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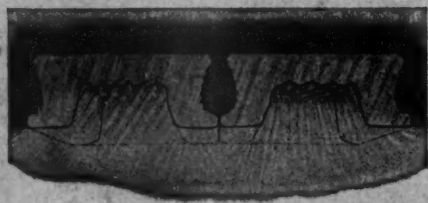
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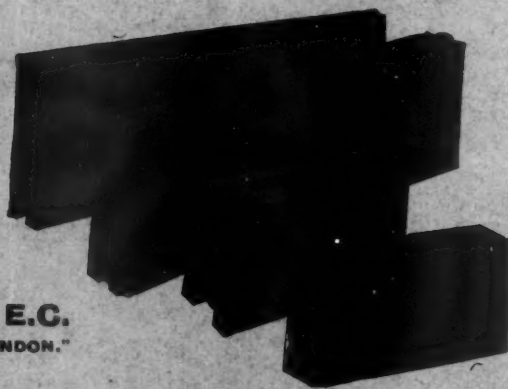
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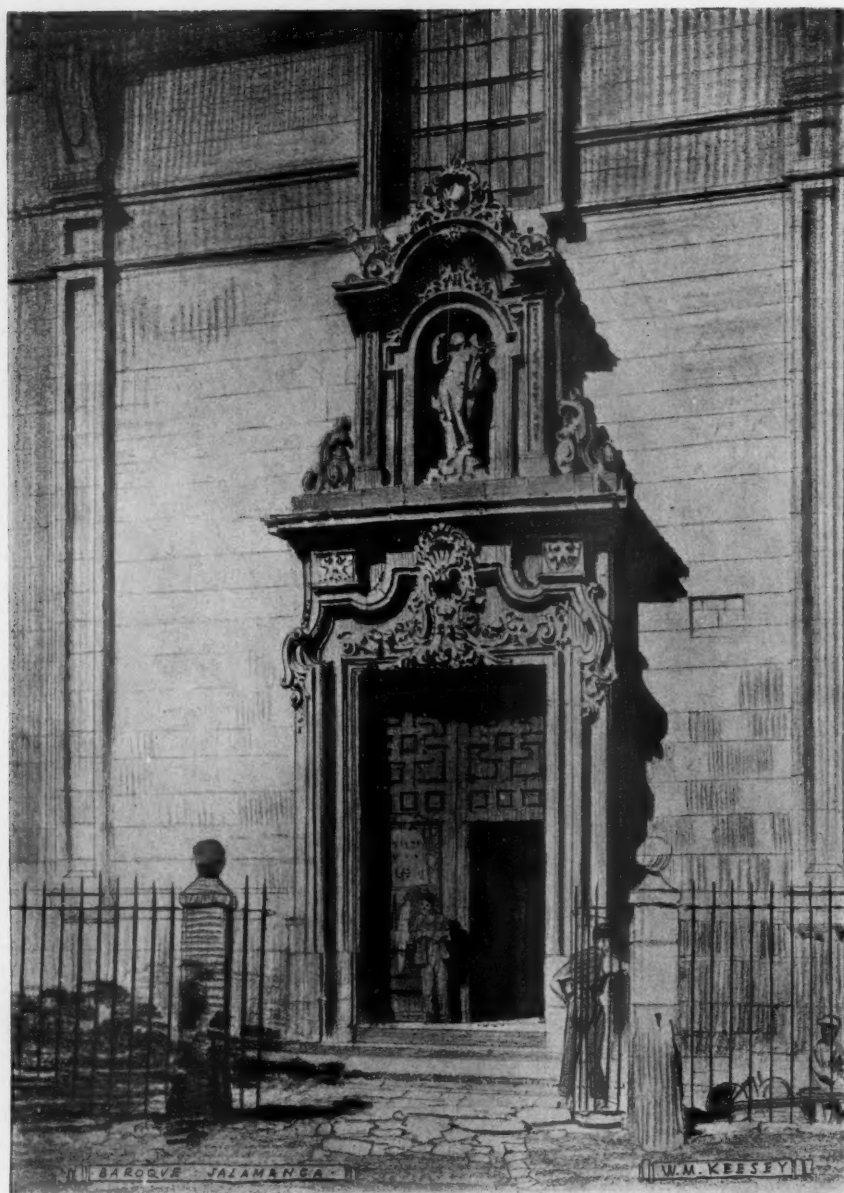


Plate I.

September 1927.

THE ENTRANCE DOORWAY TO THE CHURCH OF SAN SEBASTIEN,
SALAMANCA, SPAIN.

From a pencil drawing by W. M. Keesey.

Dorchester House

and Alfred Stevens.

By E. Beresford Chancellor.

OF all the great houses which are dotted along Park Lane — Grosvenor House, Brook House, Dudley House, Londonderry House, to mention only the older ones—none is so impressive in size, in architectural dignity, or in position as Dorchester House. Without hyperbole, indeed, it can safely be said to be the most splendid private dwelling in London; for not one of those private palaces, so many of which have been destroyed or put to alien uses, is comparable with it as a mere structure; not one contains such a mass of remarkable internal decoration; few, if any, can equal it in the value and beauty of its contents. If anyone, without visiting Italy, wished for an idea of the style of building in which her nobles dwelt, or which emanated from that splendid and fruitful period of Italian architecture when such men as Vignola, Sansovino, San Gallo, and the great Michelangelo himself, were working, he might confidently be shown Dorchester House as a not unworthy *rifacimento* of them; and not unnaturally because something of their spirit seems to have entered into its architect and to have inspired him in the designing of this masterpiece.

In the last few years we have seen many fine mansions ruthlessly destroyed or become outlying sentinels, as it were, of departmental activity, or in other ways turned to alien uses: Northumberland House at Charing Cross; Carrington House in Whitehall; Harrington House in Craig's Court; Montagu House; Stafford House; Devonshire House; Grosvenor House, and Spencer House. Here and there among these were notable examples of their architectural periods; and they were all essentially English in design. What makes the fate that seems about to overtake Dorchester House particularly to be deplored is the fact that it is the outcome of a period not specially rich, in this country, in architectural achievement, and an outstanding example of a *pastiche* carried out in every detail with consummate skill and understanding. It is, too, perhaps the one residence in London in which the influence of a cultivated owner is as marked as are the knowledge and care of his architect. Should this splendid pile be destroyed, it will be one of the most regrettable of the architectural losses we have had to mourn.



The main entrance.

For, apart from the excellences of its design and construction, it is the shrine, so to speak, of the greatest sculptor England has ever produced. An eminent architect who was here, however, rising to unaccustomed heights, contrived the place; but its interior is full of the best work of that supreme artist, Alfred Stevens, who for a decade worked here "unresting, unhasting," under the ægis of Mr. Holford, who in his sense of beauty and his reverence for great artistry more nearly approached the Medicis than any Englishman of the last two centuries. He was the splendid, far-seeing patron who gave to the great sculptor carte blanche in time and money, so that without care or trouble he should put the best of himself into his work. Those who know what the interior of Dorchester House is like, know what an amazing result was achieved. You may see in the Victoria and Albert

Museum the thousands of sketches and finished designs which Alfred Stevens produced, so that a mantelpiece here, or a sideboard there, should emerge a thing of such exquisite beauty and rightness that perfection might have looked upon it and recognized itself.

And, too, everything done here was not merely as good as genius could make it, but it was contrived so to harmonize with the general design that the effect was homogeneous. You may take out the amazing mantelpieces, with their caryatids which the great Michelangelo would have been proud to sign; you may carry away the hundred and one decorative objects, but they will lose as much by the severance as would an amputated arm or leg. And this, apparently, is to be done without a word raised in horror at such a sacrilege. Had the majority of people realized what the interior of Devonshire House was like, it is probable that they would not have viewed the destruction of what they regarded as a rather ugly building, with the equanimity they displayed. But Devonshire House was to Dorchester House as a garnet to a ruby. With the passing of Mr. Holford's stately home we should lose London's most dignified private house, and a grave injustice would be done to the genius who worked in our midst, unknown to the generality, but recognized by those who understand such things



A view from Park Lane.

as one of the supreme artists we have produced.

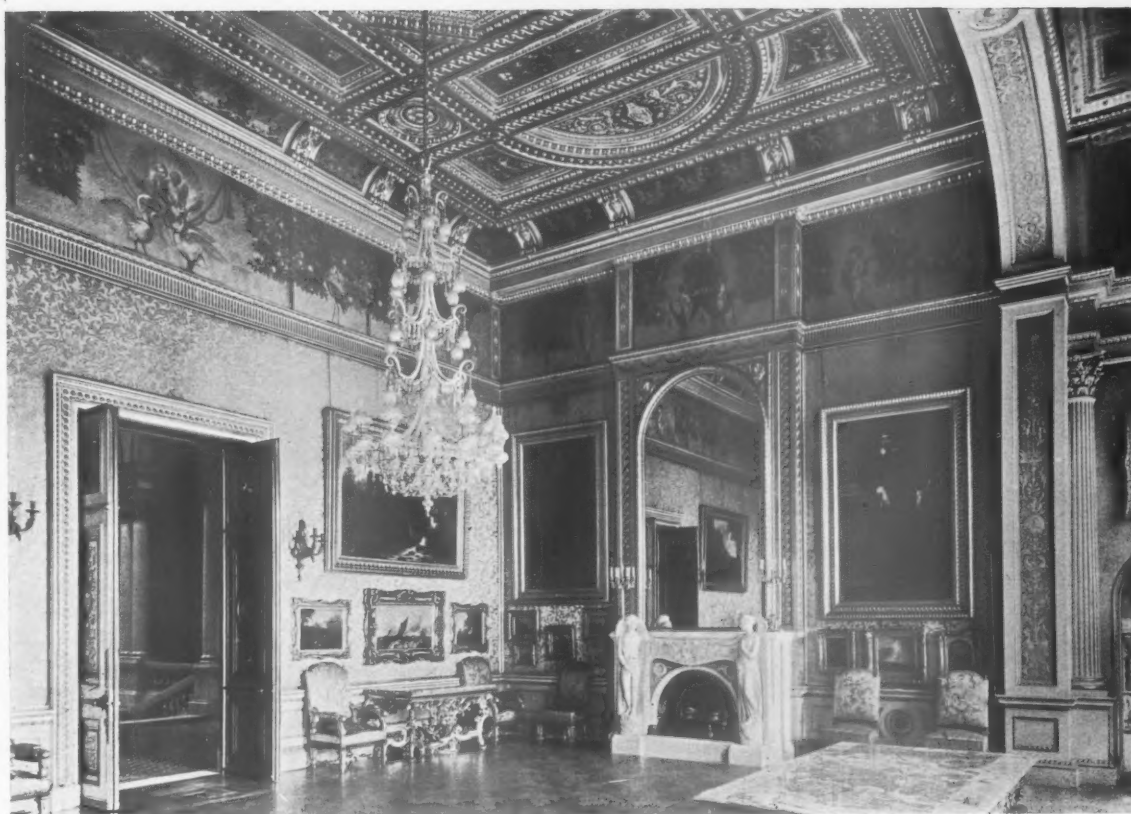
Were Dorchester House in Paris, the French Government would have acquired it and made it a national monument. They would have collected the works, the sketches, the studies, and so forth, of Alfred Stevens, and would have made it a memorial to that great man, while preserving an architectural masterpiece. This is what they did with Gabriel's Hotel Biron, where you may now see Rodin's work in its glory. They would have made it an artistic paying concern. But, unfortunately, we never seem to realize that artistic things can be so utilized. One often wonders if we really deserve to have great artists at all.

In earlier days there stood a house of some importance, but small as compared with the present one, on a portion of the ground occupied by Mr. Holford's palace. It was known as Dorchester House from its owners, the Earls



The grand staircase.

of Dorchester, and was partly surrounded by considerable grounds on its north and west sides. In Rocque's plan, of 1746, the main entrance is shown with a semicircular opening, where the gates of the present Dorchester House are; but in Horwood's map of 1794 this appears closed, the only entrance being from what was then Dean, and is now Deanery, Street. The house faced east and west, with its principal front to Tyburn, today Park, Lane. The last Lord Dorchester occupied the house while he was still Lord Milton, at which time, owing to the exclusiveness of its owner, it was called "Milton's Paradise Lost." He died, unmarried, in 1808, and the place subsequently became the property of the third Marquis of Hertford, who here housed some of his wondrous collections of beautiful things, and here, on March 1, 1842, ended his variegated career, prematurely old at sixty-five.



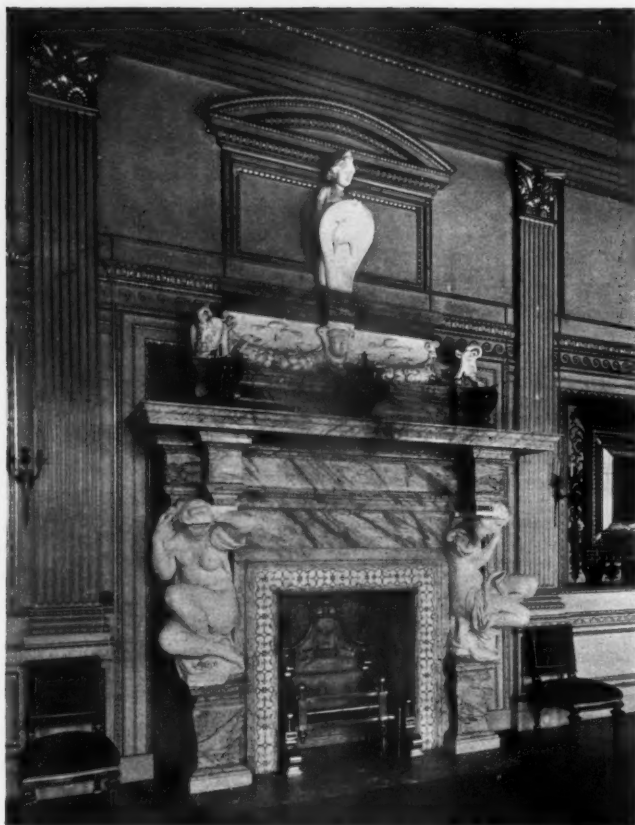
The red drawing-room.

Exactly ten years after this event Mr. R. S. Holford bought the property, cleared it of the existing mansion and its numerous outbuildings, and commissioned Lewis Vulliamy to erect an Italian palace on its site. This site was an exceptional one, and by placing his new creation at an angle with Park Lane, Vulliamy was able not only to give it a south and west aspect, but to exhibit to the best advantage the fine structure he designed. The building was completed in 1853, and those who like figures will be interested to know that it forms a parallelogram, being over 100 ft. in width and 135 ft. in depth. On the first, or principal, floor are the reception rooms, of which one is 34 ft. by 31, another 55 by 29; yet another 42 by 27. In an article in the *Builder* devoted to a more or less technical consideration of Dorchester House, the following passage occurs: "This mansion is



The chimney-piece in the red drawing-room.

a very good specimen of masonry, and is built for long endurance. The external walls are 3 ft. 10 in. thick, with a cavity of about 5 in., and the proportion of stone is great, and the bonders numerous; the stones are all dowelled together with slate dowels; and throughout, the greatest care appears to have been taken by the architect to ensure more than usually sound construction." The writer's continuation has an irony today of which he was not conscious: "If," he says, "the New Zealander who is to gaze on the deserted site of fallen London in some distant time to come, sees nothing else standing in this neighbourhood, he will certainly find the weather-tinted walls of Dorchester House erect and faithful, and will, perhaps, strive to discover the meaning on the shield beneath the balconies, 'R.S.H.' that he may communicate his speculations to some Tasmanian Society



The chimneypiece in the dining-room.



The original plaster model of the dining-room chimneypiece, now in the Victoria and Albert Museum.

of Antiquaries." It is obvious that a house whose solidity of construction and beauty of external architectural and sculptured details had been so carefully thought out should show in its interior a commensurate completeness, and to ensure this Mr. Holford, a man himself of consummate taste and knowledge, not merely gave Vulliamy carte blanche to make it as perfect as might be, but selected the great sculptor whom his acumen had detected as being a lineal artistic descendant of Michelangelo further to decorate and beautify the interior with the fruits of his ripe genius.

Alfred Stevens was at this time in the late thirties. He had spent nine years (1833 to 1842) in Rome, part of which time he was working in Thorwaldsen's studio; and he had become saturated with the work of the world's greatest sculptor. Dorchester House was erected during



The chimneypiece in the ballroom. This is not the work of Alfred Stevens, and was probably designed by an Italian craftsman.

1851-53, and soon after Mr. Holford, who had the highest admiration for Stevens' genius, and was, indeed, his chief patron, commissioned him to execute the more important internal decorative work.

It is, of course, impossible fully to describe what the sculptor produced here; but a few of the outstanding objects may be mentioned. In the first place, there are the two remarkable mantelpieces, one in the red drawing-room and one in the dining-room, which can be seen in the accompanying illustrations of those apartments, although their dignity and amazing beauty can only properly be appreciated by an actual examination. That in the dining-room is of Bordiglia marble, its two immense caryatids being of Carrara, and it remains probably Stevens' greatest achievement. The more delicate one in the red drawing-room (where

it may be seen flanked by two superb pictures, one of them Vandyck's "Abbé Scaglia," which recently attracted so much attention at the Flemish Exhibition) is wholly of Carrara. Another outstanding effort of Stevens is the great sideboard in the dining-room, let into a recess, and recalling, when the dominant personality of its begetter permits, the grace and charm of those men of the Fiesole school—Mino da Fiesole, Benedetto da Maiano, Desiderio da Settignano, Rossellino, and the rest. Besides these outstanding objects, Stevens did an extraordinarily large amount of lesser decorative work throughout Dorchester House: mouldings of doorways, and the frames, carved in arabesques, of no fewer than eight large mirrors covering wall spaces; to mention but these. He was working here for some fifteen years, and it is said that during the whole of that time Mr. Holford was kept from using one of the rooms, and that even at Stevens' death in 1875 it still remained unfinished, in which state its owner preserved it, not permitting a lesser hand to complete what the genius of his friend had begun. Those who would study properly the work of Alfred Stevens here, should do their best to see it *in situ*, if that be possible, before it is wrenched from its surroundings; but to a lesser extent it can be realized by the vast number of drawings and studies in the Victoria and Albert Museum, as well as in the reproductions, together with an able commentary on the life of the



The original plaster model of a caryatid to the dining-room chimney-piece, now in the Victoria and Albert Museum.

sculptor, which Mr. Hugh Stannus produced in 1891.

The glory of Dorchester House is the work of Stevens, because nowhere else can you see so great a variety of his achievements, or can so well appreciate his extraordinary gifts. But there are many other things to wonder at in this lordly pleasure house. There is, for instance, the grand staircase, of which the accompanying illustration will give some idea; that staircase over which George Richmond, and how many other experts, have waxed enthusiastic; there is the beautiful decorative work which meets one on every side, on walls and ceilings, and pillars; and there are the pictures and the books and the priceless objects of virtue, of which, unfortunately, I have here no space in which to speak.

As one wanders through these gorgeous rooms—rooms which few Italian palaces can rival, and no other London palace—one cannot but feel melancholy at the thought that

all this, which has been contrived with such loving care and such an expenditure of thought and exquisite facility of brain and hand, should possibly be doomed to be destroyed. How, one thinks, could anyone have the heart to drive a pickaxe into such an achievement and desecrate and obliterate what Stevens and Vulliamy did but sixty odd years ago for their gracious patron. What will the ghost of Mr. Holford think, if it revisits the glimpses of the moon, and finds this wondrous palace a heap of ruins?



Plaster casts of roundels for a door. Now in the Victoria and Albert Museum.

In Spain.

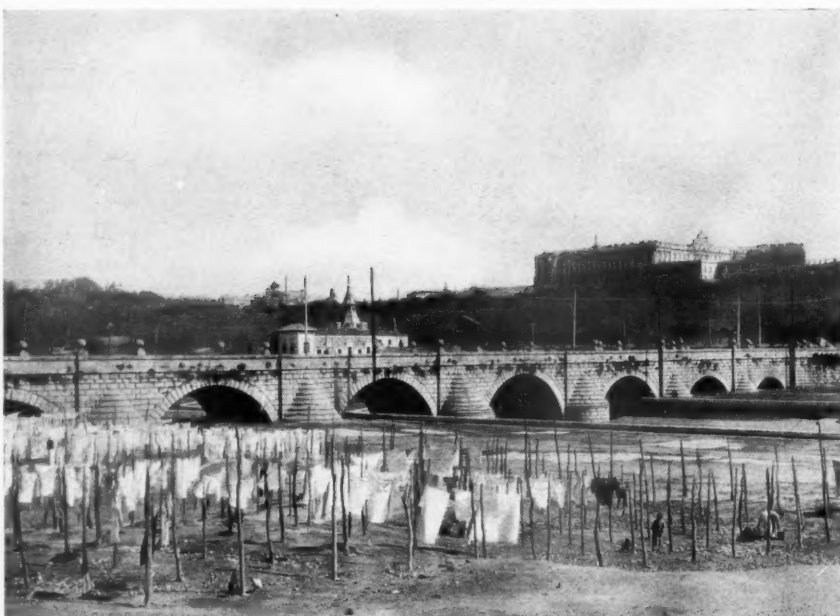
Some Examples of Brick, Plaster, and Granite in the Spanish Renaissance.

VI.—Bridges and Aqueducts.

By L. S. Elton.

IT has long been agreed that Spanish architects showed a special genius for bringing out the qualities of surface and texture. As far back as 1854 Richard Ford was drawing attention to the fact in an article in the *Quarterly Review*. But to think of the beauty of a Spanish building as no more than skin-deep would be a mistake: the truth appears in examining any of the large engineering works, such as bridges and aqueducts. These were designed to withstand Nature in the form of floods coming down suddenly from the mountains, and man in the form of invading armies. Unless the sense of construction had run right through to the bones of the design it would never have survived. Behind the externals of the Spanish style, then, with its much-celebrated picturesqueness: behind all this, there lay a long tradition of sound, honest engineering.

Although Spain contains bridges of all sorts, the most famous examples, and those least like anything in other countries, run chiefly to two types. These do not answer to the legendary idea of a bridge in England. The Cotman bridge, for instance: an unsubstantial, dreamlike affair, standing in an enchanted evening light, with everything about it quiet, peaceful, and static. Beneath it is a cow, looking at its own reflection in the water; and there is a feeling of the Pastoral Symphony in the air, or of "Sweet Thames, run softly till I end my song." Then there is the special Turner bridge of the Liber Studiorum; a kind of romantic rainbow of stone, perched at the top of some nightmare gorge or precipice. Clouds of mist and flights of birds move underneath it, and again it is a little difficult to believe that it ever really existed. Spanish bridges seldom suggest either of these. They are solid, heavy, Roman-looking; built to last—to stop a besieging army, a cloudburst or a tidal wave. One sort runs across a wide, straggling watercourse, which may be quite dry during the summer, so that a traveller, coming on it suddenly, stands still in amazement at the sight of a vast, ponderous erection



1. The Puente de Segovia, Madrid. The bridge is built of granite, like most of Herrera's work, and is founded on a Roman original at Merida. The new raised embankments spoil its effect.

of many arches, laboriously thrown across what seems to be an empty river-bed. It is only in spring when the snow melts and comes down from the Sierra, and the water rises slowly up to the keystones of the arches, that the true meaning of these bridges makes itself felt. (Such an occurrence is described in Ibañez's novel, *Entre Naranjos*.) The granite bridge illustrated here (Figs. 1 and 2), designed by Herrera to cross the Manzanares at Madrid, is of this type, though, per-

haps, more in order to give a Roman air to the city, and pull together the shapeless river-bed, than on account of any great danger of the Manzanares sweeping anything away.

The second Spanish type crosses a deep gorge, as at Cuenca, Ronda, Teruel, and Toledo: the Teruel example being a combination of footbridge and aqueduct. Owing to the number of deep gorges, bridges of this sort seem to be more numerous and striking in Spain than elsewhere.

Taking Herrera's bridge first, then, it is noticeably based on a Roman one at Merida. But the adaptation is surprisingly well carried out; the nine arches, lifting and growing larger to form a climax at the centre, give the bridge the appearance of having a sweeping curved top when in reality the road that crosses it is practically flat. The rough-hewn rustications preserve the granite character, and so do the general thickness and heaviness of all the parts, mouldings and ornament of any sort being avoided. This may seem the obvious way to treat such a design; but to do so was far from being the line of least resistance at the time it was built. Everything else in Madrid seems to have bloomed out into the same uncomfortable granite baroque that affected the local churches. It is interesting to compare Herrera's with Waterloo Bridge, which again gets its distinction by a correct restraint in the use of granite, as shown in the plain, unfluted columns that stand on the piers.

The second example (Figs. 4 and 5) is the small brick aqueduct near the Escorial, one arch of which was illustrated

in a former article published in the issue of THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW for August 1926.

It is difficult to say why the effect it produces is so pleasant. Revisit it again after several years and the result is the same. Thin brick of this sort always looks well if only it is left alone and not mixed to any extent with other materials. Old houses rather in the same spirit exist in Madrid along the banks of the river (Fig. 8);

plain traditional work in violent contrast to the new suburban villas, where the brick is not left alone but worked into wild, half-Moorish patterns which produce an effect of great shoddiness and poverty. One or two Madrid architects, however, have picked up the old style and produced distinguished results: the library on the Ronda de Toledo deserves a place in any anthology of brickwork. The Escorial aqueduct is said by people on the estate to be contemporary with the Casita de Arriba, within a few yards of which it lies. This is probably correct, though most people when they see it in a photograph take it for good work of the Roman Empire. The date would be about 1772.

The third example, in yellow freestone, is from Teruel; a two-tier design, aqueduct above and footbridge in the centre, with a road underneath passing along the bottom of the valley (Figs. 6 and 7). The arches run across from one half of the city to the other, and brought a much-needed water-supply to what is practically an oasis in the middle of a rocky desert. At present there seems to be only a small pipe running across the top. The upper tier has six arches: according to Quadrado (*Aragon*, p. 624) there are 140 more somewhere outside the town, all of hewn stonework, bringing



2. A detail of the Puente de Segovia. The water now runs in a narrow cement channel, but originally there was a wide irregular river-bed.

duct in 1558; from documents in the Teruel archives and the local parish church of S. Martín, enough information is collected to give some picture of Bedel's numerous activities.

It seems that Bedel first made himself famous by re-paving the Moorish S. Martín tower; while doing so he supported it in some peculiar manner of his own, which caused great excitement, so that everyone who passed through the town made a point of coming to see it. This was after an open competition, in which "among all the opinions which the maestros had given for the repairs of the tower, that of Mr. Pierris was the one which most pleased everyone, both clergy and parishioners. Afterwards, when the city saw that the work and the repair of the tower were so well done, recognizing the skill of the maestro, they determined to have the water-supply brought in; and thus the same master who repaired the tower brought the spring of water and placed it in the plaza and other parts of the city; and on the day the water reached the plaza the whole Chapter, with the Aldermen and Liverymen of the city, came out in procession to San Pedro from Santa Maria, to Nuestra Sra. de Gracia, and there



3. Granite vaulting under the Escorial choir designed by Herrera, shown here for comparison with the bridge. The saucer vault can just be seen on the left hand side.

waited till it reached the plaza, and when it arrived they came out of San Pedro; we returned to the plaza giving thanks to God for having completed in our time so great a work as this of the spring of water. This same maestro made the arches of the Rambla by which the water passes to the city. The water reached the plaza in 1558."

Bedel was only paid *tensueldos* (pennies) a day for his work on the tower, "not much, considering his skill and the amount of work he did: he also made the Celadas fountain and many others which, not to be

prolix, I leave unmentioned. At New Year after the tower was done we gave him a black suit of the best cloth we had." Bedel also constructed a tunnel at Daroca to carry off the dangerous local floods.¹ The maestro ended his days and was buried with his wife in the mountain town of Albarracin in 1567. Of his two sons one became a Franciscan and rose to be *Difinidor* of the province and of his Order in Aragon; the other took up the profession of apothecary. Apart from the tunnel and aqueduct Bedel seems only to have worked on churches—one (Gothic) in Albarracin and another (restored after a fire) in Mora de Rubielos. This, and the fact that a stone used to exist in Albarracin to commemorate him, is all that it is easy to discover; but perhaps the new Calpe guide to Aragon may contain further information.

There is one surprising thing about this Teruel aqueduct. Although built by a Frenchman, and as a solution to a new problem in a new way, and in a stone which is

¹ Ponz in his *Journey in Spain* (*Viaje en España*) says this is referred to in a book called *Antiquities of the Most Noble City of Daroca*, published in Saragossa in 1691 by Don Christabel Nuñez y Quilez.

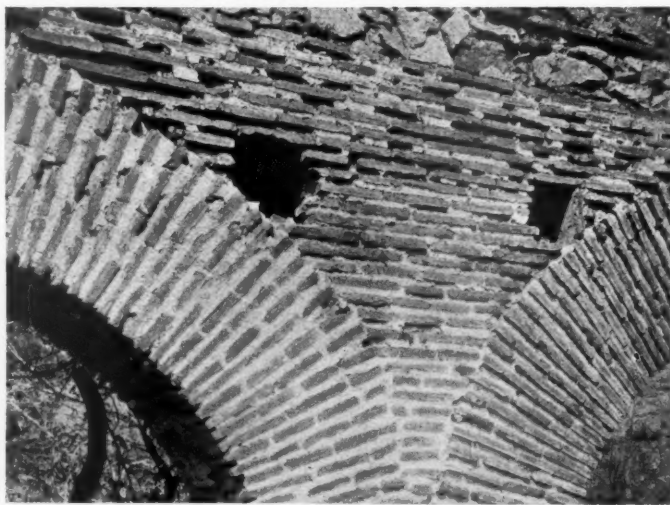


4. A brick aqueduct near the Escorial, which is said to be dated about 1772.

that looks entirely thoroughbred. Bedel seems to have been a skilled and daring engineer who knew what to leave out, and the result is that his bridge, which looks about as thin as a calling-card, has stood successfully in this exposed and wind-swept valley since the time of the Armada. The stone face has hardly crumbled at all. No such determined attempt to solve the water-supply question of Teruel seems ever to have been made since; though lately a meeting was held to reconsider the subject, and travellers who stay in a Teruel *fonda* may still see people bring in bottles of "a good water, a special water from such-and-such a fountain" to drink with the cloudy, leathery-tasting local wines.

These three examples of bridges or aqueducts in granite, brick, and free-stone give some idea of how designs naturally worked themselves out in the three materials; but there also exists in the country a tradition of concrete, which can be seen on the Seville plain; not so much in bridges and aqueducts as in the form of ordinary buildings like the bodega or wine-store illustrated in Figs. 9 and 10.

La Palma del Condado, where this bodega occurs, is an old wine-growing town between Seville and the south coast.



5. A detail of the aqueduct. The bricks average in size 11 in. by 6½ in. by 1 in., and are not tapered to form voussoirs.



6. Los Arcos, Teruel, from the road.



7. From the gorge.

The aqueduct was built in 1558 by the French architect, Pierre Bedel.

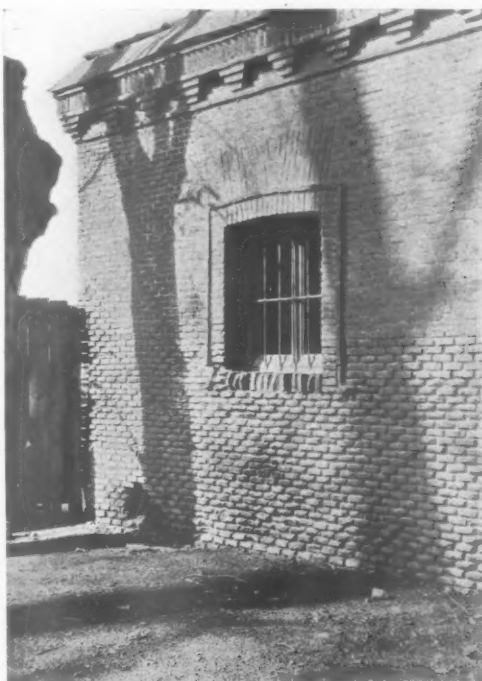
It lies on that flat, incredible plain whose inhabitants are different from those of any other part of the world; so different that the *alegría*, the high-spirited gaiety which is their keynote, has survived the Industrial Age, and brought with it several old crafts and methods of construction. Tile-making, brick-cutting, wrought iron, and, probably, "Guastavino" construction, may all be said to go back unbroken into the past. The Seville character is not, as is often supposed, something butterfly-like, without weight or driving power behind it; it is a force to be reckoned with since it has succeeded artistically where the rest of Western Europe has failed.

The first sign of something strange in the air makes itself felt as soon as one crosses this district by train. In spring, which is the time to travel, a kind of warm invisible cloud slowly floats in through the carriage window; something that has floated over miles and miles of hot orange-blossom, almond-blossom, cistus, and small herbs and rock-plants of several hundred varieties, all in full blast under the spring sun; they throw off a kind of incense, which afflicts the grim northern traveller with a helpless sensation, as if he had taken a ticket for Nirvana instead of for the South of Spain.

The next shock is when the train reaches a station. The whole population seems to be on the platform,

and they are all either smiling or laughing outright. Not at the grim traveller, but at things in general. People can be seen doing business at the carriage window during the five minutes' halt; talking—with hands and feet as well as voices—singing, whistling, eating shrimps sold by an old man who looks like Virgil; or just leaning against a hot white-washed wall and doing nothing whatever, with all the grace

in the world and not a single pang of conscience about Work. And this is the province whose coloured tiles are better designed in every way than those of England. Beyond, in a field old men are digging, bent double, as they have been since early morning and will be till late at night. The train moves, two canaries sing loudly in their cages, there is a shower of almond blossom, and the station-master suddenly appears, chasing a goat and two kids out of his office with a piece of wire. There is a glimpse though the door of a charming interior, with kitchen chairs, red tablecloth, and opal-blue spittoons. As the train moves on, something detaches itself from behind the station buildings; an enormous—a portentous—church, a great piled-up composition of dome and tower and coloured tiles; a bewildering design, so that it is hard to say where the sensation of pastry ends, and the true feeling of entering the Kingdom of Heaven begins. Soon it is gone, round a bend, and the country rolls out



8. An old house near the River Manzanares, Madrid, illustrating the same all-brick tradition as the aqueduct shown in Figs. 4 and 5.

once more; low green meadows stretching away into infinity under a rain-washed sky, with at far intervals a whitewashed village standing on a slight hill and flashing and sparkling in the sun.

How can one think of construction in surroundings like these? Yet there is something arresting in the appearance of the half-finished wine-warehouse; it at once suggests the illustrations in Choisy, showing Roman barrel-vaulting.

This particular bodega was built in 1923, close to La Palma station. The builder had never done one quite like it before, but had every fact and tradition of local methods at his finger-tips, and was confident it would last "sixty, eighty, oh, a hundred years at least." The construction explains itself: a series of brick piers carrying concrete arches, with the walls between made up of *pisé-de-terre*; *tapia*, as it is called locally. There is a tie-rod, and, as the concrete sets as it rises, not much centering is used. The bricks are hand-made as usual, and probably from Niebla; a layer of them is laid flat on the centering and the concrete trowelled on to the top. When the centering is removed the bricks remain and form the under-side of the arch, a similar method being used for local staircases. If this is really the survival of an old concrete tradition (as is likely, since such bodegas must always have been wanted in a wine-growing town), then it represents a form that has crystallized out, like the wooden ship, or the Greek temple, after a long spell of time. It is noticeable that concrete is only used where it is really necessary; not all over the building indiscriminately, as often happens today.

That concrete was used here by the Romans is shown by a passage in Ortega's *Guide*, describing Alcalá de Henares. He remarks that the town possesses "exquisite bread from the mills, singing birds, particularly the innumerable nightingales. . . . At the entrance to the town stretches an ancient Roman bridge of ten arches. . . . The construction of those works intended to carry water is truly monumental and cyclopean; particularly



9. A modern bodega or wine warehouse at La Palma del Condado. The concrete arches suggest Roman barrel-vaulting.

Hormigón is the local form of concrete.

That concrete was used in Spain before the Romans arrived is pointed out by Mrs. Wishaw, the writer and archaeologist, in her guide to the Museum at Niebla. "This material, here called *hormazo* in the coarser quality, and *hormigón* in the finer, is described by Pliny and Varro as a compost of earth and stones used by the Iberians in the construction of their fortresses, stronger than quarried stone and almost imperishable. Specimens of it, from the city walls at Seville, from Sanlúcar la Mayor. . . and other Tartessian ruins, as well as from the Seville Labyrinth, are shown in the Museum. Those from Sanlúcar contain some of the wooden frames used in the building, found in the middle of a block three metres thick, which fell in 1912."

From the above it seems possible that concrete was flourishing in Seville at the time when Romulus was just marking out the walls of Rome with his plough. But what happened between Roman times and now, and how much this *hormigón* was used during the Renaissance, is a question that is still waiting to be answered.

In modern Spain there are districts where the use of brick, plaster, and granite still follows the sound old tradition. Brick, between Olmedo and Medina; plaster on the Seville plain; granite in the Escorial village. A visit to any of these sites will at once establish what these articles originally set out to prove: that whereas the tendency of Italy was to squeeze every material into one common mould, that of Spain was to let each material develop freely along lines of its own.



10. A detail of the bodega. The walls between each arch are of rammed earth (*tapia*).

This article concludes Mr. Elton's present series. Articles I, II, and III were published in the issues of THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW for August, September, and October, 1926, respectively, and Nos. IV and V appeared in the issues for January and August of this year.

✓The Architecture of the Scottish National War Memorial.

Designed by Sir Robert Lorimer, A.R.A., R.S.A.

An Appreciation with some Criticisms.

By Alexander N. Paterson, M.A., A.R.S.A.

AS one turns the corner from Crown Square after visiting the Memorial which occupies its northern side, a little building opposite holds the eye. It is the twelfth-century Saint Margaret's Chapel, simple in the extreme, a tiny oblong of rough and poor rubble, gabled at both ends, and with slated roof. Yet, perched aloft on its eyrie of this topmost battery of the castle as seen against the



From the Mound.

city spreading far below, with the Forth and Fifeshire hills a more distant background, it is impressive in the highest degree. This may be in part to the contrast with the bulk and comparative richness of its neighbour, yet from the contrast the thought springs as to whether the sentiment which the Memorial enshrines might not have been more powerfully conveyed if it were shorn of some of its exuberance both outside and within.

With this in mind, one may return for a further study of the new work.

Alike for the general conception of the building and for the imagination and skill shown in its execution, Sir Robert Lorimer well merits the praise bestowed on it on all sides. The conflicting claims which it is the work of the architect to reconcile in connection with any building scheme have here been multiplied exceedingly. The Crown authorities; the committee with its, at times, divergent views; the military and other units; the jealous eye for the city's amenities of the Cockburn Society; and the supersensitive concern of the Edinburgh public regarding the skyline of the castle—all these he has had to satisfy. If, as counter-vailing advantages on the credit side, are reckoned the ample funds available, an enthusiastic and indefatigable chairman in the person of the Duke of Atholl, and the able band of builders, sculptors, and craftsmen as his co-workers, he is no less to be congratulated on the manner in which his difficulties have been overcome. Nor must one overlook

the limitations imposed by the dimensions and plan of the old barracks incorporated as the Hall of Honour in the final scheme, combined with the required provision of spaces of prescribed number and equal importance to contain the individual memorials of the regimental and other units, while at the same time devoting enough wall space for the efficient and effective lighting of the interior. How

skilfully this has been accomplished in the distribution of the window openings, with due regard to the interior and exterior effect, may be seen from a study of the plan.

Withal there lingers the thought awakened by the little chapel and one wonders whether, alike as regards architecture and craftwork, a severer restraint might not have been given to both a stronger appeal; and this both outside and in. A visible stone-slated roof to the Hall of Honour similar to, if of a lower pitch than that of the shrine, would have tranquillized and unified the whole building. The old barracks had none, so probably the skyline fetish made this impracticable, but, in its absence, the many breaks and reprises of the crowning cope have a restless appearance. These might have been largely modified with benefit, especially if accompanied by a strong stringcourse at a lower level in the neighbourhood of the spring of the internal vault, to give a lateral tie to the old and new portions of the building, and to link up the rather isolated windows and niches of the Hall of Honour. Again, one notices that on the exterior of the Shrine itself, and within its short 30 ft. of length, the strongly marked notes made by the carved gargoyles, the coats-of-arms, and the angel group over the central window are placed at four different levels, none of which, again, correspond with that of the neighbouring enrichments on the return walls of the Hall.

The exterior design of the Shrine in general, by its powerful buttresses and deeply recessed lofty windows, recalls

the same architect's earlier success, the Thistle Chapel at St. Giles's Cathedral. The Shrine is, however, less purely Gothic in detail and of stronger character, both modifications entirely appropriate in relation to the surroundings.

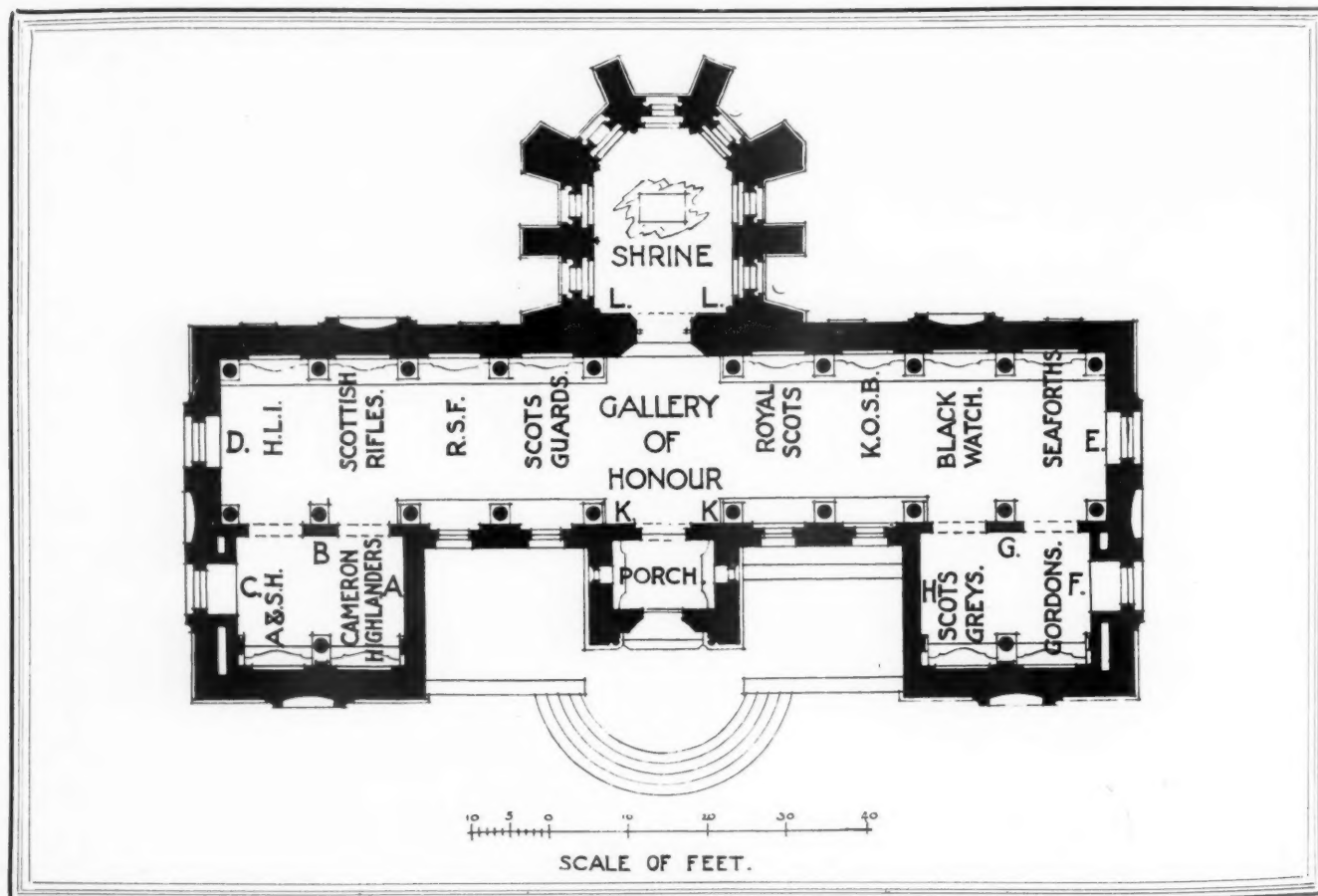
In an interesting speech by Sir Robert Lorimer, as reported in the Press, given to those associated with him to celebrate the completion of the work, he dwelt on the help received from outside suggestions regarding several aspects of the scheme. One of these was from Sir David Cameron, R.A., who recommended him at an early stage to make free use of older Scottish motives, Gothic and Renaissance, without concern as to their archaeological discrepancy, and with a special eye on Stirling Castle. From a long browse there, continued Sir Robert, he had learned much. The advice was good, and it is to his credit that he should



Carved angels supporting the Cross of St. Andrew on one of the buttresses of the Shrine.

have been ready to accept and make use of it, but one could have wished for a more complete assimilation of features divergent in period and scale before giving them a fresh life together—this especially in the interior.

Externally the Stirling Castle influence is redolent, more especially in the small detached figures within shallow widespread niches spanned by heavily cusped flat arches. But there is this difference, that at Stirling the figures are poised on elongated baluster-shaped shafts which spring from the base of the niches, while at the Memorial they stand on little corbels projecting about midway up the plain face of the contained area, with a resultant detached and isolated appearance in relation to their surroundings, instead of the closer association in the case of those of their prototypes. The opinion has been elsewhere expressed



A Plan of the Memorial.

THE SCOTTISH NATIONAL WAR MEMORIAL.



Plate II.

September 1927.

FROM THE NORTH-WEST.
Sir Robert Lorimer, A.R.A., R.S.A., Architect.





The Shrine from the north-west. The subject scheme of the seven windows in the Shrine is "The Warring Element in the Destiny of Man," and the idea culminates in the central window (No. 4). The windows have been planned in three groups, each of which reads as one composition. Nos. 1 and 2 represent the beginnings of strife, tyranny and crime; Nos. 3, 4 and 5 symbolize "Praise," and Nos. 6 and 7 are based on "Revelation," and portray the overthrow of tyranny.



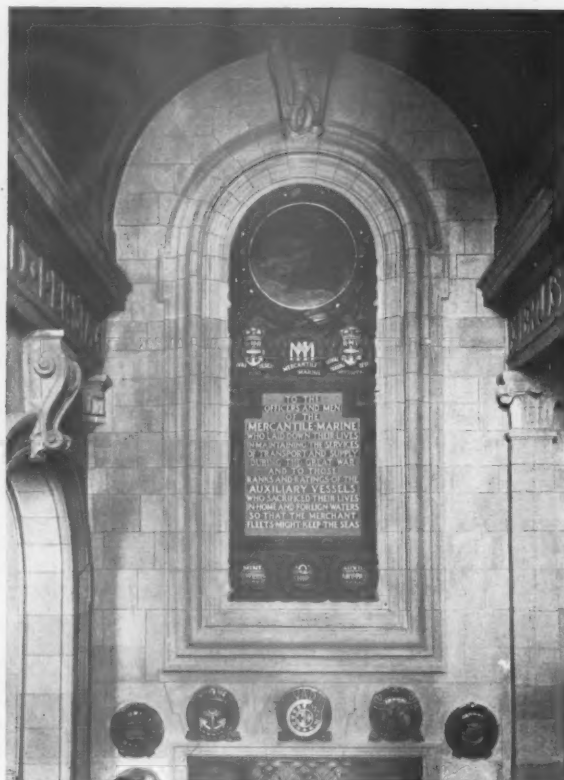
The south front facing Crown Square. In the shadow of the great arch over the entrance doorway can be seen a sculptured figure which is intended to represent the survival of the spirit.



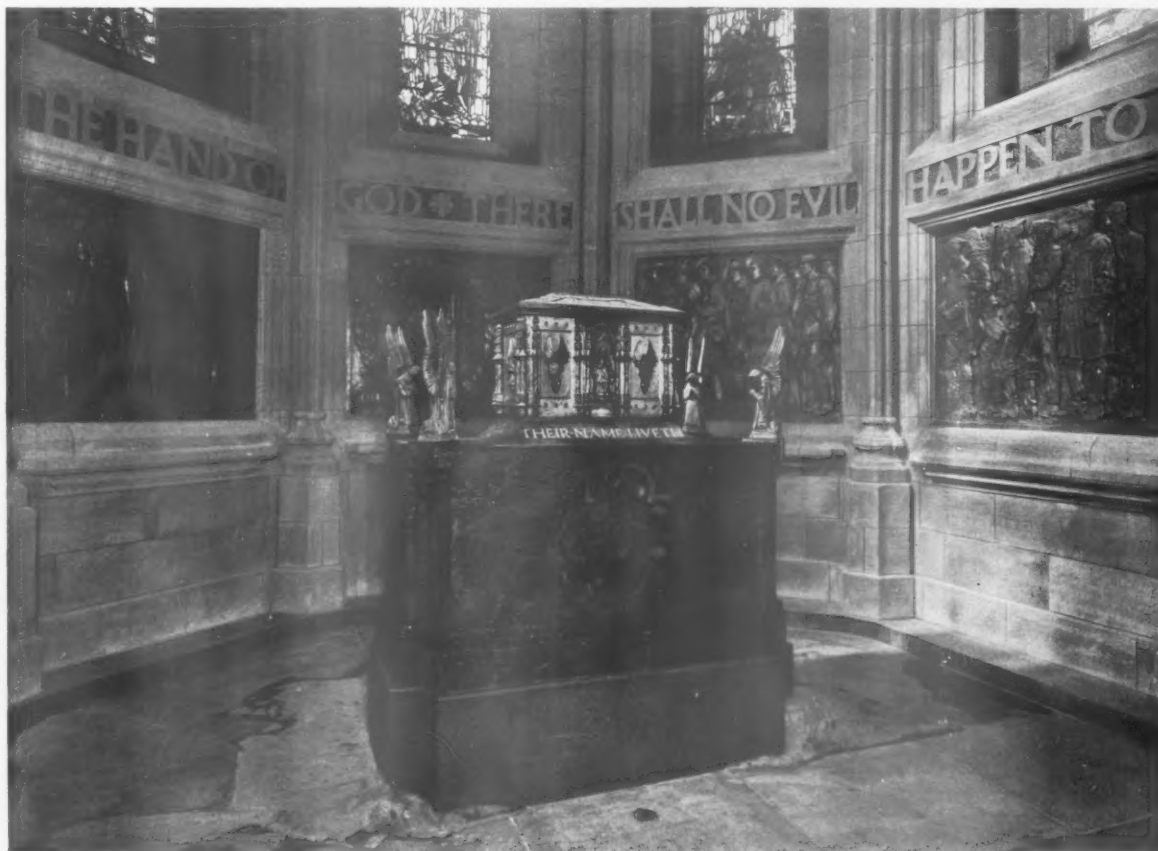
A detail from the west end of the Hall of Honour. The left-hand window is dedicated to the Royal Navy, and the centre panels show various types of war vessels in action. The window on the right is devoted to the Women's services, the panels illustrating their work in the harvest field, workshop, ambulance, and hospital. The figure in the centre niche represents "Freedom."



The Royal Air Force window at the west end of the Hall of Honour. The panels illustrate different types of aircraft, airships, and captive balloons.



The Memorial to the Mercantile Marine. Above the large sculptured stone tablet is a circular bronze panel depicting a cargo steamer and a mine-sweeper at sea.



The wrot steel casket in the Shrine, presented by the King and Queen, containing one hundred thousand names of the dead. The marble table carrying the casket rests on one of the highest pinnacles of the Edinburgh Castle rock, which can be seen emerging through the floor.



Inside the Shrine looking towards the entrance. Around the arch is carved the Tree of the Empire, on the branches of which are the coats of arms of the Dominions, crowned by the coat of arms of the Mother Country.

that by making these figures small in relation to their setting a subtlety of scale has been given to the building. This view one has difficulty in sharing, more particularly considering the great divergence in scale between the figures themselves and the immediately contiguous sculptured capitals of animal motives by Miss Phyllis Bone. Brilliantly conceived and executed these, but again seemingly out of scale with the shafts they crown.

With enhanced effect variants of these occur at the lofty arch which spans the porch centred on the south front to Crown Square. In this the architect has given us a noble and most impressive feature. The low, round-arched doorway, deeply splayed and moulded, and set back from the main face, forms, as it were, but the base of the great arch over, holding in its deep and shadowed recess a mysterious figure by Mr. Percy Portsmouth, large in scale and fine in conception, symbolic of the Survival of the Spirit. But enthusiasm flags with the skyline. Here again the reprised cope, especially in combination with the widespreading gargoyles and the upstanding sculptured animal finials on the angles, gives one a restless impression detracting much from the solemnity and contributing nothing to the uplift of the general conception. Surely a simple gable form, either with plain skewers or crowsteps, would have met all the requirements and provided the restful finish desirable. Nor can one fail to notice a lack of scale as between the gargoyles at the top and the flanking lion and unicorn by the base of the porch.

On entering and the inner doorway passed, one's view is held, one's attention riveted, by the vista of the Shrine as seen through the lofty and narrow arch between it and the Hall of Honour stretching away on either side. This archway, with its surrounding angels by Mr. Pilkington Jackson, over (human) life-size, bearing the arms of the five principal cities of Scotland, and the beautifully designed and executed wrought-iron gates and grille, is wholly admirable. But for one feature, the Shrine itself is not less so. The lettering of the inscription surrounding the bronze low-relief panels which fill the lower walls strikes one as coarse and unduly aggressive; the panels themselves, by Mr. and Mrs. Meredith Williams, though a difficult problem successfully overcome, are rather worrying in their perhaps necessary realism of buckle, strap and tab. But even if these be admitted as



A back view of the casket. It is enriched by figures in cast iron representing St. Margaret of Scotland, St. Andrew, and six angels holding shields blazoned with symbols representing Virtues.

like plinths, rudely foliated capitals and clumsily moulded architraves, had been dispensed with, the frieze also bearing the names of campaigns and battles in lettering even more aggressive with its painted background than those in the Shrine, the gain would have been great. With the columns would have gone also the intermediate consoles with yet added gain. The whole order appears to have no structural function; it seems to jostle and overpower the arched recesses, with their entirely satisfactory containing mouldings, in which are set the regimental and other memorials. A marked division between and setting back of these was certainly required, but might have been provided by deep responds with continuing stone ribs to the barrel vault even with the infilling between these remaining of concrete as executed.

One might linger with pleasure on the many beauties of detail in other parts of the building, on the cast and sculptured panels and trophies (individually excellent, if in the aggregate rather overwhelming), on the imaginative and decorative quality of Dr. Strachan's windows, but such require several articles to themselves.

In the endeavour to appraise architecture, as in the case of all works of art, judgment must make allowance for difficulties, known and unknown; should recognize and give full value to achievement without passing over what appear to the critic to be detractions from the thing achieved. From such a summing-up, and with due allowance for time's unifying and mellowing effect, the assurance remains that, in his effort to house Scotland's National Memorial of the Great War, Sir Robert Lorimer has made a notable contribution to the country's heritage of architecture and worthily enshrined its reverence for and glory in those who laid down their lives in its service.



One of the circular carvings in the recessed bays of the Hall of Honour, representing the heads of animals engaged in the Great War.

Barclays Bank.

No. 160 Piccadilly.

Designed by W. Curtis Green, A.R.A.

By Professor C. H. Reilly.

TO alter one's own building to another purpose from that for which one designed it can never be an easy or even a pleasant task. It can rarely be a successful one, so one would imagine. If, too, the uses are as wide apart as those of a motor showroom with its big plate-glass windows, and a bank with its usual air of discreet reserve, the difficulty is obviously very great. Fortunately for Mr. Curtis Green, who has had this task, his original building was a block of offices first and only a motor showroom, though a very noble one, afterwards. The block of offices with its order of coupled Corinthian columns remains, and the columns, one thinks, are a better symbol of banking than they were of motor salesmanship. So far, so good. It is the ground floor which presents the difficulty. This, however, with its three fine arches with their richly coffered soffits on either front, as far as the stonework goes, is still sufficiently massive for any bank, and a considerably finer treatment of a ground floor than most bank buildings possess. It remains, therefore, to deal with the plate-glass windows and the fine wrought-iron grilles which fill them on the Piccadilly front. These latter, beautiful as they are, are obviously a little lighter and gayer than anything one usually associates with banks. They are even a little freer in form than anything one usually associates with a fully developed and fluted Corinthian Order. The obvious solution, then, of the exterior would be, so it seems, to take out both the plate-glass windows and the grilles and to substitute for them some more reticent type of barred window and some severer type of grille. Not so Mr. Curtis Green. He obviously loved his wrought-iron grilles, and they have certainly been one of the pleasantest pieces of craftsmanship of recent years. We should all miss them in spite of their slight incongruity with the stonework above. Mr. Green, therefore, has retained the grilles and has added further severer ones as railings below them. So far so good, but this was not sufficient apparently for the bank directors. The architect has had to add a heavy stone doorway in the centre arch, with bronze doors, although members of an enterprising mob could always jump through the surrounding plate-glass windows. One can imagine the bank directors saying, "The public must always enter a bank through a certain type of portal—such is their psychology." The reply is, "Such, one imagines, is the psychology of



The public space, looking towards the entrance door.

bankers." Anyway, Mr. Green has had to diminish the grace of his building, which we have all admired, by the erection of this tomb-like entrance.

So much for the exterior. The interior is another matter. The architect here has had the whip hand of the bankers; at any rate, he and his fine red lacquer columns have together persuaded them to a new type of bank interior. There was always the fine vaulted ceiling which, like the exterior, was, perhaps, more suggestive of a bank (of an idealized kind) than of a motor showroom. The interior, however, in the old days was furnished with bright things, such as black and gold lacquer furniture and gilt candelabra to go with the shiny sides of the cars. The wonderful thing is they are all there today in the bank and do not look out of place. The chief reason is that the bank counter itself is in black and gold lacquer.

It outlines, too, a fine public space under the central vault. The result is, indeed, a bank, and a commodious one, where the public do not have to turn to the right or left to find the counter, but a bank raised many degrees in cheerfulness. It is a pleasure to enter it. There is none of that sense of depression which our bank interiors are generally so careful to provide. To be told one was overdrawn in Mr. Curtis Green's lacquer bank would merely produce a laugh, and how much better. Yet the hall in its main lines is very serious and architectural and the scale big. Mr. Green, too, has the magnificent marble floor to focus with its pattern the symmetrical arrangement of the room. It remains, therefore, a noble interior with all sorts of added interests which one does not usually find in banks. May one find them in future! There is obviously now no reason why the places where the dismal science chiefly functions should in themselves be dismal. It is a great discovery. Yet if they are not, such is the character of our race, some people may think credit will be shaken. In the meantime it should be remembered that all this lacquer work with its highly polished surfaces makes a very practical interior. The lacquer has only to be dusted, whereas the old-fashioned mahogany had to have periodical applications of furniture cream. Indeed, it appears that our gloom cost us more, and that it is cheaper to be gay. Will our banks learn this new lesson I wonder? Whether they do or not we can all congratulate Mr. Curtis Green on the courage and success with which he has propounded the problem.

BARCLAYS BANK.



Plate III.

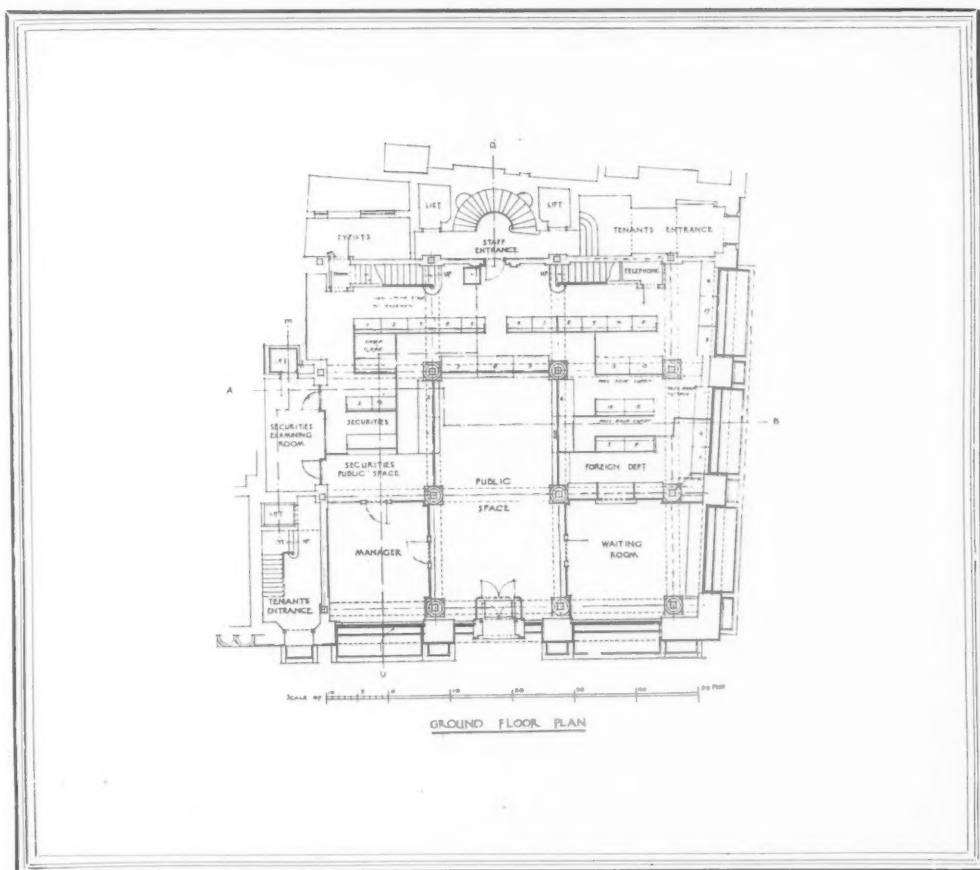
September 1927.

FROM PICCADILLY.
W. Curtis Green, A.R.A., Architect.





The entrance front.



A plan of the ground floor.



The banking hall.

The staircase
leadingfrom the banking
hall.

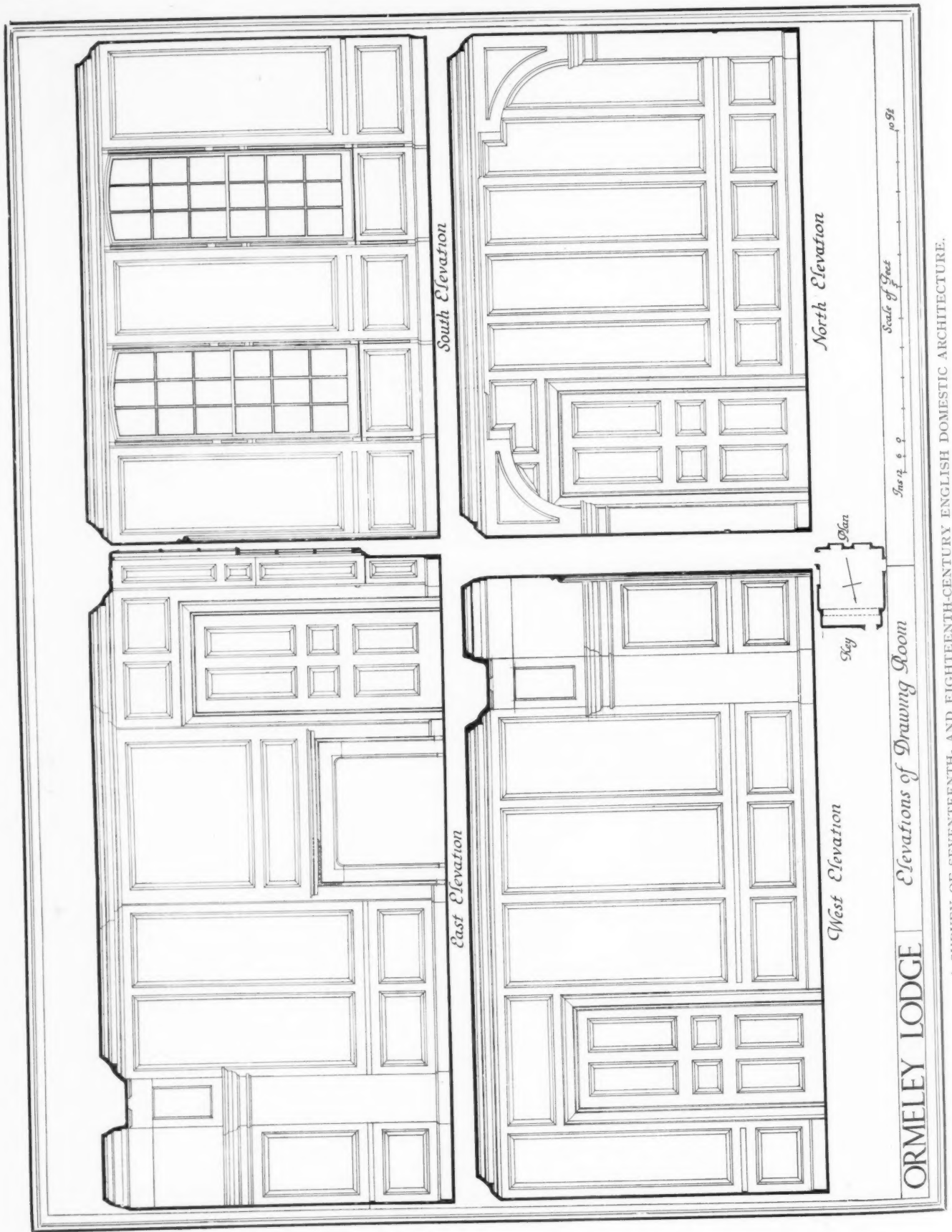


The manager's room.



A detail of the
wall decoration

in the
manager's room.



Selected Examples of Architecture.

In Continuation of "The Practical Exemplar of Architecture."

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

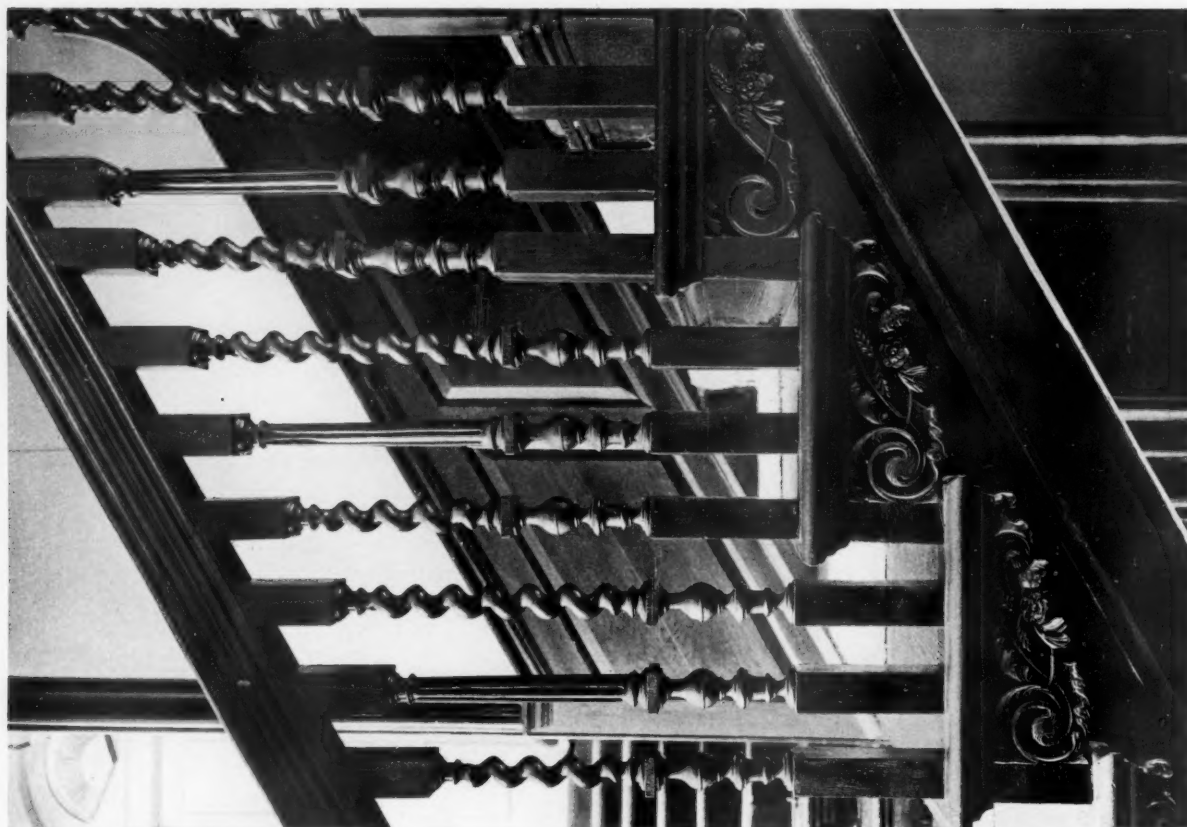
Ormeley Lodge, Ham, Surrey.

By Tunstall Small & Christopher J. Woodbridge.

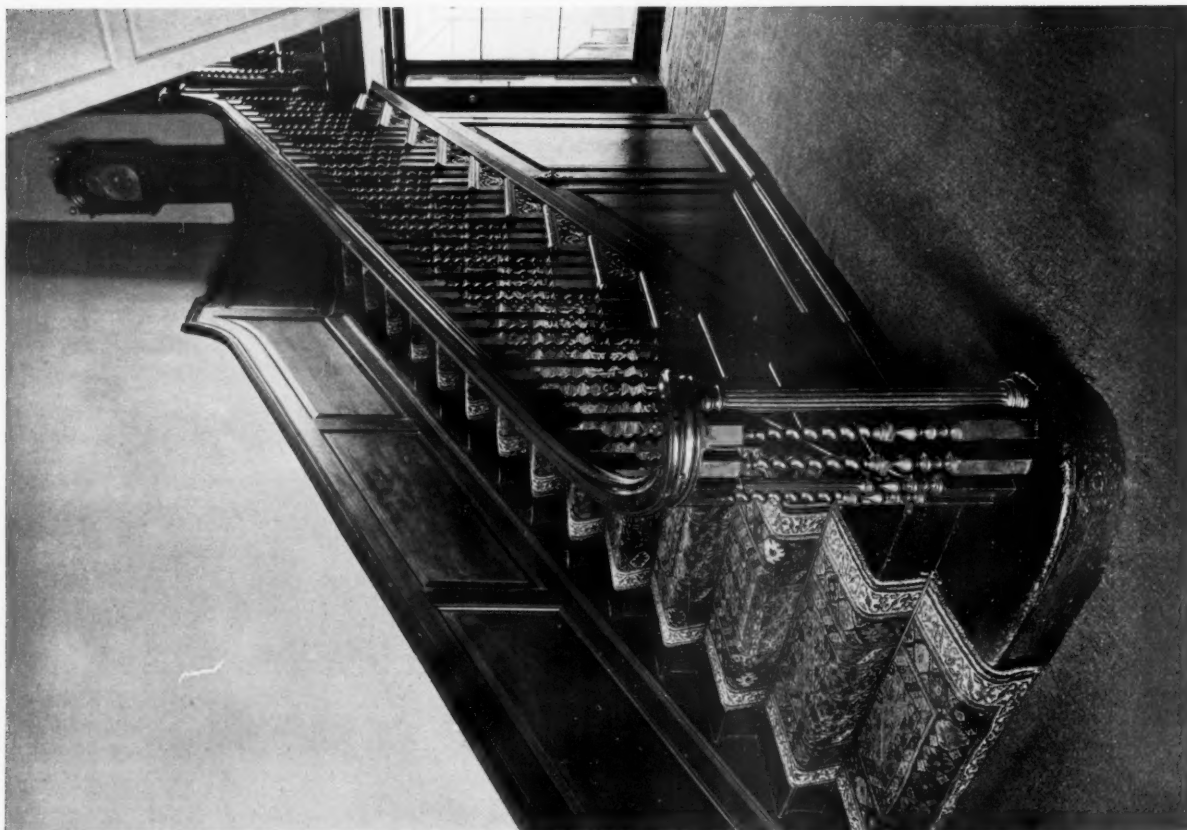


THE DRAWING-ROOM.

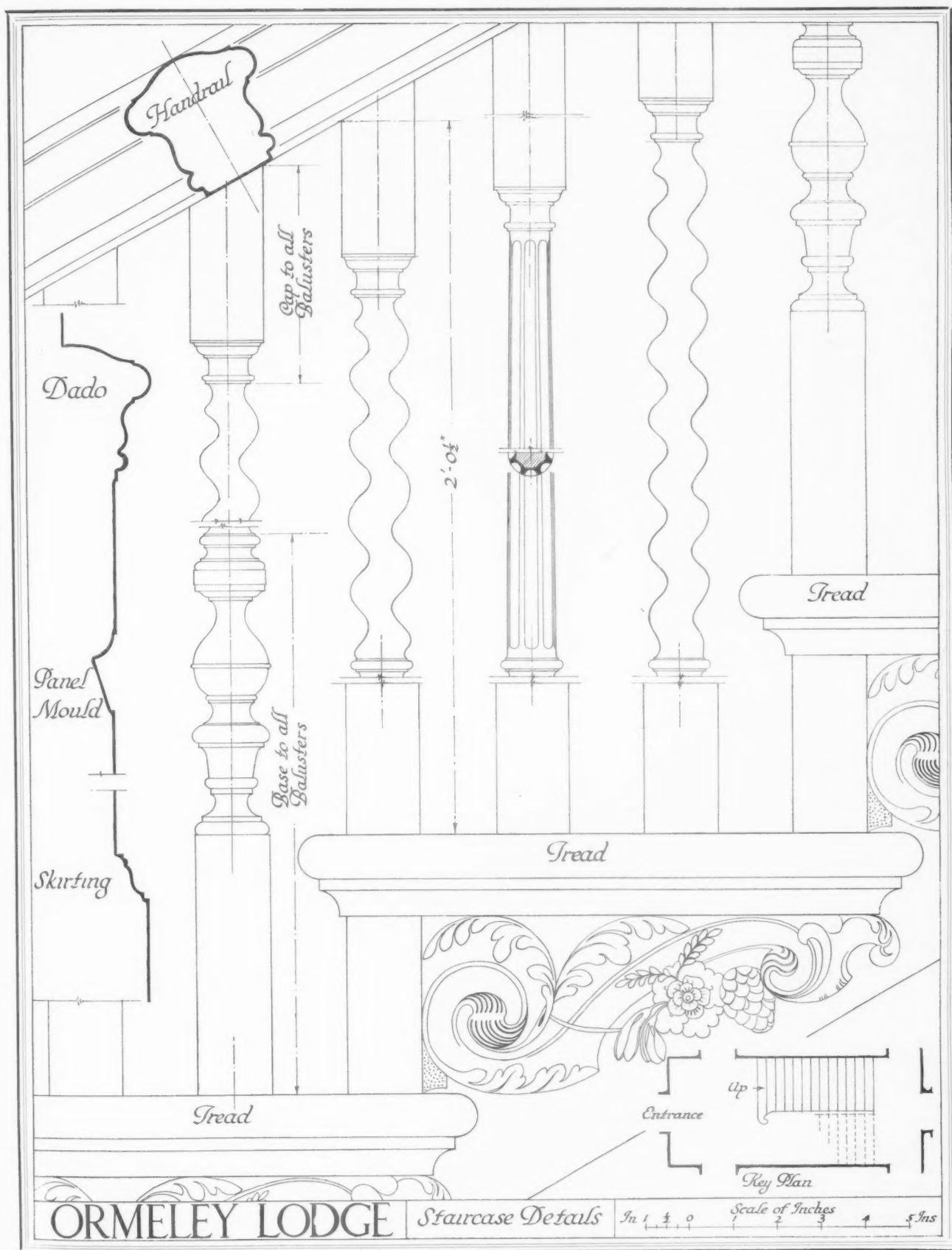
NOTE.—The following illustrations complete the survey of the interior of Ormeley Lodge. A photograph and measured drawing of the niche in the dining-room were published last month. Photographs and measured drawings of the exterior were given in the June issue of THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW.



A DETAIL OF THE BALUSTRADE AND BRACKETS.



THE STAIRCASE.



Exhibitions.

THE BEAUX ARTS GALLERY, 1 Bruton Place, Bond Street, W. Pictures and Drawings by Mr. William Nicholson.—To one who knows and thoroughly appreciates the record of achievement which lies behind Mr. Nicholson, this exhibition was rather disappointing: one would have liked some of his designs for the theatre to have been included.

Mr. Nicholson was never a colourist; his paintings are nearly always practically in monochrome with a little colour introduced in some small spot in or around the centre of interest.

There is often, in regard to criticism, a conspiracy of silence about certain painters who are supposed to have "arrived," which really implies they can go no farther. In this sense, Mr. Nicholson has not arrived; his latest works show that he is still moving on; that he now realizes the necessity of colour, and is alert to new movements in art.

On the stair wall on the way up to the first-floor gallery was a study of still-life, drawn with pastels in clean, unmixed colour; it could almost be said to be modern in feeling, yet it did not seem to be purposeful enough, and in spite of its charming colour was not completely convincing. When I read in the catalogue that it was "a note for a flower piece," I saw why it had not quite satisfied me. The freedom of its execution lay in the fact that it was not treated quite so seriously and laboriously as a finished painting; that the painter had got some fun out of it; but this attitude had weakened it in other directions, for it was not pinned down; its complete realization hung, as it were, suspended in some future production.

Now this is just where the difference between Mr. Nicholson's and the more modern outlook comes in. The modernist does not make studies for pictures; he puts all his cards on the table and goes as strong as he can at the moment he feels the necessity for making his painting; therefore it is immediately conscious and vital and final.

In some of Mr. Nicholson's later works he has used very diluted paint, and a light ground, which he allows to show through, giving a luminous effect. But he is not always careful that the ground is a sound one, with the result that various undesirable marks and even previous paintings which have been smudged out are beginning to show through. This is certainly not as it should be. A man whose work I knew, once sold a seascape, and the purchaser was surprised a few years later to see some cows coming out of the sea!

Mr. Nicholson's subjects are often inclined to be a little dreary; sometimes the bread which composes still-life groups looks a little mouldy, and the study, "Miss Jekyll's Boots," in spite of being an efficient piece of painting, still remains nothing more or less than a worn-out pair of old boots.

The paintings in which Mr. Nicholson has introduced more colour than usual are "Glastonbury Plain" (27), "Red Willows" (30), and "Spring Bunch of Flowers" (62), though in the latter one feels that the colour should have been carried right through the picture and not have begun and ended with the flowers.

Of his portraits the most interesting was "The Landlord" (52), a splendid piece of character painting of an individual of monumental dignity, which was lent by the Manchester City Art Gallery.

THE ST. GEORGE'S GALLERY, 32a George Street, Hanover Square, W.1. Modern English Engraver-Etchers.—This exhibition was more or less along familiar lines. Those artists who have not the requisite lightness of touch or feeling for line that etching demands, have perhaps wisely chosen the more rigid and mechanical method of engraving upon the copper instead of etching it. This method has a charm of its own, but cannot compare in interest with an etching, which registers unfailingly the character and feelings of the etcher. In engraving there is only a choice between various lengths and directions of lines sharply incised upon the copper; whereas etching responds to individual treatment and is therefore a much more personal expression. However, each gives something which the other cannot, and that which is sympathetic to one man will not be so to another.

Among the engravers, Messrs. Ethelbert White, Allan McNab

and Frank Medworth are probably the most accomplished. Mr. McNab is able to observe and record astonishingly minute details.

Among the etchers, Mr. Maresco Pearce is doing an original type of work, though it is rather woolly in character.

Mr. Webb's drypoint "Colluire" (45) is spoiled by the background; the hills of which it is composed look as if they were crumpled pieces of wrapping paper. This would not matter at all if other parts of the picture appeared to be made of the same material, but they do not; the boats in the foreground look just ordinary everyday boats.

Among the French exhibitors, Mr. A. Dunoyer de Segonzac's etching "Le Chêne à Chaville" (94) and Mr. Jean Marchand's "Lisouse" (93) were flexible in line and free in handling; these artists have the ideal touch for the etcher.

"Reverie" (108) is a strong and interesting piece of work but rather depraved in feeling.

There were two loosely-drawn lithographs by Matisse, and also one in this medium, "San Mandrier" (79), by Mr. Henri de Waroquier.

THE REDFERN GALLERY, 27 Old Bond Street, W.1. Etchings by Mr. John B. Souter and Works by Mr. George Bissill.—The series of etchings by Mr. Souter show him to be a conscientious and painstaking craftsman. He belongs to the old school of etchers; that is, he is only interested in etching in so far as it is able to give him as faithfully as possible the actual forms so far as ordinary light and shade are capable of giving them. He does not use line for its own sake, nor, on the other hand, does he control the light and shade so as to render his own personal sense of form in such a way as to make his works objects of art rather than mere transcriptions of Nature.

But there is nothing of the fumbler about Mr. Souter; all the numerous and intricate lines which he uses are kept quite clear and distinct, and supply the light and shade according to their width apart, and not through any manipulative work with the ink upon the plate.

His small plates, two or three inches square, particularly "Gillis Duncan" (5) and "Fiona" (9), have a feathery delicacy of touch.

Mr. Bissill's work has steadily improved since he came definitely into touch with modern French art; his designs are more logical, and he is happily leaving behind a rather barren formula for representing the human figure which he had picked up in a more or less superficially clever way from other works he had seen but not properly understood. I still find his harlequins and clowns rather foolish as decorations.

This exhibition consists mostly of watercolour drawings. Of his few oils, "A Village in the Midlands" (49) is the most successful; it is very reserved in colour, in fact almost in monochrome, but it has weight and force behind it because the forms are firmly modelled and blocked out in definite shapes, paint being plastically used and not photographically.

Mr. Bissill (or his advisers) is (or are) wise in having dropped the title of "Minor Artist"; he is quite able to stand upon his own legs as a painter and need not be exploited as a sort of freak, for he is undoubtedly a very promising painter.

THE O.W. ARTS GROUP, 1 Little George Street, Westminster. Spanish Drawings by Mr. R. T. Rees and Mr. P. M. Stratton.—Both these draughtsmen, being architects, naturally treat their subjects from an architectural point of view. Mr. Stratton's "Courtyard of Myrtles, Alhambra, Granada" (7), and his "Court of Lions, Alhambra, Granada" (10), both of which are pencil drawings, are interesting for the rich and full detail they suggest. His pen-and-ink drawings, "S. Maria la Ronda" (5) an interior, and another of the same building from the outside (6), were perhaps the most satisfactory in this medium.

Mr. R. T. Rees showed mostly small carefully-drawn watercolours, the best of which was "Gateway into Toledo" (22).

RAYMOND MCINTYRE.

Craftsmanship

Views and Reviews

A London Diary



The
Architectural Review
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Decorative Art in France.

By Vernon Blake.

CAR, par nature, ilz (les François) sont joyeux, candides, gracieux et bien amés.

Wrote Rabelais some centuries since. Yet on visiting the salon of the Artistes Décorateurs at the Grand Palais one would scarcely call to mind the famous lines; at best they come back by virtue of contrast. Curious this heavy hand that German Munich has laid on the gayer elegance of France.

It was some time before the war that Munich decorative art exposed at the Salon d'Automne schemes of modern furnishing.

"Excellent, excellent," announced Forain when his critical opinion was demanded, and then, in hushed and reverent tones, asked: "But where is the body?"

Even when Paul Follot's accustomed greens are made luxurious by wealth of silver lavished upon wall and ceiling, are brought up here and there by accent of nutmeg-coloured wood, even then we do not feel ourselves yet in touch with the graceful, natural ease of France.

"Mais, c'est gentil ça," declared a modern fairy passing before a dull silver screen by Suzanne Lalique on which a multitude of small birds perch upon a complex tracery of boughs. Dark grey and silver, it is of a truth discreet and *gentil*; it would seem—as, indeed, to be supposed—that the women oppose a better resistance than the men to the solemnity which reigns among recent furniture. Such is not always the case. Lucie Renaudot is needlessly severe, while one of the happiest modifications of the influence of Munich is that of Leleu, who, working as usual in collaboration with the maker of rugs, Da Silva Bruhns, has imagined a delicately successful scheme of terra-cotta combined with a whole symphony of greys.

In the rug the terra-cotta suddenly clears to rose, yet so carefully is the transmutation carried out that the brighter floor note does not hold the eye. A difficult thing in decoration, equitable management of the floor. One feels one might live in the room, the artificiality which so often stiffens the work of the *ensembliers* has been gently thrust aside, veiled by certain subtleties of form and tint which, aided by just those variations which real occupation of the room inevitably bring, would make of it a fitting background for present-day costume and manner.

It is difficult to understand the want of unity in artistic aim today. Women's costume is simple and almost gay in intention—fashion even demands slimmness from the women themselves; yet for their use the makers of furniture offer an extreme massive-

ness of costly wood in shapes too often funereal in kind. At any rate the workmanship is beyond criticism, the woods, ivory, silver beyond reproach; yet when we turn to the sister art of painting all is technical anarchy. Composition is banished, anything painted anyhow would seem to constitute a masterpiece. On the walls of some of the pseudo-rooms at the salon are hung modern paintings. The contrast is painful between the faultless cabinet-work and the absence of all craft knowledge from the picture. What can signify this absolute opposition in aim? On the one hand, painters make hay of craft; on the other

hand, cabinet-work touches such a perfection of wealth of material and workmanship as we have rarely seen. Indeed, this perfection of execution is often needed to render acceptable the often too simple lines of the design. It is difficult to imagine a magnificent buffet executed in amboyna wood, enriched with some artfully bestowed bas-relief in silver, turned out anew in the pine or oak which would bring it within the reach of modest purses. And that is the justified reproach which many address to the designers of modern furniture: that they have created a style for multimillionaires, but beyond the dreams of average man.

Djo-Bourgeois might propose his furniture, in cream-white and lemon-yellow, largely constructed in aluminium as fitted to reasonably priced production. But the too evident influence of now nearly worn-out Cubistic doctrines creates an uncomfortable sense of rigid angularity; it would be difficult to feel at home in such surroundings. His aesthetic is strictly mechanical—indeed, a villa near Cannes is like nothing so much as a lighthouse or naval station of some sort. Doubtless design of the future must take into very considerable count the mechanical tendencies of the age; but is the

designer justified in serving us with almost unadulterated geometry in lieu of art?

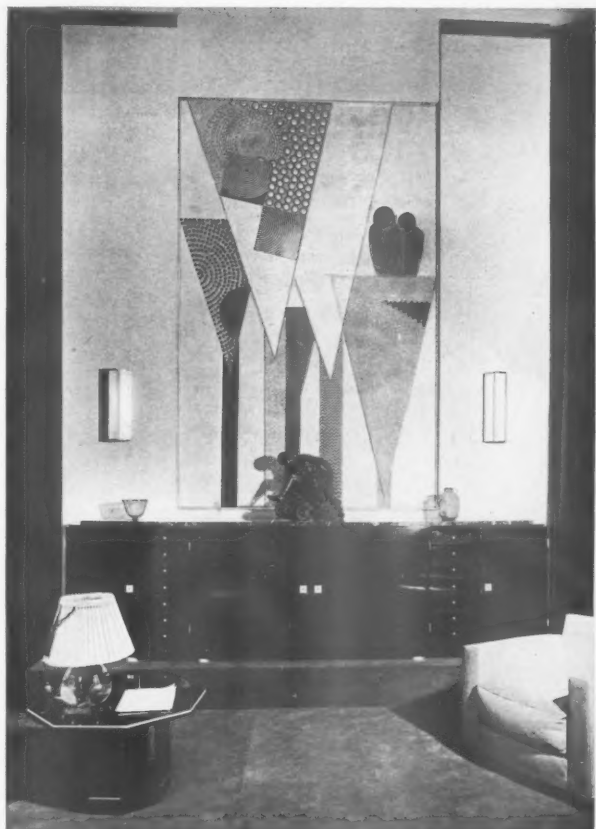
He is nearly alone in the present salon to hold up the geometric banner beloved of Mallet-Stevens, if we except an unusual child's bedroom by Raymond Nicolas, where cream-white is set off by line and area of brown polished wood. Semicircular backs modify the too great straightness elsewhere.

"DIM" (Joubert et Petit) are this time—as often—happy in a scheme of terra-cotta reds mingled with beige and black, silvered lights catch on the long velvet lines of the window hangings which set the particular note of red. A strange apocalyptic animal by Gauguin's son contorts itself upon the buffet, and just one note of clearest violet focuses in thinnest



The hall of a private hotel. The walls are pearl-grey in colour, and the ceiling silver. The furniture is of rosewood upholstered in emerald green rep. The carpet is brown, grey and jade green.

Architect and Designer: PAUL FOLLOT.



The chest is of amboyna and rosewood, ornamented with ivory. The arm-chair is upholstered in natural light havana-colour morocco.
Architect and Craftsman : MICHEL ROUX-SPITZ.



The Rotonde Jean-Goujon, showing its six capital-less columns.
Designed by MICHEL ROUX-SPITZ.
The ceiling is by M. PERZEL.



A bedroom painted in a light beige colour. The curtains above the bed are of yellow silk rep and the carpet is a dark beige.
The handles of the doors and of the drawers are in polished *maillechort*.
Designer and Craftsman : DJO BOURGEOIS.

glass upon the laid table.

The Rotonde Jean-Goujon is the work of Roux-Spitz, who appears more than once in the salon, notably in a design for a façade. With him Raymond Subes shows three splendid wrought-iron gates which remind us that perhaps the most satisfactory outcome of the modern movement lies precisely in this direction. Subes also shows a truly magnificent effort of his art in the shape of an imposing gate set in masonry reminiscent of I know not what Moorish fortress of old Spain, yet modern withal.

Paul Kiss has some beautiful and intricate ironwork. When we remember how many are now forging really powerful, yet elegant, screens, gates and even furniture, we are forced to admit that perhaps here is the fullest achievement of our age in art. One would have thought that the tendency towards engineering rigidity of design would have made itself most felt in this material *par excellence* of the machine: iron. Yet, no; the very contrary is true. The forgers of iron have most happily hit upon combination of strength and elegance, of straight line, and of ingeniously twisted curve. The gates of Subes are made of squarely intertwined bars which add an agreeable suppleness to the sterner chequer work. Taking all into count, I think I have felt higher æsthetic satisfaction before ironwork than before any other manifestation of recent art.

In the street of shop fronts fantasy seems to have had free play. More than once an ingenious use of the name as an intricate part of the decoration renders it almost illegible. The artist demands from the public an unusual and Chinese habit of vertical deciphering, or forges in iron to a decorative but hardly readable result. The vogue tends seemingly towards diminutive shop windows in which a single article is displayed. Will such paucity be, in practice, conducive to considerable sales? Surely in this case art and commerce should come to an equitable conclusion.

On the whole, these shop fronts have something of the forbidding

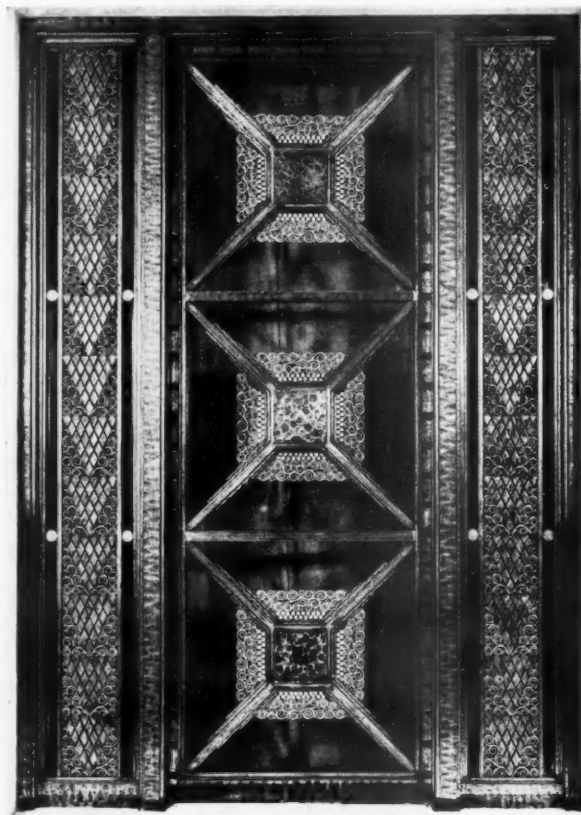


A sitting-room in which the cupboard is of amboyna and the chairs are upholstered in silk velour. The carpet is terra-cotta and rose in colour, and was made by Da Silva Bruhns.

Designed by M. LELEU.

transparent glass is supported on a large hollow and cylindrical oval foot. Just the cylinder and the oval plane atop. The thing stands alone in a dim-draped recess. Dunand shows black lacquered screens and metallic plaques, one of which is decorated with two serious birds perched among intersecting triangles of brown and silver, and is placed along with work by Joseph Bernard, Bourdelle, Delamarre, and Landowski in Roux-Spitz's rotonde with its six capital-less columns strictly cylindrical. This last is busy erecting the immense monument to the defence of the Suez Canal, which will be inaugurated at some future date.

Maurice Sognot and Marcel Guillemard give us, each of them, *ensembles* into which fit with singular apropos the rose and black fantasies of Marie Laurencin. Maurice Sognot's wood is almost white, and the variation is played upon rose and beige with a note or two of pure ceruleum on the floor itself. Why is it that even from here, too, as from the serious children of Marie Laurencin's brush, gaiety seems banished? It would seem that the modern world sets out very seriously to enjoy itself with the aid of jazz bands and space-devouring motor-cars; but that the lighter, more spontaneous gaiety of elder times has died out both from life and art, which all too often offers us an architecture of prisons, a very sepulchre of furniture, a painting of decomposed nudes. Alas, poor Rabelais, were he to return!



An ornamental wrought-iron grille to the entrance of the house which M. Roux-Spitz is building for himself in co-operation with M. Subes, in the Rue Guynemer, near the Luxembourg, Paris. All the parts ornamented with small scrolls are gilt.

Designer: MICHEL ROUX-SPITZ. Craftsman: RAYMOND SUBES.

English Furniture.

IX.—*Standing Cupboards and Shelves.*

By John C. Rogers.

FEW articles of furniture are more anciently recorded than cupboards. While first place must be given to low-lying boxes with hinged lids which are termed chests, some very early examples remain of the upstanding box with hinged doors which now are designated cupboards, but which in the Middle Ages were known chiefly as aumbries; such, for example, as that to be seen in York Minster and Woodbridge Church. In those days the term cupboard denoted an open structure of shelves upon which the cups were placed and the plate displayed. Such pieces, however, later came to be called buffets, and cupboards then gradually received the wider significance which to-day denotes any piece of box formation fitted with hinged doors, excepting those specially designed for storing clothes. For the latter, the ancient term was "press" or "pressour," and right up to the late eighteenth century the expression was retained, Chippendale and his contemporaries producing designs for "commode clothes presses"; to-day such are known as wardrobes. The wardrobe, being an important piece of bedroom furniture, is therefore excluded from this article, for which I have collected a miscellaneous group of cupboard structures, each in its way a worthy example of modern design and craftsmanship, all of them very simple and perfectly suited to the small house of to-day.

The construction of cupboard furniture has much in common with chests of drawers, for both types require some kind of box or carcass, and frequently the intended purpose of the piece necessitates a combination of drawers and shelves. In building the carcass, the designer has two traditional methods to work upon, and a third which is entirely modern; the former are, firstly, in point of age, a panelled framework, and secondly, the flush surfaces of built-up boards which in some cases are veneered. The latter consists in the utilization of plywood, which is now obtainable in many qualities, thicknesses and kinds of wood, and is a thoroughly dependable material. Plywood construction has the same appearance as built-up boards of solid timber, but there are some restrictions due to its formation that bar its use in certain types of the highest class of work: for instance, not a little interest is given to the plain design in Fig. 1 by reason of the dovetailing being exposed; this, of course, demands solid timber; but in cases where the surfaces are to be veneered or painted, as Figs. 5 and 6, or the jointing is obscured, broad surfaces are more safely and surely made of single pieces of stout plywood. By its use, all risk of shrinking, splitting and warping is eliminated. It has, in fact, become an essential material in the construction of many grades and types of furniture; it conserves the use of solid wood with which it compares favourably from the point of view

of strength and weight, and is much more reliable than the insufficiently seasoned timber available; moreover, its use cheapens production by saving in labour costs.

The fact remains, however, there always has been and, so long as handicraft remains, always will be, a certain appeal in the use of solid timber for furniture. It forms part of the—possibly conservative—craftsman's notion of a really first-class job: there is a fine tradition, passed down through the ages, controlling the handling of beautiful wood on the bench, that only a practical craftsman can appreciate. It is unthinkable that

plywood can ever share in this, for it is a scientifically manufactured article, which, in gaining immunity from the natural defects of timber, has lost, nay, has never earned, that keen interest and respect that all true craftsmen feel for natural products. But there is no denying that furniture is, in the mass, now a factory product, with almost every operation done by machines; in such a sphere plywood finds its place quite naturally, and I welcome its use in every possible way, providing its application is controlled by experienced designers.

A great deal of the furniture now being made is overlaid with veneers, and I think there is a great future for this method of finishing, because there is a world shortage of hardwoods, especially those growths and cuts displaying a well-marked figure. To use such material in the solid necessarily means very expensive work, and, though a joy to possess, can only be for the few able to afford luxuries; whereas, cut into veneers, by which waste is eliminated, the material becomes much cheaper and available for use to a much greater degree in work that can be sold at

moderate prices. As a ground for these veneers, such, for instance, as fine cuts of richly marked walnut and Cuban mahogany, there is nothing to equal a plywood carcass. Had this material been available in the reigns of William and Mary, Anne, and the Georges, there would have been none of the cracked and warped panels and doors which we accept as inevitable in the furniture of those days.

Perhaps I ought to mention in passing that good plywood can be had in thicknesses up to one inch and beyond, and that its use does not therefore imply a substance mean and thin to handle, or in appearance; on the other hand, the enormous strength given to plywood by its laminated structure allows of reduced bulk and weight.

Again referring to Fig. 1, it is clear from the visible dovetails that carcass and plinth are framed up of solid boards; the doors, however, appear to be veneered, whether upon natural board or plywood base I do not know; but large flush doors such as these are now very generally formed of single panels of stout plywood. This piece is a boot cupboard made in the Russell workshops.



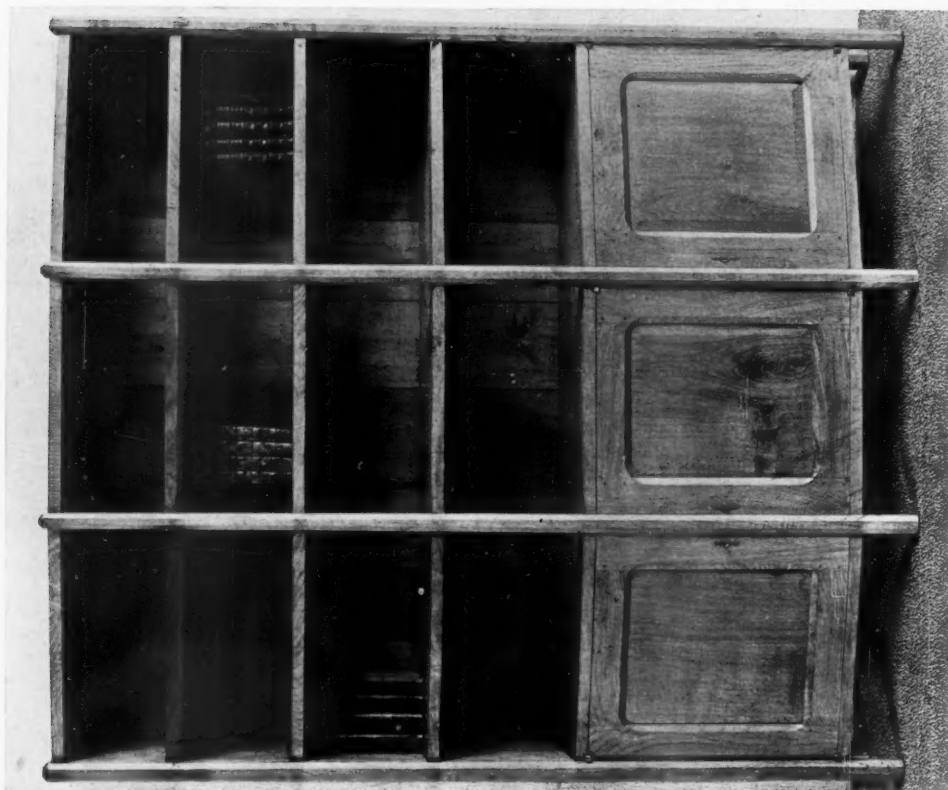
1. A boot cupboard in Cuban mahogany with brass and ebony handles.

Designer: GORDON RUSSELL.

Craftsmen: RUSSELL'S.



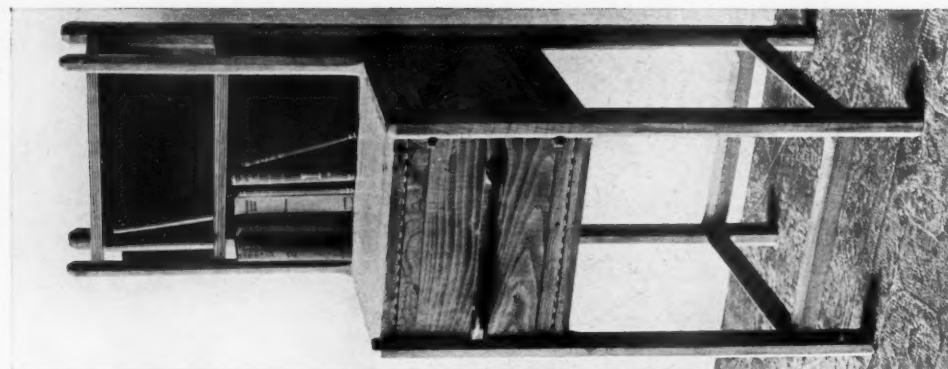
2. A pedestal cupboard with shelves over, made from figured walnut. The doors and side panels are raised with wide bevel border and small ovolo mould on the edge.



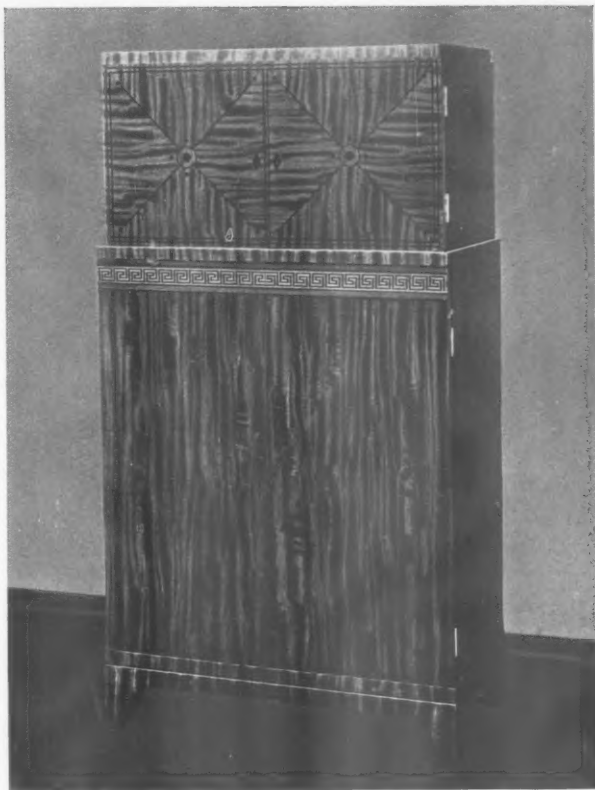
3. A large open bookcase with cupboards in English oak. The cupboards doors are framed in panels.

Designer : GORDON RUSSELL.

Craftsman : C. ALLAWAY OF RUSSELL'S.



4. A cherry-wood pedestal cupboard. The top and bottom rails are decorated with a bead inlaid with box and walnut.



5. A boot cupboard in cherry mahogany, inlaid with pear- and black-wood. The wood is left unstained and is oiled.

Designer : C. A. RICHTER.

Craftsmen : BATH ARTCRAFT.



6. A toy cupboard with panelled doors. The surfaces are painted white, and the door panels are decorated in bright colours.

Decorated by A. V. FISHER.

Craftsmen : HEAL'S.

Fig. 2, a pedestal cupboard with shelves over, from the same source, clearly is a design for solid natural timber, and looks exceedingly well in boldly figured walnut. The legs of octagonal section and the chamfering of the shelf frame are typical of Gordon Russell designs; the doors and side panels are raised, with wide bevel border and small ovolo mould on the edge.

A large open bookcase with cupboards in the bottom section is shown in Fig. 3. It is made in English oak on very simple lines, with the side compartments splaying back from the centre part. Again the supports are octagonal, and the cupboard doors alone are framed in panels. The few books placed upon the shelves show that, when fully stocked, the four rows of back bindings, varying in tone and treatment, will provide the requisite decoration for which this plain oak framing is an excellent setting.

A similar motif appears in all the uprights of the little cherry-wood pedestal cupboard shown in Fig. 4. The wood is very prettily marked and evidently cut from a fine old tree. Interest is given to the plain door by a shaped wooden handle, and top and bottom rails of the cupboard are decorated with a bead inlaid with box and walnut.

By way of illustrating the remarkable diversity in modern furniture design, and the pleasing contrast with those types already described, Figs. 5 and 6 are worthy of close study: both alike in so far as they dispense entirely with mouldings or chamfers, yet differing widely in treatment.

Fig. 5, a boot cupboard by the Bath Artcraft Co., is a cleverly-proportioned structure of flush surfaces. Commencing with a shaped plinth, the vertical faces are slightly inset where horizontal lines or division occur, with an inlaid key pattern band across the head of the large lower compartment. The upper pair of doors are exact squares inlaid with ebony lines in borders and diagonals in the face of the quartered mahogany veneer. The lower doors are veneered with single sheets of mahogany; the whole piece being stained a rich dark tone and highly polished.

Fig. 6 is a toy cupboard by Heal's, with two panelled doors; all surfaces are painted white, with the door panels decorated in bright colours with fabulous birds and flowers. Quite a charming and dainty piece for the nursery, possessing ample accommodation.

The dressing chest shown in Fig. 7, with which I must conclude, is a composite piece and rather more a chest of drawers than a cupboard. Apart from the very pleasing proportions, the chief interest lies in the materials employed and to which no photograph can do justice. It was constructed of cedarwood and then overlaid with silver leaf and burnished; the shaped feet being of solid ebony with silvered necking. Instead of metal mounts, the designer, Mr. Edward Maufe, has used drop rings of glass, secured with jade silk binding. The piece was made by Heal's, and is very intriguing by reason of the novel decorative scheme.



7. A dressing chest made of cedar and overlaid with burnished silver leaf. The handles are of glass and jade green silk; the feet are of natural ebony with silvered grooves.

Designer : EDWARD MAUFE.

Craftsmen : HEAL'S.

A Craftsman's Portfolio.
Being Examples of Fine Craftsmanship.
 XVII.—Modern Stained Glass.



*The Knight
 and
 the Mermaid.*
 A small window
 designed for a library.

Designer and Craftsman :
 NORA COPPIN
 (Manchester
 School of Art,
 Experimental Class).



Speed. One of a series of windows designed for a travel bureau.
Designer : M. BLANCHARD. *Craftsmen :* ROUARD, DAMON.



Clouds.
 A design by DUILIO CAMBELOTTI.

CRAFTSMANSHIP.

Below :
A Calvary in stained glass.

Designer :
M. CREVEL.
Craftsmen :
ROUARD, DAMON.



Centre :
The Madonna and Child.
A window made
for the oratory



Modern Stained Glass.

Below :
One of a series of eight lights for a
window in the Bishop Stanbury
Chapel, Hereford Cathedral.

Designer and Craftsman :
A. J. DAVIES (Bromsgrove Guild).



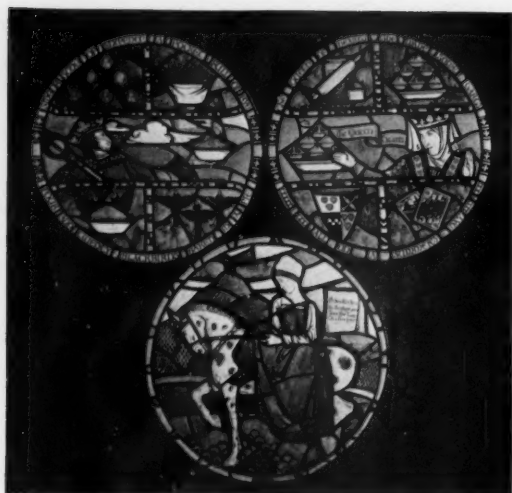
of a private house in
Montreal.

Designer and Craftsman :
A. J. DAVIES (Bromsgrove Guild)



The fanlight on the glazed doorway of a music room. A verse of a song from the "Beggar's Opera" is reproduced.

Designed and painted by MARTIN TRAVERS.



Medallions illustrating nursery rhymes.

Designer and Craftsman :
ISCHEL T. M. GOUDIE (Glasgow School of Art).

Centre :
A design for an early lancet window.



The Godiva Window in St. Mary's Hall, Coventry.

Designer : REGINALD BELL.
Craftsmen : CLAYTON AND BELL.

Designer and Craftsman :
ROLAND MORRIS.



Sir Galahad drawing the sword from the rock.

Details of the upper section from two side lights of a series of four nave windows at Cheriton Church, Hampshire.

Designed and painted by MARTIN TRAVERS.



The Trial of St. Stephen.