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From a Sketch by Filippo Juvarra.

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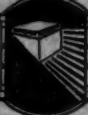
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Plate I.

November 1926.

ARCO DI AUGUSTO, PERUGIA.

From a sketch by Thomas Worthington, April 1848.

The foundations are Etruscan, and it is hard to say where Etruscan and Roman meet.
The graceful loggia is of the cinquecento.

Filippo Juvarra.

A Celebrated Italian Architect.

By Edward Gordon Craig.



1. A pen-sketch in sepia made by Filippo Juvarra, circa 1713, showing a view from one of the windows of his house in the Vicolo delli Lentari, Rome. The church tower on the right is that of S. Agnese in the Piazza Navona.

DO you remember that in THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW, February, 1925, I put a question about a certain famous architect who lived in the Vicolo delli Lentari, Rome? This architect was an abbé and was curiously in love with theatrical things. I asked whether some archæologist or historian in London or in Rome would disclose the name of this architect. Everyone remained silent, though not because they did not know; some refrained out of courtesy to the others, the others waiting in the hope that I might enjoy myself making this disclosure known to all.

I give you here this architect's sketch of his terrace looking up Vicolo de'Granari and overlooking the Chiesa di S. Agnese and the Palazzo Panfilii (Fig. 1). On his drawing is written "Veduta della mia finestra quando stavo al Vicolo delli Lentari"; ("View from my window when I stayed in Vicolo delli Lentari.") And now I give you his name, Don Filippo Juvarra, and this is his history.

He was born, he lived, he worked, and he died; so much is certain. And they say besides that he came from Sicilia, was of a family of Spanish origin, and that, while he wrote his name Juvarra (with two r's), people sometimes called him Ibarra, Luvarra, and Hovara; and we may be sure Filippo now and again.

He became an architect, not for any particular reason that I can discover, for he seems to have been born a draughtsman, and, had he not built so much, would have drawn much more and so much better, for as it is he draws

without any difficulty, by which I mean seemingly without difficulty, and already has a brilliance not to be acquired.

But he took to building, and whoever is dissatisfied with his buildings will anyhow be enchanted by his pen-and-wash sketches.

I do not particularly like his buildings.

There is his great hunting lodge made for Vittorio Amedeo II, of Savoia, which is at Stupinigi near Torino.¹ I went there on October 19, 1924, while I was studying these drawings of Juvarra collected in the National Library at Torino: drawings mostly for theatres and theatricals; and this hunting lodge is rather too stagey and ineffectively so.

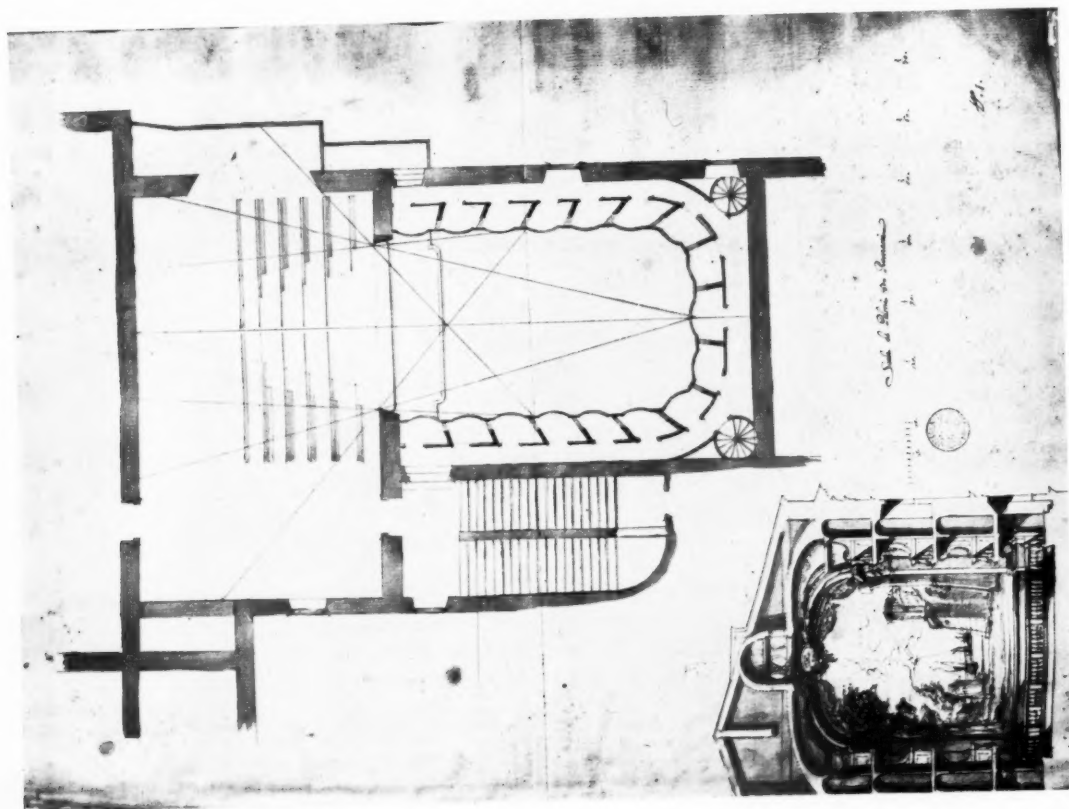
Juvarra was ridiculously fond of theatricals—to him they were a great game.

I believe it will be discovered some day that he was fond of these things at the age of ten, and that at fifteen he was acting and inventing sceneries. Meantime we know that he actually did build a theatre in Rome—or maybe two—and made a stage for a third at about the age of thirty-four, and sceneries galore; and it was to see the designs for these things that I went to Torino in 1924.

The drawings have not yet been given to the public:² the majority of them are preserved in two precious volumes in Torino, and by the courtesy of the Minister Casati and of

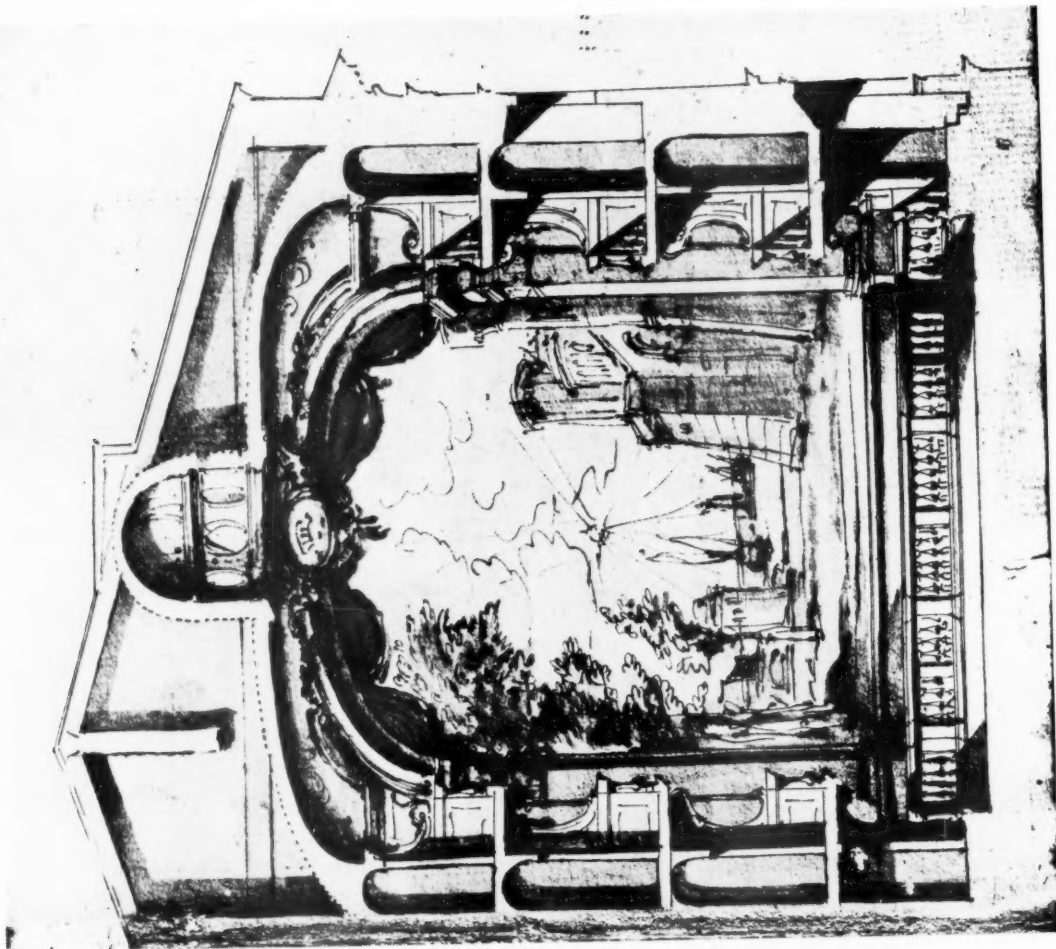
¹ This was illustrated in THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW for January 1923.

² Since writing this I see that two out of the fourteen designs reproduced in these articles have been published this summer in an Italian book.



2. Plan of one of the two projects for private theatres designed for Cardinal Ottoboni by Don Filippo Juvarra (about 1706-1710); machines by Francesco Pellegrini.

The length of the theatre from wall to wall is 100 palmi Romani; the length of the stage is 42 palmi; the breadth of the stage from the back wall to the front of the stage is 33 palmi; and the width of the proscenium opening is 27 palmi.



3. A traverse section of the theatre. From the centre of the little cupola a chandelier would hang which, at the beginning of each act, would be drawn up and the lights extinguished—being relighted and lowered at the end of an act—sometimes only at the end of the play. No other sectional drawings of this project are in Torino.

The length of the auditorium from the front of the boxes to the front of the stage is 30 palmi; the length of the stage from the back wall to the front of the stage is 42 palmi; the breadth of the auditorium from wall to wall is 46 palmi; the breadth of the auditorium from box front to box front is 33 palmi. A Roman palm of those days, according to Lodovico Perini (Verona, 1727), equals 8 in.; the proscenium opening is, therefore, 18 ft.

Dr. Torre the director of the library, together with the help of Signor Marchese Curlo, not forgetting the other librarians, it was made possible for me to be the first to bring some of these pretty things to light and into England.

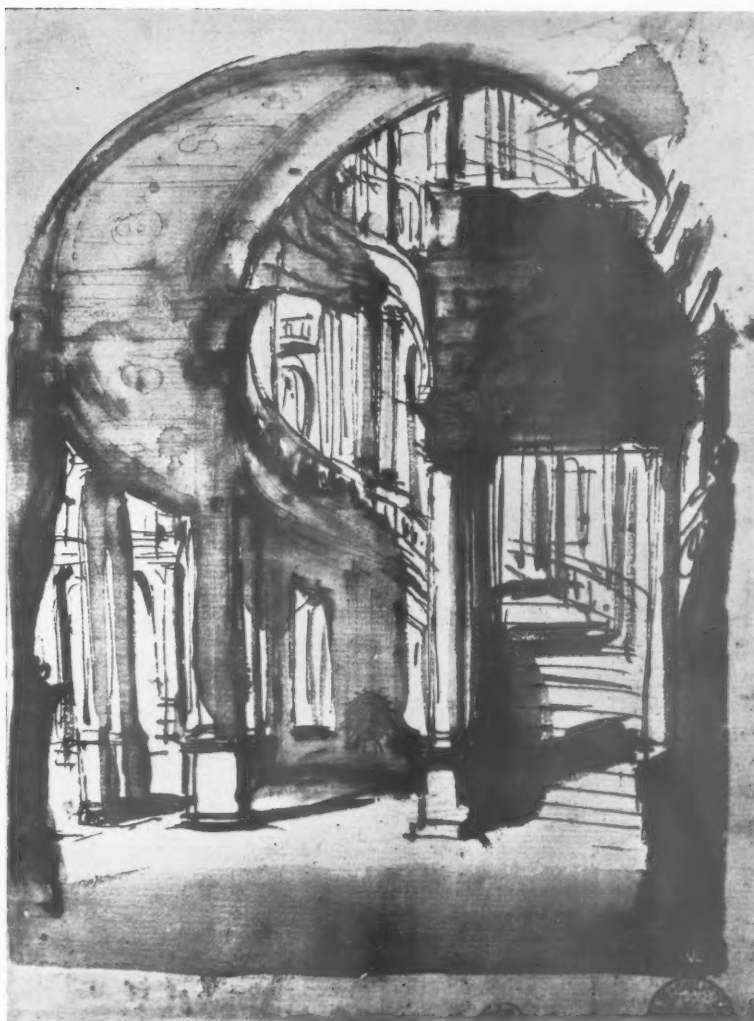
To light! Were you ever in Italy? Well, you know what makes Italy Italy; makes its people, makes its wine, makes its olives, its lemons and oranges, its verse, its prose, its theatres; makes all of it what it is. It is the sun: and what a sun! Why it is that the sun glows upon this piece of land precisely as it does—so fiercely without parching it, I do not know. What is it makes it shine just like this? One swims in it—one pushes through its beams—and one is for ever wondering how it is that one had the immense good fortune to come into the very midst of it.

And it is because of this sun that all that is worth our having, eating, drinking, seeing, and hearing is continually springing up for us in Italy—dying down and springing up again.

It is the sun upon the walls and columns of a place which makes architecture out of geometry and perspective; and it is this the Italian architect knew. How would it have been possible *not* to build superbly and deliciously? At every angle streets of masonry or stucco turn and turn again to meet the sun or to give way to it. It is a game, an immense game with the sun. You can make it more than that if you will—to me it is that, and I cannot tell what more it might be.

In Napoli or in Genova what a tumble of architecture; what a race along the streets, no hill or slope ever hindering the play; down or up a slope and round a corner, back and to and fro, all's one—a city is born there as the earth races to escape the sun.

And when I arrived at Stupinigi all this light was gone out—it was only two o'clock, and there stood the famous hunting lodge and no light to light it with. It was October—I wondered was it October had done this, driven away the sun? I recalled the city of Genova in October not a whit less lovely than it always is—what then? What is wrong at Stupinigi? Is there strong sun and shade in July, in June? I begin to wonder—but I hope there may be. In October a steady and cold light coming through a faint mist, turning



4. A design, probably for a scene since a proscenium is indicated.

strangely white, spreads a sad hue over Stupinigi; it became the colour of vanilla ice cream; the light seemed unable to do anything: and this being so, and having always been so, I came to think that Juvorra, knowing this, had withheld his hand, had made no twists and turns, had stopped in his game with a sun which sulked. All that was to be seen at Stupinigi that day was some geometry, which is called the famous hunting lodge built for Vitterio Amedeo II in the year 1729. I prefer to put the failure down to a sulky sun than to Don Filippo. "The great hall," wrote Miss Berry in 1790, "is exactly like a fine opera scene."

After Juvorra had built it he left Torino—passed to Spain and Portugal, possibly a little troubled but confident that near Lisbon and Madrid his old sun would come again and play the old game.

Stupinigi has no sparkle. It is dull.

After this hint of the bad marks I very unwillingly put against the name of Juvorra, architect, I can the more easily speak of Juvorra, pen-draughtsman. There all his genius pours out. It is like Sheridan talking, or like Charles Townshend making speeches in the House of Commons, especially that speech, May 17, 1767, eight o'clock, when he "rose half drunk and made the most extravagantly fine speech that ever was heard. It lasted an hour, with torrents of wit, ridicule, vanity, lies, and beautiful language," says Horace Walpole, "not a word was premeditated and yet every sentence teemed with various allusions and metaphors; and every period was complete correct and harmonious. His variety of tones and gesticulations surpassed the best actor in a comedy. . . . Nothing had given occasion to his speech and there was no occasion on which it would not have been as proper, or to say truth, as improper, for if anything could exceed his parts, it was his indiscretion. Nature in him made sport with rules and meditation, and half a bottle of champagne poured on genuine genius had kindled this wonderful blaze."

That and the rest of Walpole's brilliant letter about this speech by Townshend serves to express Juvorra and his sketching.

There was no stopping this man when he took a quill

pen in his hand and dipped it into his bottle of sepia ink and added some miraculous touches of *bigio*—provided he had paper—and he did not need champagne.

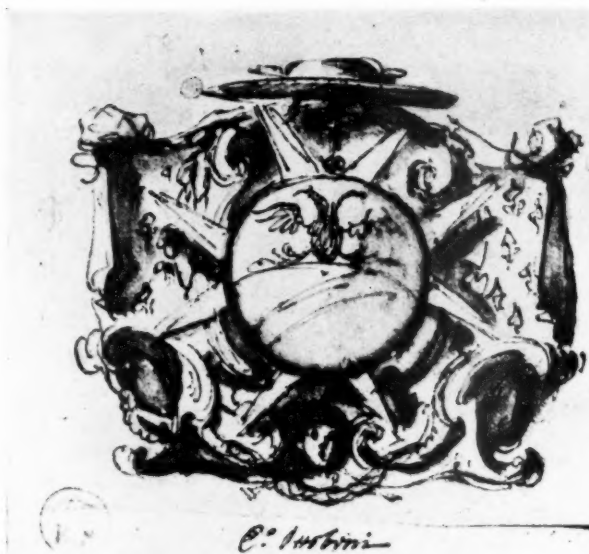
Theatres were the theme, scenes for theatres, prosceniums, curtains; he could not stop, it seems, once he was started. Indiscreet and faultless was his touch, and, when not making scenes for theatres, he was busy upon some coat of arms for his patron's theatre (Fig. 5), or some costume, or a ticket.

I give you a first handful of his sketches to see for yourselves what an easy mastery he had—and I have only picked them up as at the market they sell you shrimps, a handful all fresh as they come from out of the sea, the brine still on them. In bringing these away I left hundreds behind me.

What if, like Townshend, he could not build up anything that had the strength and gaiety of his sketch? (Fig. 4). The sketch in itself is enough.

What of the theatres? I give you one here (Figs. 2 and 3), that he sketched out for Cardinal Ottoboni, "who," says Mrs. Edward Cressy in her 1826 translation of *The Lives of Celebrated Architects, Ancient and Modern*, by Francesco Milizia, "employed him in his celebrated theatre at Burattini." There is of course no such place as "Burattini": it was for Burattini she should have said, Burattini being puppets, and here is one of these puppets (Fig. 6).

The "Celebrated Theatre" did not exist until Juvarra had sketched out two of them and built one, though which is the one he built I do not know: I will give you the other next month and tell you all I know (the little I know); and the next investigator, if he can get to Rome, will strike another match—light a candle even—but assuredly throw some more light on the whole matter, aided by these plans and drawings.



5. The coat-of-arms of Cardinal Ottoboni (circa 1713) for whom Juvarra built a private theatre (see Fig. 2).



6. A sketch either of one of the puppets used in the operas given at the Cardinal Ottoboni's theatre, or of some young performer of diminutive proportions. Circa 1713.

For the moment I am eager only to hand you the first of these designs for the sake of the way they are drawn.

I know quite well a hundred like drawings for other theatres by other men—but I have seldom seen such ease with pen and brush displayed by any one of the architects; no one is quite so sure an improviser as Don Filippo Juvarra.

What was this theatre? In what year was it built? In what city? In what spot? And what was played there? These questions I will attempt to answer next month, adding other facts about the architect's existence, although very few facts are known

and his theatrical work has been barely noticed by anyone.

There is a good deal of vague talk about this theatre for Cardinal Ottoboni, some saying it was built for him by Juvarra about 1700 in his Eminence's villa near Rome, and for puppets; others say nay—it was in the Corso; others suggest it was in the Cancelleria, and I wish I could be spared from having to go into all that, for absolute proof about it is difficult to obtain. One needs six or seven years for that. But what I have gleaned I can anyhow lay before you; and to this little pile even some Londoner, maybe, can add something, for, according to Milizia, Juvarra visited London in the first quarter of the eighteenth century. An inquiry at the British Museum elicited the information that nothing by Juvarra is in that collection, but then who as yet knows a Juvarra at sight? For myself, I find him easier to recognize than I do the drawings of the famous Bibiena family.

Perhaps this is because while there were nine working members of the Bibiena family, there is but one Juvarra, Ibarra, Luvarra, and Hovara.

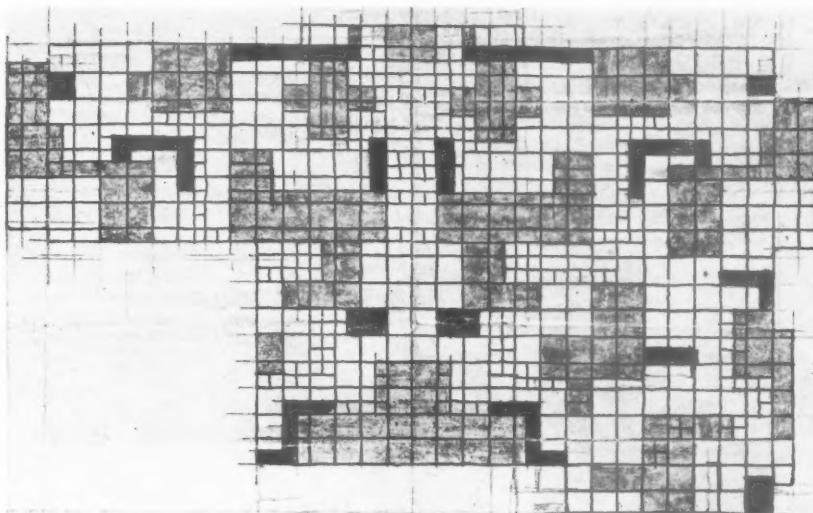
(To be continued.)

"New Ways."

The House of W. J. Bassett-Lowke, Esq., Northampton.

By Silhouette.

Concrete, as a medium for fresh ventures in architectural expression, is exercising to-day the more progressive minds in France and "the Central of Europe." Experiments have been made—not only in public buildings and churches like Notre Dame du Raincy by the brothers Perret, but also in small houses—with the object of evolving a type of building which is cheap, efficient, and expressive of the material. Since England has until now hardly got beyond



1. PROFESSOR DR. PETER BEHRENS' PLAN FOR THE HALL.

The floor is laid with large and small tiles, black, white, and grey in colour.

discussion on the question, Mr. W. J. Bassett-Lowke's house, "New Ways," is all the more startling in that here the latest continental model—though not strictly of concrete—is revealed on English soil in a suburban landscape. Whether the final verdict condemns or acquits, the significance of this phenomenon can hardly be ignored. It is hoped in the next issue to deal with the concrete house as it has been developed in France.

CONTINENTAL designers have for some time past devoted their attention to the application of concrete to the problem of the smaller house, and are gradually evolving a definite technique. At present the average example is box-like in appearance, with a flat roof, and some doubts have been expressed as to the suitability of the type to English conditions and thought.

It is now possible to see a house of this character (though not built of concrete) on English soil, thanks to the enterprise of Mr. W. J. Bassett-Lowke, who has recently completed "New Ways," at Northampton, for his own occupation. And considerable interest will, no doubt, be aroused by the arrival of this challenging and spirited stranger, designed by Professor Dr. P. Behrens, of Vienna.

As with all pioneer work, there is much that appeals, and likewise much that will arouse criticism and possibly condemnation. "New Ways" is symbolical of a new phase of thought. That, as Miss Ashford would say, is the ideal.

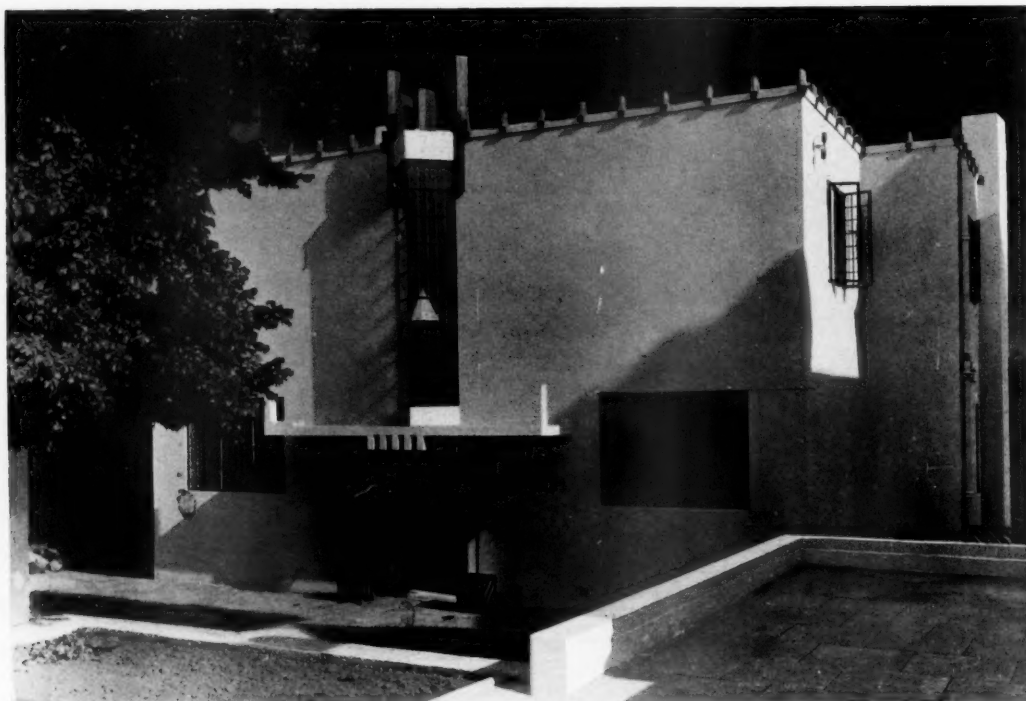
After preliminary essays in modernity, the present building was evolved by Mr. Bassett-Lowke with certain definite intentions. He was determined to incorporate into one building every modern aid to comfort and efficiency, to build a house which should express his idea of the spirit of the age, to limit the height to two stories, and to include every room within the four surrounding walls, omitting the customary collection of odd outbuildings. Service was to have special consideration; there was to be a private room for the maids, and their bedroom was to be equipped with hot and cold running water.

Two fully-equipped bathrooms were called for; other

essentials included a spacious communal room, large enough for dancing, a dining-room reduced to a purely meal-taking apartment, and a study, or spare room, available if required as a nursery. There was to be electric power in every room, central heating in most rooms, but a coal fire in the living-room on account of its sentimental value and human appeal. Bedrooms with adjacent dressing-bathrooms, the provision of adequate built-in cupboards, and a spacious hall with modern conveniences were other requirements.

With such a specification, the architect was set a task of considerable magnitude. The designs for the lounge hall, dining-room, and exteriors of the house belong to Professor Dr. Behrens, but the study is a reproduction of the hall in an earlier house designed for Mr. Bassett-Lowke by C. R. MacIntosh, of London. The bedrooms, bathrooms, and kitchen, the heating and other details are largely the original work of Mr. Bassett-Lowke.

The site has a natural slope from the roadway towards the back, with a lawn and old-world sunk garden which were made before the new house was thought of. The plots on either side are occupied by houses of the familiar well-established pattern. Compare the old with the new (Fig. 4), and bear in mind that the new has approximately the same accommodation as the old, and is in many points superior in internal efficiency. A hasty estimate will either condemn "New Ways" as an excrescence on the landscape, or the older houses as out of date and lacking in comfort and utility, and therefore beauty. But a more mature judgment will realize that the somewhat bizarre exterior of the new is conditioned not so



2. THE ENTRANCE FRONT.

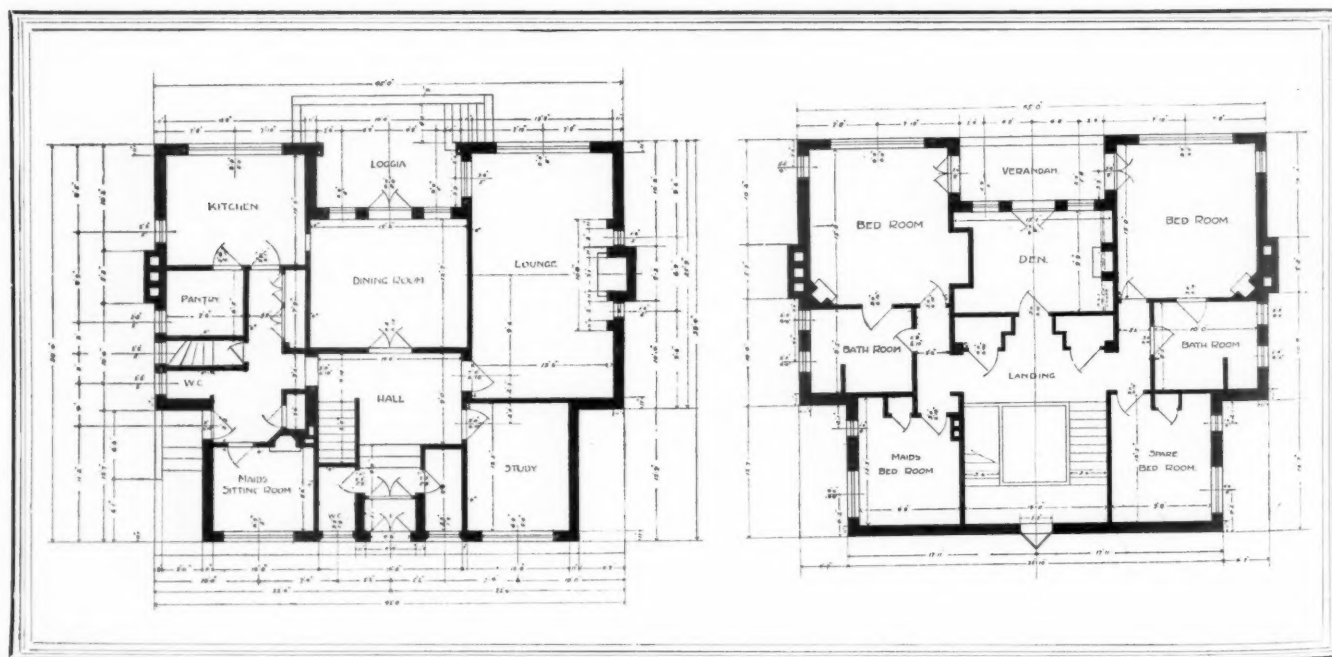
The double entrance doors are painted in ultramarine blue. The hood above is of concrete. The series of small concrete crestings projecting above the roof line are painted black.

much by the demands of internal efficiency as by the fact that its owner desired an exercise in modernity; efficiency can reveal itself in many ways, new or old.

Dramatic effects await the visitor at the outset. From the road there is nothing to be seen but a rubble stone outer wall, with a pair of aggressively modern gates in deep ultramarine blue, and the legend "New Ways." The open gate reveals the house set well back in a sunk garden and

reached by a flagstone path flanked by miniature pylons with illuminated tops redolent of Paris in 1925. A few descending steps give access to the lower courtyard and the front doors (Fig. 2).

Double outer doors in ultramarine blue, flanked by small windows overshadowed by a robust concrete hood—from which rises to the roof line a projecting V-shaped window—provide concentrated interest. Above the roof line project



3. PLANS OF THE GROUND AND FIRST FLOORS.

"NEW WAYS," NORTHAMPTON.

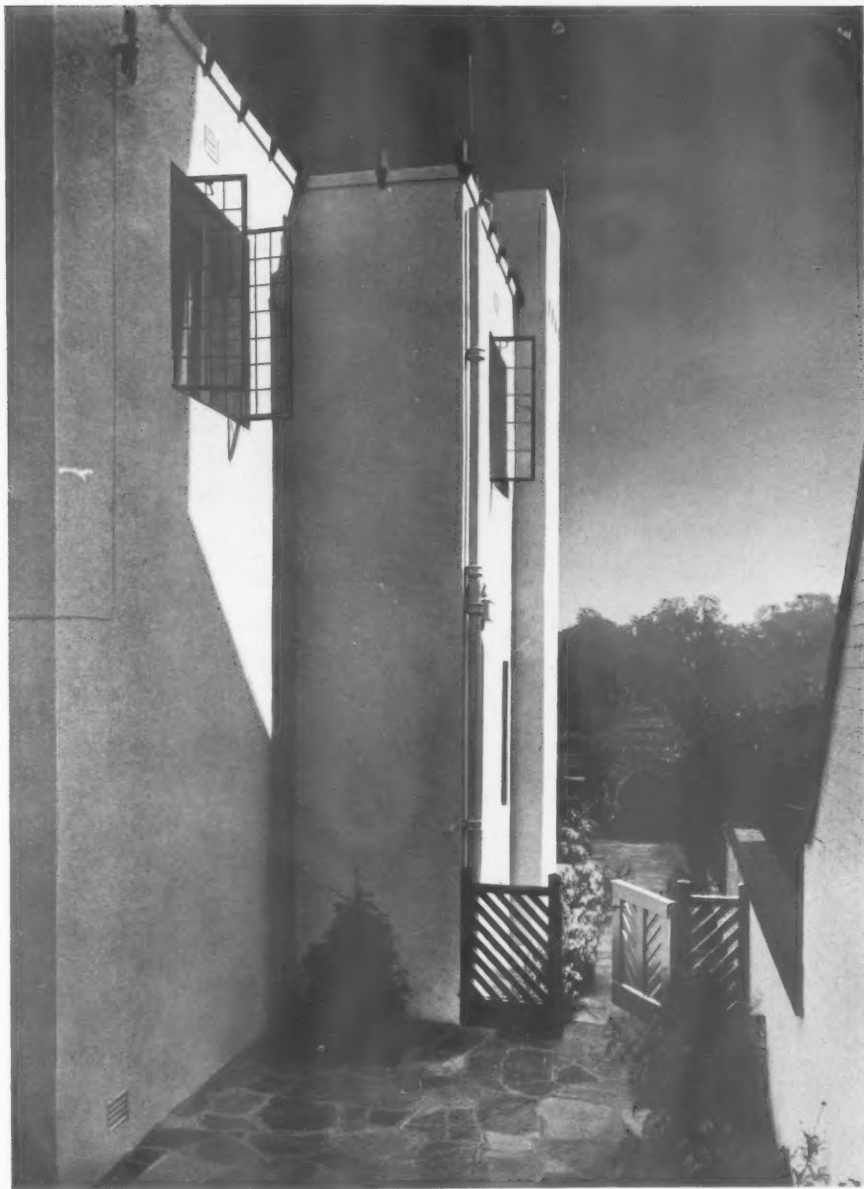
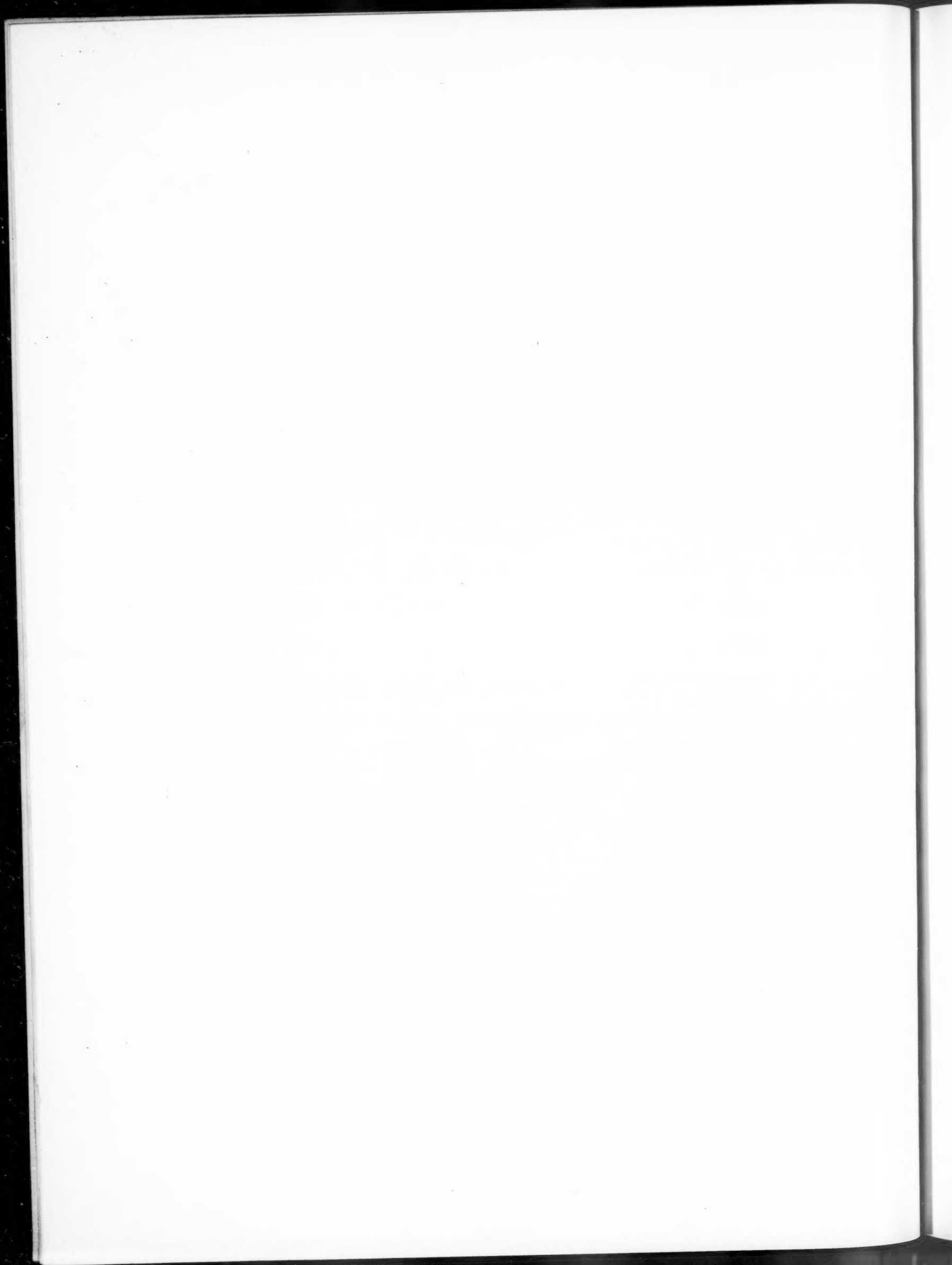


Plate II.

November 1926.

WEST SIDE, SHOWING THE GARDEN ENTRANCE.

Professor Dr. P. Behrens, Architect.



a series of small concrete crestings. They are painted black, and contrast strongly with the white walls. The inner hall has an air of spaciousness, stairs rise on the left, and the recess formed by the landing above is embellished by a piscina having a concealed top light and a small fountain, visible in Fig. 7. The floor is laid with encaustic tiles in white, grey, and black; the design, by Behrens, being extraordinarily subtle (Fig. 1). Double doors lead to the dining-room, an essay in walnut.

A cunning lighting scheme, sunk in the ceiling, gives the room subdued illumination, amplified by four walnut lanterns, glazed with milk-white glass, at the top of the pilasters. Here there is a fine view over the gardens and open country, in nowise restricted by the large plate-glass windows and French doors. The room opens on to a recessed balcony or loggia which forms an integral part of the building and leads to the lawn; under the loggia lies a concrete rain-water tank.

The study (Fig. 8) has primrose walls decorated with a motif in flat colours, the furniture is black, and the radiator screen is composed of numerous rectangles of mirror and panels of vivid yellow, while in the centre hangs an amusing pendant light. The lounge is illustrated in Plate III, and deserves more than the passing mention that limitations of space compel; it is notable for a delightful ceiling with varying levels. These form a severe pattern, on which the changing light casts romantic



4. THE OLD AND THE NEW.

An amusing photograph which emphasizes the tremendous clash of contrast between the two types of house.

parts of Europe. It is, indeed, a most cosmopolitan house.

The upper floors contain four well-proportioned bedrooms and a delightful boudoir or den, dedicated to the lady of the house and furnished in dark oak in a very human and pleasing style. This room gives on to the veranda, a delightful spot for breakfast in the open air (Fig. 11). The two double bedrooms both have access to it.

The owner's bedroom is decorated in cerise and blue, with grey-painted furniture and purple curtains. The guests' suite has light oak furniture, a vivid green carpet, white and silver striped walls, bold red, orange, and blue patterned chintz curtains, and seats of the same pattern. The spare bedroom is done in a cool scheme of white and black, with a grey and blue striped carpet and a textured grey wallpaper. Fitted basins with hot and cold water supplies are provided in the spare bedroom and maids' room. The



5. THE GARDEN FRONT.

The whole garden was in existence prior to the new house. Later on it is intended to develop the garden on lines more sympathetic to the character of the house.



6. THE DINING-ROOM FROM THE HALL. The dining-room is in orange, brown, and walnut. In the hall the walls are primrose yellow, the doors are enamelled grey, and the carpet is blue.



7. THE HALL FROM THE DINING-ROOM.



8. THE STUDY.

The floor and furniture are black, the radiator screen vivid yellow, panels alternating with mirrors, the walls primrose yellow, with orange, red, blue, grey, and yellow stencilling.

"NEW WAYS," NORTHAMPTON.



Plate III.

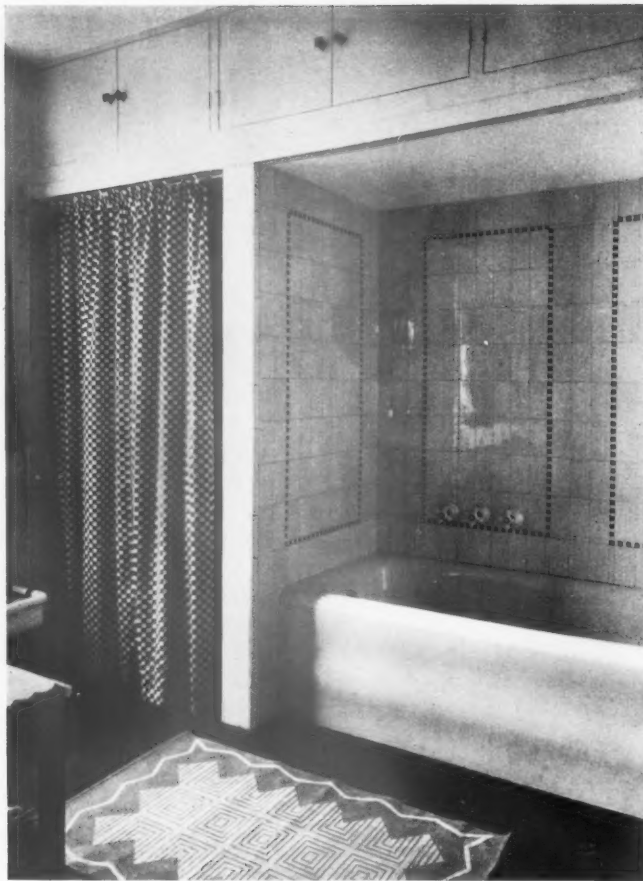
November 1926.

THE LOUNGE.

The wall panels are bluey-green, and the parquet floor oak; the carpet is in strong reds, blue, yellow, and green; the furniture oak and the upholstery almond green.



9. THE SPARE SINGLE BEDROOM.



10. THE OWNER'S BATHROOM.

basement contains a wash-house, a wine cellar, pantry, and store, and, remote from these, the heating boilers for the domestic and the radiator supplies, each system being entirely separate. The maids' sitting-room on the entrance front is a cheerful apartment, with a combination stove available for emergency cooking when a particularly large house party has to be catered for. Flush doors made of plywood on a skeleton framework, veneered, or enamelled and furnished with continental lever handles, are fitted throughout the house. The plan (Fig. 3) evolved by Mr. Bassett-Lowke is extremely efficient and praiseworthy, with an entire absence of waste space. Many practical ideas are incorporated, including ducts beneath the floors, giving easy access to the water pipes, electric cables, and so forth.

Sunk storage space provided in the lounge for logs and fuel is reached by a trap door in the floor. The house is



11. THE VERANDA FROM THE BEDROOM.

eminently suitable for concrete construction, but for local reasons has cavity brick walls, cement rendered and sack finished on the exterior, and plastered inside. The kitchen has tiled walls 7 ft. high, the bathroom recesses have tiled walls 6 ft. high, and coved corners and angles. The basement floors have red tiled, the back lobby, pantry, and offices grey tiled floors. The flat roof falls into two gutters behind the parapet, which lead direct down to the soft water tank. Squat chimneys, surrounded by $4\frac{1}{2}$ in. brickwork with apertures at a level some 30 in. below the tops, ensure a perfect draught. Wood floors on joists are laid throughout the principal rooms, and the lounge is covered with parquet flooring. Such in brief is "New Ways." The work of many brains, it is intended not only to be but to look a modern house. It has character and it is a reflection of a very definite point of view, a gay example of a personal taste.

Italy in 1848.

Notes from the Diary of an Architectural Student.

WHEN Thomas Worthington set out for Italy in 1848 to study architecture and see the big world, it was a very different Europe from the Europe of to-day. Railways were scarce, and much of the journey had to be done on foot, by diligence, or boat. All Europe was in a state of turmoil, and it was therefore something of an adventure for a young student who had never left his native land. The Isis Gold Medal of the Society of Arts, and the Institute Essay Medal, conferred respectively by the Prince Consort and Earl of Grey, had stimulated ambition. So the great tour began.

He sailed from Southampton to Havre at the beginning of February, with Rome as his goal, and his first stopping-place Paris: a Paris that knew not Haussmann, a Paris full of tortuous medievalism and dark, unfragrant alleys. The old Hôtel de Ville and the Tuileries were still intact. The court of the old Royal Palace, with its fine gateway, its *louvreilles*, its mullioned windows, was bright with the gay liveries of Royal servants. Yet beneath a fevered gaiety was a seething volcano of political unrest. A timely warning from a friend sent our traveller away from Paris in the *banquette* of a huge, lumbering, yellow diligence, drawn by five white horses, that were increased to eight on mountain roads. He was only just in time. It was the eve of the '48 revolution, and next day Louis Philippe and his wife and family were fugitives. The mob burned down the public buildings, destroyed the monuments, hounded down the aristocrats, committed atrocities, and were shot down in hundreds by troops at the barricades.

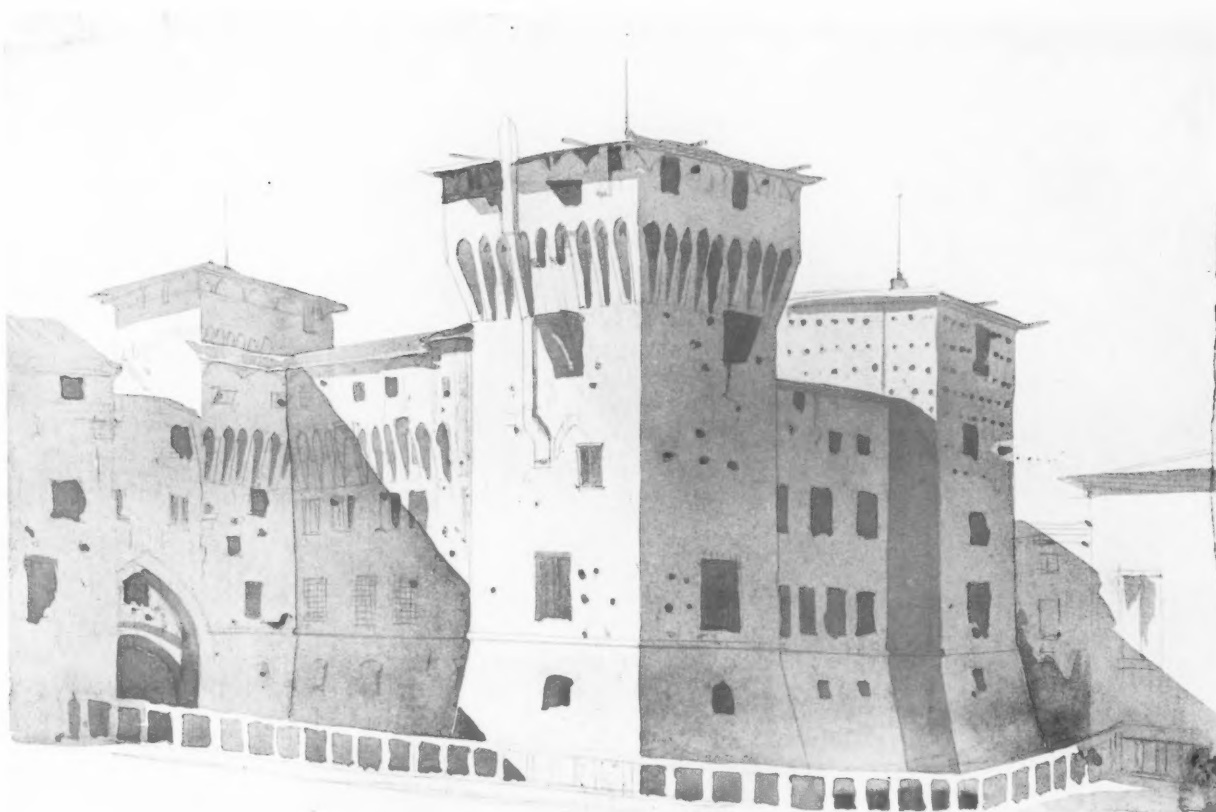
But the travellers were away on a fascinating journey across the fair land of France. Only portions of the railway to Lyons were constructed, so when the equipage reached the rail section, wheels were unpinned, horses detached, and a great crane lifted carriage, luggage, passengers and all into the air, and deposited them on a railway truck. Then fifty miles by rail, and then, at a wayside station, six or seven sets of wheels and horses wait, and one by one the bodies of the diligences were hoisted, swung round, dropped on their set of wheels, pinned up, and briskly took the road to the crack of whips and the merry jingling of the horses' bells. So in rotation through Orleans and Bourges to Lyons, and thence down the yellow, swollen Rhone to Avignon by boat; it was a leisurely and gentle way of seeing a country packed with interest. From Marseilles they take the ship to Genoa, thence to Leghorn, and so to Civita Vecchia, the port of Rome. Rome and the Carnival before them! A post-chaise, with two horses in the shafts and a fierce postilion on a leader, with a tall conical hat and leather breeches, rattles them over the cobbles and across the Campagna with its herds of goats and peasants clad in sheepskins. The distant dome of St. Peter's is greeted with a shout, and at dusk they pass through the Porta del Popolo into Rome itself.

Next day was the first day of the Carnival, with its races down the Corso as they were run when Pope Paul II instituted the festival in 1465. The riderless horses, with fantastic trappings and flapping goads, tear in frenzy down the mile-long course from the Palazzo di Venezia to the Piazza del

Popolo, urged on by the roaring crowds—and at night the populace all carry little wax tapers, filling the streets with twinkling fire, and the flicker of lights blown out and quickly lit again. It was a glorious life; jolly suppers with the community of artists, a great friendliness, and talk, and music, and exchange of sketches. Month follows month amidst Ancient, Early Christian, and Renaissance Rome, with real work, careful measuring and sketching, and life classes in the dingy poverty of the English Academy, varied with the contrasting splendours of the Villa Medici. Peruzzi is his favourite master. Painting and sculpture get their full share of study, for students of all the arts mix in a healthy interchange. And what a Rome it is—the Forum a *Campo Vaccino*, all grass and cattle market, and the arena of the Colosseum still a broad expanse of turf as when Piranesi etched it, with a wooden cross in the centre, which the peasants devoutly kiss. Cardinals and Pope still drive about in state, with gorgeous liveried attendants, and Pio Nono, elected two years before, has embarked on what proved to be one of the longest and most eventful pontificates in history. Now he grants them a Roman Constitution, and they praise him; now he refuses their demand to declare war on Austria, and they execrate. All is noise and agitation, and the Imperial arms are dragged down from the Embassy and burned in the Piazza. Meanwhile, Europe is in convulsions, shaken by revolutions and popular discontent and the overthrow of dynasties. Garibaldi's time has not yet come.

What pictures his Roman Easter conjures up! First, there is the Pope washing the beggar's feet on Maundy Thursday, and on Easter Day the burst of silver trumpets, high up in the mighty dome, announcing to the faithful the hour of Resurrection, and ambassadors in state, and the noble guard, and Pius himself carried to bless the multitudes that throng Bernini's great Piazza, while the sun glints on the accoutrements of the soldiers of the Papal Army, for His Holiness is a temporal monarch still. "The same evening the dome of St. Peter's was illuminated by myriads of small lamps, and at the expiration of an hour the small lamps are replaced by larger ones. The effect of the change is magical. It is done by an army of men suspended by ropes from the top of the dome, and is a very dangerous operation, accidents often occurring. The men are blessed by the Pope before taking up their positions. It was a fine, clear night, and a large party of our friends walked with us on the Pincian till all was dark again."

A walking tour in April, with knapsack on back, is the way to see Italy. Day after day they swing along through endless villages whose very names are music. So to Assisi and Perugia, Perugia standing high on its rocky eminence, and still dominated by the greatest of Renaissance fortresses, the grim Rocca that Antonio da San Gallo the Younger built for Pope Paul III. It is all gone now, swept clean away, one of the most splendid monuments of Renaissance building, impregnable in strength and dreadful for its dungeons. Then on again through the Apennines, past hill towns perched like crows' nests on the mountain peaks,



THE CASTLE OF THE GONZAGAS—MANTUA.

From a sketch by Thomas Worthington.

The brick Castello di Corte was built in 1395-1406 by Bartolino da Novara. It was on the piano nobile of this building, overlooking the lake, that Isabella d'Este made her famous Camerini, into which she introduced all the fresh beauty of Renaissance art.

past castles and robber strongholds, the scene of many a Baglioni raid. He writes of the primitive Osteria, where the wine is always good, of peasants in their old-world costumes gathered, with their dogs, around a blazing fire in a long, low room, unlit but for the firelight, full of mysterious shadows, and the ceiling hung with hams, and a shake-down on the floor with banditti snoring alongside. Easy lies the weary head that rests upon a knapsack.

The scene changes, and for two months Naples becomes the southern centre. The days of the house of Bourbon are numbered, the city is an armed camp, on all sides are signs of the horror and butchery of three weeks ago. An active Vesuvius is climbed, and Pompeii and Herculaneum are explored. Here, as in all the other centres, a warm welcome is given by a friendly English community, and expeditions are the order of the day. It is a three-hours' sail to Procida where, in the middle of the night, there is a rude awakening—the tramp of feet, the rattle of muskets, loud knocking on the door, and soldiers lined up at the foot of the bed. Baggage, persons, and bedding are searched, and a corporal and guard are on the door all night, but by good luck they get early to their boat, and away before a fresh breeze; away from the castle of Procida, packed with prisoners under dreadful conditions, to Ischia, where, though the oubliettes are full of victims of the Bourbon despotism, a fine sketch is risked.

An expedition to Paestum is adventurous, for an Englishman has recently been carried off by brigands to a mountain fastness. But a high, two-wheeled cart, a fierce-looking driver with cracking whip and raw-boned steeds, takes them

at a hand gallop all the way to the noble group of golden temples glimmering in the heat by the blue Mediterranean sea. In the blazing sunshine the crisp shadows lengthen, ever changing with the changing hour, making the old stones live. Here is all the majesty of Doric strength set in an impressive solitude, now as then. Three sketches are made, and then back again to Salerno, smothered in dust.

At sunrise they take the coast road to Amalfi and Sorrento, past a sea of richest colours, past yellow sands and rocks and fishing boats, and the bright gaiety of old-world peasant dress, amid aloes and wild flowers, and groves of olive, orange, and lemon. The day closes with a bathe in an emerald creek, an excellent dinner, and the moon rising over the sea. And so by boat to lovely Capri, with its blue grotto, and two weeks' welcome rest and bathing after the long walks in the summer heat.

Now the scene is Naples once again, and our traveller sees the British fleet, sailing three-deckers all, come gallantly in line in its old-world majesty, and form a crescent round the bay, threatening to bombard the town. The British admiral full well upholds the national prestige, and all his demands are met. But our student is on the road to Florence, then a quiet, old-world town with walls and bastions and gates. There is still a Grand Duke and his Court, and only a narrow hill path, through groves of ilex and cypress, leads to San Miniato on the hill above the golden Arno with its bridges, and the city with its mighty dome, its graceful campaniles, and its rich-brown roofs. Amid the clang and din and hooting of the modern Florence



THE DUOMO—PISTOJA.

From a sketch by Thomas Worthington signed and dated September 1848.

The thirteenth-century campanile of the Cathedral of San Jacopo was originally a fortified tower called the Torre de Podestà, and on it are seen the arms of the former Podestàs. The sketches are all in pencil on tinted paper with delicate washes.

one sighs for this unchanged peace, for this was the Florence that the masters knew.

But Tuscany is calling, Tuscany that changes not, with its friendly peasantry, its placid oxen, its stately cypresses, its rich fertility, and the soothing sound of mellow bells. As in the country round Rome and Naples, there is another walking tour, of nearly two hundred miles, and a start at 4 a.m. by starlight, walking early and walking late, and resting in the midday heat. There is no need to sing the praises of Siena to those who know her. She lies within her ancient walls and gates a little forlorn, a little decayed, yet sweet in a great simplicity of life, full of soft music, of harp, guitar, and singing. As in Rome, Baldassare Peruzzi is particularly noted. Etruscan Volterra, standing on her isolated hill, Pisa and Lucca and Pistoja—nothing is missed.

So, gradually northward and away, exploring the mighty quarries of Carrara with gleaming cleavages in the mountain side, and the rough quarry road, and the great blocks of stone. "These are brought down from the quarries in the mountain in huge waggons drawn by teams of oxen, often twelve or fourteen yoked in pairs, the driver seated on the front pair, with his back to the heads of the oxen, which he goads with a long-pointed rod with a spear head." Poor Michelangelo! Well he knew the scene. Vignette follows vignette. See the great gangs of prisoners working in chains at giant earthworks, hundreds of them dressed in red. It was



THE PORTA MARZIA, PERUGIA.

From a sketch by Thomas Worthington, signed and dated April 1848.

This interesting fragment of an old Etruscan gate was removed from its site and incorporated in the Great Rocca, built by Pope Paul III in 1540-43. The sketch shows above and to the left a portion of Antonio the younger's masterpiece of military architecture that was completely demolished (except for the gate) later in 1848. Paul's arms are carved within the arch.

thus that Sanmicheli fulfilled his mighty contracts. A thirty-five mile walk along the incomparable coast road, now mounting high on the wooded hillside, now dropping in steep zigzags to the shore of the blue Mediterranean sea, brings the wayfarer to Spezzia, where an old mariner, engaged for the sail to Porta Venere, tells how he had often taken Byron and Shelley on the bay. Genoa, packed with the men of Carlo Alberto's northern army, is explored once more. A warning from the British Consul curtails the stay at Milan, shattered by the recent siege. The town is one vast camp, the opera packed with Austrian soldiery, and though the refectory is used as a common billet, with a fire upon the floor, Leonardo's "Last Supper" is still comparatively well preserved.

Fittingly the Italian journey ends, in the waning of the year, on foot, with a long trudge over the St. Gothard Pass alone, amid the

stillness and solitude of wild, majestic scenery, great fields of snow, and the rush of mountain torrents.

These carefully jotted notes, these sketch-books filled, this rich and varied crop of measured drawings, might put to shame many a student of our latter days, pampered by the ease of modern continental travel, and trusting in the knowledge that there are sumptuous tomes in the library at home, and a useful picture-postcard album. We treasure the things that are not won too easily. "Knowledge got quick," in tabloid form, does not tend to full and rich development. Our fathers still can teach us something.

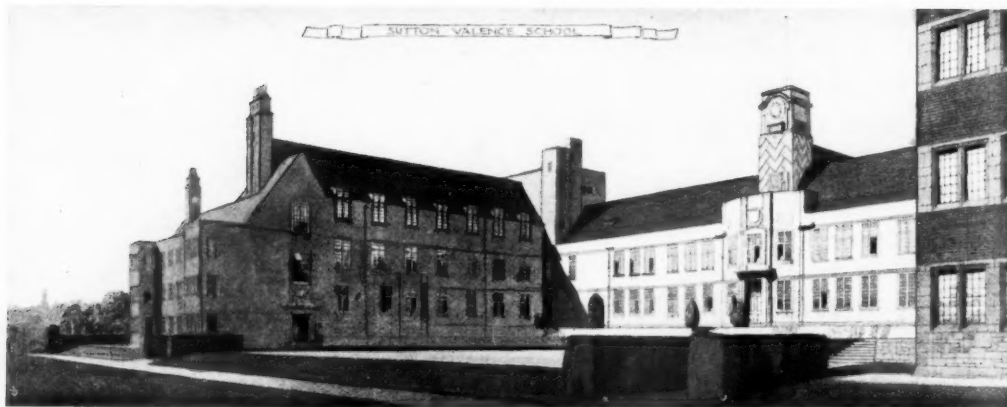
J. H. W.

Sutton Valence School, Kent.

Built for the Governors of the United Westminster Schools.

Designed by Adams, Holden & Pearson.

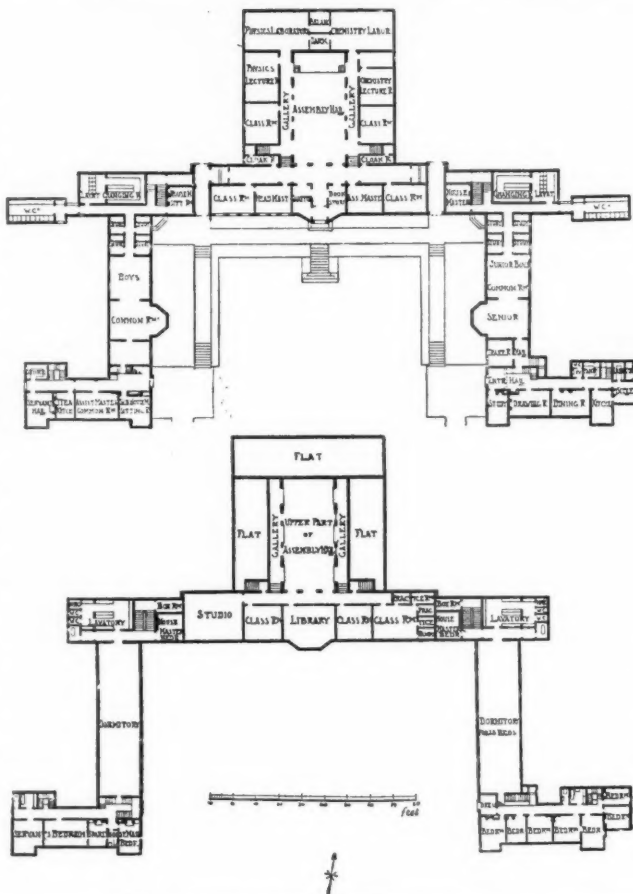
With photographs by THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW.



A PERSPECTIVE DRAWING OF THE QUADRANGLE.

The school was founded in 1576 by William Lambe, a citizen of London, and cloth-worker under the charter of Queen Elizabeth. For some two hundred and fifty years it played its part as a country grammar school, until, in 1858, the governors, the Worshipful Company of Cloth-workers, made it a boarding school by sending to it the sons of their liverymen.

The new schools stand on the top of the hill a little behind and above the old school to which there is a connecting subway. They form three sides of a quadrangle facing south; the north side contains the teaching department, and boarding houses form the east and west sides, each accommodating fifty-six boys. The schools contain a central hall, capable of seating three hundred persons, with class-rooms grouped round it. In addition there are music rooms, a large



drawing school, a special room for geography, large laboratories, and lecture-rooms for chemistry and physics, and a workshop. The library is well equipped with old books, the collection of which was begun soon after the foundation of the school. On the ground floor in each boarding house is the changing-room, divided into two parts (one for shower baths and the other for clothes used for games), which are kept thoroughly dry by hot pipes. The rest of this floor is taken up by a reading-room, studies for sixth-form boys, and two large common rooms for others. Above, on two floors, are the dormitories, warmed by hot-water pipes. They are open, but a partition between each pair of beds gives a certain amount of privacy. At one end of them are placed the lavatories, at the other the matron's rooms and sick rooms.

PLANS OF THE GROUND AND FIRST FLOORS.

SUTTON VALENCE SCHOOL, KENT.



Plate IV.

November 1926.

THE MAIN ENTRANCE.

Adams, Holden, and Pearson, Architects.



THE SCHOOL AND ARCHWAY TO THE PLAYING FIELDS.

There are two fireproof exit staircases. Each house is in the charge of a senior and junior house master and of a matron. The head-master's house is attached to the east wing, and he supervises the boys living there.

The old school buildings, just below the crest of the hill, form a detached fourth side to the quadrangle of the new school. They have been converted into a third boarding house, with dormitories, baths, and common rooms, and with rooms for house masters and the matron. The old hall is now the dining-room for the whole school, and the old classrooms are now the



THE HEAD

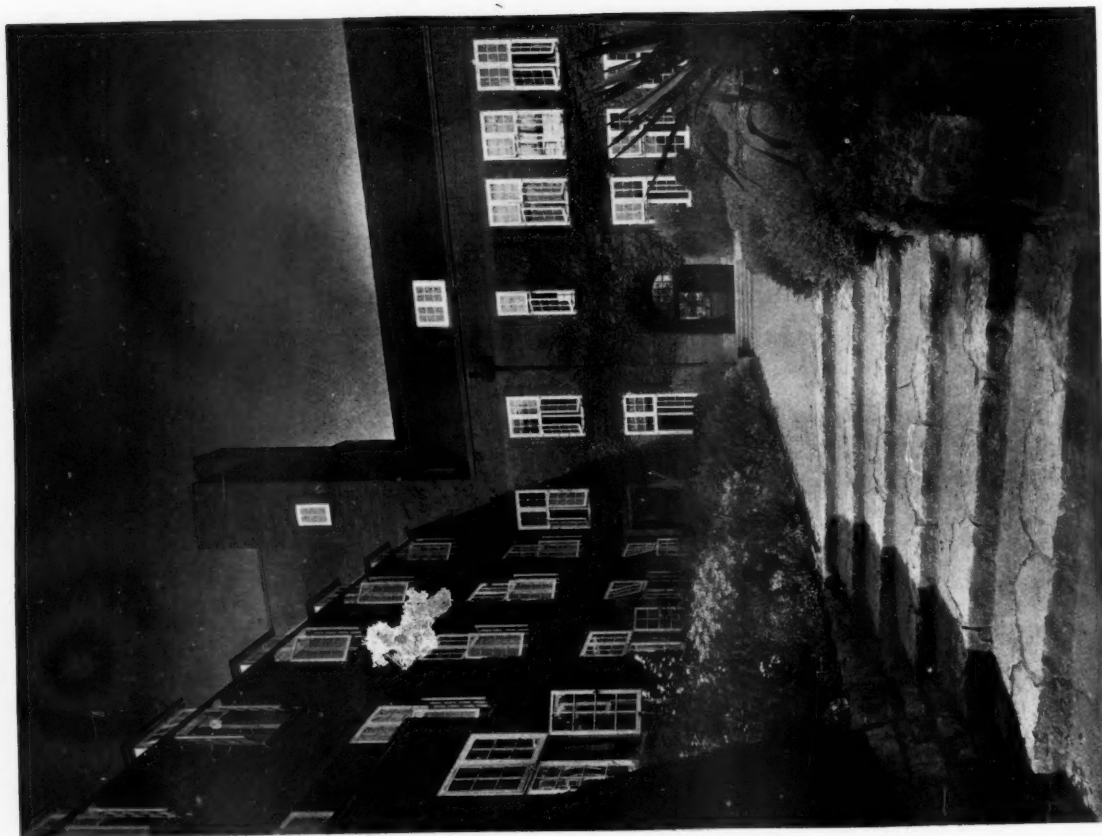
kitchens. Other buildings are the gymnasium, the swimming-bath, and the sanatorium. The school thus provides accommodation for one hundred and fifty boarders.

The ground on which the buildings stand and the playing fields adjoining were presented by W. E. Horne, Esq., M.P., and his family in memory of their father, Edgar Horne, Esq., a citizen of Westminster, and Master of the Clothworkers' Company in 1878. The land immediately surrounding the school, to the extent of some fifty acres, has also been purchased to provide further playing fields as required.

MASTER'S HOUSE.



THE ENTRANCE TO THE HEADMASTER'S HOUSE.
Local stone was used for the base of the walls and for all retaining walls, steps, etc., in the garden.



THE PATH LEADING TO THE VAULTED ARCHWAY,
Dividing the School from the West Boarding House.



THE QUADRANGLE.
On the left are the School, Classrooms, Library, etc., and on the right the East Boarding House and Headmaster's House.

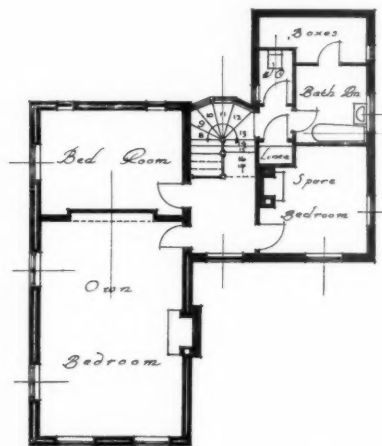
A Small House.

"Greenhayes," Cambridge.

Designed by H. C. Hughes.



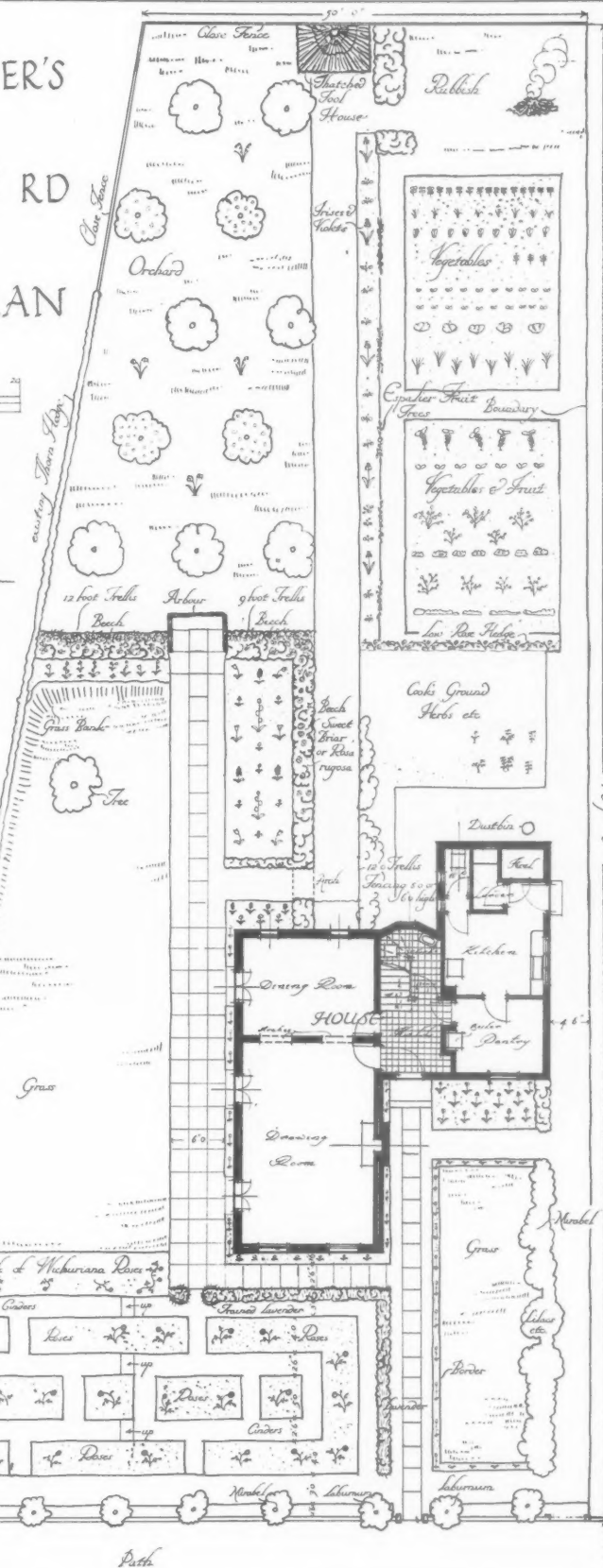
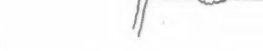
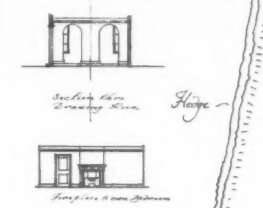
The house was built on the end site of a newly-laid-out road in Cambridge. The road ends abruptly against a cricket field, and the upper windows of the house look westward over an old hawthorn hedge across the field to the meadows beyond. Although a small house, it had to be sturdily built to



make a definite ending to the road—hence its Z-shaped plan.

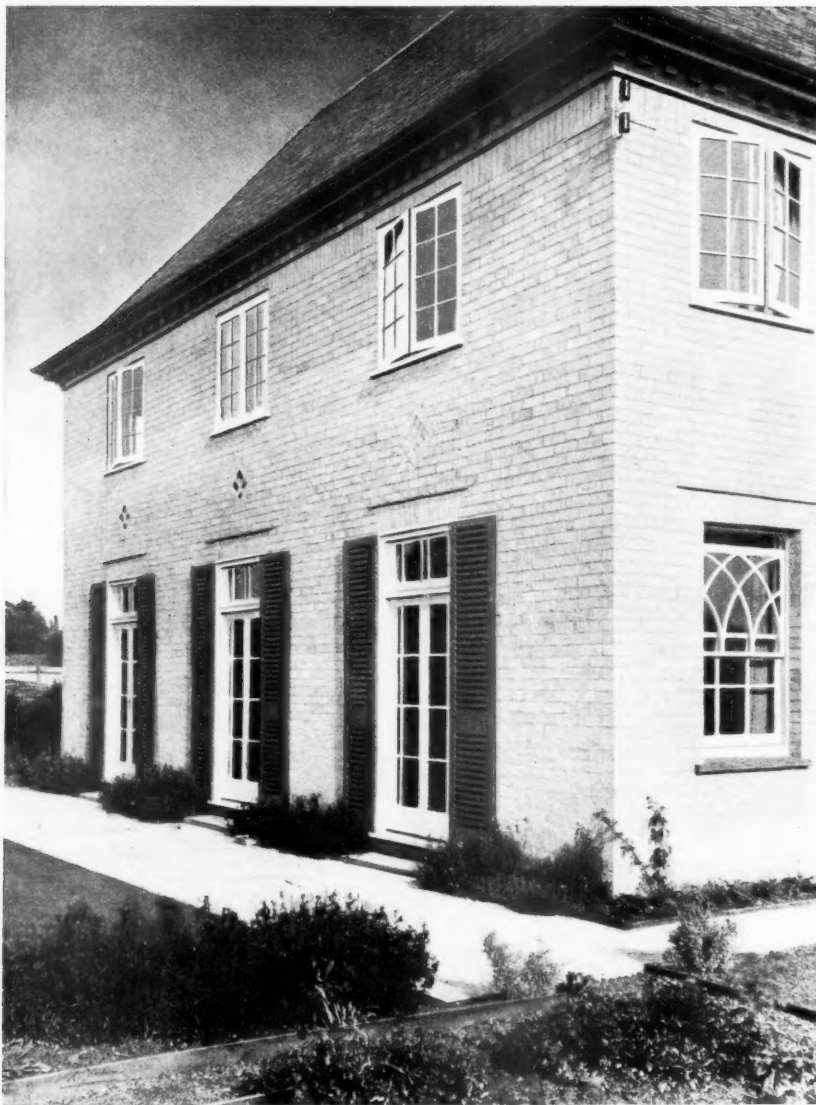
The walls were built of rough, cream-coloured bricks of a similar character to the old hand-made bricks of Cambridge. The tiles are made of the local clay variously coloured to a warm brown.

PLAN OF THE FIRST FLOOR.



H. C. Hughes
M.A. A.D.B.A.
Architect
30 Honey St.
Cambridge
12/3/35
Drawn by
Margaret Tansley

PLANS OF THE GROUND FLOOR AND THE GARDEN.



THE GARDEN FRONT.



THE FRONT DOOR.

In planning, provision was made for one big room downstairs, and one big bedroom and two smaller ones on the first floor. The mantelpieces are old. The floors on

the ground floor, and the staircase, are of polished Gurjun wood. The wedge-shaped garden was laid out by the architect, and in the summer months is gay with flowers.

Selected Examples of Architecture.

In Continuation of "The Practical Exemplar of Architecture."

A Survey of Seventeenth- and Eighteenth-Century English Domestic Architecture.

Vine House, Kingston.

By Tunstall Small & Christopher Woodbridge.



THE HOUSE FROM LONDON ROAD.

Of the few remaining eighteenth-century houses in this district, Vine House, situated on the main road from London, is perhaps one of the most complete.

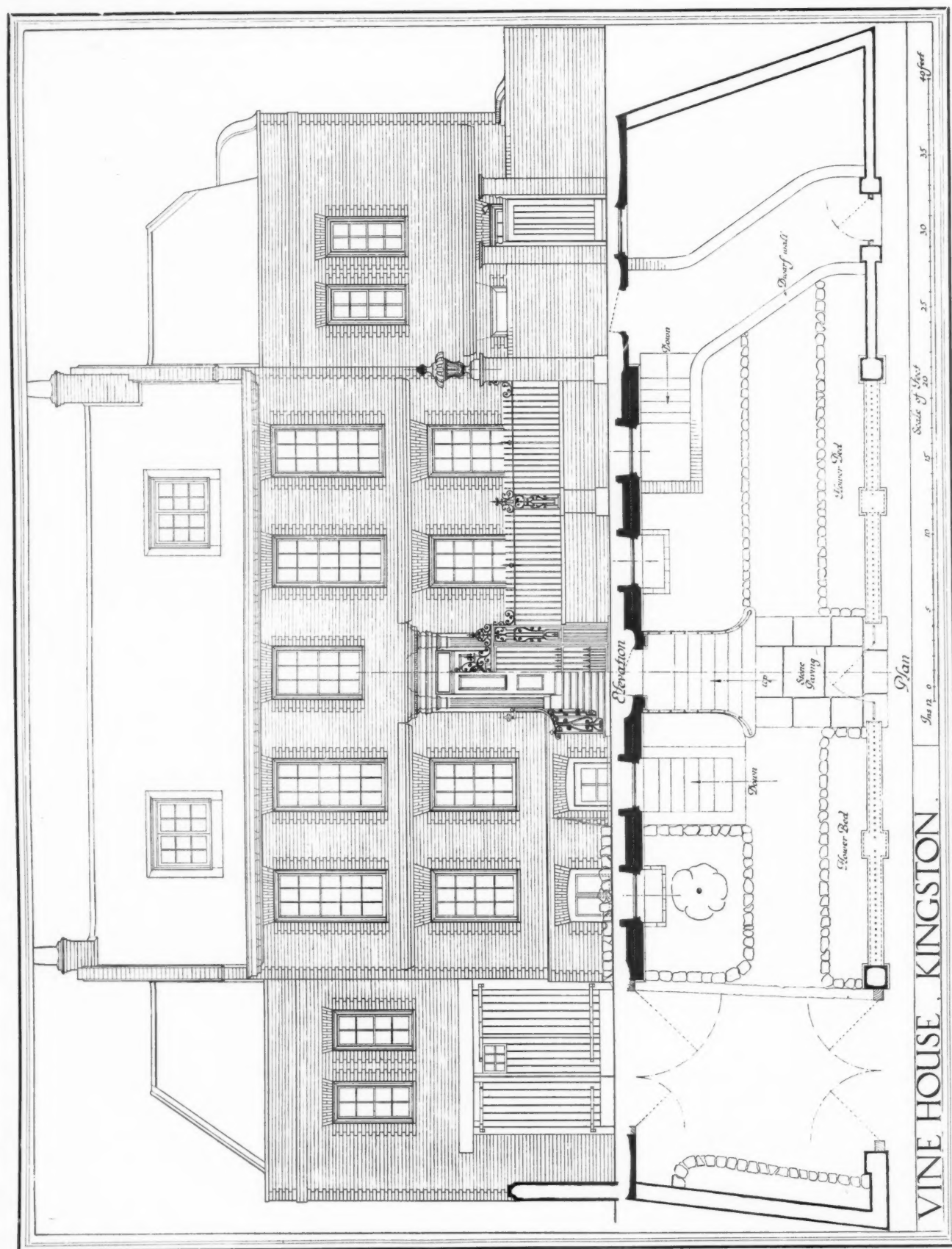
As will be seen from the photographs the house is covered with ivy, and one is, therefore, unable to appreciate fully the architectural treatment of the façade.

The general proportions and setting of the house are pleasing, and although the details are of a plain character, it is a good example of eighteenth-century domestic architecture.

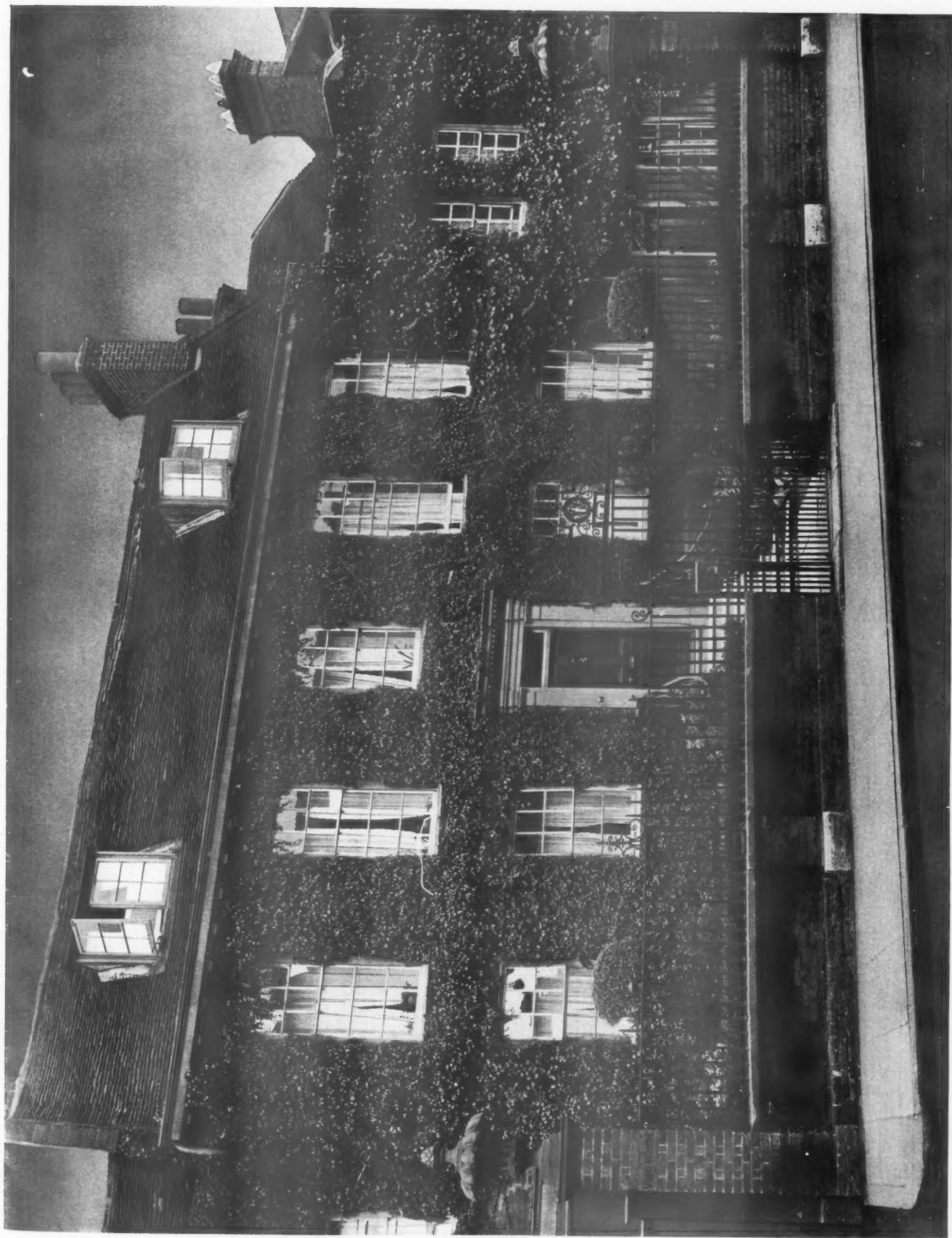
The wrought-iron gate with overthrow and centre panel containing the initial of the supposed original owner, Mr. Raynard, is in excellent condition, also the side panels and railings, which are firmly set on dwarf coped walls, and flanked by brick piers with well-designed stone vases of unusual contour.

The main entrance has a wood doorcase, devoid of any ornamentation, and is approached by stone steps with iron railings and scrolled balusters.

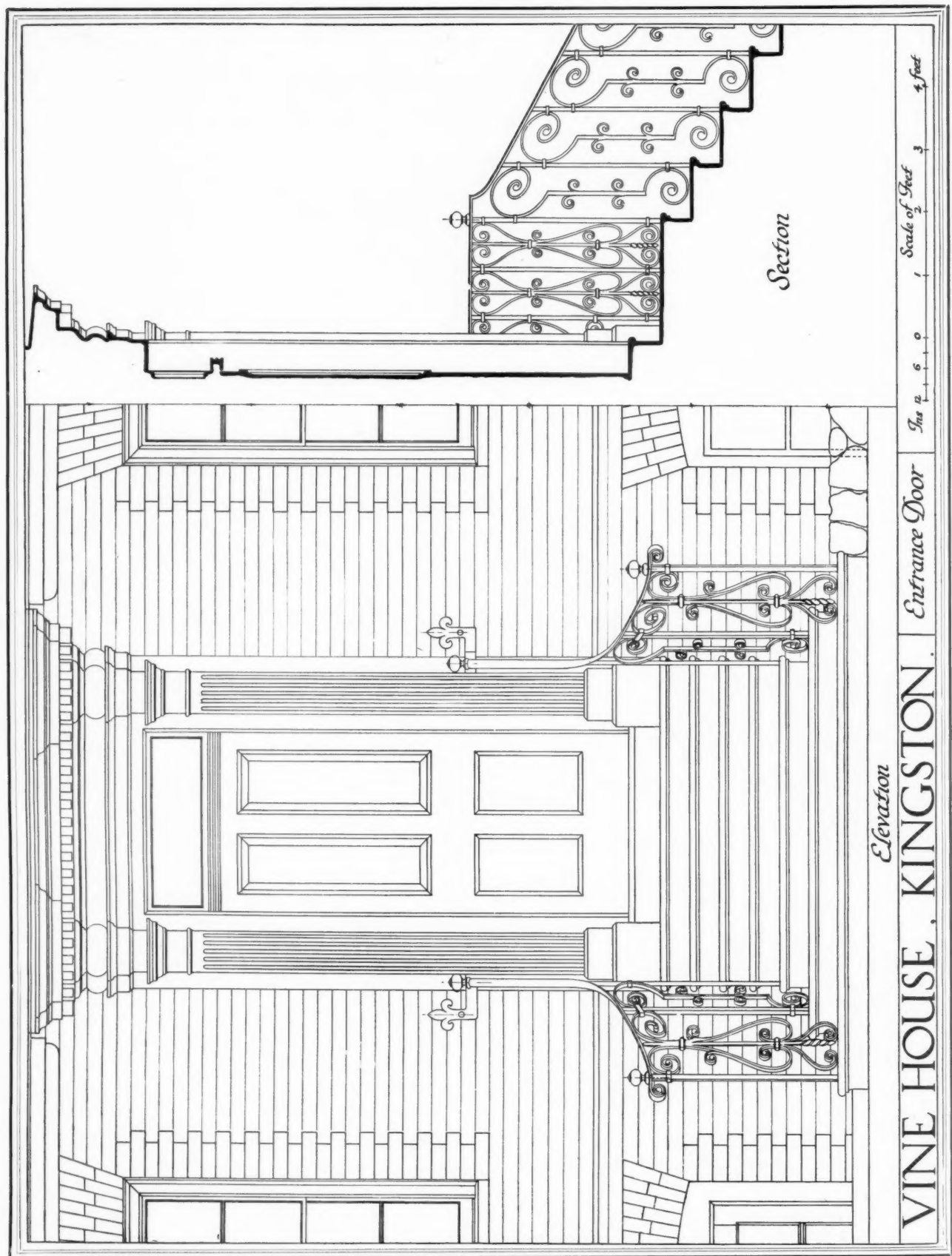
The basement and side wings have been at some time altered considerably, but from the plinth upwards little alteration has taken place.



A SURVEY OF SEVENTEENTH- AND EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY ENGLISH DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE.

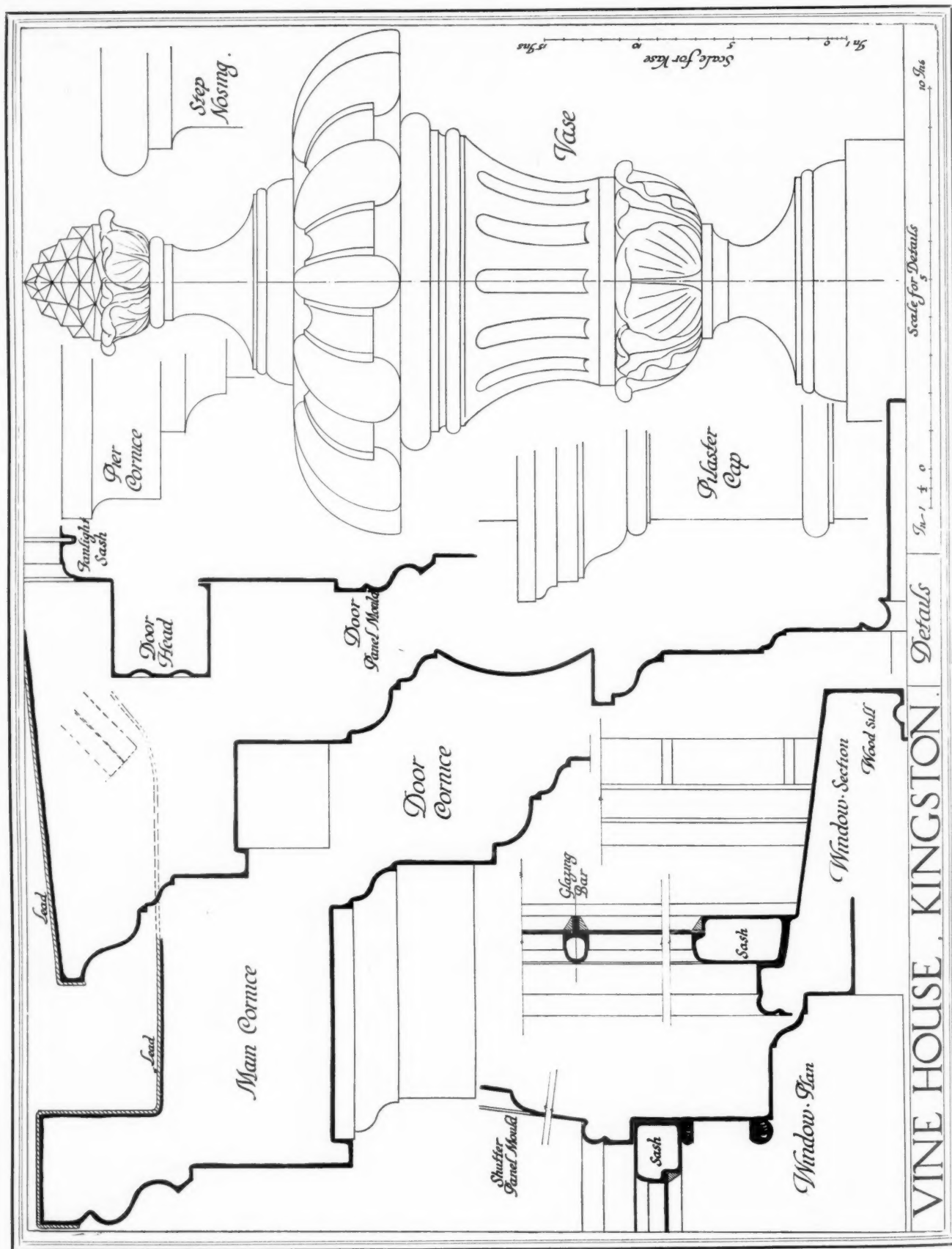


THE MAIN FAÇADE.



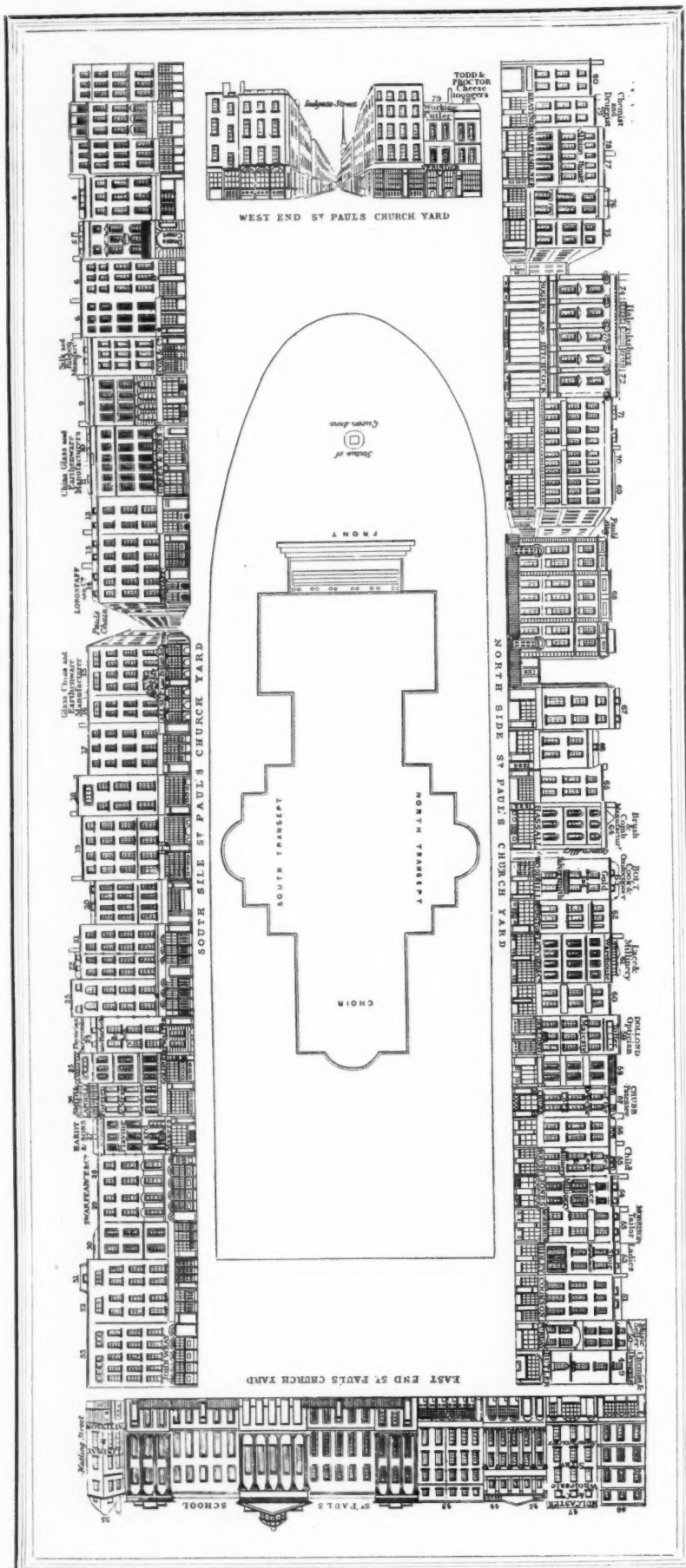


THE ENTRANCE DOORWAY.





THE BRICK PIERS.



ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD.

No. 40 in Tallis's "London Street Views." Published about 1839.

"St. Paul's Churchyard," says Tallis, "is situated westward of Cheapside and eastward of Ludgate Street and Hill. The north side is chiefly composed of elegant retail shops. On the south there are likewise a few, but it is principally occupied by wholesale warehouses; between Cheapside and Watling Street is situated St. Paul's School, a large and elegant building, which forms a conspicuous object for public notice, as well as an ornament to the Churchyard. The west end commands a very fine view of Ludgate Street, with Fleet Street, up to Temple Bar."

"In the centre is the magnificent cathedral of St. Paul; built by Sir Christopher Wren under letters patent, issued under the Great Seal, in the year 1674, authorizing commissioners to direct the work. King Charles II gave £1,000 per annum, out of his private purse, towards carrying on the structure; and the public spirit was evinced, on this occasion, by the immense sums to the amount of £51,217 6s. 3d. subscribed for that purpose."

"Our limits will not admit of our doing justice to this magnificent structure; the imposing grandeur of whose aspect strike every beholder with admiration. It is one of the wonders of our great metropolis, and is visited by every stranger. Entering at the south door, on the left hand, are the stairs, five hundred and thirty-four in number, conducting to the Golden Gallery, as it is called; from which may be viewed the city, the river, and country round to a considerable extent. There is also another gallery, round the cupola, termed the 'Whispering Gallery,' being so contrived that sounds are enlarged to an astonishing degree. The shutting of the door appears as loud as a peal of thunder; and the least whisper is heard round the whole circumference. A person speaking with their face to the wall on one side appears to be present with another on the opposite; although the distance between them is no less than one hundred and forty-three feet. The next object of curiosity is the library; the flooring of which is skilfully inlaid, without either nails or

pegs, like the framing of a billiard table. The books are neither numerous or valuable, but the wainscoting for their reception want neither elegance nor convenience. There is a fine painting of Bishop Compton, under whom, it has been said, the cathedral was built."

"In a room on the opposite side of the church is a fine model, which Sir Christopher Wren caused to be made, in order to have built the new cathedral, but it was rejected by the commissioners. In the south tower of the church is the great bell. . . . The sound of the bell has been heard as far as Windsor. . . . The cathedral contains some splendid monuments of eminent persons, amongst whom is the following inscription on a plain stone, to the memory of Sir Christopher Wren:

Here lies Christopher Wren, knight, builder of this Cathedral Church of St. Paul, who died in the year of our Lord 1723, and of his age XCI
He lived not for himself but for the public good,
READER

Would you search out his monument
Look around!

" On the site of the present cathedral was the ancient fabric, which was destroyed by the Great Fire of 1666. Underneath the church formerly stood the parish church of St. Faith, so called on account of its dedication to a holy virgin of that name. This was originally a distinct building from the ancient St. Paul's, at the east end, but that structure was demolished to make room for the enlargement of St. Paul's, in the year 1851; in lieu thereof conveniences were made under the choir, and on the spot where St. Faith's church had stood, to serve the parishioners of St. Faith for a parish church. . . .

Tallis's *London Street Views*.

XXXI—St. Paul's Churchyard.



WOODHILL, JEWELLER & SILVERSMITH, 63 ST. PAUL'S CHURCH YARD, LONDON

THE SHOP OF WOODHILL, JEWELLER AND SILVERSMITH.

IT will be convenient to begin our perambulation round St. Paul's Churchyard by starting at the right-hand corner of the upper set of elevations, and so, as this happens to be No. 1, naturally following the shops in the proper order of their numbering. Those seen at the south-east corner of Ludgate Street are included in that thoroughfare down which we look in Tallis's little end view. The first block, therefore, with which we have to deal contains the warehouses, Nos. 1-3, of Ellis and Everington, whose shop in Ludgate Street we noticed in the previous issue, under the title of Everington and Graham. Close by, under No. 5, was Dean's Court, then "composed of respectable private houses," and leading to Doctor's Commons, "a college," we are told, "for such as practise the civil law, and decide causes within its own limits; the addition of Commons being taken from the manner in which the civilians diet, here commoning together, as is the practice in Universities." It was founded by Master Henry Hervey in the early part of Elizabeth's reign, but has been a thing of the past for the last sixty-odd years. The little arched entrance reminds us of Sam Weller's description of the place with its "bookseller's at one corner, hotel at the other," Hurst, at No. 5, being the former, and the St. Paul's Coffee House, at No. 6, the latter. Dickens also has a chapter on the place in the "Sketches by Boz," and in "David Copperfield" the offices of Spenlow and Jorkins were here, as everyone remembers; while Mr. Boffin was wont to call the place "Doctor Scommons." In Dean's Court is the fine deanery, said to have been built by Wren.

One wonders if the name of Mr. Perker, in "Pickwick," was suggested by the Mr. Parker, solicitor, who occupied an upper floor in No. 10 St. Paul's Churchyard, the ground floor of which, together with No. 11, was the shop of Green and Son, glass and china merchants. A little farther on we see the turning known as Paul's Chain, so called because of the chain formerly drawn across the carriageway to preserve silence during the cathedral services. Stow mentions this barrier, and Cocker, the arithmetician, lived close by it. At No. 18 was the shop of Jackson and Walford, the booksellers, while No. 21 was then King's Chop-House. The great business of Cook & Co., wholesale linendrapers, whose premises bulk so largely here to-day, was then being carried on at Nos. 21-2 (the Chop-House apparently occupied a portion of the ground floor of the former house) under the style of Cook, Son, Gladstone & Co. At No. 24 Dr. Walter, successor to Dr. Hurlock, had his headquarters.

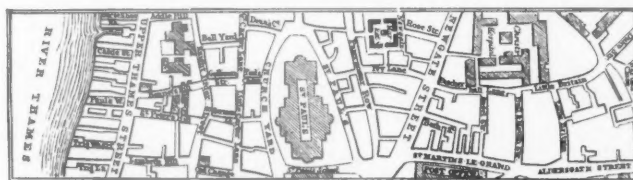
At the east end of the churchyard the chief space is occupied by the buildings of St. Paul's School, which had a frontage of somewhat imposing dignity. As is pretty generally known, that fine school was founded by Dean Colet in 1512, and was originally intended for the sons of one hundred and fifty-three poor men,

this number being chosen in allusion to that of the fishes taken by St. Peter. The original school was burnt in the Great Fire, but was rebuilt on the same site, and, according to Strype, "much after the same manner and proportion it was before." Later, it was again rebuilt (1823) from the designs of the architect, George Smith, as we see it in Tallis's view. In 1880 the school was removed to Hammersmith, and its structure in St. Paul's Churchyard demolished. The old-fashioned-looking house (No. 35) occupied by Lindsay and Pattinson, warehousemen, was at the corner of Watling Street. At No. 48, at the other corner (leading to Cheapside), was the Cathedral Hotel carried on by one Marnstraw.

Coming to the north side of St. Paul's Churchyard we pass a number of shops which call for little observation. There is a great catholicity in the trades carried on in them however, and lacemen and jewellers, confectioners and milliners and boot-makers, are all found represented. At No. 62, Rivington had his bookseller's shop. This had been started in conjunction with a Mr. Fletcher by James Rivington, a son of Charles Rivington, who had succeeded Richard Chiswell, whose business was then one of great age. It was James who first came to St. Paul's Churchyard, the business having hitherto been carried on in Paternoster Row. In 1810 a branch was opened in Waterloo Place, and in 1853 the main office was moved thither from St. Paul's Churchyard. The history of the firm of Rivington is an old and interesting one, and in the special domain of religious literature it has been excelled by none. Next door but one to this publishing house ran the tiny Cannon, properly Canon, Alley, so called because the houses of the canons residentiary of the cathedral used to occupy its site; and at No. 68 is the St. Paul's Chapter House. This solid, but rather sombre-looking, building is practically the only structure remaining to show what the churchyard looked like even so relatively recently as when Tallis had his elevations executed. We have passed No. 65 which at this time was the headquarters of the Religious Tract Society, but had, at an earlier day, been the quite famous shop of John Newbery, who purveyed those children's books now become rarities, and whose nephew bought the "Vicar of Wakefield" from Dr. Johnson acting on Goldsmith's behalf. Another bookseller and publisher once close by was J. Johnson, who published "The Task" for Cowper, and whose premises (No. 72) are here shown rebuilt and combined with the two adjoining houses, as the large establishment of Rogers and Hitchcock, silk mercers.

The turning next to No. 74 is London House Yard, so called because it runs through the site on which stood the inn or town house of the Bishops of London, in front of which, by the way, four of the Gunpowder Plot conspirators were executed. After the Restoration the house was demolished, leave being subsequently given to the then Bishop of London to lease the tenement erected on the ground it had occupied, and it was at this time that the alley was formed. In this yard was the "Goose and Gridiron" Tavern, where the Freemasons used to meet in 1716; it was preceded by the "Mitre," "the first music house in London," whose proprietor, Herbert, besides being a lover of sweet sounds, was a collector of curiosities which were exhibited "at the place called the Musick House at the Mitre" in 1664.

E. BERESFORD CHANCELLOR.



A PLAN OF ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD.

Exhibitions.

THE DOVER GALLERY.—Does a person desiring to be an artist have to be educated in the rudiments of drawing and painting? Does the mere act of making marks on paper or canvas, in an endeavour to record impressions, constitute an artist? Is any kind of training or disciplined adherence to any kind of rules necessary, or are they a bar to freedom of expression?

Freedom from academic or other cramping influences is very desirable, but freedom must come from control and mastery over the means by which it is expressed. Doing anything one likes, and without any self-criticism whatever, is not freedom but lack of restraint.

In all professions, artistic included, it has hitherto been considered necessary to go through some sort of preliminary training in order to become qualified. In the case of the Old Masters this training took the form of an apprenticeship, the apprentice becoming thoroughly versed in the methods of his master before he could be considered a fully equipped artist; in fact, it was thought desirable to be able to walk before attempting to run.

Taking advantage of the chaotic condition of the public mind in regard to modern art, some persons have attempted to reverse this process, and the uninitiated, being unable to tell the difference, are liable to be deceived: this is the danger.

No matter how simple or apparently careless the line drawn by an experienced draughtsman may be, one is always conscious of the immense reserve of knowledge that lies behind it; the simplification being effectual because of the implication of what was deliberately withheld. The trained artist knows enough to know what to leave out: whereas the untrained individual leaves out because he has nothing to put in. This will account for the many stupid posters which can be seen upon the hoardings.

Even if an artist has a great deal to say, he must be hampered if he has not the technique to say it with. It is obvious that a person cannot play upon the violin without some sort of preparation: he must become familiar with the instrument and its resources. Even when he has mastered it he will still be judged by his manner and taste in playing and the kind of music he selects to play.

To try and play the Kreutzer Sonata upon one's first acquaintance with the violin would not be even dreamed of: yet some persons do much the same kind of thing when they attempt to paint without knowing anything about the subject, and in doing so imagine they are artists.

Just here must arise the confusion in the mind of the general public between the bald statements of the uncultured with the consummate simplicity of the great artist.

In the Dover Gallery there has recently been held an exhibition of the work of Mr. Hiler, an American, resident in Paris.

To give some idea of the kind of atmosphere in which Mr. Hiler moves, I will quote a couple of passages taken from the appreciation (written in choice American) by Mr. Pierre Loving in a foreword to the catalogue. He says: "His footsteps never even stumbled, it appears, in the direction of the Beaux Arts. He joined a crack jazz-band and for about a year regaled the batrachian-eyed frequenters of Montmartre with the kind of tic melody the so-called metic (species without a home) eternally seeks in a

narrow space no bigger than an igloo." And again: "His (Hiler's) performance on the piano and the saxophone is replete with something close to the *débonnaire*. Despite his hulking form, he is the very soul of sensitiveness and grace. When he plays in Montmartre, the batrachian-eyed tap their fingers on the supertaxed napery, they drum idly with their champagne-sticks and think of nothing. This is perhaps as it should be." It is.

WALKER'S GALLERIES.—The exhibition of water colour and pastel drawings by Miss M. Agnes Cohen, if rather undistinguished, was at the same time pleasantly unassuming.

Most of her pastels are of the heavy, pasty variety. Unless pastels are handled with a definite idea as to their use within certain limits, they might just as well be oils. The charm of pastel lies in sensitive handling, not in heavy, representational tactics. This medium lends itself readily to a fatally facile technique which can be acquired without much difficulty, and which gives very realistic effects, but this is not the manner in which pastels should be used.

The water-colours were the more interesting. Miss Cohen has a feeling for this medium; she does not play tricks with it or attempt to be smart and clever.

Most of her sketches are of scenes in Belgium, France, and Italy. "The Fountain" (14), "Market Day, Hennebout" (19) and "The Church Tower" (40) are among her best landscapes; of her portraits, that of Dr. Remouchamps is the most successful; it is well placed on the paper and firmly drawn. Her outline drawing in sepia of the St. Sang Chapel shows her to be quite a competent draughtsman.

THE PANDEMONIUM GROUP.—The presence of Mr. G. K. Chesterton, who opened the exhibition of the works of this group, drew a large crowd. Not being a Chesterton "fan," I was not blinded by any distracting blaze into having my attention diverted from the fact that the show was a distinctly ordinary one.

Mr. Chesterton said that as all the members were going in different directions one or two might eventually arrive somewhere. Surely one of the first essentials in a group should be unity of aims. Is it possible for a group so constituted as to be divided against itself to stand? Anyway, judging from what I saw of it, this does not really matter very much, as most of the members seem merely dallying with the outer fringe of art.

The best works were by Mr. Victor Reinganum, Mr. G. Pollard, and Miss Marjorie Craik.

The title of this group is cleverly contrived; it arouses a smile when it is mentioned. But the sort of smile that it produces defeats the ends of the group if it means to be taken seriously. All the persons looking at the exhibits had broad smiles upon their faces, under the belief that the works were all vastly entertaining, though they were much the same kind of thing that can be seen anywhere; but most of them were probably the kind of people who never go to exhibitions. These works would probably appeal to a not very well informed public in the same way that the name "futurist" appealed to most of the large drapery establishments.

The exhibition was of a rather superficial character, and it is more than doubtful whether the group will in any way further a better understanding of modern art.

RAYMOND MCINTYRE.

Craftsmanship
Views and Reviews
A London Diary



A MUSIC STOOL IN ENGLISH WALNUT.

Designer and Craftsman : JOHN C. ROGERS.

The
Architectural Review
Supplement
NOVEMBER
1926

What the Building Said.

VI.—In Holborn.

By A. Trystan Edwards.

THE other day, while taking a walk down Holborn, I saw a towering form in red brick adorned with half a dozen spires and pinnacles. I stopped to ask one of those little unassuming shops which are so common in this part of London: "What is that great structure over there—is it a cathedral?" and I received the reply: "Don't you know? That's the ugliest building in London."

"What a distinction to possess!" I thought, and I hastened my steps in order to examine this curiosity at close quarters. I walked up the street and just when I was about to approach the building and to get into conversation with it my attention was claimed by an imposing shop on its right, and I am bound to say that for the moment I forgot all about the more illustrious edifice and felt compelled to address myself to this very prosperous representative of modern commerce.

"Good morning," I said. "Can you tell me the way to Gamages?"

"But I AM Gamages!" the building roared. "Can't you see the gigantic letters stretching right across my façade and half hiding some of its principal features? Surely, I can't do more for you than that. If you can't read that, what *can* you read?"

"I am sorry," I said, "but I am quite unable to decipher the letters. So you are Gamages, are you?"

"Of course, I am Gamages," shouted Gamages, "and for your benefit I have even got the name written up twice, once in large type with letters about 10 ft. high, and underneath in smaller type."

"Oh! I see," I replied, "it is like the celebrated kennel with a large hole for the large dog to go into and a little hole for the little dog. Would not your name written up once have been sufficient?"

"Certainly not," retorted Gamages, "the more names I have inscribed on my façade the better, and the larger the better."

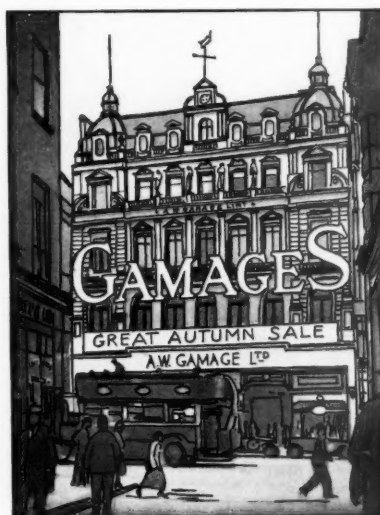
"I see that all the other big shops show announcements of 'Autumn Sales,' how is it that you are not having an Autumn Sale?"

"But I AM having an Autumn Sale," screamed Gamages, this time beside itself with passion. "If you can't read the announcement to that effect which is about 40 ft. long and 4 ft. high you must be absolutely blind."

"Anyway," I said, "you never told me where Gamages was, did you?"

As the building showed signs of becoming apoplectic I left it. It seemed a shame to tease it any longer. I then looked at the monument in red brick. "Who are you?" I asked. "I am the Prudential Assurance building, the ugliest building in London." "Really," I replied, "do you yourself accept the title and glory in it?"

"Oh, no! That is only my joke, of course, but I don't mind telling you that I would rather be called the ugliest building in London than not be noticed at all, for my main ambition is to be prominent and to outshine my neighbours by hook or by crook.



Gamages.

"Good morning," I said. "Can you tell me the way to Gamages?" "But I AM Gamages!" the building roared. "Can't you see the gigantic letters stretching right across my façade and half hiding some of its principal features?"

"That was not the feeling I had," replied the Prudential. "Far from feeling blessed, I felt I was under a curse. You see, my particular pride and glory resided in the fact that I was the only one of my kind, and it was by no means my intention to create others like myself. What gave me delight was to contemplate my own pinnaced splendour in association with the comparatively tame and reticent buildings on either side of me. But imagine what I saw in my dream. The shops and offices all down Holborn were crowned with steep roofs and spires just like myself. I can assure you the result looked perfectly horrible, and what was I? A mere cipher—just one in a crowd, and a very disagreeable crowd it seemed to me. But I awoke and heaved a sigh of relief to find that I was still cock of the walk and able to crow over my architectural neighbours."

"It is no use your crowing over me, though, for in spite of your great size you are only a sham, whilst I am the real thing." I turned round and discovered that this remark emanated from the famous Elizabethan shops just across the road, which retain to this day their original façades. I was very glad to see that the building with its ancient half-timbered front seemed inclined to conversation, and I could not help asking: "In what respect do you consider that *you* are the real thing and the Prudential Assurance building only a sham? Is it not a sincere compliment to yourself that a great commercial structure should proclaim its kinship with your own immediate forbears?"

"But we never did anything like that in our time," said the Elizabethan shops. "Like what?" I asked.

"We commercial buildings never set up to look like cathedrals. We knew our place and kept it. The Prudential may indeed have copied the style of



Monomark House.

"Now I have an even larger scale than you," retorted Monomark House to the Pearl Assurance building, "yet I maintain my position as a unit in the street composition. The style and character of my façade could, with suitable variations, be copied in the commercial buildings next to me without the whole street losing its dignity and coherence."

the medieval buildings in small matters of detail but it has not copied their manners. I grant you, of course, that my own gables do not represent the very best convention for a street façade, but they have the merit of being an economical solution of the problem of how to provide the maximum accommodation in the roof of an all-timbered building. It would not, indeed, be very pleasant to visualize a very long row of these gables, but in excuse for me it may be said that at the time when I was built street architecture was only in its infancy and we were but gradually striving towards that standard of urbanity which our successors achieved. Even in my own design, however, you will see that the half timber work is used to create a repetitive pattern within a rectangular framework, and my gables are at least sensible, not like the preposterous stone fronted ones in the building on my right which are only there for show and to break up the skyline as much as possible."

I waited here for the building named to make some kind of protest in its own self-defence, but it merely uttered the word "Roneo," and again, "Roneo," and yet a third time it said "Roneo."

"Can't it say anything but 'Roneo'?" I asked the Elizabethan shops.

"I am afraid not," the latter replied; "you see its whole façade has become merely a background for the gigantic letters which spell the word it has already pronounced to you. It says that all day long and I must confess I am getting a little tired of it. In our time it was not considered necessary for even a commercial building to degenerate into becoming nothing but a signboard, and I can tell you we used to do a thundering good business without these aids to publicity."

"There's no need for me to plaster my façade with big letters, anyhow," said a deep voice on my right, and walking up Holborn in its direction I found myself in the presence of a great columnated building surmounted by a tower complete with dome and lantern.

"I should think not, indeed," I said, "your own architectural dignity and prominence are assuredly sufficient to obtain for you all the notice which you require. Have I the honour of addressing myself to the Holborn Town Hall?"

"Town Hall! did you say? That is a really good joke. Don't you know that I am the Pearl Assurance Company's building? I might tell you that I belong to the pure Classic school. Just



The Pearl Assurance.

"Town Hall! did you say? That is a really good joke. Don't you know that I am the Pearl Assurance Company's building? I might tell you that I belong to the pure Classic school. Just look at my columns, just look at my curved pediment, just look at my metal-covered dome with the stone consoles resting against it."

look at my columns, just look at my curved pediment, just look at my metal-covered dome with the stone consoles resting against it."

"Thank you, but do you mind very much if I don't look at these things?" These words were uttered in a languid, but highly aristocratic, accent by the distinguished Regency building which now goes by the name of Monomark House. This building, being exactly opposite the Pearl Assurance, has every opportunity of entering into conversation with it. I stood by, hoping that the staleness of the subject would not prevent Monomark House from pursuing it a little further. This hope was gratified, for the building proceeded to say, "I would far rather not look either at the features which you have just mentioned or at some of those which I give you credit for being ashamed to mention, namely, your horrible rustic roof with the two rows of dormers which tear its surface to bits and altogether undo such effect of dignity as your rusticated basement and columnar main story achieve. And as for your dome, I regard it as an offence of the first magnitude. But then, of course, you have only copied the Prudential. That's where you got the idea of this civic splendour."

"How dare you compare me to that horrible Gothic revivalist atrocity. I can assure you that I am indebted to it for nothing whatsoever."

"Oh, yes you are, though," retorted Monomark House, "it is from that building that you derived your spirit of mega'omania. Just because the Prudential had cut a dash by trying to affect the outward semblance of a cathedral you thought you would go one better by swelling yourself out to look like a town hall, or perhaps like a town hall and a cathedral combined. Now I have an even larger scale than you, yet I maintain my position as a unit in the street composition. The style and character of my façade could, with suitable variations, be copied in the commercial buildings next to me without the whole street losing its dignity and coherence. But you are something unique, and would try to preside over us when you are not entitled to that privilege."

"I congratulate you," I said to Monomark House, "in that you have obtained a new lease of life and are destined to adorn Holborn for many years to come."

"Thank you," replied Monomark House.

(To be continued.)



The Prudential.

"Who are you?" I asked. "I am the Prudential Assurance building, the ugliest building in London." "Really," I replied, "do you yourself accept the title and glory in it?" "Oh, no! That is only my joke, of course, but I don't mind telling you that I would rather be called the ugliest building in London than not be noticed at all . . ."



Roneo.

The Elizabethan Shops.

"Can't it say anything but 'Roneo'?" I asked the Elizabethan shops. "I am afraid not," the latter replied; "you see its whole façade has become merely a background for the gigantic letters which spell the word it has already pronounced to you. It says that all day long and I must confess I am getting a little tired of it."

Modern Details.

The Blue Hall in the Stadshus at Stockholm.

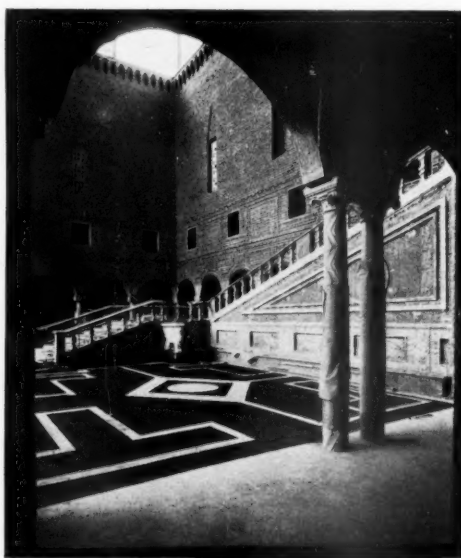
From a Design by Ragnar Ostberg.



THE BLUE HALL.

This is the smaller of the building's two courtyards. It is roofed in and the grand staircase rises from it to the reception rooms.

Entrance to the Stadshus is gained first through an open courtyard known as the "people's" court, and then through the covered one which is called the Blue Hall, although it is predominately red in colour. The hall is lit by relatively



THE GRAND STAIRCASE

small clerestory windows round three sides. The suite of reception rooms reached by the grand staircase includes the long Prince's Gallery giving on to the lake, and a group of small rooms, culminating in the Golden Hall.

FROM THE ARCADE.

English Furniture.

V.—Chairs—I.

By John C. Rogers.

THE first essential of a good chair is that it must be made to last, for the chair is called upon, when in use, to sustain a live load—possibly of a heavy person—which will soon discover any weak point in its construction; the craft of the chairmaker, therefore, calls for scientific skill quite distinct from that required of the cabinet-maker; the latter has to contend with the natural expansion and contraction of wood built into broad surfaces, and generally has ample space for his tenons, which will seldom take any undue stress; but the former works with slender proportions; the grain of the wood and the form of the joints must exactly agree, and these joints must be so arranged that they in no way weaken the members, and, when assembled, provide a perfectly rigid and stable framework. Therefore, to design a chair that is strong, looks strong, and has pleasing lines and proportions, is an extraordinarily difficult thing to do. These are the reasons for our unceasing admiration of the work of the old craftsmen during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; the student of to-day must study the methods of the old masters, for such they most assuredly were, and having grasped their ways of working construction and design in happy unison, he will quickly discover

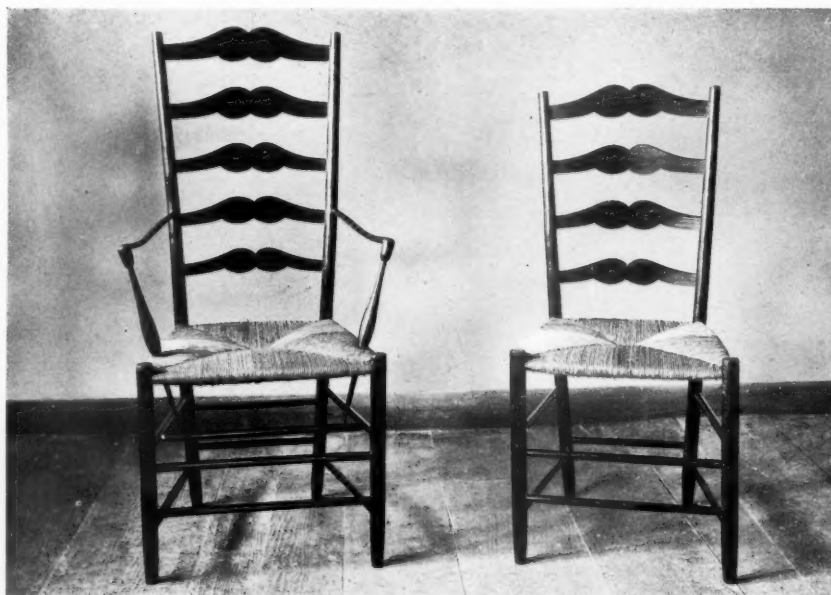


1. A LADDER-BACK ARM AND SINGLE RUSH-SEATED CHAIR IN UNSTAINED ASH, WITH GOUGE-TURNED UPRIGHTS AND STRETCHERS.

Designer : E. W. GIMSON.

Craftsman : EDWARD GARDINER.

fluence very largely the appearance and character of chairs. This particularly applies to chairs of stick construction and basket-work, with which this article principally deals.



2. A LADDER-BACK ARM AND SINGLE CHAIR IN BLACK-STAINED ASH.

Designer : E. W. GIMSON.

Craftsman : EDWARD GARDINER.

that to make a new design that is not freakish and is perfectly suited to modern conditions is to depart but little from one or another of the old traditions. The fact is, the practical requirements of chairs are unchanged, and, while the demand for reproductions of the old forms still continues, the modern designer, working in a simple and economical manner, is producing some very excellent chairs in which invention and tradition are skilfully merged.

Ancient forms of construction are still employed, as it is practically impossible to improve on them, and they in-

The use of turned spindles for legs, back, arms, stretchers, etc., with the ends of horizontal members housed in circular holes bored in the verticals, was chiefly employed for such chairs as existed prior to their general use with mortise and tenon joinery, and such are known as stick construction. Their simple character makes them eminently suitable for all purposes in the country cottage, for nurseries, bedrooms, and servants' quarters, and in the small modern house of the suburbs or unpretentious flat, wherein the plainly distempered walls dictate no special



3. A LADDER-BACK ASH ARMCHAIR
IN THE BARE WOOD.

Designer
E. W. GIMSON.
Craftsman :
EDWARD GARDINER.

5 (below). A LADY'S LOW-SEATED SEWING
CHAIR IN BEAD-TURNED ASH,
STAINED BLACK.

Designer :
E. W. GIMSON.
Craftsman :
EDWARD GARDINER.



4. A CURVED LATTICE-BACK CHAIR
(WINDSOR TYPE) IN ASH AND ELM.

Designers
and
Craftsmen :
HEAL'S.



6. A PULP CANE CHAIR.
Designers and Craftsmen : THE DRYAD WORKS.



7. A PULP CANE CHAIR.
Designer : B. J. FLETCHER
Craftsmen : THE DRYAD WORKS.

architectural considerations; they may be seen both in living-rooms and bedrooms, and always appear in good taste. The woods generally used are oak, ash, and elm. Fig. 10 illustrates a trio designed for children by Gordon Russell; there is no polish or varnish to scratch off, and they will withstand any amount of hard wear; the ladder backs are of the simplest type, with serpentine top edge widely chamfered. The baby's high chair with hinged tray has been well thought out, and looks remarkably stable, with the spreading legs and the ground stretchers.

Figs. 1, 2, 3, 5 and 8 show rush-seated chairs designed by E. W. Gimson and made by Edward Gardiner, who have given considerable attention to the stick-framed type. Fig. 3 is an armchair in ash, with a graduated series of well-curved ladder rails; the arms are shaped and slightly dished, and their supports and the front stretchers have turned mouldings; the remaining stretchers are plain rods.

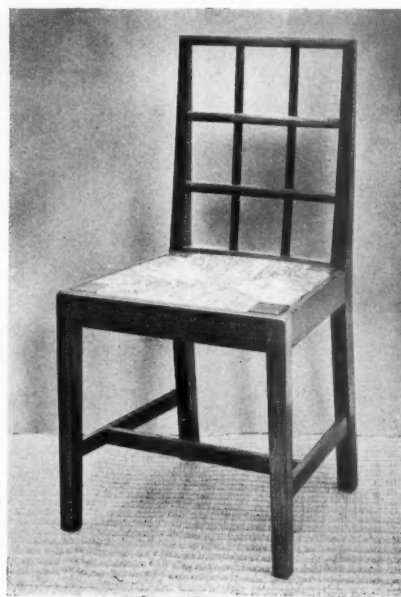
The arm and single chairs in Fig. 2 are in black-stained ash, and have bow-shaped ladder rails, again graduated in length, size, and spacing; all members are kept plain, except the simply turned arm supports; these are separate sticks, set at an angle, and passing through the side rails of the seat are housed at their lower extremities in a cross stretcher specially provided for the purpose; the arm is a slender shaped rod, with circular end that forms a capping on the support, and is very much stronger than it may appear.

The arm and single chairs illustrated in Fig. 1 show Gardiner's handling of a Dutch type, with uprights relieved with ball-turning between joints and with stretchers bobbin turned; the back uprights end in good ball finials in the case of the armchair, but on the single they have an overriding flat rail; the plain ladder rails are thin and curved concave to the back.

Plain stick framing characterizes the very pleasing arm and single chairs in Fig. 8; the backs are lower, with three cross bars, two of which house the ends of three delicate spindles. The bowed arms are horizontal, with raking supports



8. TWO SPINDLE-BACK RUSH-SEATED CHAIRS IN BLACK-STAINED ASH.
Designer: E. W. GIMSON. Craftsman: EDWARD GARDINER.



9. A BEDROOM CHAIR IN OAK.
Designer and Craftsman: P. WAALS.



10. THREE TURNED CHAIRS FOR CHILDREN IN YEW-TREE.
Designer: GORDON RUSSELL. Craftsman: EDWARD GARDINER.

constructed like those in Fig. 2. Most comfortable chairs are these, and almost everlasting in wear.

A low-seated chair with ball or bead turning on the circular members of the framing is shown in Fig. 5. This repeating motif recalls a fashion prevalent during the Commonwealth, when it was used extensively in the frames of gate-leg tables, chairs, etc. One or two low-seated chairs have always been a home essential, especially those of light type that can easily be

moved about and take up little space compared with the lounge chair of idle moments.

In Fig. 9 is seen an oak chair of rectangular mortise and tenon framing, which P. Waals has designed for bedroom use, though I feel many would welcome such an excellent piece in the dining-room. I illustrate it here chiefly on account of the seat—rushed, on a drop-in frame, which, in the eighteenth century, largely superseded the rushing of constructional seat rails, and has always remained a favourite in country parts. The plain cross-bar filling is a very satisfactory back treatment, and the whole design is really excellent.

The ever-popular Windsor chair appears with a curved lattice back in Fig. 4; this is made by Heal's, both in arms and singles, left "in the white," and is a most serviceable chair for the servants' quarters, the school-room, etc.

Figs. 6 and 7, which conclude the first part of my article on chairs, show two examples of modern wicker or cane chairs from the Dryad Works, Leicester. The pulp cane of which they are constructed produces a very superior article, and embodies the latest practice of what is actually

a very ancient craft; no antique examples are extant, but many old inventories make reference to "twiggen" chairs, and the use of osiers in their construction is mentioned by Evelyn, the diarist. By many people they are used about the rooms of the house in place of upholstered chairs, but their rightful place is the garden-room, the veranda, the summer-house, the riverside bungalow, and the yacht, where owing to atmospheric changes anything in the way of upholstery is quite unsuitable.

A Craftsman's Portfolio.
Being Examples of Fine Craftsmanship.
 VII.—Carvings in Wood.



Above : A carved chimney-piece for the Royal Scottish Automobile Club, Glasgow.

Architect :

JAMES MILLER.

Craftsmen :

THE BROMSGROVE GUILD.

In the centre : A carving in lime-tree for the Elizabeth Fulcher Nursing Home. The centre motif symbolizes Life, Knowledge and Healing. Size, 4 ft. 10 in. high.

Architect :

JAMES J. S. NAYLOR.

Designer and Craftsman :
 JAMES WALKER.



Above: A carved lime-tree overmantel with a projection of 1 ft. 4 in.

Architect:
ARNOLD MITCHELL.
Craftsmen:
H. H. MARTYN.

In the centre: A carved wreath in oak.

*Designers
and
Craftsmen:*
WIPPELL'S.



A detail of the enrichment to the door head of the dining-room in the Royal Scottish Automobile Club, Glasgow.

Architect: JAMES MILLER.

Craftsmen: THE BROMSGROVE GUILD.



Above : A carved lime-tree overmantel.

Architect :
ARNOLD MITCHELL.

Craftsmen :
H. H. MARTYN.

In the centre : The altar at Lambrooke School, carried out in wood, painted black, and gilded.

Architect :
W. CURTIS GREEN, A.R.A.
Designer and Craftsman :
JOSEPH ARMITAGE.



A panel in the lounge of the Greyhound Hotel, Croydon, carved in oak.

Architect : HUGH MACINTOSH.

Craftsman : A. T. BRADFORD (E. J. AND A. T. BRADFORD).

St. George and the Dragon.
A part of the memorial
for
Felstead School, Essex.

Designer :
F. O. SALISBURY.
Craftsman :
JAMES WALKER.



Below :
A carved lime-tree drop.
Designers and Craftsmen :
H. H. MARTYN.



Below :
A carved lime-tree drop.
Designers and Craftsmen :
H. H. MARTYN.



A panel carved in oak at Hursley Park,
Winchester.

Architect : A. MARSHALL MACKENZIE.
Craftsmen : H. H. MARTYN.

Recent Books.

London's Statues and Public Monuments.

Forty London Statues and Public Monuments. By TANCRED BORENIUS, with special photographs by E. O. HOPPÉ. London: Methuen & Co., Ltd. Price 10s. 6d. net.

There has been a tendency to underrate the importance and artistic qualities of our London statues. To hear many people talk one might well imagine that they formed a collection of veritable eyesores, and that to make a clean sweep of them would be a matter for congratulation. Really, however, London in this respect compares very favourably with continental cities where, even in such artistic centres as Rome and Florence, there may be seen examples of the pseudo-sculptor's art which are as bad as bad can be. If a proof were needed that we possess a large number of excellent statues this delightful book would provide it. For its learned author, Dr. Tancred Borenius, with the aid of that fine photographer, Mr. E. O. Hoppé, has here brought together reproductions of no fewer than forty of London's statues and monuments; and no one interested in London or art, or both, should neglect the opportunity of acquiring what is at once an historical treatise of great value and a picture gallery of peculiar charm and attraction.

In a fascinating historical sketch of the subject Dr. Borenius gives us a succinct and illuminating account of the various periods when memorials in sculpture were set up in our midst, from the days, that is, of Edward I, who erected those famous crosses on the spots where the body of his Queen Eleanor rested on its way from Harby, in Nottinghamshire, to its burial place at Westminster. From that time down to our own period we thus have a kind of apostolic succession of such things, and that among them we possess treasures is proved by the exquisite Charles I of Hubert Le Sueur, the Charles II and James II of Grinling Gibbon (by the way, the sculptor himself always signed Gibbon, not Gibbons, and in the register of St. Paul's, Covent Garden, the name appears in various forms, but never as Gibbons); Rysbrack's admirable Sir Hans Sloane, and Scheemakers' very spirited Edward VI; to name but these.

Dr. Borenius writes delightfully about all of these of whose history he is full of knowledge; while he is often pleasantly suggestive, in the way of comparative criticism, as when he speaks of the William III in St. James's Square, by the younger Bacon, as having an affinity to Schlüter's monument of the Great Elector at Berlin; indicates a certain similarity between Chantrey in sculpture and Lawrence in painting; and reminds us that besides the Rodin, in the Embankment Gardens, we have the work of another great Frenchman in London, in the group representing "Motherhood," at the back of the Royal Exchange, by that fine artist, Dalou.

One can never have too much of a good thing, and thus one hopes that at some future period Dr. Borenius, with the help of Mr. Hoppé as illustrator, will give us a further volume, in which would appear Onslow Ford's Lord Strathnairn, and the exquisite little fountain in Hyde Park by the Countess Feodora Gleichen. By the way, when noting the various replicas we possess in London, Dr. Borenius does not mention that of Verocchio's beautiful "Boy with a Dolphin," the original of which is in Florence, our copy being in Hyde Park, where it is preferred by most people to Mr. Epstein's Hudson Memorial.

E.

The Modern English House.

Modern English Houses and Interiors. By C. H. JAMES and F. R. YERBURY. London: Ernest Benn, Ltd. Price 30s. net.

Numbers of books are now being produced to meet a new demand for a public at last roused to some active interest in amenities and in architecture—books for the timid general reader, books for the home seeker and the amateur of architecture—books good, bad, and indifferent.

But on the whole the general level is encouragingly high, and Messrs. Batsford, Benn Bros., the Architectural Press, and "Country Life," with one or two other publishers, between them provide leaven in such quantity and of such quality that a real effect on the lump of public taste is scarcely surprising.

As soon as the daily newspapers discover what certain of the more enlightened weeklies and monthlies already know—i.e. that architecture has a public and has even become "News"—the virtuous circle, so long broken, will have been mended, and we shall begin to get intelligent architectural criticism once more, a better instructed laity and therefore better buildings.

Messrs. James and Yerbury's "Modern English Houses and Interiors" is apt to this very necessary business of propaganda, its examples being indeed so well chosen that every one of the architects whose work they illustrate will surely possess himself of a copy in order to flatter his brothers in that manner which is most sincere.

What architect, for instance, would not design a porch the chaster for a quiet look at those of Mr. Harold Moss; who would not be encouraged to a sprightly jollity by Mr. Oliver Hill's undulations, or who would not be chastened and reproved for display and worldliness when confronted with Mr. Alan Fortescue's or Mr. Mansfield's austerities?

Not all the examples are typically characteristic of their several designers, but—if we except one or two interiors where the cabinet-maker and the upholsterer provide such mild interest as there is—none of them is dull, and nearly all of them show some definite practical or æsthetic problem given a sane and satisfying solution. And that is architecture.

The book is a picture-book, and a very delightful one, with no more than a word or two of identification below each plate, in German as well as English—a commendable practice if it is indeed necessary to translate mere labels such as "House in Essex," into "Haus in Essex"!

It would have been more helpful perhaps to the foreigner, had a short vocabulary been provided, giving the translations of the names and words appearing on the plans that accompany the excellent photographs.

The authors, or rather the anthologists, seem to have modestly decided that their short introduction was not worth a translation, and a reviewer cannot but sympathize with them in the difficulty they necessarily encountered of propounding any generalizations that were both new and true of post-war English domestic architecture, when its leading exponents are so catholic in their modes of expression.

Still, vigour and invention, sensibility and sense, are everywhere apparent; and though superficially the slightly ascetic and the faintly sensuous may seem to, and probably do, represent opposite tendencies, both are fundamentally informed by the same directness of approach, the same clearness and simplicity



THE STATUE OF QUEEN ANNE, QUEEN ANNE'S GATE, LONDON. (Early Eighteenth Century.)
From "Forty London Statues and Public Monuments."

that are the most hopeful features of the modern architectural revival.

As to internal planning, a glance through the book will show how marvellously, how nearly perfectly the inside of a small house can be, and is, adapted to its function, when contrived by a skilful architect. A rabbit would scarcely blush to have such an inside—if only some more than usually ingenious designer could invent and incorporate reproductive organs as notoriously effective! There would then be no difficulty about finding distinguished parents for the millions of pleasant little houses that are needed and that we are unlikely to get save by some such miracle.

For the white light of the new-trimmed lamp of architecture travels slowly, and can scarcely reach and illumine the borough and district surveyors, or local housing authorities, within a generation.

It should, but it probably won't.

CLOUGH WILLIAMS-ELLIS.

Classic Architecture.

Elements of Form and Design in Classic Architecture. By ARTHUR STRATTON, F.R.I.B.A. London: B. T. Batsford, Ltd. Pp. x and 239. Plates 100. Price 28s. net.

In his preface to this work the author says it has "proved to be a difficult undertaking." That we can well believe. Difficulty is inherent in the nature of the subject. If architecture were in the last analysis a science and not an art, it would not be so arduous a business to formulate the theory of it. Anyone can talk glibly of "the basic principles of architectural design," and can apostrophize "the laws which govern all vital building." Such phrases are the commonplaces of architectural rhetoric. So long as no attempt is made to define what precisely is meant by them they can be used to give an air of philosophic scholarship to much loose thinking and loose writing. But when we come seriously to investigate the actual technique of composition in architecture, if we are to continue to speak of laws and of principles, it is necessary to state exactly their nature and their scope, what they are and how they work.

Mr. Stratton has appreciated the embarrassments of the task. The problems to be encountered in the sphere of aesthetic he first eliminates altogether. "Rhythm and proportion," he says, for example, "are nebulous terms that cannot be profitably described and analysed." Further, he restricts his field to works of classic architecture, concentrating upon the geometric aspect of these. And, finally, he relies less upon literary exposition than on diagrammatic illustration to exhibit the principles which are to be considered as implicit in each type of composition that he presents. The drawings, in effect, are to be regarded as telling their own theoretic story.

Over a period of ten years Mr. Stratton has collected representative examples of the geometrical forms employed in the simpler compositions of classic architecture. These forms he has grouped under such headings as circular plans, circular and rectangular forms united, octagonal plans, internal corridors, vestibules, vaulted loggias, internal staircases, façades, and so on. The plates illustrating each group are preceded by several pages of descriptive comment and observations on the appropriate use of the motives shown. An introduction of some seven pages stresses how important it is to know and obey geometrical principles in architectural design; and, in addition, there is a foreword by Professor Richardson in which structural and traditional doctrines are reconciled in a gospel of rationalism.

The work is addressed primarily to students, who, if they do no more than unconsciously absorb the good qualities of the designs here assembled, should have their taste and judgment improved. Neither in the way its material is arranged nor in the method of its argument does the book exactly follow any previous authority. Within the predetermined limits of its scope it is simpler, and at the same time much more copiously illustrated than either Gaudet or Curtis. The illustrations, whether they are of actual buildings, designs for buildings, or are just characteristic expressions in the manner of a particular time, are all well chosen and, for the purpose, usefully presented. Those who have assisted in drawing them have worked in a common convention, suppressing all decoration and detail that might obscure the reading of fundamental shapes and composition. The eighty or more plates devoted to plans, sections, and elevations should, therefore, be

readily understood by students in the early stages of their training. Most of the remaining illustrations reproduce fine old drawings—perspectives and rendered elevations—which, in effect, admirably complement the diagrams.

A certain opulence of form and illustration has come to be expected from any large book published by the house of Batsford; and the present volume fully sustains the tradition. Nothing has been spared in the presentation either of the text or of the plates that could enhance their appearance. The result is quite the most imposing-looking contribution to architectural theory that has been made in England for some time.

LIONEL B. BUDDEN.

The Art of the Woodcut.

Woodcuts by Members of Bembridge School. Edited with an Introduction by J. HOWARD WHITEHOUSE. Cambridge: The University Press. Price 10s. 6d. net.

Mr. Whitehouse, the Warden of Bembridge School, appreciates the value of teaching and practising crafts in public schools, such practice giving, as it does, a manual dexterity, the exercise of which will be an abiding joy to its possessor and open up for him a keener sense of things beautiful. The printing of the school magazine by the boys themselves on their own press is also a step in the right direction, but the publication in book form of the youthful essays on the block of boys of twelve to seventeen years of age seems to me of doubtful advantage to the boys, tending to give them a false opinion of their abilities, though it gives the school some excellent publicity. One wonders who, besides parents and friends, would pay half a guinea for a collection of fifty immature works. Surely the school magazine is the right medium for the publication of these youthful exercises. The standards of criticizing a school magazine and a book are vastly different. The work of Mr. Brandon-Jones alone would stand the test of the latter. His work, especially on linoleum, shows considerable thought and an appreciation of the peculiar demands of his material, though he has a tendency to imitate in linoleum the technique of a wood engraving by the use of a too fine white line. Of the other contributors Mr. Adrian Beach is, perhaps, the best. I wish Mr. Whitehouse had been less ambitious and sent instead a school magazine for review.

HESKETH HUBBARD.

British Artists of To-day.

Frank Dobson (British Artists of To-day, No. IV). London: The Fleuron. Sm. 4to. Pp. 4 and 17 plates. Price 3s. 6d. net.

This is a welcome addition to a useful series. The illustrations give an idea of the accomplishment of Frank Dobson in the three sculptural manifestations in which he is so capable—plastic, glyptic, graphic. The text seeks to assign an exaggerated value to these manifestations by claiming that they are the best that England has produced during at least 600 years; it states that Houdon and Roubilliac [sic] were "charming craftsmen," and by inference that Dobson, Brancusi, and Maillol are "serious artists," and the most interesting living sculptors in the world. It protests too much, to the detriment of Dobson, and to the discredit of the author's range of knowledge and critical acumen. A less hierarchical pronouncement would have served a better purpose in introducing work so good and distinctive. What is "Polish Brass"? "A Sealed Torso" seems an awkward term: both occur in the descriptions of the works illustrated.

KINETON PARKES.

The Decoration of the Home.

1000 Ideen zur Künstlerischen Ausgestaltung der Wohnung. Edited by ALEXANDER KOCH. Darmstadt: Verlagsanstalt Alexander Koch. Large 8vo. Pp. (8), frontispiece, and pp. 208 illustrations. Price 20 marks.

A useful compendium of decoration for the home, this book of illustrations, a few of which are in colour, gives a good idea of what modern craftsmanship is doing for the new houses of Germany and Austria. It includes the decoration of each room including the kitchen; the furniture to be used therein; the heating and lighting appliances; metal-work, glass, pottery, and needlework. Some of it is not in accordance with English taste, but most of it is fertile in its ideas, numbering, as the title states, one thousand.

K. P.

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THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW.

TRADE AND CRAFT.

Sutton Valence School, Kent.

Designed by Adams, Holden, and Pearson.

The general contractors were Messrs. G. E. Wallis and Sons, and among the sub-contractors and craftsmen connected with the work were the following: Val de Travers (asphalt); Farnley Iron Co., Ltd. (glazed bricks); W. Aumonier (carved stonework); Homan and Rodgers (steelwork); Edwards Adamantine (tiles); Wainwright and Waring (casements and casement fittings); Bratt Colbran & Co. (stoves, grates, mantels); G. E. Wallis and Sons (plumbing and sanitary work); Twyfords (sanitary ware and fittings); Thos. Elsley & Co. (lead down pipes and R.W. heads, and electric light fixtures); Benjamin Nelson (stained glass and leaded lights); Thos. Elsley & Co., and G. E. Wallis and Sons (art metalwork); W. Sugg and Thos. Elsley & Co. (gas fixtures); Colledge and Bridgen (door furniture); G. E. Wallis and Sons (gates, railings, handrails, balusters, etc.); George Johnson (lifts and cranes); W. Stainton (heating apparatus); Gray & Co. (lightning conductors); Joyce & Co. (clocks, bells, etc.).

"Greenhayes," Millington Road, Cambridge.

Designed by H. C. Hughes.

The general contractors were Messrs. Wm. Saint, Ltd., and among the craftsmen and sub-contractors employed were the following: Stourbridge Brick Co. (bricks, partition blocks, roofing); Macintosh and Sons (sanitary ware and fittings); Messrs. Howard Bros. (floor and staircase of Gurjun wood); Dolomont Co. (wood flooring, mosaic, marble, stone); Cambridge Gas Co. (gasfitting); Cambridge Wiring and Repair Co. (electric wiring); Harland and Sons (paint); Broadhurst, Craig and Ching, Ltd. (heating apparatus); A. Stevenson & Co. (Weldon boiler); Rural Industries (London), Ltd. (garden furniture).

"New Ways," Northampton.

The general contractors were the Exors. of H. Green and Sons, and among the craftsmen and sub-contractors employed on the work were the following: The Standard Roofing Co. (flat roof); Lowke and Sons, Ltd. (heating and lighting); The Crittall Manufacturing Co., Ltd. (south and north metal windows); Gibbons, Ltd. (east and west windows).

A Furniture Design Competition.

An Offer to British Candidates.

The *Furnishing Trades' Organiser* offers to British candidates, for competition, prizes for original designs for modern household furniture, suitable for use in a moderate-sized house, say, of three reception rooms and six bedrooms. There are four sections, comprising complete sets of furniture for a double bedroom, a drawing-room, a sitting-hall, and a dining-room.

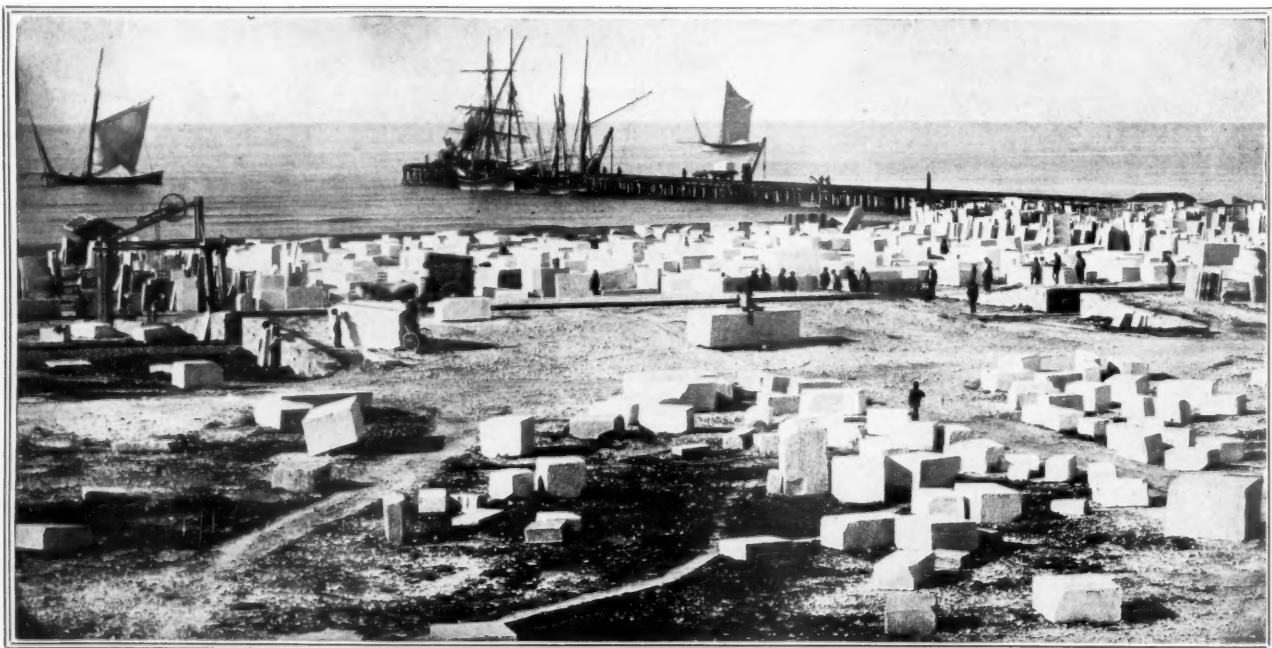
The committee of assessors will select the most distinctive and practical designs submitted and award premiums of twenty-five guineas each to a maximum of two hundred guineas for eight designs so selected. These designs may be taken from any, or all, of the sections. Two awards will not necessarily go to each section, nor will eight prizes be given if the standard of design does not justify it.

The Old Ford Engineering and Manufacturing Co. (a subsidiary company of John Broadwood and Sons, Ltd.) have agreed to make furniture from any or all of the premiated designs in the first adjudication. When this is complete, the assessors will award in order of merit the prizes below to the designers of furniture which in their opinion is the best *in actuality*.

First Prize		150 guineas.
Second Prize		100 guineas.
Third Prize		50 guineas.

All the furniture and all designs submitted for competition will be shown at an exhibition to be organized for the purpose by the *Furnishing Trades' Organiser* in London.

Full conditions of the competition were published in the October issue of the *Furnishing Trades' Organiser*.



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Metro-Vick House has just been opened by Metropolitan-Vickers Electrical Co., Ltd., and Metro-Vick Supplies, Ltd., as their headquarters in Scotland. The building was designed by Mr. James T. Thomson, architect, Glasgow, and occupies a square site, with a frontage to Main Street as well as to Waterloo Street. There are six floors in the building, and provision has been made for additions to this number when required. The main entrance in Waterloo Street is executed in Roman Travertine, moulded and ornamented with carving. The bronze door bears a bronze mask of Tutankhamen on its centre panel. The MV monogram trade mark is included in the design of the fanlight. The showroom front is broadly treated in Travertine with a base of black Belgian marble, and the window frames, lettering, etc., are of bronze. Over this the walls are of Heworth Burn stone, and large wide piers are carried from the second-floor sills to the cornice at the top of the building. The piers are spaced at intervals to allow good window area for the various floors. The cornice is of ample proportions and is ornamented at the top with carvings of animals' heads, a ram, an owl, and a panther. After dark the exterior is to be flood lit, special provision having been made for the lights in the sill at the base of the piers.

The vestibule gives direct access to the showrooms on the ground floor, and to the staircase and elevator. The ground floor consists mainly of showrooms, and there is large show-window area to both streets. A very complete shop-window lighting installation has been included, and arrangements have been made to carry out a varied scheme of colours for show lighting. The showroom is wood panelled and finished after the Georgian manner, and provides a setting for the display of electrical fittings of all types. An extensive selection of the fittings manufactured by Messrs. Harcourts, Ltd., an associated company of Metropolitan Vickers Electrical Co., Ltd., is to be seen. There is also a full range of domestic cookers and other appliances, silk shades, glassware, wireless apparatus, and demonstrations of wireless and cooking appliances will be carried out daily.

The offices of Metropolitan-Vickers Electrical Co., Ltd., are situated on the second floor, and the offices of Metro-Vick Supplies, Ltd., are on the third floor. The remainder of the building is given up to storage accommodation. The stores are floored with Induroleum, a clean, hard, and durable material manufactured by Messrs. Dockers Brothers, Ltd. It is of interest to note that Metro-Vick House is the first "all-electric" building in Scotland. Lighting, heating, hot water, and power circuits have been laid down, and these are so arranged that information regarding cost, consumption, and output will be readily available to anyone who may require it. A passenger elevator is provided from the entrance vestibule to all floors.

A Correction.

We regret that an error was made in the October issue of THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW concerning the illustration of a coat of arms panel in Portland stone at Cockenach, Royston, which was incorrectly described as part of a memorial to Arthur Gordon, Lord Stanmore. The name of the architect for the coat of arms panel at Cockenach was Horace Farquharson, and the craftsmen were John Daymond and Sons, Ltd.

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