brick and square in stone, but there are exceptions, for instance the *Cuartel de la Merced* at Calatayud has its brick openings square. (This is a bad piece of work, though, for some of the lintels have sunk in the middle). One theory is that these galleries were originally meant to provide a sort of roof garden, where ladies could walk about unharmed when the streets below were not safe; but something of the sort is absolutely necessary to cool the house in a Spanish summer. This becomes apparent if one sleeps just under the roof during a Valencian heat wave. The modern habit of filling the arcade openings with plaster, leaving only a small hole in every third or fourth arch, breaks up the design and gives an unpleasant, gap-toothed appearance to the façade. In the House of the Templars, the idea of the recessed arcading may have been suggested by some loopholes in the neighbouring half-Moorish tower of San Martin; these have four reveals, the last opening being a mere slit.

Of the other buildings illustrated here, the Seminary (Fig. 1) shows the effect of top arcades at



5. AN AQUEDUCT NEAR THE ESCORIAL.
A brick aqueduct in Castile. The photograph shows one of the five arches in a wood near the Escorial. Its date and history could not be found, but big arches, somewhat the same in character can be seen in the medieval castles at Coca and Medina.



6. THE SEMINARY, TERUEL.
A close view of a rather difficult subject to photograph—the rounded brick cornice of the Seminary.

7. THE HOUSE OF THE TEMPLARS.
A detail of the recessed arcading at the top of the building, and the very subtle brick cornice.

a distance; on the far side it runs down a cliff, so that its rounded cornice (Fig. 6) is not easy to photograph. The best brick aqueduct I could find was in Castile, a small one of five arches in a wood near the Escorial (Fig. 5). No one seemed to know its date or history, whether Roman or Renaissance, but big arches rather like these, and also an immense variety of thin, wide-jointed "Roman" brickwork, can be seen in the medieval castles at Coca and Medina, illustrated in Hielscher's *Picturesque Spain*.

Aragonese towers are generally in several stages, like Wren's; they begin square and finish octagonal, the transitions being neatly managed. The result has a tapering effect, unlike that of any well-known Italian campanile. There are other types, but this main idea of what a tower ought to be went right on from the Gothic to the Baroque. On the other hand the southern or Andalusian type has a square shaft (often Moorish), with either a conical "extinguisher" top, covered with flat faience tiles, or some telescopic arrangement like that of the Giralda at Seville, with its various adaptations at Carmona and elsewhere. The best collection of Aragonese towers is at Calatayud, where you see them standing up like needles against an ash-coloured cliff as you come into the town. Those at Saragossa are coarser and rather suggest cast-iron. There must be a great number of unknown examples scattered all over Aragon; for instance at Jerica there is one to be seen from the railway-station, octagonal, in three stages, with what seems to be interlacing brick ornament on the upper panels. Of the two towers illustrated here, the half-Gothic example (Fig. 2) is from Teruel (the drawing is from a photo, which suffered the common fate of negatives sent through the Spanish post and came back covered with mysterious marks). The baroque tower is from the church of St. John at Calatayud (Fig. 8).

8. AN ARAGONESE TOWER.

A baroque tower from the church of San Juan at Calatayud. If this is compared with the half-Gothic tower, illustrated in Fig. 2, it will be seen that the Aragonese builders remained constant to their tradition of tower building in stages (in the manner of Wren) through all changes in style. Calatayud possesses one of the best collections of towers in Aragon.

Finally, for purposes of comparison I have included a stone palace known as La Marquesa from Teruel. The late Mr. Oswald Sickert, who lived in Madrid, once told me that he had seen a building which he thought really expressed Spanish pride; it consisted of a bare stone façade, with holes for windows, and no decoration whatever except the family shield at one corner. La Marquesa is the nearest thing to this that I have been able to find (except in granite towns like Caceres). The top story is of brown plaster; the main entrance, now blocked up, is at the side—on the right in the photograph; a large stone archway, like that of the House of the Templars. This stone palace and the cupola of Santa Catalina in Seville are among the best things in Spain; both are declared "National Monuments," and both are periodically in danger of collapsing.

The question of the dates and architects of these Teruel buildings is only now being gone into. Mr. Sanchez Floriano, by studying old documents, has already discovered the authorship of several, and was good enough to tell me that an Italian, Domingo Dicadistola, is known to have worked on the Seminary between 1532 and 1537. The aqueduct (shown in a later article) is by a Frenchman, Bedel, a contemporary of Herrera and Philip II—the same man who made a tunnel at Daroca to carry away the floods. So Teruel was not such a remote and provincial place after all. The strange thing is that local tradition was strong enough to make these foreigners work in the old regional style.

9. *LA MARQUESA* PALACE, TERUEL.

La Marquesa is a stone palace in Teruel, and is one of the best things in Spain. It is entirely devoid of any ornament, except for the family arms at one corner.

(*To be continued.*)

Melchet Court, Hampshire.

The Seat of Sir Alfred Mond.

Remodelled by Darcy Braddell & Humphry Deane.

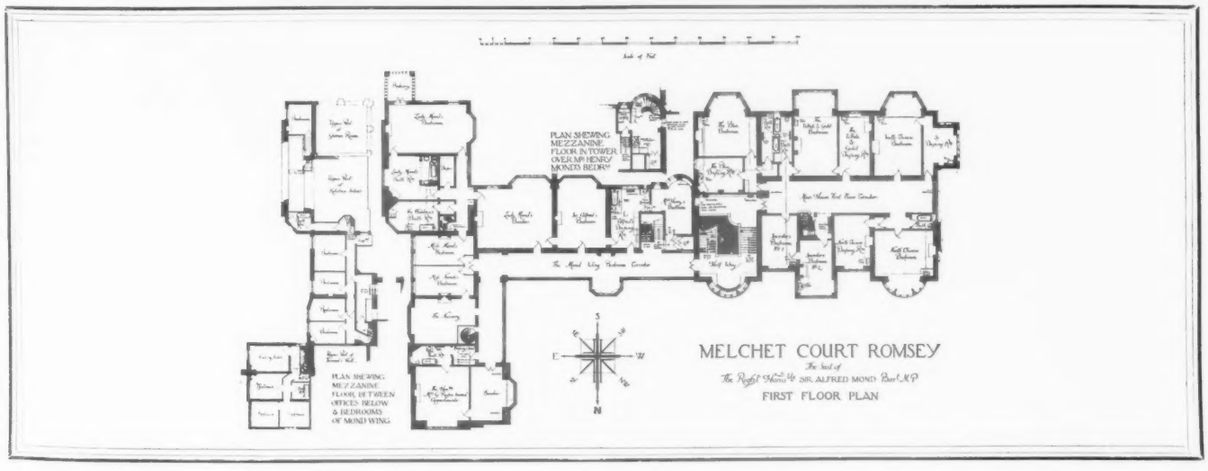
With photographs by THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW.

Melchet Court is situated between Salisbury and Romsey, and overlooks to the south the New Forest. Although a very ancient manor, the house only dates from the sixties of last century. It was built at the instance of Louise, Lady Ashburton, and on her death passed into the possession of the Marquess of Northampton, whence it was finally acquired by Sir Alfred Mond in 1913.

He made very large changes in the house, and, after the war, in the garden as well, Mr. Darcy Braddell and Mr. Humphry Deane being the architects. Melchet was an extraordinary hotchpotch of architecture. It had mullioned and transomed windows with plate glass sashes which slid between the mullions. It had an enormous water tower that somehow gave the place the appearance of a "hydro." Dreadful stone chimney stacks rose in all directions. Stuck on to one end was a vast palm house with a glass roof in which grew a palm tree over thirty feet in height. All the stone detail was poor and coarse.

That was the bad side. On the other hand, the rooms were magnificent in scale, finely planned and well proportioned. Most important of all they faced south over a superb view.

THE GARDENS FROM THE FRONT DOOR.



THE PLAN OF THE FIRST FLOOR.

THE FRONT OF THE HOUSE REMODELLED

ON THE RIGHT IS THE OLD PALM HOUSE.

Many structural alterations were made in the remodelling of the house. The outside was almost entirely rebuilt, and inside many changes were necessary. The new dining-room had to be arranged nearer the kitchens, so three servants' rooms were knocked into one, and the corridor which lead to them made sufficiently important. Again, there was one bathroom in Melchet when Sir Alfred bought the house; there are about a dozen now. This, of course, necessitated considerable alterations in minor planning, and all the part round the circular tower which leads into the Dutch garden was re-schemed and a new family staircase made. The glass of the palm court was pulled out, but the arcades were left, and filled up with new windows with brick surrounds. A plaster vaulted ceiling was put in. This palm house was big enough to be made into a card-room, a billiard room, and a squash racquet court.

The house contains superb pieces of Italian furniture, tapestries, and pictures, besides Sir Alfred's fine collection of Greek marbles.

MELCHET COURT

THE SOUTH FRONT.

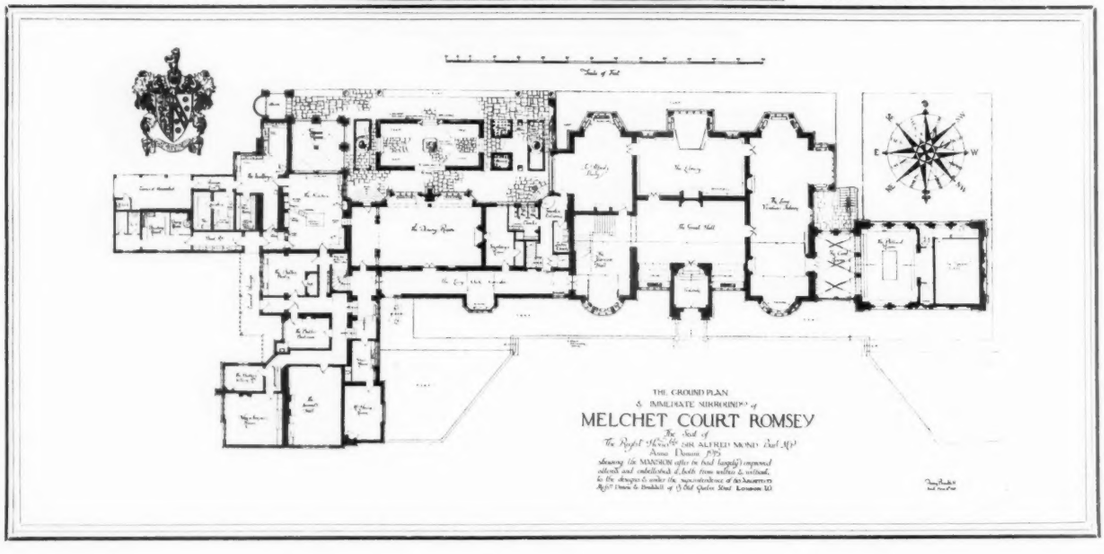
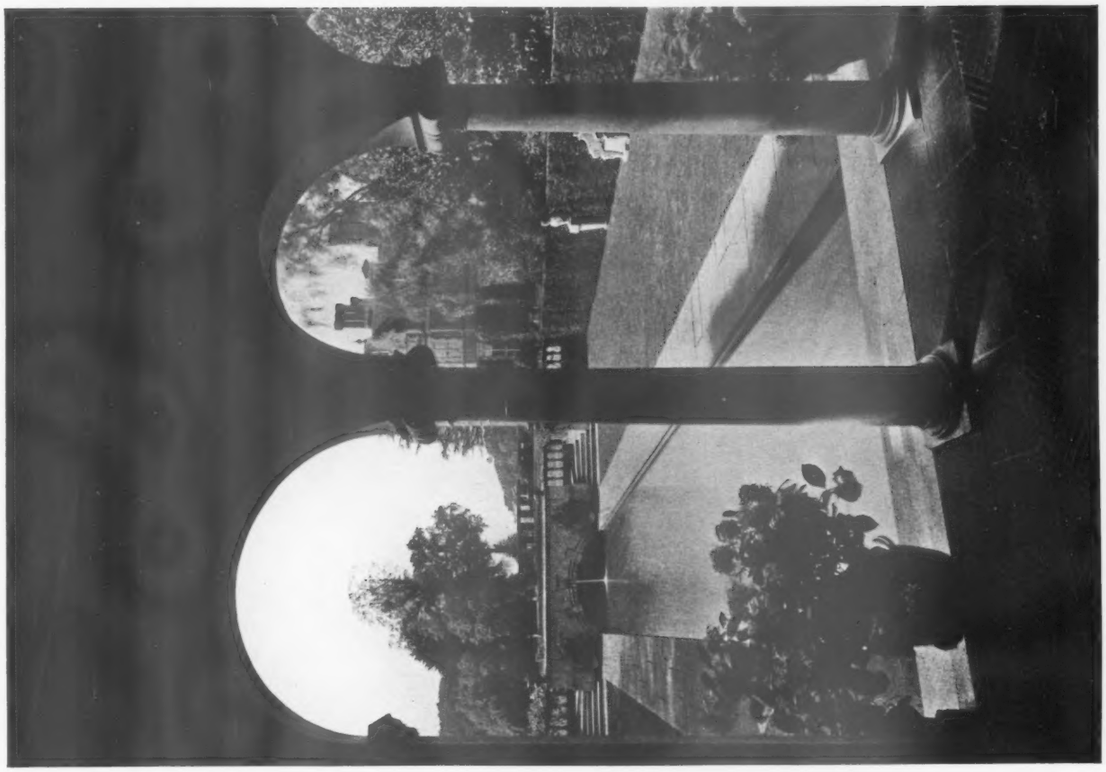


Plate III. August 1926.

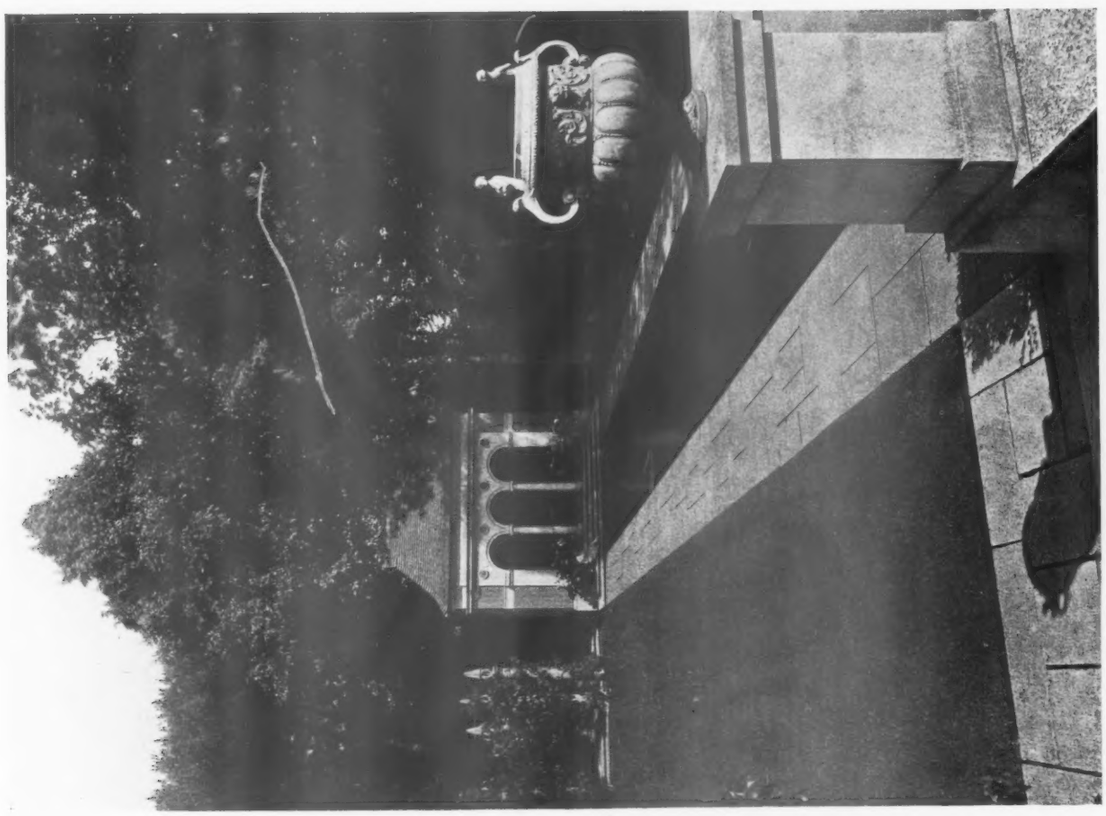
IN THE GARDEN HOUSE.

Darcy Braddell and Humphry Deane, Architects.

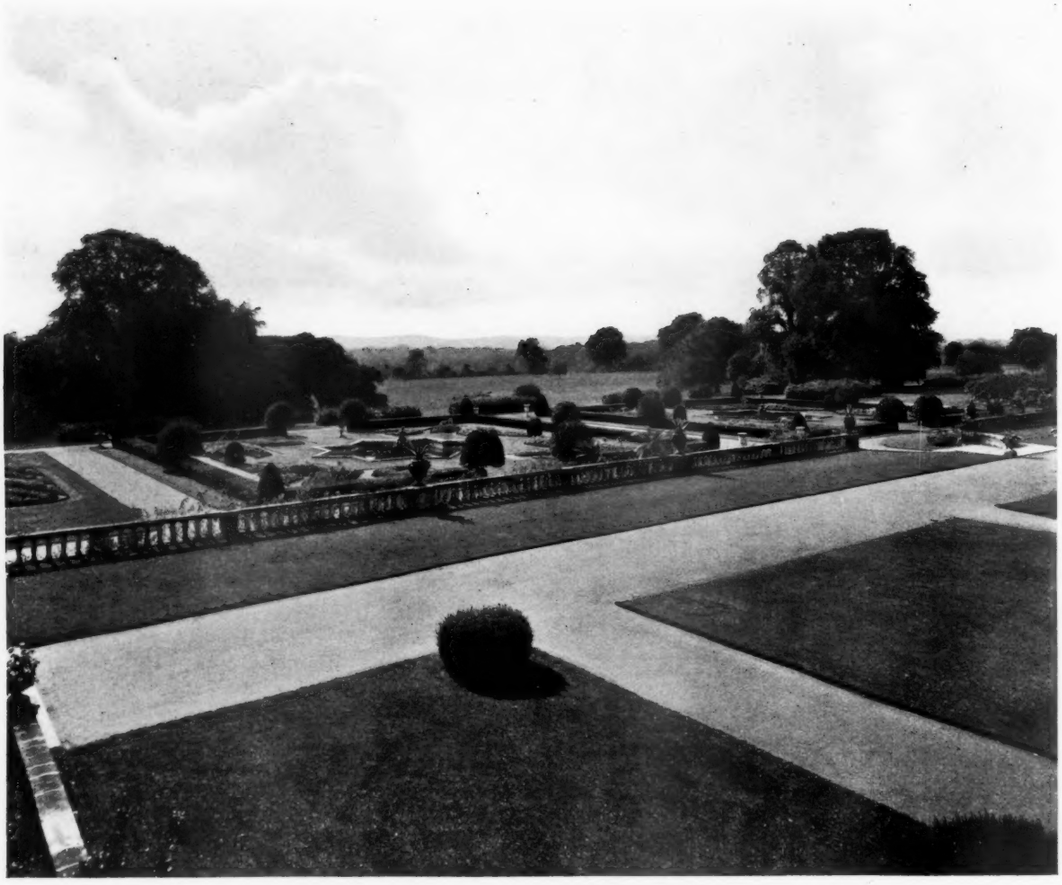
The garden house lies at the end of the water garden as the illustrations on p. 61 show. It is built of stone and brick, and paved with the same materials. The making of the water garden is the most recent work at Melchet, the main alterations to which were almost finished when the war began. All through the four-and-a-half years that followed Melchet served as a hospital and housed nearly a hundred people. When the war ended Sir Alfred finished his work in the inside of the house, making amongst other things a charming little room for himself in the circular tower. Then he and Lady Mond, who is a very skilful gardener, turned their attention out of doors, and had the water garden built and a new gatehouse on the main Salisbury road, besides making many other admirable alterations to the south side of the gardens.



THE BRIDGE FROM THE GARDEN HOUSE.



THE GARDEN HOUSE FROM THE BRIDGE.



MELCHET COURT : THE GARDENS.

Sir Alfred's family had long connections with Italy. His very distinguished father, the late Dr. Mond, had owned a Palazzo in Rome for many years, so that he was familiar and much more at home with Italian art than most Englishmen. With this fact in mind, it was determined after a short discussion to get away from the Victorianism of Beaconsfield which was everywhere rampant in the house, and to make Melchet as Italian in feeling as possible. It was also decided to indulge in the use of colour, at that time a much more unusual thing to do in an English country house than it would be to-day.

THE ENTRANCE HALL FROM THE FRONT DOOR.

THE DOORWAY IN THE DINING-ROOM.

A description of two rooms as they originally were will give a very good general idea of the condition of the house before it was altered. The long saloon had a white plaster ceiling of small repeat geometric pattern, with the plaster looking as if it was painted cast iron. The walls were hung in Cambridge blue silk, the dado and doorways were oak, oiled and varnished, the two chimneypieces in white Carrara marble with caryatid figures from the school of Canova.

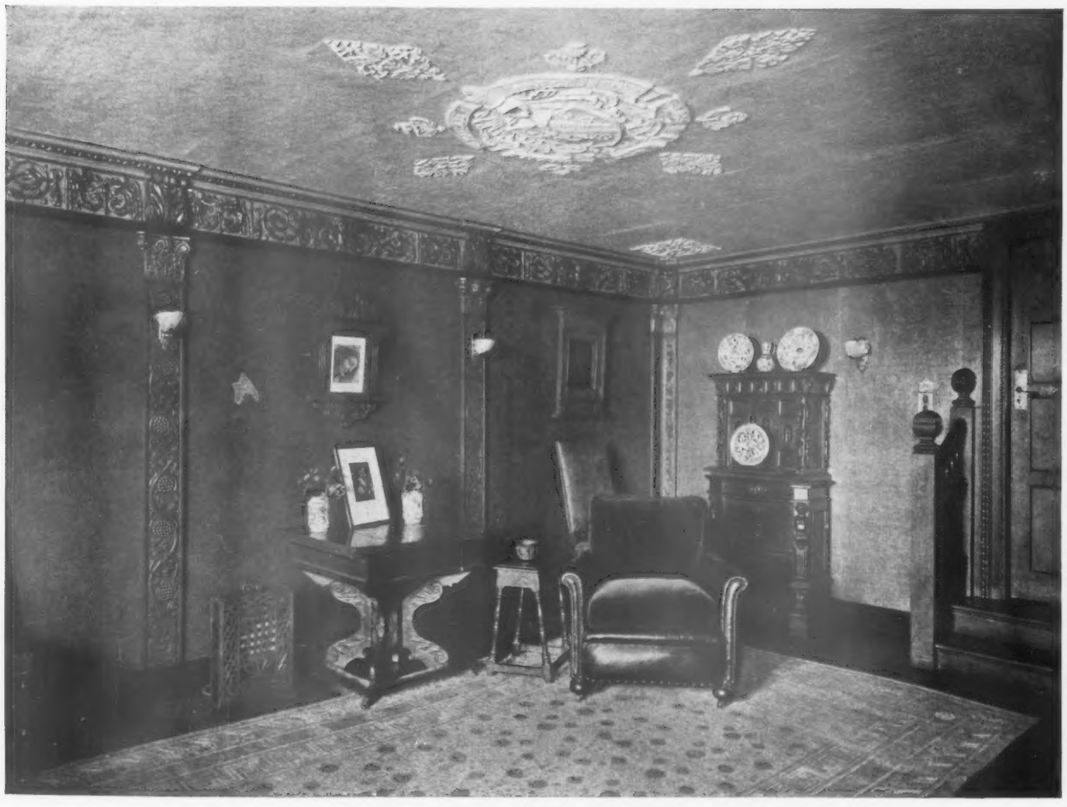
The great hall and staircase had their woodwork (which was subsequently found to be of cedar) ebonized black and picked out in gold, the walls painted scarlet, and the ceiling of the same white cast-iron plaster as in the saloon. This scheme of decoration was part of one devised by the late Alfred Stevens, drawings for which can be seen in the Victoria and Albert Museum. But Stevens had intended freely using decoration in grisaille. This was all missing, with the result that both these fine rooms looked frankly hideous.

MELCHET COURT: THE GRAND STAIRCASE.

THE HALL.

THE SALOON.

THE DINING-ROOM.



A SITTING-ROOM.

The Second Church of Christ Scientist.

Palace Gardens Terrace, London.

Sir John Burnet & Partners, Architects.

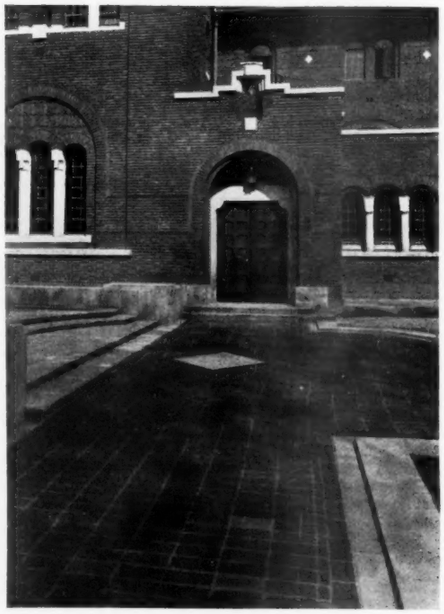
Sir John Burnet, Thomas S. Tait, D. Raeside.

From the Design of Thomas S. Tait.

The buildings of the Second Church of Christ Scientist, recently completed by Sir John Burnet and his Partners, T. S. Tait and D. Raeside, comprise a church, a Sunday school to seat 320, a board-room, a committee-room, superintendent's, distribution, and postal rooms, and twenty-four class-rooms.

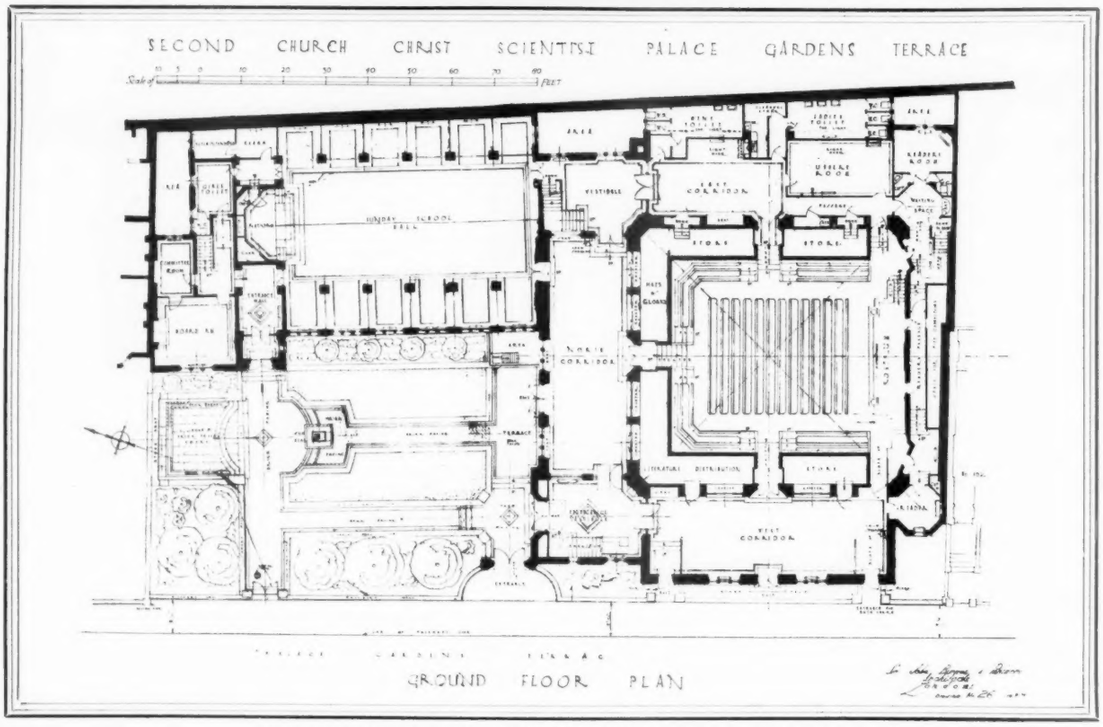
The group is designed on lines reminiscent of the Byzantine manner, but in such a way as to grow up quite frankly from a very logical and simple plan. The materials used are a 2-in. facing brick warm in tone, graded up from the purples at base to russets and browns at the eaves. Portland stone is sparingly introduced for relief at the springing of window arches, for copings, and so on. The charm of the brickwork is augmented by raked horizontal joints and ingenious tile patterns. A sweeping roof of Roman tiles, with fine wide eaves, crowns the whole.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL:



The rather unusually shaped plan of the church was determined on after much consideration, to enable all members of the congregation to be in view, not only of the speakers, but of each other. The seats are built in tiers, rising from the main central floor level on the principle of the old Greek theatre, with access under the raised portions. Full advantage of the space under the stepped tiers has been taken in order to provide spacious vestibules—a feature of this type of church, where the members meet before and after the services. A sloping way is also provided for the use of bath chairs. These vestibules, together with the Sunday school, can be used for overflow meetings, each being connected up with a loud-speaking installation, thus providing for a congregation of about 1,750 people. The seating accommodation in the church proper is 1,000.

THE MAIN ENTRANCE.



THE PLANS OF THE CHURCH AND SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Plate IV. August 1926.

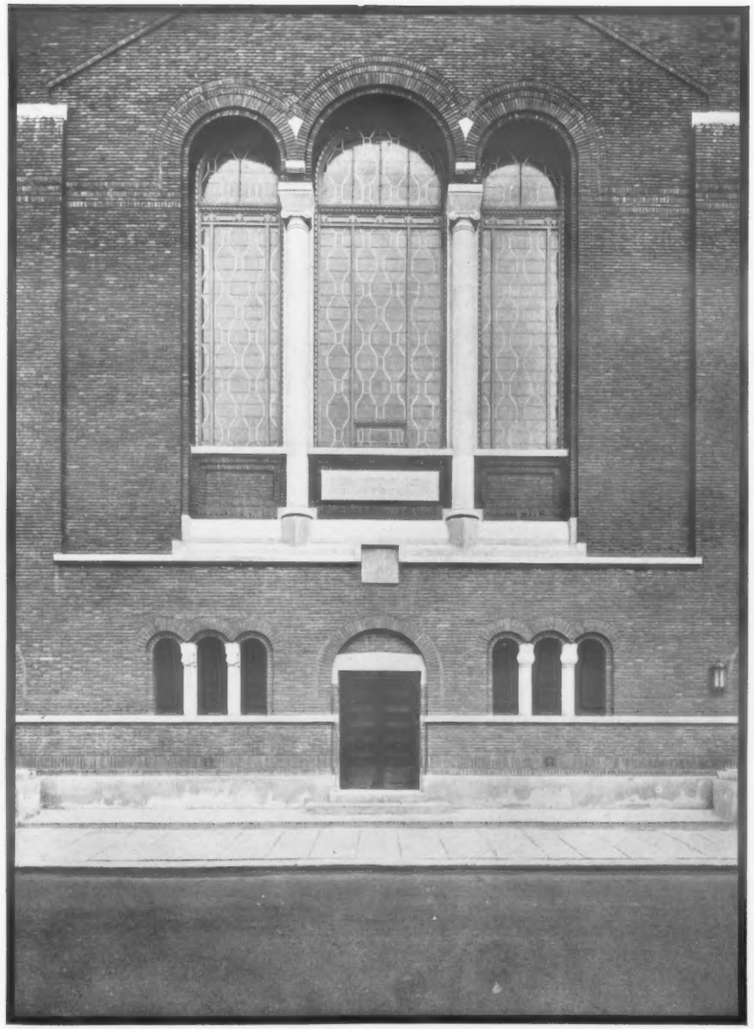
THE CHURCH.

Sir John Burnet and Partners, Architects

A view from Palace Gardens Terrace, showing the main entrance and the north and west wings of the church. On the left lies the garden, and, farther still to the left (outside the photograph), the Sunday school. The brickwork of the church is carried out in a most attractive manner. The walls are faced with 2-in. sand-faced bricks, which graduate in colour from purple at the base to orange at the top. An added texture is given to the brickwork by reason of the joints being well raked back. Shaped voussoirs to the arches are not used, and tiles are inserted where wide joints occur. Patterns in the brickwork are made by the use of flat brick tiles in bands. Marble panels and Portland stone introduce a note of richness.

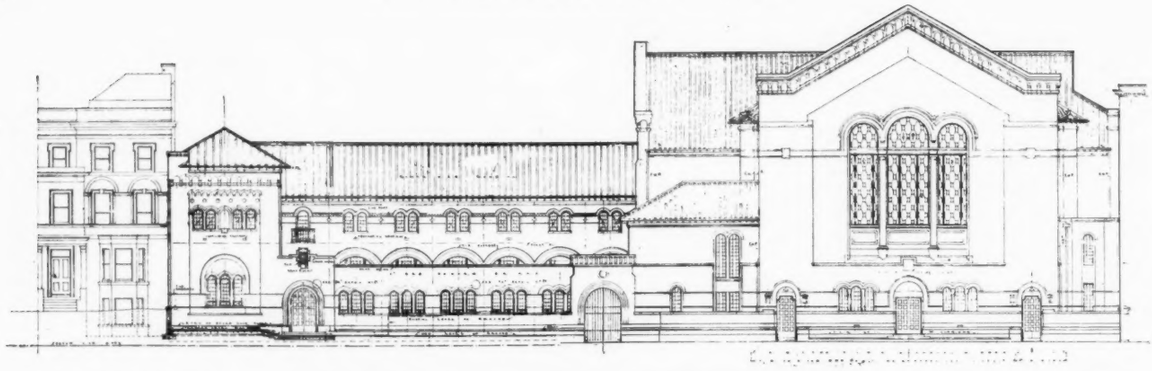
THE CHURCH.

A view from the south. The foundation stone which can be seen under the great windows is formed from a solid block of granite, specially brought from New Hampshire, U.S.A.



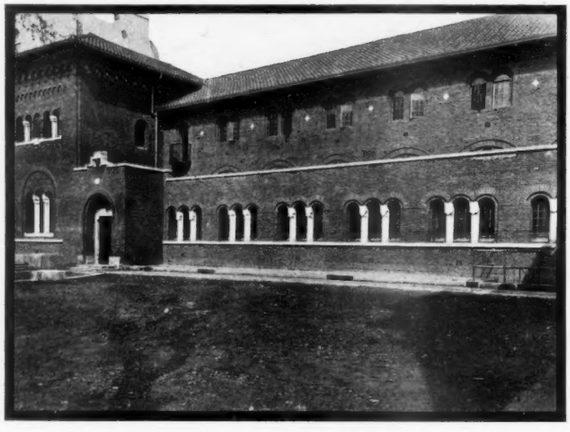
THE GREAT WINDOWS OF THE CHURCH.

The windows are of iron, and broad lead cames form a small pattern. Antique amber glass is used for the glazing—amber being one of the colours largely used in the decoration of the church.



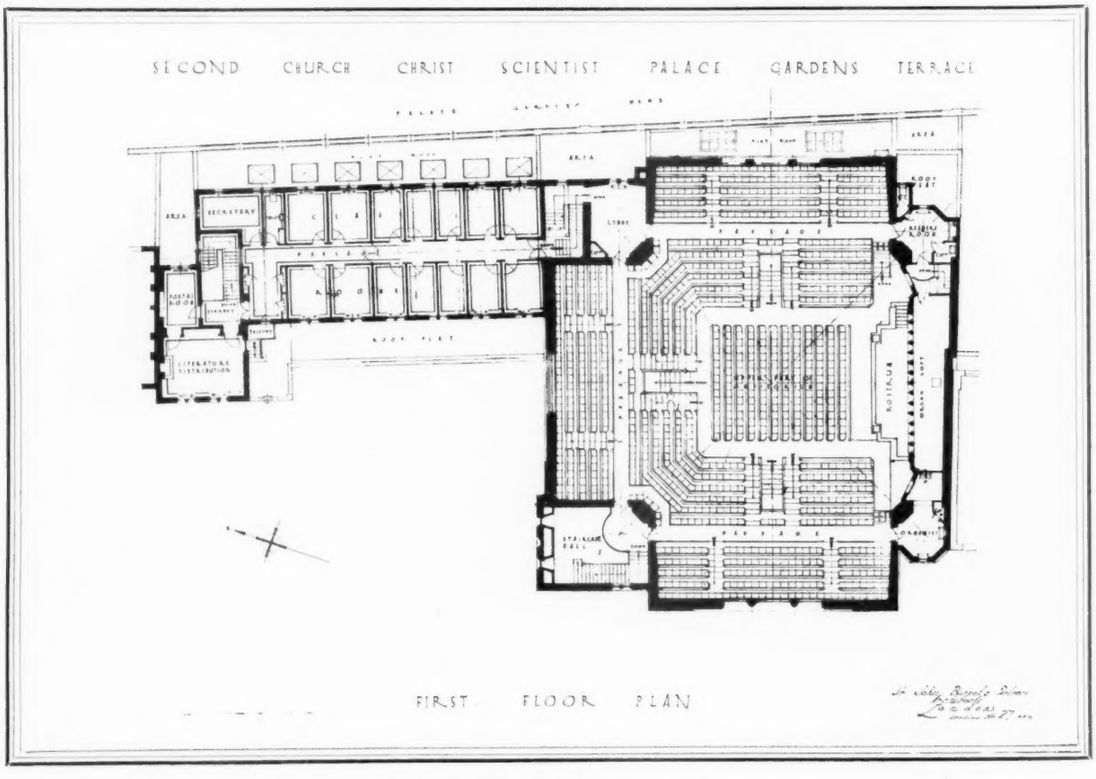
THE FRONT FROM THE ROAD.

Mr. Bagenal was consulted regarding the acoustics, and no trace of echo or excessive reverberation is noticeable, although neither acoustic tiles, Cabot's quilt, nor other sound-absorbing materials have been introduced.

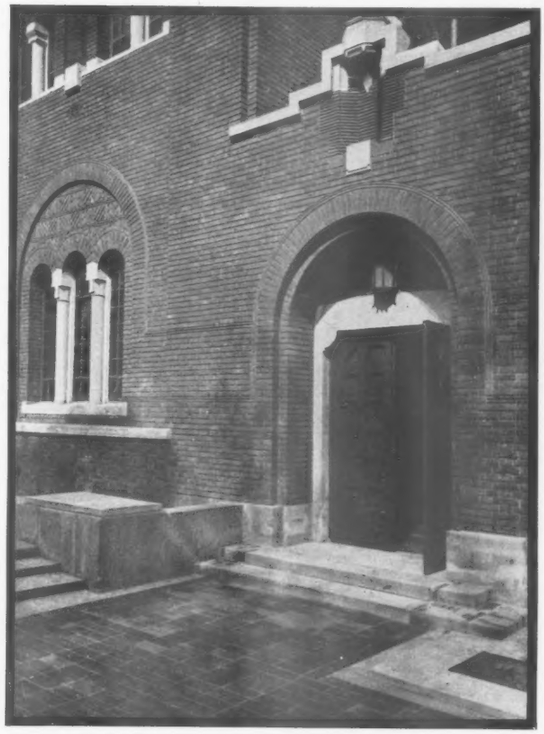


The Sunday school, which was completed in 1923, has accommodation for about 300, on two floors, the upper floor being divided up into small class-rooms. The board-room, committee-room, and other offices are located in this part of the building.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL FROM THE GARDEN.



A PLAN OF THE FIRST FLOOR.



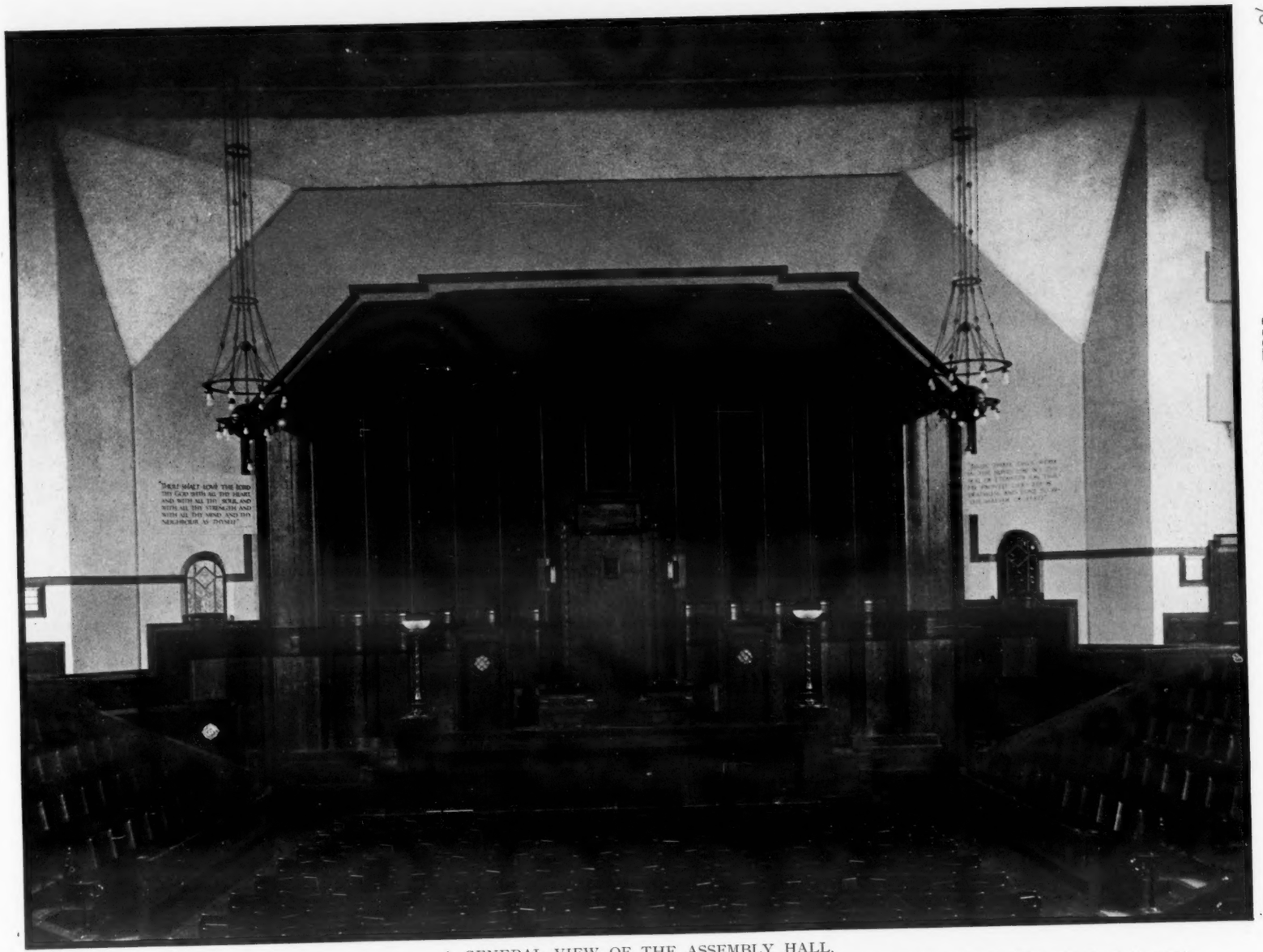
THE ENTRANCE TO THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

THE ENTRANCE TO THE ASSEMBLY HALL.

The church buildings stand in a garden laid out with red brick paths, stone borders, and seats.
Each entrance door has a small niche above it.

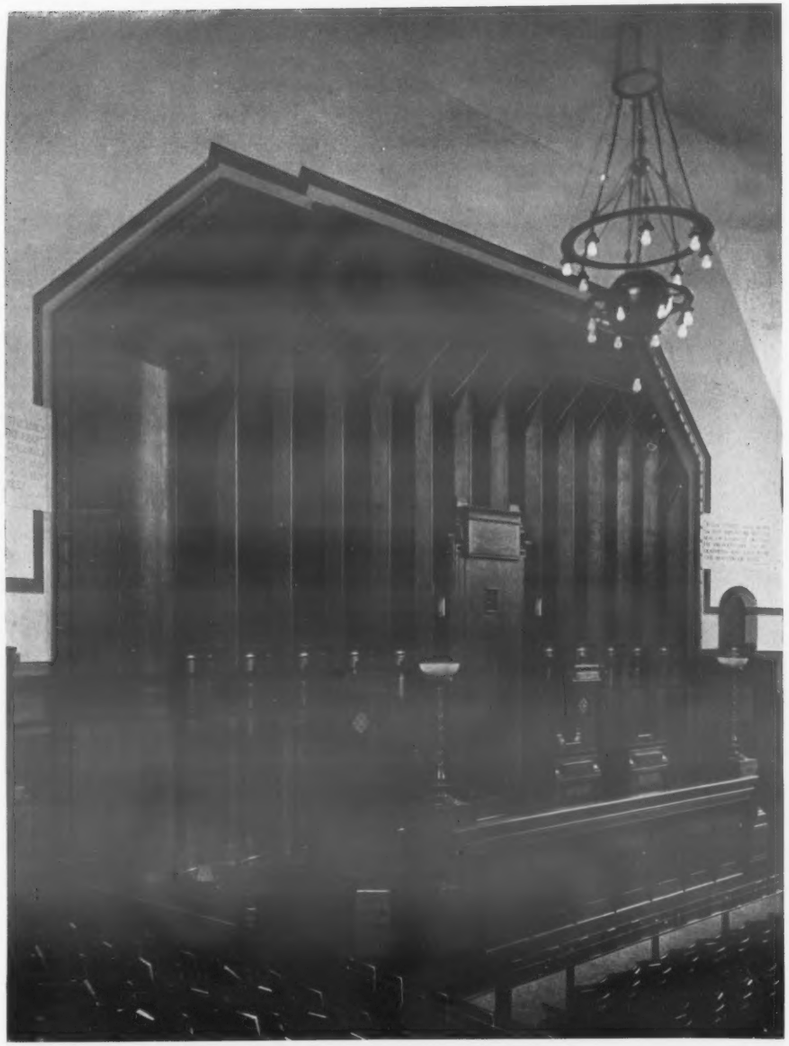
THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

A view from the road. This building was completed in 1923, but the church itself has only recently been finished.



A GENERAL VIEW OF THE ASSEMBLY HALL.

The shape of the church is unusual, being planned in such a way that the congregation can see itself as well as the readers on the rostrum. The seats rise in tiers and spaced generally at 2 ft. 8 in., back to back, and 1 ft. 8 in., centre to centre. They have curved backs, and are fitted with old gold fabric padded cushions.



THE ORGAN SCREEN AND ROSTRUM.

The scalloped design of the lower portion of the wood organ screen behind the rostrum is built hollow, and the platform is constructed with a hollow space under the floorboards. This method was adopted to ensure the success of the acoustical properties. The walls directly opposite the rostrum are built with a hollow space behind the plasterwork for the same reason. Behind the screen runs a passage which leads to the readers' and secretary's private rooms.

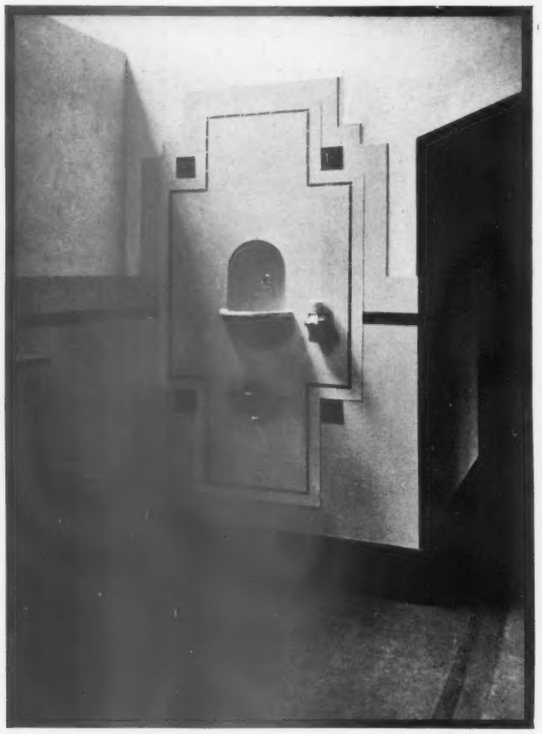
THE EAST GALLERY.

All the woodwork is light oak. The walls and ceiling are plaster, stucco finished, left rough and uncoloured, the roughness of the surface being obtained by means of a wooden float. Afterwards it is lightly patted with a wad of coarse canvas, no trowel being used on the finished surface. The projecting panels on the walls and ceiling are finished smooth and tinted. This greatly enhances the texture.

THE ROSTRUM.

The beauty of the woodwork appears in this near view of the rostrum. Light coloured oak is used, wax polished, and the darker bands are of polished ebony. The electric light standards are of the same materials as the pendants, wrought iron with amber globes. The unusually shaped chairs are for the readers, and are of oak with specially figured walnut to the backs and arms. The seats are covered in rich blue tapestry fabric.

THE-BOARD ROOM.



THE DRINKING-FOUNTAIN IN THE HALL.

AN ENTRANCE TO THE ASSEMBLY HALL.

The walls are of plaster, the floors are paved with wide-jointed red quarry tiles, and the skirtings are of red brick.

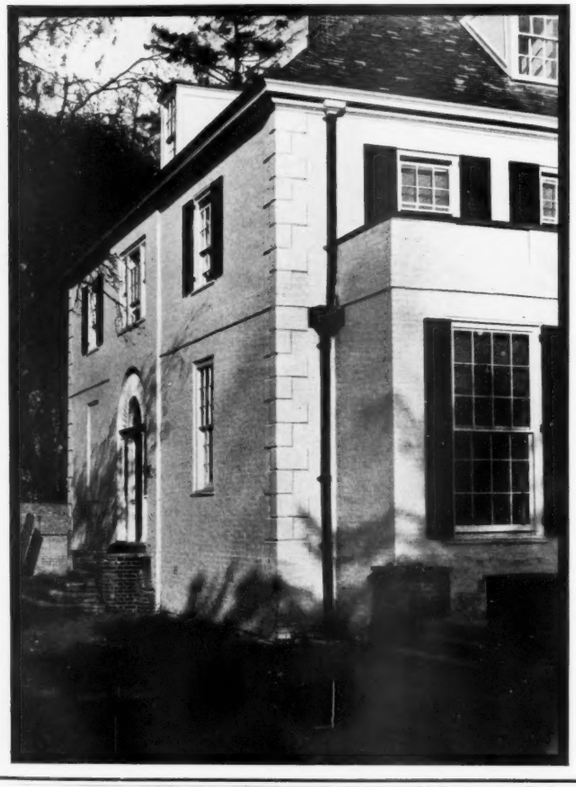
A CORNER OF THE ASSEMBLY HALL.

A study in colour and form. The staging of the seats is in reinforced concrete, covered by a quarter-inch cork carpet. This is glued direct to the cement finish.

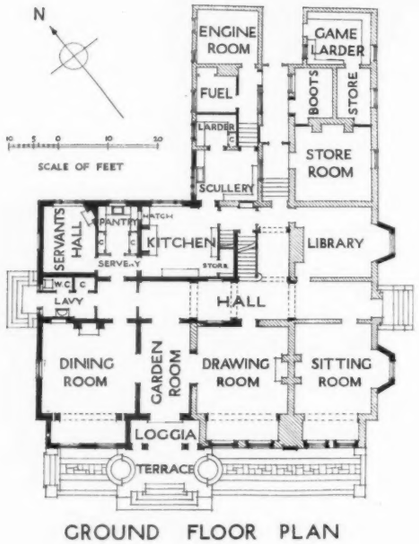
Barrington Hall, Cambridgeshire.

Remodelled by Kieffer & Fleming.

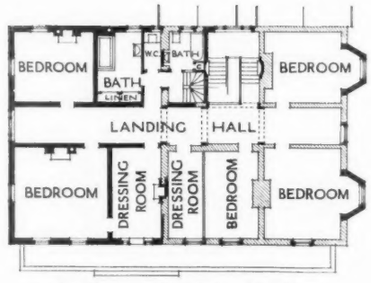
The present Barrington Hall dates from the early nineteenth century, and is situated about seven miles from Cambridge, on a well-wooded site, near the original hall. The existing hall has been completely remodelled and enlarged, although the general character of the new work was dovetailed, as it were, into the old building whose main lines were preserved. The elevations are treated with white-wash over brickwork, and a wood cornice forms a junction between the roof and walls. Some old tiles were found during the building operations and were used for the roof.



BARRINGTON HALL. THE FRONT.



GROUND FLOOR PLAN



FIRST FLOOR PLAN

BARRINGTON HALL, CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

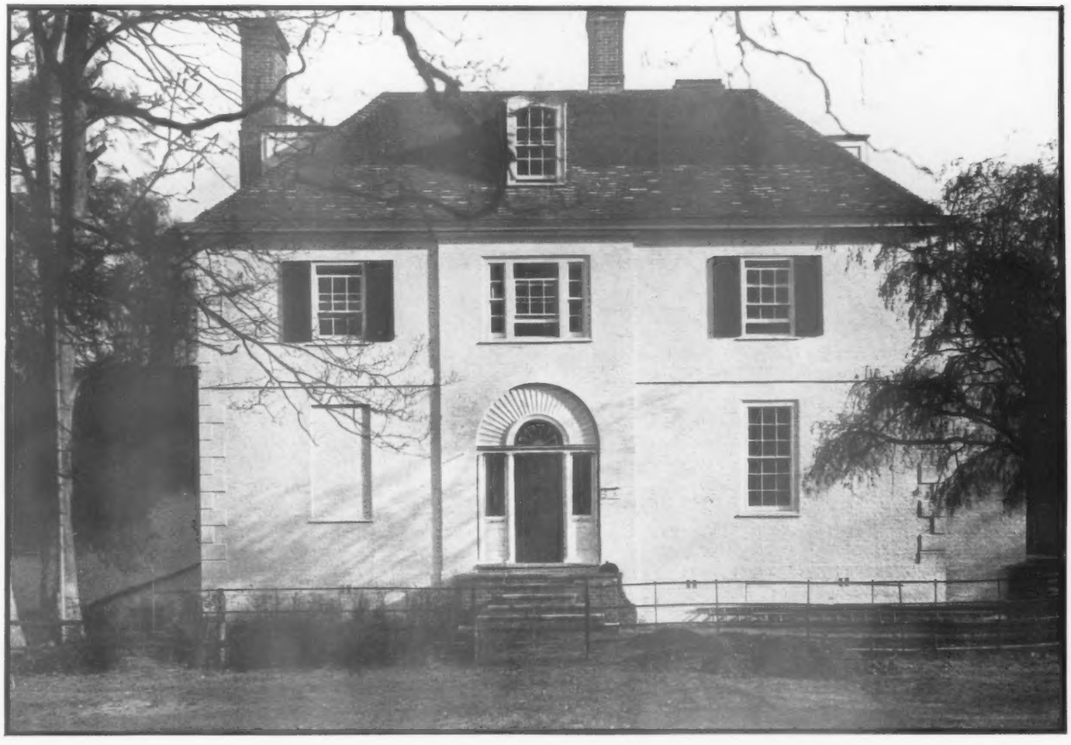


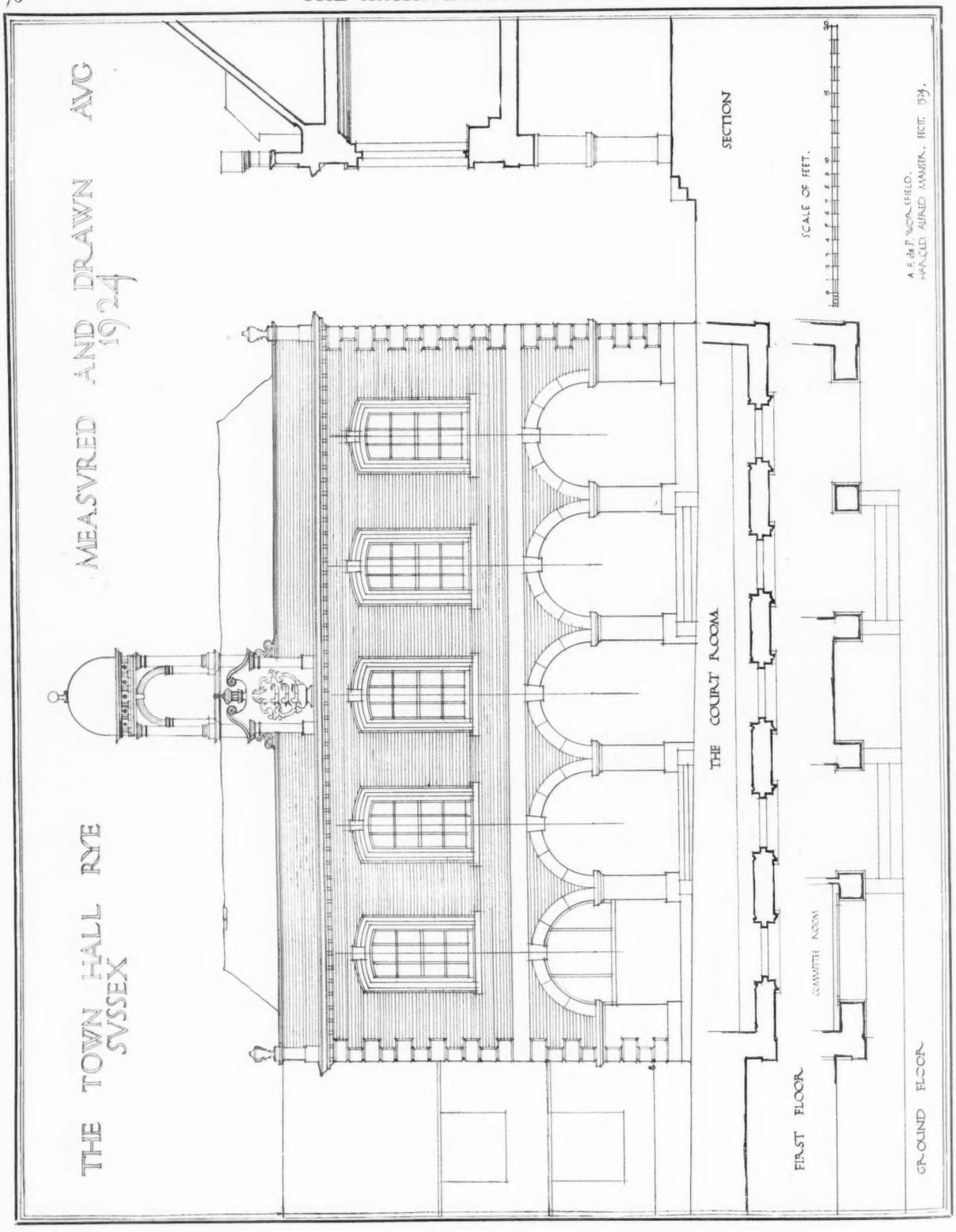
Plate V. August 1926.

THE FRONT OF THE HOUSE.

Kieffer and Fleming, Architects.

THE GARDEN FRONT.

A CLOSE VIEW OF THE PORCH.



SELECTED EXAMPLES OF ARCHITECTURE.

Selected Examples of Architecture.

In Continuation of "The Practical Exemplar of Architecture."

The Town Hall (The Court Hall), Rye, Sussex.

Measured and Drawn by A. F. de P. Worsfield.

"God Save Englonde and the Towne of Rye."—Old Customal.

THE old Cinque Port town of Rye, overlooking the levels of Romney Marsh, is a storehouse of the past; and the Town Hall (originally known as the Court Hall) is perhaps, architecturally at least, one of its finest treasures. Facing practically north, this building is situated on the south side of Market Street, between East Street on the east and Lion Street on the west. Standing upon the site of the original building, which, according to William Holloway in his "Antiquarian Rambles Through Rye," was of a very early date, probably about 1619, the present building was erected in 1742, through the generosity of Sir John Norris and Philip Gibbon, Esquire, the borough's representatives in Parliament, who lent the town £450 each at 3 per cent. per annum interest. This loan was ultimately refunded in the year 1749 by the Duke of Newcastle, in recognition of the election of Thomas Pelham, Esquire, of Stamner Park, near Lewes, his relative.

Turning abruptly out of the High Street into Lion Street, one is suddenly confronted with the fine old tower of the Church of St. Mary, with its clock and gilt quarter-boys glistening in the sun, and then, as the gaze wanders slightly to the left, one perceives the old Town Hall. After a careful scrutiny one is almost inclined to think that here is the hand of the master, the inimitable touch of Sir Christopher Wren. The traces are undeniable, and although that great architect could not have been responsible for its design (his decease having occurred in the year A.D. 1723), yet undoubtedly the influence of his genius had created an atmosphere of similitude around those who humbly followed after.

The main elevation is built in red brick and stone. Five massive stone arches, producing their thrust upon piers of similar material, support the first floor and the second floor (contained in the roof), whilst arranged centrally above these arches are five windows surrounded with moulded stone architraves, which light the first floor.

The Town Hall is built on an "L" plan, the projecting portion conveniently housing the staircase to the first floor. The walls are not built square, the length taken internally differing from 52 ft. to 55 ft., whilst the width at the east end is 16 ft. 6 in., and that at the west end, taken to the end of the projection, is 25 ft. 9 in. The height of the ground floor is 11 ft., and of the first floor, 12 ft. 2 in. The ground floor, which is partitioned off into a fire-station and a committee or magistrate's room, was originally undivided, and was used as a market place for meat, poultry, butter, eggs, and farm produce. Around the walls were stone benches in three tiers, for seating or for the display of wares. These benches still exist in the present entrance hall, where the old flag-stone floor also still remains.

Exhibitions.

ST. GEORGE'S GALLERY.—The exhibition of modern French water-colours and drawings held here gave a good idea of the French outlook.

A writer has made it a cause of complaint that these water-colours are not done according to the English tradition: one might as well complain that the French climate is not exactly modelled upon that of England. It is the freedom from tradition and the willingness to abandon methods outgrown that is the chief cause of the artistic supremacy of the French.

The English believe rather too much in tradition. When traditional methods are exactly followed all is well along these particularly defined lines, but half-hearted reforms, executed with the laws of tradition and a furtive sense of condemnation for having violated them held in mind is not the same thing as complete emancipation from them. There is certainly room for every kind of painting so long as it is sincere, and work done even in the Timbuctoo tradition is as much entitled to respect as that done in any other.

When looking over this exhibition one was struck by the fact that the artist's impressions are now much more direct and spontaneous: there was less work done under the measured restraints of a formula; and though the mannered shapes, which is all that some artists seem to have learned from Cézanne, are still in evidence here and there, French art has now emerged into a clearer realization of the artist's own individual responsibility towards his art.

After looking at the pictures many times I came to the conclusion that Mr. Jean Marchand's "Landscape" (20) gave me the most all-round satisfaction. It is not intellectual, nor is it sloppily emotional, but is just a simple record of the response of the artist to a beautiful scene.

Two drawings by Mr. Picasso are interesting: the first, "A Study" (30), because it shows the beginnings of his deliberate examinations of objects with the intention of breaking up their surfaces into facets; this drawing shows the exploration of the face of a woman with this end in view. Obviously he had not arrived at any definite conclusions at the time it was done, but that is its chief interest; we see here in embryo the pronounced manner in which, later, he was to interpret his ideas. The second, "Seated Woman" (31), is apparently of an earlier date, and is an outline drawing as sensitive and full of feeling as one by Manet.

The work by Mr. Charles Dufresne is naturalistic, but horses and other natural objects are only used according to the requirements of the pattern. This carries the interest quite sufficiently without the story, which unfolds upon closer examination.

Mr. Jacob Hians's works, "St. Tropez" (35) and "Landscape" (37), both of which are in monochrome, but which in fact suggest colour much more than some works which have had the advantages of all the resources of the colourman, have a pronounced individual character.

Mr. Tsugouharu Foujita's two drawings of girls' heads are at first very charming, but this charm, upon further acquaintance, resolves itself into rather a pretty, sentimental sort of attraction. Mr. Foujita's line is very assured, but its searching qualities are somewhat neutralized by the shading.

"The Bather" (13) was a moderately good example of the work of Mr. Othon Friesz, and other works of interest were shown by Messrs. A. Favory, André Dunoyer de Segonzac, André Lhote, Hermine David, L. Doucet, and Henry de Waroquier.

Although much of the work was of a slight nature, this little collection was full of interest.

THE LONDON GROUP.—A friend of mine, who had been brought up to appreciate Burne Jones and other academic English artists, paid a visit to the London Group, expecting to be rather stirred up: she said afterwards that she was surprised to find how little was shown which she did not understand; in other words, she apparently found it quite easy. I make no comment on this except to ask the members if they consider this a good or a bad sign.

Mr. Porter continues to do good work; he is one of the few painters who have been able to take something from Cézanne and still remain English in feeling. This is attained by keeping his colour-schemes in a low key, perhaps in the way Crome did. By saying this I do not mean that it is impossible to be bright and English at the same time; beauty being in the eye of the beholder it is conceivable that colour-schemes are there as well, but a low scheme corresponds with the general conception of English landscape.

Mr. Bernard Adeney also shows progress. His "Boats" (14) is unlaboured and fresh, and the atmosphere in which the whole scene is bathed is consistently maintained throughout.

Mr. Edward Wolfe's "The Reading Woman" (17) is a large, whole-figure portrait, treated in a simple, broad manner, and yet giving all the essentials which probably make it an excellent likeness.

It was surely in a moment of artistic aberration that Mr. Ginner was deceived into believing that a dreadful example of "sculpture" from the Tottenham Court Road was a worthy subject for a picture; otherwise, how did the object appearing in "The Winged Faun" (48) come within the range of Mr. Ginner's vision? It is to be hoped that this artist does not keep a stuffed gorilla in his hall for use as a hat-rack and umbrella stand! The truth is, probably, that Mr. Ginner is more interested in the surface qualities of his paint than the things he puts into his paintings. Anything will do so long as it will serve to make a pattern for him to build up a picture in his peculiar manner, that is to say, in little strokes of solid paint. But his manner is, when all is said, a realistic one: his subjects never receive an "uplift"; they remain what they are; they are not translated into terms of decoration and colour, therefore as much care is required in the selection of his subjects as he would presumably expend upon the choice of an object for his mantelpiece. Mr. Ginner does not always seem to see this.

It was interesting to see two pictures by Mr. Raoul Dufy, "Jardin à Hyères" (74) and "Le Paddock à Dauville" (126), the latter apparently in gouache, washed in, and then sharply picked out in decisive and expressive outlines.

It might be instructive to attempt to define English or British modern art. In one way there is no *modern* English art in the Continental sense; over here art is modern simply in the literal sense of the word. Most innovations appear to come from France. But it is as well for the sake of our own self-respect frequently to remind ourselves that it was the works of Turner and Constable which inspired certain French artists to search along the path which led to impressionism; thus was the fresh-air school inaugurated. Hitherto, works had been done in the classical manner in stuffy studios. But the French followed logically the leadings of the English originators, and thus evolved a scientific theory of colour, eliminating browns, and only using the colours of the spectrum in various combintions, thus obtaining a sensation of light undreamed-of before.

The post-impressionists, then, did much the same for *form* as the impressionists had done for light and atmosphere; they reduced all things into certain elementary shapes. In France one school has been the logical sequence or reaction from another. So let us pull ourselves together and remember that we are only getting back with interest what we first gave France.

Development in art has apparently been action and reaction. First, the impressionists, and then the reaction from them by Cézanne, Gauguin, and others. The trouble with us is that we never developed an impressionist school over here to react from; we have in a way missed out one of the stages of growth. But perhaps by now we are ready to plunge over in our own muddling way the gap which divides impressionism from modern art.

THE GIEVES GALLERY.—An exhibition of Jugoslav art, consisting of works by Madame Nasta Rojc Royts, was held here.

RAYMOND MCINTYRE.

Craftsmanship

Views and Reviews

A London Diary

The
Architectural Review
Supplement
AUGUST
1926

What the Building Said.

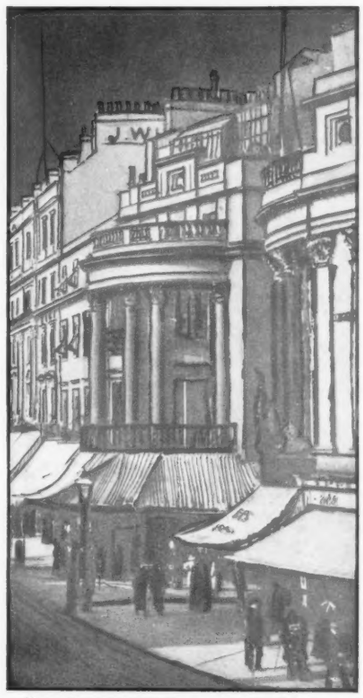
III—Overheard in Regent Street: The Quick and the Dead.

By A. Trystan Edwards.

LAST time I visited Regent Street I found the new Liberty's in a mood of seriousness which quickly resolved itself into one of wild hilarity. It was nothing but the contemplation of its own unique qualities which excited the risible faculties of the building. I returned and it was still laughing. It was rather a peculiar kind of day, a little misty, and whether the circumstances were especially favourable to spiritualistic manifestations or whether my mind at the moment was more than usually attuned to their recognition, I do not know. But I looked in front of me and to my astonishment there stood a pale apparition of the old Regency building which once occupied the site at the corner of Argyll Street, and I seemed to hear a plaintive voice uttering the words: "A joke is a joke, but must this go on for ever? Must I, on returning to the place of my earthly sojourn find myself in a spot where I hear nothing but the sounds of foolish ribaldry? It is not even as if it were a good joke."

"Go away, you horrid old thing," retorted Dickins and Jones's shop. "What is the use of your coming back here in order to spoil our fun? You say you can't appreciate the joke. Well, *I* think it's an excellent joke." And Dickins and Jones's smiled a pseudo-Egyptian smile. But the pale building shuddered once more and uttered a mournful sound.

"Come, come," I said to the spook severely, "that you should haunt your old home in Argyll Street and for ever gaze at the new Liberty's does indeed appear to be the fate which a mysterious Providence has ordained for you. But it is no good your whimpering about it."



The Ghost at the corner of Argyll Street.
"A joke is a joke, but must this go on for ever?" . . . To my astonishment there stood a pale apparition of the old Regency building, which once occupied the site of the corner of Argyll Street.

Apparently, however, the ghost was bent upon making itself rather unpleasant, for I watched it take up its stand immediately in front of the new Liberty's in Great Marlborough Street. At first the Tudor edifice appeared not to be aware of the spiritualistic presence lurking near it, and it continued to be in hilarious mood until the ghost came closer, and gave vent to a wail which seemed to come from Gehenna itself. By this time the new Liberty's was stiff with fright, and its discomfiture was even increased when the ghost uttered in a hoarse whisper the question: "What are you doing here with seven riotous gables not ten yards from Regent Street? Did I need gables, did I need half-timber work in order to establish for myself my proper station in life?—then, of course, *I* belong to a street but where on earth do *you* belong?"

The new Liberty's, obviously much agitated, replied with plaintive voice: "I think it is most unkind of you to come here and ask me all these questions. A lot of people tell me I am very pretty, and I am sure I did not mean to do any harm," and the poor thing sniffed and did its best to prevent its tears rolling down on to the pavement. "And as for streets," it continued, "I know nothing about them. Nobody ever told *me* anything about

The Ghost of old Oxford Circus.
As far as I could judge the architectural ghost appeared to be giving a lecture to the existing buildings, which were shuffling in their places uneasily. . . . It appeared to be explaining to its successors what an awful mess they had made of Oxford Circus.

New Oxford Circus.
"Oh, please shut up," shouted Peter Robinson's at the corner of the new Oxford Circus, "you are driving me mad. I know perfectly well that I have been built so high that my crescent, being so much taller than it is broad, utterly fails to express the idea of a circus . . ."

streets. It is a shame that I should be scolded like this, and by a disagreeable white ghost whom I have never seen before." And at this point the building began to weep hysterically.

This was really tragical, but there seemed nothing that I could do to alleviate the creature's distress. I passed on farther up the street, still conscious that I was attended by ghostly presences. I arrived at Oxford Circus and there was yet another vision, and in front of me stood the little quadrants which in former times graced this intersection of streets. As far as I could judge the architectural ghost appeared to be giving a lecture to the existing buildings, which were shuffling in their places very uneasily. Obviously, I had missed the first part of its discourse, but it appeared to be explaining to its successors what an awful mess they had made of Oxford Circus. "You see," explained the spirit form, "we made the Circus into a true rotunda bounded by four segments which together were capable of dominating the open space and giving it the appearance of an architectural enclosure. How did we do it? Simply because our façades were low enough to enable their breadth to exceed their height. By this means the segmental façades, accentuated as they were by long rows of pilasters, were given a great architectural prominence. Moreover, the flatness of my wall surface with its cool and creamy texture formed a resting place for the eye, to which people turned with pleasure from the ceaseless flow of traffic. But what have *you* done?" "Oh, please shut up," shouted Peter Robinson's at the corner of the new Oxford Circus, "you are driving me mad. I know perfectly well that I have been built so high that my crescent, being so much taller than it is broad, utterly fails to express the idea of a circus. I know as well as you do that I am now only the outpost of a road junction, without any architectural articulation such as would have given an independent existence to the Circus itself, but why rub it in? I keep on telling you that it is not my fault that I am so high. I but yielded to official pressure."

"Perhaps you did," chipped in the still newer Peter Robinson's next door, "but there was no earthly excuse for you to put your two heavy central columns with their bases resting upon a slender beam which, in spite of the vertical posts underneath, looks as if it might snap at any moment. Now look at me. I can put you up to a trick worth two of that. You see that although I have provided more window space than you I have treated my mezzanine as one big bressummer, with the result that my columns have a base substantial enough to give them the appearance of perfect stability. Of course, I have to recognize that I am tied to you by a marital bond, but I hate you all the same, and I am doing all I can to dissociate myself from you."

The Ghost of the old County Fire Office.

. . . I turned and was confronted with the ghostly spectacle of the old County Fire Office, and then the spell was broken and I was awakened to reality by the words: "Sham classic, sham classic, sham classic!"

The Ghost of one of the Regency buildings.

Upper Regent Street. All Souls Church.

"Good afternoon, All Souls Church," I remarked, "I am glad to see you looking so beautiful." "What is the good of being beautiful," it said, "if I am going to be presently overborne by these tall, commercial, modern buildings which make me seem quite insignificant?"

I turned wearily away, saying to myself, "I do wish that some of these modern buildings could be persuaded to agree with one another." I looked down Upper Regent Street in the hope that here at least I should find evidence of a more friendly relationship between the buildings. At the bottom of the street, still standing in its quiet nobility, was All Souls Church. It looked so sedate and self-confident that I was encouraged in the belief that I should soon have the privilege of conversing with a building which had something pleasant to say. "Good afternoon, All Souls Church," I remarked, "I am glad to see you looking so beautiful." In reply the building gave a moan. "What is the good of being beautiful," it said, "if I am going to be presently overborne by these tall commercial modern buildings, which make me seem quite insignificant?" "See that threatening monster," the little church went on, pointing at the New British Model House, "I am at least thankful that it is a little distance away, but how it will be when my stucco friends just behind me come to be rebuilt in Portland stone six storeys high I cannot bear to contemplate. It will then be time for me to give up the ghost."

"Poor little thing," I said, "I suppose it will then come back and haunt its old locality just as do the other Regency buildings." Slowly I retraced my steps, walking as in a dream. I passed down Regent Street, looking to the right and to the left, and on arriving at Piccadilly Circus I turned and was confronted with the ghostly spectacle of the old County Fire Office and the majestic sweep of the Quadrant designed by Nash, and then the spell was broken and I was awakened to reality by the words: "Sham classic, sham classic, sham classic!" It was the Piccadilly Hotel. Untouched by the risen tide of the new Quadrant, it remained triumphant and aggressive. The spirits of the past vanished at its breath.

(To be continued.)

English Furniture.

Furniture for the Modern Living Room.

IV—Tables for Dining, etc., with Fixed Frames.

By John C. Rogers.

THE true and proper basis of design in the structural arts of building and furniture making is acknowledged by competent craftsmen to be construction; and should the student of the latter class seek those pieces which most surely and clearly bring out that vital fact, let him study tables—tables and chairs, but especially those with open frames. It is this type of modern table which I wish to discuss in this article, illustrating its varied treatment by the work of some of our leading craftsmen in order that the reader may grasp the dominating principles that must influence every designer and thereby produce a certain likeness in the work of many, if not all. In the great majority of cases, the aim is to give a broad flat top of plain surface, rectangular, circular, possibly oval or octagonal, but in any case a flat top. But how shall it be supported above the floor? This is where the designer finds both his field or scope for invention and his difficulties. It is, in fact, the supports which constitute, very largely, the design of a table, and their form and disposition must be governed by three factors, viz. comfortable room for the legs if it be a table to sit at, the required shape of the top and its use, and by considerations of design, remembering that a table must satisfy the eye from all angles.

1. A TABLE IN OAK WITH A CIRCULAR TOP SUPPORTED ON CROSSED BRACKETS RIDING OVER THE PILLAR.
Designer: J. F. Johnson. *Craftsmen:* Heal's.

Tables may be classified in the broadest sense in this way: those with stretchers and those without them. Perhaps I hardly need mention that stretchers, running from leg to leg were always present in the early fixed frame tables, and that this continued while legs were bulky and, or, of same dimensions at top and foot, but with the tapering legs of the eighteenth-century walnut and mahogany tables, stretchers were seldom seen.

This historical fact has so affected the modern designers' sense of fitness that stretchers will be found nearly always employed with square or parallel-sided legs and generally absent when a tapering form is adopted.

It will thus be seen that the underframing of tables largely constitutes their character and their merit or otherwise.

The modern designer usually considers it advisable to place the stretchers as far out of reach as possible of the sitter's legs, and it will be seen that this is achieved by adjusting their position and also by the shape and overhang of the table top.

Figs. 1 and 2 show two tables which in their lower members retain the principle of an ancient form of support before the introduction of legs tied with stretchers. The early collapsible trestle supports gave place, in the fifteenth and early sixteenth centuries, to massive pedestal ends with spreading feet, which were connected at their centres and at top with long rails to support a removable board. In the pair illustrated the pedestal supports take the form of square stop chamfered pillars with wide spreading moulded feet of yoke pattern. Fig. 1 has a circular top supported on crossed brackets riding over the pillar—a sturdy oaken piece providing very good accommodation.

In Fig. 2, a broad flat stretcher unites the two pillars at their base; it is, in fact, a continuation of the two end yoke feet; and as in No. 1, the joint with the pillars is strengthened by shaped blocks fixed into the angle on all sides. This table, being in walnut, Mr. Heal has followed an old tradition in veneering the top, which he has made of oval figure: a cross-banded border is tied with strips in the position of the major and minor axes, providing four quadrants overlaid with veneers of fine rich figure. The edge is veneered and inlaid, and the oval underframe to which the top is screwed down is veneered with the grain vertical. On such a table, suitably chosen crockery and glass would look delightful, with linen or woolwork mats.

Of earlier character, if we go by the old traditions, is the table of English oak in Fig. 9.

A plain rectangular top, cross-braced underneath, is supported on two square, chamfered pillars, rising out of boldly cut yoke feet. A midway stretcher and a top rail unite the two supports, and a triangular arrangement of four chamfered struts gives absolute rigidity to the frame, and considerably adds to the interest of the design which is typical of Gordon Russell's manner;

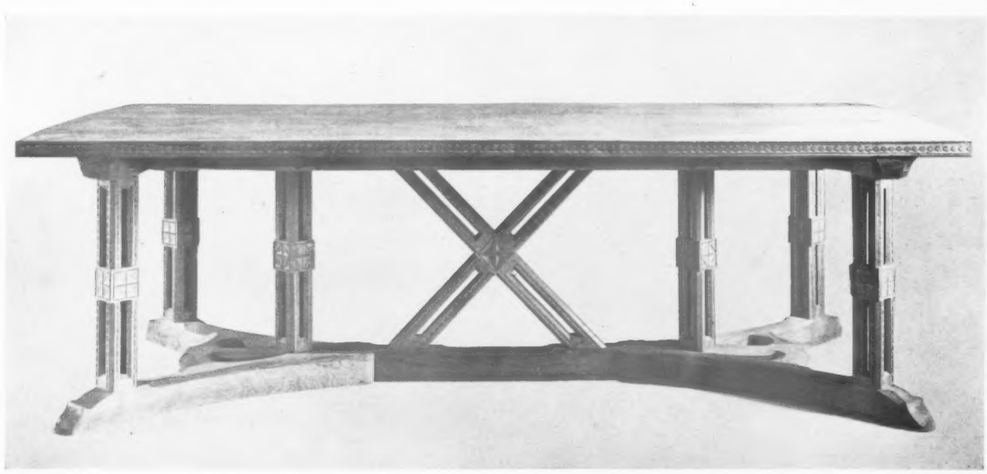
2. A TABLE OF WALNUT WITH A BROAD FLAT STRETCHER UNITING THE TWO PILLARS AT THE BASE.
Designer: Ambrose Heal. *Craftsmen:* Heal's.

3. A TABLE OF ENGLISH OAK OF EARLY TRADITIONAL CHARACTER.
Designer: Ambrose Heal. *Craftsmen:* Heal's.

4. A DESIGN FINISHED WITH PAINTED SURFACES AND DECORATED PANELS.
Designers and Craftsmen : HEAL'S.

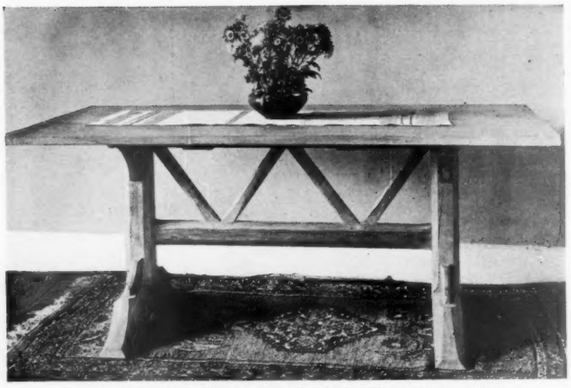
5. A CIRCULAR MAHOGANY TABLE WITH SQUARE LEGS.
Designer : AMBROSE HEAL. *Craftsmen :* HEAL'S.

6. A PLAIN OAK TABLE WITH CIRCULAR TOP.
Designer : J. D. W. STARK. *Craftsmen :* STARK BROS.



7. A CEREMONIAL TABLE OF OAK.
Designer and Craftsman : P. WAALS.

8. A CARVED OAK TABLE.
Designer : P. Tilden. *Craftsman :* F. G. Minter.



9. A TABLE WITH LEGS FRAMED INTO THE UNDERFRAME CARRYING THE TOP.
Designer : S. Gordon Russell. *Craftsman :* G. Cook.

the whole piece is thoroughly "oaky" and redolent of sound craftsmanship.

Fig. 3 introduces another and later type of table in which legs are framed into the underframe or rails carrying the top; it is however allied to the preceding examples by reason of the yoke feet which act as stretchers between each pair of legs; the considerable overhang of the top places the foot rails in a suitable position to rest the feet on without inconvenience.

A development of this design is seen in Fig. 4, a table designed by Mr. Heal *en suite* with chairs and finished with painted surfaces. Here the rectangular space between the legs and yoke feet is filled with a square lattice, the centre square being occupied by a decorated panel. A broad flat stretcher also has been added to the design; the underframe of the top rides past the legs and has shaped bracket ends; this gives extra support to the top which has considerable overhang, providing complete freedom for the legs of persons sitting either at the ends or the sides. Decorative as painted tables and chairs are, it is a treatment too delicate for most purposes and people.

Tables for civic and ceremonial purposes require special treatment and call for a dignity and character worthy of their object. This idea is well exemplified in the noble specimen illustrated in Fig. 7—a design which demonstrates the major importance of stretcher and leg design in the appearance of a table. In this example a well-conceived stretcher frame lies flat on the floor, having curved Y-shaped ends with T's tying in the branch limbs; shaped ends with edges chamfered make this frame alone very interesting. Two groups of three cluster legs rise from the ground frame to a rectangular underframe immediately beneath the thick top. The legs are worth close study, they are cut from the square into four octagonal shafts stiffened by solid square dies at half height, two alternate faces of each shaft being carved with gouge cuts, and the dies also are cut in diamond fashion. The central gap between stretcher and top is occupied by an X-braced frame which repeats the motifs found on the cluster legs; its presence prevents any appearance of sag in the top, and emphasizes the centre, which the rights of the ceremony demand. The rectangular top has the ends slightly splayed and the edge carved with a continuous lozenge pattern. It was designed and made by P. Waals, with assistants, at Chalford.

Following the types with yoke feet and ground stretcher frames, I give two examples of square-legged tables with stretchers raised a few inches off the floor, in Figs. 6 and 10. In both cases, a straight central stretcher frames into a pair of semi-circular stretchers connected to each pair of legs; this method places strain on the linking tenons, but as the stretchers are practically out of reach they are not likely to receive pressure from a person's feet. Fig. 6 is a plain oak table with circular top, by Stark Bros. Fig. 10 a walnut table with veneered panelled top by Heal's; the legs are slightly channelled, with narrow base collar, and stand upon black ball feet.

From these we pass to tables entirely devoid of stretcher frames. Fig. 5 shows a circular mahogany table having square and parallel legs of more slender proportion than those hitherto illustrated, but it would not be out of place to fit delicate stretchers to this type of design. The mahogany is relieved with black as was often done in the Regency period, and the ball feet also are black. It was designed and made by Heals.

Fig. 8 is what I may term a true stretcherless type; the legs are framed in rather an unusual manner to a moulded underframe, are parallel-sided for a few inches down and then taper off to the base where they quickly curve out to a sort of square club foot; they are widely chamfered on the inner side which gives almost a triangular section; their effect from all points of view is very satisfactory and they may be regarded as a new version of the cabriole type. A feature which adds greatly to the interest of the table is the geometrical carving and fluting of the outer faces of the legs, carried out in a manner suitable to oak. The top has cross-framed and mitred ends which obviate the exposure of end grain.

It will be observed that all these tables have fixed tops; it would be possible, however, in certain cases to provide them with extending tops, either by means of the modern sliding frame and worm gear or the old draw top method; the latter type I illustrated with a good table designed by C. A. Richter in the April issue of the REVIEW.

But by neither of these methods is it possible greatly to extend the top, though this advantage for certain occasions is very much to be desired.

The most successful type to give this latitude that I have met with is an extending dining-table made about the end of the eighteenth century or in the Regency in which the frame is a complete lattice system, permitting the piece to close to a side table only twenty-two inches deep and to extend to eleven feet by inserting four leaves. No levers or screws are involved and the whole frame is perfectly strong and rigid. A good specimen is illustrated on page 139 of my "English Furniture," and I recommend the type to modern designers, where a table is required that can accommodate from six to fourteen or sixteen people.

10. A WALNUT TABLE WITH VENEERED PANELLED TOP.
Designer : Ambrose Heal. *Craftsmen :* Heal's.

A Craftsman's Portfolio.

Being Pages devoted to the Illustration of Fine Craftsmanship.

IV.—Some Keystones.

A Portland stone keystone for the National Provincial Bank, Shrewsbury.
Architects : F. C. R. Palmer and W. F. C. Holden.
Designers and Craftsmen : G. and A. Brown.

A keystone to the Moorgate Street façade of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company's building.
Architect : Sir Edwin Lutyens.
Designer : E. R. Broadbent.
Craftsmen : A. Broadbent and Son.

A marble keystone to the Finsbury Circus Hall of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company's building.
Architect : Sir Edwin Lutyens.
Designer : E. R. Broadbent.
Craftsmen : A. Broadbent and Son.

A piece of carving in Portland stone above the entrance doors to Kings College for Women, Campden Hill, London.

Architects :
H. Percy Adams & Charles Holden.
Craftsmen :
H. H. Martyn.

Keystone and basket to the Moorgate Street façade of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company's building.

Architect .
Sir Edwin Lutyens.
Designer :
E. R. Broadbent.
Craftsmen :
A. Broadbent & Son.

A keystone head on the Ocean Accident building in Moorgate Street.

Architects :
Sir Aston Webb & Son.
Designer and Craftsman :
Gilbert Seale.

A model for a terra-cotta key block.

Architects :
Shepheard & Brown.
Designer and Craftsman :
H. Tyson Smith

One of the carved keystone heads to windows at the Blue Coat Hospital, Liverpool.

Architects :
Briggs, Wolstenholme, Hobbs & Thorneley.
Designer and Craftsman :
E. O. Griffith.

A Portland stone keystone for the National Provincial Bank, Shrewsbury.

Architects :
F. C. R. PALMER & W. F. C. HOLDEN
Designers and Craftsmen :
G. AND A. BROWN.

Ground-floor keystone and basket to the Finsbury Circus façade of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company's building.

Architect :
SIR EDWIN LUTYENS.
Designer :
E. R. BROADBENT.
Craftsmen :
A. BROADBENT & SON.

A keystone over the doorway of some hunting stables at Knowle, Warwickshire.

Architect :
ALAN BRACE.
Designer and Craftsman :
P. G. BENTHAM.

A model for a key block at the Secretariat's, New Delhi.

Architect : SIR HERBERT BAKER.
Designer and Craftsman : JOSEPH ARMITAGE.

A carving in Portland stone of the head of "Pan" made to deliver water into a fan-shaped lily-pond. At Kelling Hall, Norfolk.

Architect : EDWARD MAUFE.
Designer and Craftsman : ESMOND BURTON.

FIVE
NURSERY-RHYME
KEYSTONES
FOR A
PUBLIC-HOUSE.

Architect:
H. FULLER CLARK.

Designer and Craftsman:
A. T. BRADFORD.

A frog he would a-wooing go,
"Heigh-ho," said Roly,
Whether his mother would let him or no,
With a roly-poly gammon and spinach.

Then off he set in his opera hat,
"Heigh-ho," said Roly.
And on the way he met a rat,
With a roly-poly gammon and spinach.

As froggie was crossing over a brook,
"Heigh-ho," said Roly,
A lily-white duck came and gobbled him up
With a roly-poly gammon and spinach.

Who killed Cock Robin?
"I," said the Sparrow,
"With my bow and arrow,
I killed Cock Robin."

All the birds of the air
Fell a-sighing and a-sobbing
When they heard of the death
Of poor Cock Robin . . .
When they heard of the death
Of poor Cock Robin.

This is the cat
That killed the rat
That ate the malt
That lay in the house
That Jack built.

Humpty-Dumpty sat on a wall,
Humpty-Dumpty had a great fall.
All the King's horses
And all the King's men
Couldn't put Humpty together again.

Ride a cock horse
To Banbury Cross,
To see a fine lady
Ride on a white horse,
With rings on her fingers
And bells on her toes,
She shall have music
Wherever she goes.

Recent Books.

LANDSCAPE WITH DUTCH COUNTRY CART OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

Etching by Jan De Veld in the British Museum.

From "The Highway and its Vehicles."

Vehicles and Highways: A Study of Cause and Effect.

The Highway and its Vehicles. By HILAIRE BELLOC. The Studio, Ltd., London. Price £3 3s. net.

To many the question as to which came first, the highway or the vehicle, might have been as difficult to answer as its prototype, which deals with the chicken and the egg. Mr. Belloc, however, has no doubts on the matter. It was the vehicle which made the highway, and, of course, he is right. Both his evidence and his arguments are conclusive. Not only did the vehicle make the highway, but it also dictated its width, its foundation, its surface. During the centuries of horse transport there was a constant action and interaction between road and vehicle, the demands of the one brought about improvements in the other, and these improvements in their turn admitted of new types and forms, but with the coming of the internal-combustion engine the whole matter has changed since the vehicle propelled by means of the internal-combustion engine demands for the full exploitation of its potentialities a new set of conditions which the old highways only partially fulfil. Neither the width, foundations, surface, or planning of the old roads are able to meet the needs of the new type of vehicle. The difficulty of properly meeting these needs is dealt with by Mr. Belloc, and the chief are cost and the uncertainty as to the future. We can see from our own times how risky is the sinking of large sums of capital in special roads to facilitate the latest method of transport. Millions of pounds were sunk all over the world in tramway construction, yet before these systems were completed the advent of the motor-bus made them obsolete. But the expenditure on tramways is negligible compared to that which would be necessary to construct a highway system suitable to the present needs of road transport. And what if these needs change so soon as they are met? That is a danger the possibility of which is ever present—inarticulate maybe, but none the less real—in the back of men's minds to-day.

Mr. Belloc deals very fully with the evolution (a word which he dislikes) of the wheel. It is a most fascinating subject. It is difficult to envisage a world without the wheel, so inextricably bound up has it become with the very terms of our existence on earth; it is as vital to our needs as the ability readily to kindle fire, and although man may have evolved it for the facility which it offered to progression, he must surely soon have discovered that he had alighted upon an instrument of endless possibilities, an instrument which enabled him to grind his corn, to drill holes, to turn, to mould clay, to raise water from wells, to raise weights, in fact it was the basis of a new order of life. Some of Mr. Belloc's matter may be controversial, as, for example, when he seeks to maintain that inventions and discoveries are made swiftly and suddenly, rather than by slow processes of evolution, and, as an example, he takes the steam engine, surely an unwise one, seeing that there are records of Hero's apparatus as early as 30 B.C., and from the seventeenth to the nineteenth centuries there was a steady evolution from Thomas Savery through Denis Papin, Thomas Newcomen to James Watt. But although controversial the matter is invigorating and interesting.

The volume is illustrated with some hundred and thirty plates, many of them being coloured, and the vehicles range from the eleventh century until the close of the nineteenth, with one curious and regrettable hiatus. Although the book closes with illustrations of the early motor-car, the delightful vehicles which preceded, and were contemporaneous with it, are omitted. Without the victoria, the landau, the brougham, the stanhope, and the hansom, the record is surely incomplete. However, despite this omission, the book is one of immense interest, and, moreover, it is a real aid to that cultivation of the historical sense for which there is such a desire to-day. The excellence of the publication and the care with which the material has been assembled will be appreciated when it is stated that this volume is fully worthy to take its place with all those other special publications which have emanated from the "Studio" offices.

H. J. BIRNSTINGL.

GURNEY'S STEAM ENGINE AND BAROUCHE IN WHICH ARE THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON AND OTHER EMINENT PERSONAGES.

From "The Highway and its Vehicles."

Modern Building Practice.

Modern Building Practice. By WILLIAM HARVEY. 8½ × 5½ in. Published by the Architectural Press, 9 Queen Anne's Gate, Westminster, S.W.1. Price 5s. net.

In his preface the author states his purpose as "to make it clear that 'jerry' building is neither a wise nor an economical method of erecting houses." The successive chapters deal with site works, country sewage disposal problems, space- and labour-saving, ventilation, weather exclusion, leaking windows and doors, and (rather curiously) reinforced concrete.

Mr. Harvey's little book is a stimulating one, provoking thought as to the why and wherefore of doing certain common things in one way rather than another. It is not necessary to agree with all the author's deductions or conclusions to realize the value of his work, which demonstrates the degree to which the design of the simplest structure involves a weighing-up of the relative merits and demerits of methods, arrangements, and materials from conflicting standpoints. The variety of these standpoints is evidenced by such arguments in opposite directions as given in the following quotations, respectively from pages 30 and 42. "A saving in the carriage of fuel may be made by keeping the chimneypiece in the same wall as the door," and "draughts passing directly towards the fireplace are preferable . . . to those which approach it from the side and encourage smoke to whirl out into the room." From the plans included Mr. Harvey appears to favour the saving in carriage of fuel—most people will think ease in this operation (performed once daily) dearly bought by the risk of smoky chimneys and the certainty of a draughty fireside. "Labour-saving" is a current fetish which can be (and often is) ludicrously overdone. Nor will everyone share the author's preference for bungalows based on the ground of pleasant ventilation; bungalow bedrooms in particular are often found subject to stagnation, causing dampness and even mildew, from the lack of free daily air circulation, which in a house is made relatively easy by the medium of open doors and windows, coupled with the upcast effect of superimposed rooms differing materially in temperature. There are fifty-eight sketches illustrating the various points and arguments, all drawn by the author in clear outline admirably adapted to appear in conjunction with the agreeable type-setting, which makes the book a pleasure to the eye as well as to the mind.

EDWIN GUNN.

A Modern Florentine Sculptor.

Romano Romanelli. By MARIO TINTI. Florence: Giorgio and Piero Alinari Editori. 4to, pp. 26, and 35 plates. Lire 70.

The subject of this well-produced book has spent some time recently in England, where it is hoped his work will shortly be placed on exhibition. He belongs to the Florence group of young modern modelling sculptors, and shares certain well-defined features of the general, but he is more advanced than most. He comes of a line of sculptors, for both his father and grandfather made their names in their generations. Mario Tinti discusses the whole modern movement of sculpture, from Rodin and Rosso to the young men, in the enlightening essay of this volume, and places Romano Romanelli in the forefront of the movement. Romanelli, however, does not submit to the influence either of the Gothic school, which is paramount in Florence and in the following of Bourdelle in Paris, despite the fact that modelling has usurped the province of carving, or of the *en taille directe* school led by Joseph Bernard in Paris, and practised in Finland comparatively largely, and to an ever-increasing extent in Germany and Catalonia. Romanelli has made an original style of his own which is related—if it has any relationship—to expressionism. He is an artist with a fine plastic sense, seen in his graphic work as well as in his modelled, and with this equipment he projects ideas as well as produces fine forms in bronze, in statue, statuette, group, bust, and medal.

A Record of Fine Pictures.

Barbizon House: 1925. London: D. Croal Thomson, Lockett Thomson, 8 Henrietta Street, Cavendish Square, W.1. (500 copies only.) 4to, pp. 76, 40 plate illustrations. 21s.

A cover designed by Frank Brangwyn and four reproductions after the same artist's pictures are a good promise for a book, but these excellences are but a part of the richness of this volume, the sixth of its series. There are two colour reproductions: Constable's "Rainbow, Hampstead," and Sir D. Y. Cameron's "Shadows of Glencoe." There are four illustrations after Sargent, and several after Brabazon, Millet, Whistler, Monticelli, and Daumier, with a number of the Barbizon school and the artists associated with its members. Every picture is a masterpiece according to the high standard of Barbizon House, than which there is, indeed, no higher in the world. This being so, a handsome record such as this maintained from year to year is a thing that any lover of the fine arts must desire to possess. KINETON PARKES.