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*The Church of San Martín and the Tower of the Casa
del Marqués de Lozoya, Segovia.*

PLATE I

SEPT. 1928.



The Souls of Things.

By Harry Johnson.

FOR thousands of years the pillars of Memnon in the desert of Thebes have remained a mystery. When the first rays of the rising sun strike the pillars, which are huge monuments, a soft singing emanates from the stone. Travellers of olden time who came to visit this wonder said it was Memnon, prince of the Ethiopians, greeting his mother, Eos. Alexander von Humboldt claimed that the air in the narrow crevices in the rock expanded by the warming action of the sun, and gave forth fine sounds like those from a flute. Others said that the sun caused tiny particles of rock to chip off, and that each chip gave forth a minute sound, so that the combination of these tones was responsible for the audible sounds. The physicist, Arkadiew, has discovered that even iron is not dead: that it is full of life and gives forth sound.¹

Matter, held the old alchemists, is made up of its qualities; that is, its hardness, its fluidity, its fixity, its colour, and so on. Since matter is theoretically transmutable, and since it is composed of its qualities, comparatively slight alterations are necessary to transform copper into gold. Different substances can be arranged in a scale of resemblance to gold—which is the perfect substance. And, on the basis of the alchemical theory of matter, there can be little doubt that this order represents the actual order of evolution of the different substances. Since substances can grow, even assuming less and less imperfect forms, it needs only a little imagination to see that they must have some kind of life. They are born, exist for a certain length of time, suffer old age, and ultimately die. They must breathe, because when they have lost their porosity they decay and are turned to dust. Again, generalizing from what we know of life, it follows, reasonably enough, that substances must have sex. There are male and female substances. And, having gone so far, why refuse to these living, sexual substances a moral nature? There are noble and base metals. Finally, they resemble all other moral beings we know in having a body, spirit, and soul.

There is a passage in Plato which reads: "We see water condensing itself and becoming stone and earth; by splitting and dividing it becomes wind and air; an air inflamed becomes fire; fire condensed and extinguished takes again the form of air; air thickened changes into mist, and then runs as water; water forms earth and stone"; and "since things cannot ever conserve a proper nature, none can venture to affirm that any one of them is such and such a thing, rather than something else." Bricks are not always bricks, nor stones stones.

Most of us live in our houses with little knowledge of their history, for the history of private dwellings is not easily traced. The previous tenants have usually been obscure people of whom nothing seems to have been recorded. Bare walls, bare floors, and empty cupboards have greeted each newcomer in succession. He in his turn has filled the place with himself, has hung his pictures, arranged his furniture, and collected his books. He has in his time entertained

his guests, and night by night in solitude has poked the fire to his own particular dreams. Of all this nothing has been written down. At last, like the others before and after him, he has departed, leaving nothing behind. So it would appear. But is it, in fact, nothing that he leaves? Do the walls indeed forget all that they have heard and seen? Does *nothing* linger in the deserted passages? No shadow of remembrance cling to the hearth? For does a sound, once uttered, ever die?

Cold reason would say that a house's influence can exist only in the tenant's knowledge of it. Yet do we not again and again feel the power, the personality, of a house of whose past we are ignorant? It is gloomy, we say of one, thinking of other things than the smallness of its windows. Another welcomes, though not a window admits the sun. One welcomes, another repels us: one, even as we pass it on a country road, seems to smile upon us; another touches us with inexplicable chill. In size, in design, in position, in all outward things, they may differ very little, yet one is instantly an enemy, its neighbour a friend.

There are mysterious instances of houses that have died when men have died—of houses and men that have lived alike, grown almost to look alike, failed to get on one without the other, and so come to a like end; instances where house and tenant have shared a soul, as in Poe's *Fall of the House of Usher*.

In these days of quick building, and quicker demolition, souls are hard to find. For a soul requires not only Space, but Time, and something over a hundred years, perhaps, is necessary for its growth. If there were an age when the appreciation of a building's soul was at its full, then we might study that of the Gothic Romancers. No poet then failed to meditate on it, and what we now call the Tales of Terror were always overcast by one.

Doors creak, and windows clap, and night's foul bird,
Rook'd in the spire, screams loud! The gloomy aisles
Black plaister'd, and hung round with shreds of scutcheons
And tatter'd coats of arms, send back the sound,
Laden with heavier airs, from the low vaults,
The mansions of the dead!

* * * * *

In the dead quietness of night there is a sound in big houses such as is heard by holding to the ear a sea-shell—a murmuring infinite, eternal, and as disturbing as the voice of the sea itself. If you attempt to silence this by muffling the head in the clothes, pressing the ear on the pillow, the sound becomes the muffled hammers of workmen building, building, building ghostly and haunted houses. Is it the pulsing of the blood over the ear drums, or is it the voices of the Souls of Things?

And what curious dramas may work themselves out in the fabric of a building—what changeful conflicts between strain and strain, what crossings of design and bafflings of purpose; in course of time what fatal losses of sympathy and failures of co-operation between pier and pier, arch and dome! In the lives of big buildings reactions speak louder than words. When the science of conservation is made exact, as many volumes will be required to deal with the death of a house as with the decline and fall of an empire.

¹ When iron is magnetized or bent, the vast numbers of atoms of which it is composed turn with a noise which, magnified, is like thunder.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF EASTERN MONASTICISM.



Plate II.

September 1928.

IN THE MOONLIGHT FROM THE
MONASTERY OF *GREGORIOU*.



The Monastery of VATOPEDI.

them over with a prevailing tint, and presenting on the canvas a mellow, ready-made harmony, a clear incisive effect is gained, not once and for all, but a myriad times, by the perpetually shifting transition between the eye and the inter-playing colours. Such a system, such a thing as a clean flat plane of one shade, would have seemed as indecent to Titian as James Joyce's *Ulysses* to Shakespeare.

But before the age of Titian, before the Renaissance-Classical era, there existed, especially in Eastern Europe whence all medieval culture sprang, a state of mind similar in many respects to our own. Preponderantly, in the present context, it was the aim of Byzantine art to represent not matter but emotion; and further to express it with such vigour as to stamp its message ineffaceably on the memory of the beholder. It happened that in those days all emotion was diverted to religion. And the Byzantine artist was as liable to seek material outlet for the mystic convolutions of his intellect, as the modern for his cold-blooded analyses. Thus, though subject-matter differs, form and method have remained akin. In testimony

many monuments of Byzantine art survive. But one place, one complete *ensemble*, stands apart distinct in this respect from the remainder of the world. Mount Athos not only *was* Byzantine, but *is*.¹

At first encounter, the external aspect of the monasteries presents the astonished visitor with a picture of overwhelming beauty; but one none the less of inexplicable confusion, perfect in itself, but with its agglomeration of periods, colours and architectural *motifs* defiant of systematic classification. Then as experience grows, as all the monasteries are visited and revisited, certain principles seem to emerge: each individual group of buildings seems to reflect a certain temperament, which is itself derived from the unceasing variations of the landscape. Thus, in savage cliff-hung surroundings the colours are infrequent, but of startling brilliancy; while in contrast, amid gardens and fields low-lying and luxuriant, a vast range of softer tones is brought into play. Each is a clear smooth province, reacting on its neighbour, and the very negation of that mellow, textural beauty, for



The Chapel of THE HOLY GIRDLE in the Monastery of VATOPEDI.

¹ Cf. Part I in the August issue of THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW.

which we northerners treasure the passing of the centuries. On Athos the appearance of age is no virtue. Often the oldest buildings, being the most important, preserve the most unflinching novelty, while the new grow old. And the whole, instead of remaining like our university colleges a haphazard collection of clashing styles, is welded to a single artistic entity by the use of the age-old traditional colour-washes on buildings whose disparity of age may amount to a thousand years.

This use of colour in coherent architecture—as distinct from the over-ornamental formlessness of the Far East—again finds parallel¹ in the crimson centre and white flanking blocks of the Potala at Lhasa, in its crimson cornice line and flashing golden roofs. On Athos the finest illustration is offered by the monastery of *Vatopedi*, the richest and largest on the mountain, and situated where gently sloping, cultivated foothills join the waters of a broad bay. By a glance at the colour-plan reproduced on page 88, it is in some degree possible to imagine the vivid picture of the whole: the violent contrast of the snow-white campanile against the hot, rust-coloured church, smooth as silken velvet; the northern range of buildings, light red and grey, their roofs covered with lichen of daffodil-yellow and sprouting hosts of tall white chimneys against the blue bay below; the high curving rows of cells at the foot of the hills behind, forming a background to the exquisite pink Chapel of the Holy Girdle near the gate, rising as a ship on a wave from the sloping grass-grown flags; everywhere the inevitable Greek blue, the chalky bluebell blue, covering shutters and window-sills, outlining white buildings to make them colder, strawberry ones to make them hotter; and over all the sun flashing on the leaded cupolas and glittering down the lead ribs of the cones atop the towers. In this lead roofing Byzantine building has excelled. With no abruptness, yet without the ostentation of a definite pitch, the vertical lines of the structure are brought gently to rest. The colours below remain undisturbed by that soft grey which slowly gleams and fades as the sun moves over the heavens.

At the southern end of the peninsula, directly beneath the summit and exposed to all the storms that sweep the



The Monastery of the *LAVRA* from inside the phiale.

northern Ægean, lies the *Lavra*, the oldest monastery, which presents from a distance the impression of an embattled town. Here, in fiercer surroundings, the colours are sparser and more sombre; the church washed to resemble a dying, crimson-tinted wallflower; over the entrance to the refectory opposite a presiding Virgin, hard and austere, set in an aura of cubiform grey on a gentian background; between them two huge bushy cypresses rising from stone rings 3 ft. high washed in Greek blue; and in their midst a phiale, a dome on pillars, sheltering a bronze fountain painted yellow. The interior of this dome is frescoed with the Baptism of Christ, surrounded by a frieze in which vermilion horses prance against mountains of orange and deep purple. This painting dates from the eighteenth century and is rendered doubly brilliant by the violence of the white high-lights. For the rest the monastery presents much the

colouring of the stone and brick that built it.

It may be the opinion of some that this theory of architectural colouring, as an expression of temperament and environment, is carried to ridiculous lengths. Yet the truth of these assertions cannot be denied. It is, moreover, a fact that the only group of buildings that in any way possesses an appearance of harmonious weathered age, Titianesque in its warmth, is that of the Serbian community of *Chilandari*, and this monastery occupies a unique situation on the mountain, being surrounded on all sides, unlike its fellows, by deep-wooded hills. Here are no clear planes of colour. The russet of dead leaves is all-pervading. And the church, highly ornamented with brick patterns and sculptured plaques, reproduces their texture.

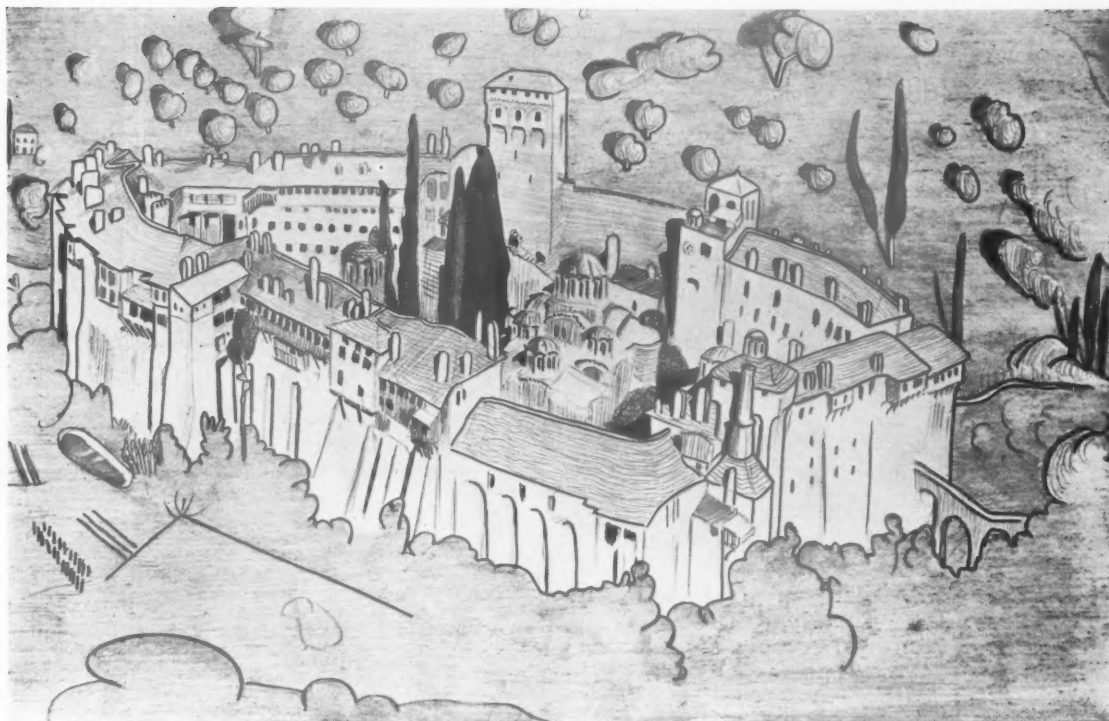
It is, however, at *Dionysiou* that the monkish mind has found its most fantastic outlet. This monastery, perched 100 ft. above the sea on a crag of weathered green marble, is situated on the wildest, most forbidding shore of the mountain.¹ Its observances, its strict adherence to poverty and asceticism are in keeping with the surroundings; nor are they equalled elsewhere. Pressed about by overhanging hills, its quadrilateral of forbidding grey stone walls rises to a roofing of grey stone tiles. And in their midst, occupying



The main church at the Monastery of *CHILANDARI* showing the lead roofs.

¹ Cf. Part I in the August issue of *THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW*.

¹ Cf. photograph in vol. lvi, page 186, November 1924 issue of *THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW*.



The Monastery of *CHILANDARI*, "surrounded on all sides by deep-wooded hills."
From a sketch by the Author.

by reason of the smallness of the rocky pedestal almost the whole of the courtyard, rears a large church painted from roof to pavement a roaring pillar-box vermilion. This is never allowed to weather, but always kept fresh coated. The effect was such, as we looked, a painter and I, between the uprights of our Reckitt's blue balcony upon these mottled scarlet walls scarcely 4 ft. away and framed in a sky of even deeper blue, that he painfully rubbed his eyes and expressed the opinion that the monks must be colour-blind. He, however, was neither mystic nor analyst. On his trying to record his impressions on canvas, a picture emerged which, through no fault of his, resembled an inept copy of some famous masterpiece.

In the case of interior decoration it is astonishing how not only the colours, but even the methods have exactly foreshadowed those which are the fashionable craze of today. At *Dochiarion* is a guest-room of singular charm. The walls are white, broken by doors and cupboards which are panelled with lozenges of blue and green outlined in red—each in a dull tint, but blinding in juxtaposition. A tall, open stone fireplace is surmounted by two pillarettes of spiral black and lilac, curving to a tiny baroque arch. The ceiling, supported on a vault of deepest lapis (painted) enriched with a floral design of the same blue, is of wood, carved in a radiating baroque

design of green and red, each division being purposely shadowed on one side in order to give a false impression of relief.

At the *Lavra* the guest-room is approached by a painted veranda, which possesses to all appearances a dado of black and pink marble bordered with porphyry. The ceiling is of boards painted alternately pinkish chocolate and dull yellow, which are interrupted in the middle by an area of unbroken blue powdered with brighter yellow stars. The realism is enhanced by a clock of one dimension near the door, whose hands stand everlastingly at thirteen minutes past eleven. Within, the room is divided by a row of three pillars whence spring coved ceilings decorated with borders and arabesques of mulberry-red and brown. The pillars themselves are marbled in grey and black, with primrose

bands binding as though with brass—as in St. Sophia—the bases of capitals prominent with fictitious relief. Nor must the plates and jugs of the Athonite kitchen be omitted. These are invariably of a rough glaze decorated at intervals with great eyes of colour. Though wholly modern, they differ in no respect from those prized fragments lately disinterred from the Constantinople hippodrome. And it might equally be supposed, on the part of the ignorant, that they had been designed by the hand of twentieth-century Picasso.



The Monastery of
DIONYSIOU.

A memorial fountain
at Zurich.



Designer :
Arnold Hünérwadel.

↓ Fountains.

By Kinton Parkes.

THESE is a very proper and desirable concord of architecture and sculpture in a fountain. A wholly architectural fountain is, as a rule, a dull affair; a wholly sculptural one, as a rule, without structure. A fountain is essentially a piece of decoration, most frequently self-contained. As it stands alone it demands individual treatment. In its designing it affords abundant opportunity for fancy and idea; the imagination is curbed only by situation; it is stimulated by purpose. Use and beauty may come together on singularly felicitous terms, for there is no finer suggestion than the provision of comfort allied with necessity for man and beast.

A fountain is a practical form of art—a form of applied art that ought to be used much more generally. How good it would be to see every drinking trough for horses a work of art; how good it would be to see drinking-fountains with beautiful reliefs upon them, by the sides of the wider thoroughfares of the great cities. Drinking-water is too scarce in our cities and on our long country roads, and so are forms of art. The uses and advantages of the union indicated are obvious. Such a union would sweeten life; and to sweeten death nothing could be finer nor more appropriate nor more symbolic than a fountain of running water, in itself an emblem of the continuity of life, just as a well-tended flame is used for the same purpose. The symbolism of a fountain should be one of the most fecund motives to any plastic artist.

An example of the treatment of such a subject is provided by Arnold Hünérwadel, the Swiss artist, in his memorial fountain in the cemetery at Zurich: a beautiful recumbent figure in stone of a nude woman, very peaceful and dignified, surmounting a simply-designed base, on the central plane of which a mask emitting a jet of water is carved.

Strangely and perversely, there are many fountains the design of which indicates that their makers failed in the first essential of fountain-making. Water, moving or still, is the primary consideration and must undoubtedly form the

basis of all fountain design. In a small *Venus Fountain* by Eduard Beyrer, of Munich, this law has been followed with a charming result in the delicate pattern made by the spurts of water. A bizarre effect is obtained in this direction by the *Neptune Fountain*, where the jets issue from the points of the trident.

There is a fascination about flowing water, possessed, too, by water forced against gravitation, by falling water and by still water, that can best be made use of artistically in fountain form. The exquisite line and curve of water forced upwards and returning to earth in obedience to natural laws invites the attention of the artist; the insouciant dissolution of a column of water into spray is one of the most beautiful things in Nature, and it is there for the sculptor and painter to exploit. Gaston la Touche made use of it in his fountain paintings, and others have done the same more or less successfully. A fountain dry is a work of art prostituted; there is no more peaceful thing in the world than a still garden fountain in summer; no more beautiful than a running fountain, festooned with icicles, in winter. There is nothing so dismal as a fountain deserted by its water-springs; but nothing more enlivening than the busy bursts of water of such a fountain as that of *The Four Rivers* at Rome.

Architectural and sculptural, the great fountain must be monumental too, and it is because many fountains designed for wide public places have escaped this characteristic that they are failures. The ideal designer of a fountain is the architect-sculptor, or the sculptor-architect. Thomas Brock made a gallant attempt in the *Victoria Memorial* to design a monumental fountain. It is not homogeneous, not a whole design, and it falls between the stools of architecture and sculpture. There is good sculpture in it, fair architecture, but dull fountain work.

As essentially one with the architectural design there is no better example in the world than the great *Trevi Fountain* at Rome. In this are all the elements of fountain-making—

FOUNTAINS.

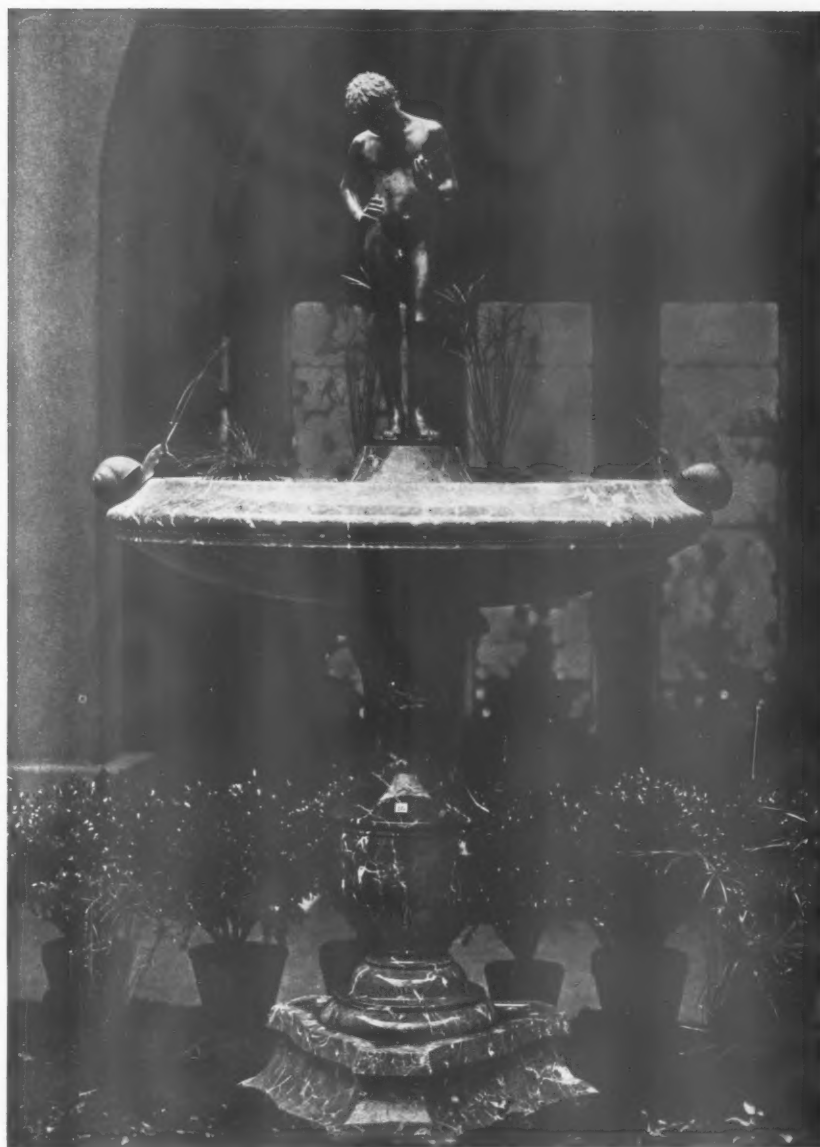
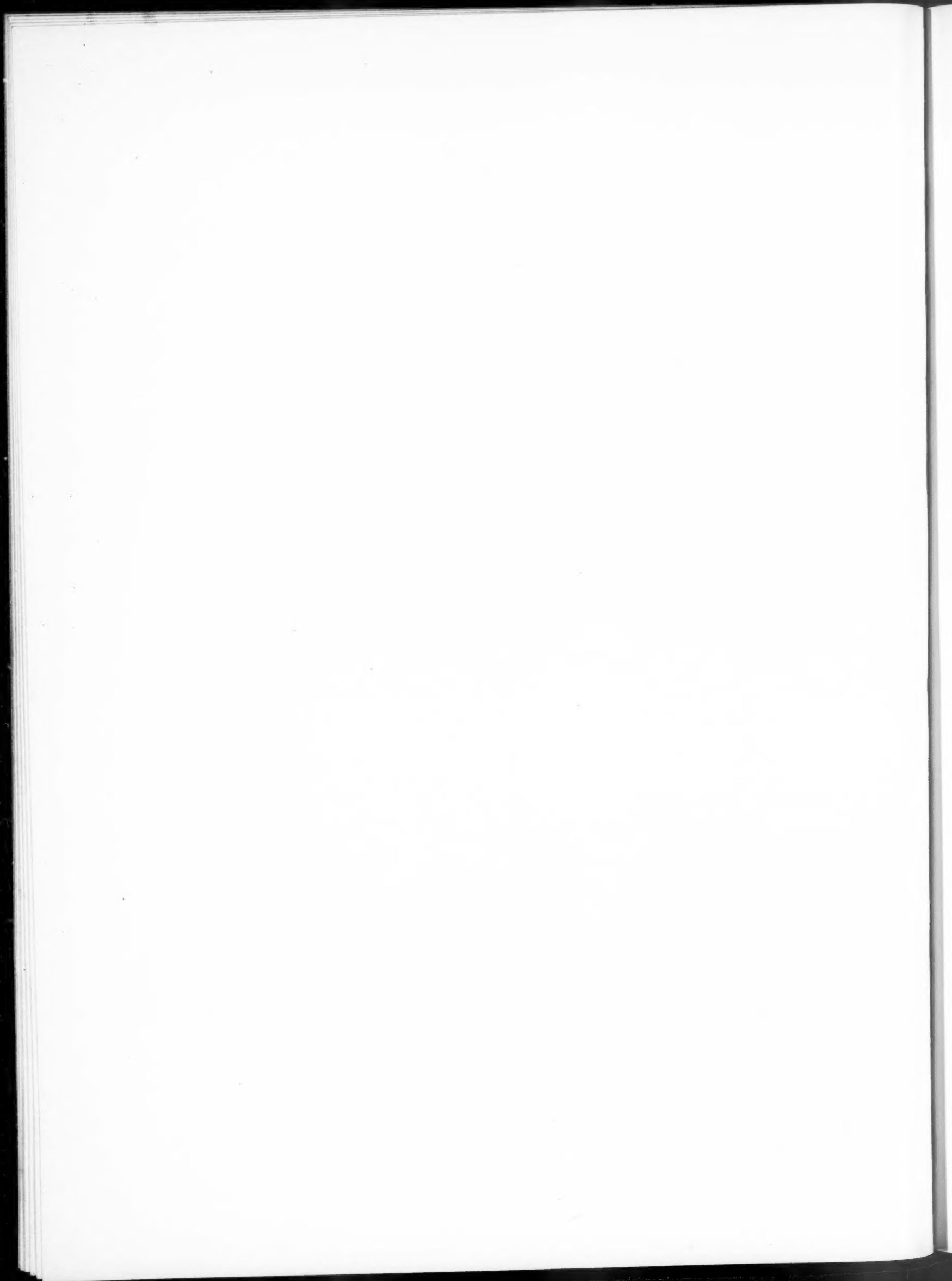


Plate III.

September 1928.

THE SNAIL FOUNTAIN.

Designer of the bronze figure: Istvan Szentgyörgy.





The *Susanna* Fountain in the garden of the designer's house at Lidingö, near Stockholm.
Designer: Carl Milles.



The *Neptune* Fountain in the Boboli Garden, Florence.

the pool, the basin, the jet, the fall of the water, and to the architecture is added sculpture, both human and animal. But the result is not completely satisfactory. The sculpture is too dynamic, and the introduction of the naturalistic rock-work seriously discounts the formal effect obtained by the architecture.

It is a trying proposition to design on a grand scale for a wide space. It is no simpler when the area is circumscribed and crowded. No more foolish error was ever made than to place Alfred Gilbert's *Eros* Fountain in Piccadilly Circus. A beautiful work of art, it always looked ridiculous in its surroundings. It should be placed in the Green Park when it is restored. In the Circus it was a mere spittoon and receptacle for garbage; it could not play because it had no open surrounding space. It was there, a work of art out of place, and therefore out of use. It is essentially a park piece, requiring a gradual and unimpeded approach in

order to appreciate its balance; an undisturbed surrounding for the contemplation of its delicacy of detail and the fall of its waters. No site is suitable that is inconvenient for a fountain's water display. It is not monumental nor architectural in the first place, but is rather an essay of the metal-worker on a great scale. It is descended from the Renaissance; it was the herald and exemplar of *l'art nouveau*, and remains its masterpiece.

A fine setting was found for Adolf von Hildebrand's magnificent *Wittelsbacherbrunnen* at Munich, which has three tiers of running water. A central vase surmounting the whole sheds its contents into a basin below. On a level with this are fine groups of man and horse, and woman and bull, which flank the wide lower receptacle into which the festoons of water descend.

Uneasy at the shackles of classicism which bound sculpture in his period and from which he made attempts to free



The Fountain of *The Four Rivers* in the Piazza Navona, Rome.
Designer: Bernini.



Fontana di Trevi,
Rome.

himself, von Hildebrand in this fine work made the mistake of trying to combine naturalism with traditional style. The layers of rock on either side the pool detract from the design, which is good, both as to its falling water and its sculpture.

An even more ambitious attempt in the same direction was made by Anders Bungeard, the Danish artist, in his great *Bull Fountain* at Copenhagen. It is impressive and immense, but it falls badly into the naturalistic fallacy

which militates so much against the enjoyment of the *Fontana di Trevi*.

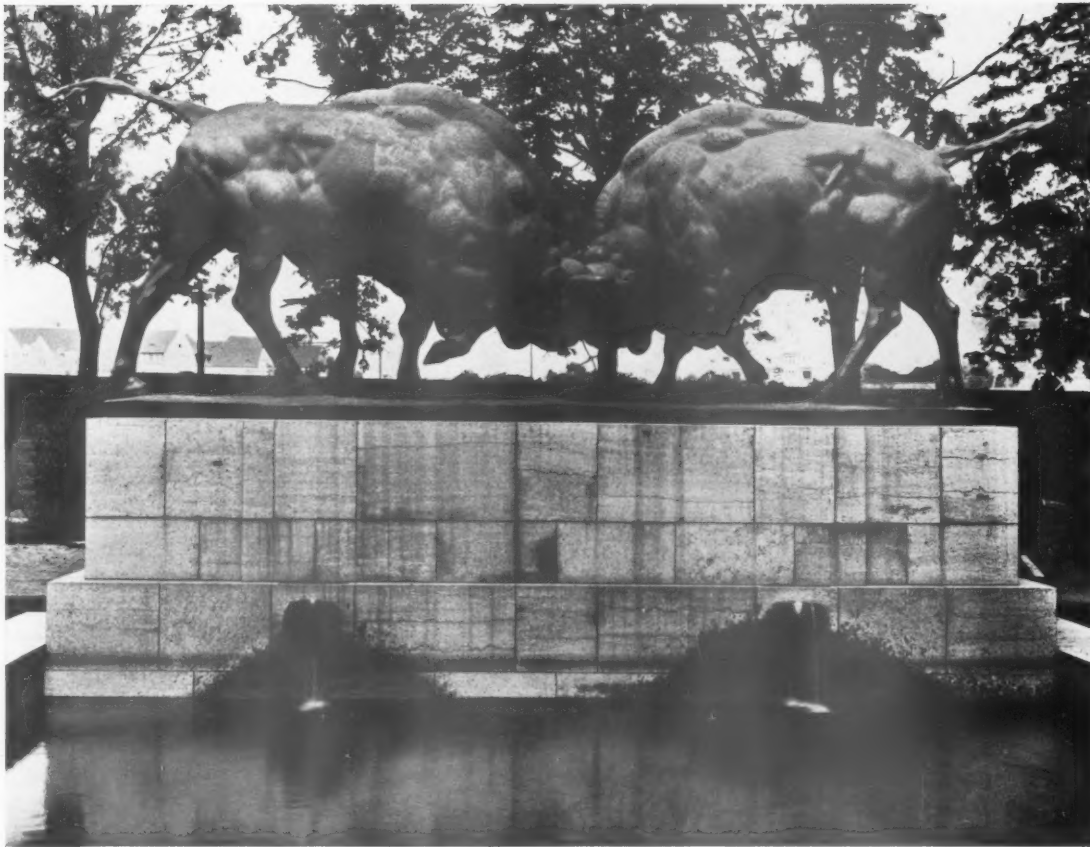
More consistent than von Hildebrand and Bungeard, Frederic Lommel, in his monumental fountain at Bayreuth, has achieved a purely classical work. A stone balustrade forms the back of the pool and is surmounted in the centre by the sculptural group consisting of a draped figure and two vigorous horses. No attempt is made to drag in Nature, as is the case with the simple fountain of *The Fighting*



The Tortoise Fountain,
Rome.



The Dragon Fountain, Copenhagen.
Designer: Joakim Skovgaard.



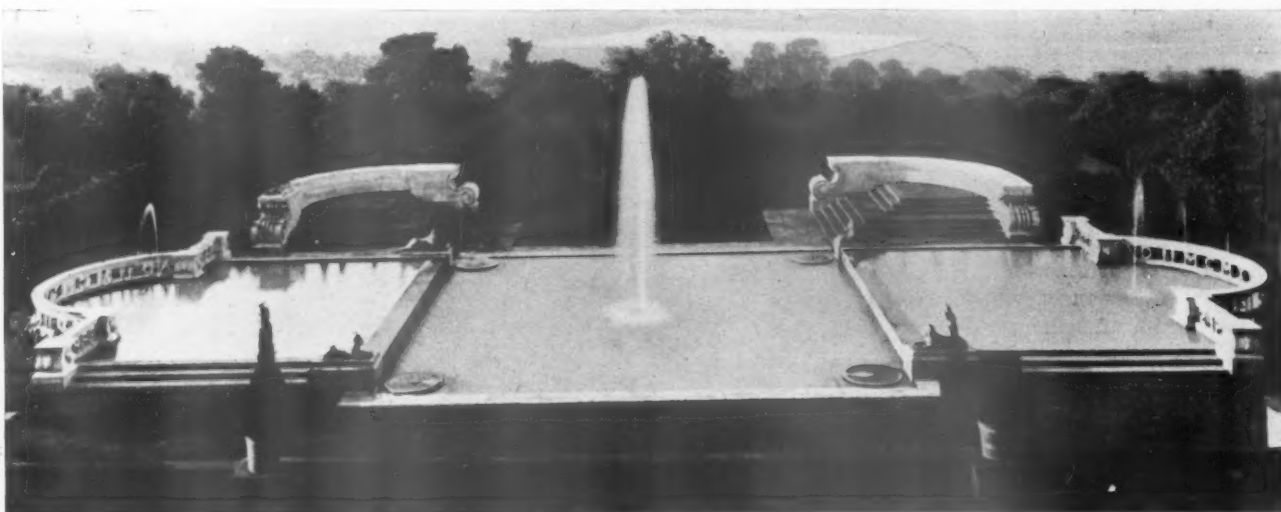
The Fountain of *The Fighting Bisons*, Königsberg.
Designer : August Gaul.

Bisons, by August Gaul, realistically treated, at Königsberg, in which the dynamism of the animals is contrasted with the stillness of the pool—the whole design a nature-study.

Animals have been the motives of many fountain-makers. Their treatment varies according to the idiosyncrasy of the artist, from the classical to the realistic. At the present time proper respect is paid to animal form in treating it naturalistically, and certainly the method justifies itself. One of the most charming of the dozen important fountains

at Rome is the *Tortoise Fountain*. It is playfully designed to represent active young human figures reaching up to grasp the tortoises which hang precariously upon the rim of the basin.

Animals are used as motives by the Finnish sculptor, Bertel Nilsson, whose bear catching a fish forms a conspicuous feature in the central park at Helsingfors, and a bronze bear is also the subject of one of Joakim Skovgaard's fountains at the Council Hall at Copenhagen. This sculptor



The Bathing Pool, Port Lympne, near Folkestone.
Designer : Philip Tilden.



The Depew Memorial Fountain, Indianapolis.
Designer : A. Stirling Calder.



A playing fountain in the designer's garden at Lidingö.
Designer : Carl Milles.

of Denmark specializes in fountains, and his friendship with Bindesboll, the great Danish architect, recently dead, accounts in part for their architectural character. His principal work is outside the Hall of Council—the *Dragon Fountain*, a basin of bronze on a stepped base of stone, with four bronze dragons on the rim spouting water, which falls into a wide cistern of stone.

Istvan Szentgyörgy, the Hungarian sculptor of a large number of beautiful works, has made, in his *Snail Fountain*,

one of this description. A charming bronze nude boy three-quarters of a metre high, holding a snail in his hand, surmounts a massive basin of marble on a turned urn supported by a triangular base. Into the basin, two snails emit thin streams of water from their exterior head-organs in a quaintly effective and interesting fashion. The tinkle of the falling water adds a charm to the other properties of such a work, in such a place.

In the United States many small fountains

for gardens are now being made, especially by the women sculptors, and these depend largely for their plastic value on the charming decorative treatment afforded to animal forms, mostly small. Where animals are not used, children are commandeered. Children of an older growth appear most attractively in the picturesque bronze and granite *Depew Memorial Fountain* in the University Square, Indianapolis. This is a striking fountain by A. Stirling Calder, not monumental; indeed, its characteristic is its intimacy.

Its sequence of slightly draped boy and girl figures forming a dancing ring around the stepped base is delightful, and the dancing figure with cymbals set in the upper basin dominates the whole. Jets, emitted by small animal forms on the base and the large containing cistern, give an added liveliness to the design.

There is no great range of the materials of which fountains are constructed. Marbles, sandstones, and limestones, granites and their allied forms, and



The Fountain of Industry (Cerberus Fountain) at the Polytechnic, Stockholm.
Designer : Carl Milles.

bronze are the principal ones that offer. The restriction, however, serves to put an obligation on the fountain designer to exploit the limited number by the variety of fancy. No modern sculptor realizes this obligation better than Carl Milles. No sculptor-architect today has made more, nor more successful, fountains than this accomplished Swedish artist — monumental, architectural, decorative, plastic, and glyptic. In Stockholm there is his great monument to *Industry* in front of the Polytechnic. In Halmstad market-square is the *Europa* Fountain, a wide basin, with figures, and in the centre the bronze group which is strikingly original in design. At the end of 1927 his two great fountain projects involving years of labour were brought to a successful conclusion: the *Poseidon* Fountain in Gothenburg, and the *Folkunga* Fountain in Linköping.

There are others, but the most interesting fountain work, because the most intimate, by Carl Milles, is that which he has done for his own pleasure and satisfaction. With the true artist's longing for beautiful surroundings, he has built, with the aid of his brother, a practising architect, a house in the midst of a garden, overlooking the picturesque Stockholm harbour, at Lidingö. Here, with an entourage entirely sympathetic, he has evolved a wonderful fountain scheme. The first essential, the design of the playing waters, he has well observed; there is fine line in the spurt and curve of the jets from the strangely beautiful and original bronze water-figures on bases in the pool, at the surface of which water lilies spread their handsome leaves. At the sides of the pool are bronze figures and great shells of bronze; surrounding the pool are flagged walks, terraces, steps, and walls in the niches of which figures of bronze and marble find a fitting setting. The work is sculptural more than architectural, but the sculpture blends into the architectural scheme, and altogether takes on a homely character, rather than a monumental. But the laws of fountain design are, in it, obeyed with an insistent integrity. The whole work, gardens and all, are part of the design; the function of sculpture is vindicated, amidst growing plants and great trees, surrounded by a rich land and seascape. In the fountains of Carl Milles there is a new inspiration with a particularly happy

appreciation of the value of the form-adaptation of materials. In the growing number of fountains in the Scandinavian countries there is a gesture and an invitation to other European and the American nations to go and do likewise.

There is some indication that the fountain is coming into favour in England. Two interesting examples have occurred

lately in the *Pearce* Memorial at Thame, Oxon, and the fountain at Lympne. The former was designed by Professor J. Hubert Worthington, of the Royal College of Art. Its principal feature is the central fountain of Portland stone surmounted by a bronze figure of a boy with a fish in his arms and standing on a tortoise, a favourite motive, which has been well exploited by H. J. Dow, of the Royal College.

The Lympne fountain is essentially architectural and was designed by Philip Tilden. Amidst a beautiful verdural setting the structure rises from its flagged surround by easy stages. It is a fountain pool in three sections, with a *jet d'eau* to each, the central jet rising to a considerable height. There is very little sculptural work, but the balustrade at either end of the basin and the massive triangular stepped stone settings provide a spacious and decorative effect.

The most celebrated fountains in the world are

those of Versailles, and they are almost the least successful. With a magnificent setting they fail to justify themselves. When not playing, their sculpture is full of interest; the basins are architecturally attractive, but these two factors do not make a fountain. When the waters play there is a copious discharge, but the design is not inspiring. Moreover, the sculpture is largely hidden by spray, for there is little co-ordination in the three principles of fountain design based on architecture, sculpture, and water display.

The fountain of dreams does not exist except in the land where dreams are made. Seeing, however, that today we have the money to spend and the artists to spend it on, it would be a fine thing if the twentieth century justified itself in the history of art by making the greatest fountain the world has ever seen. The Great War memorial that should be erected to efface the mediocre sentimentality of most ought to be a magnificent fountain of living water, living sculpture, and living architecture.



The *Pearce* Memorial Fountain, Thame.

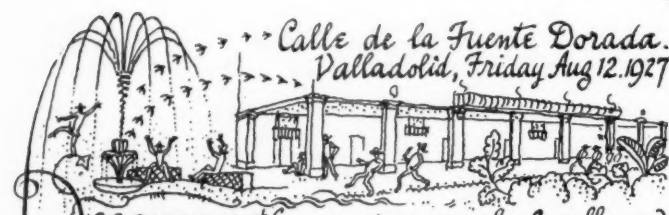
Designers: J. Hubert Worthington in association with Cheadle & Harding.



Spanish Moonshine

SOME FRAGMENTS OF A TRAVEL DIARY

RAYMOND McGRATH



Calle de la Fuente Dorada.
Valladolid, Friday Aug 12. 1927

Desayuno, the morning meal of rolls and coffee, is 'nt ready. Voodoos sits under the window writing a flowery Castilian epistle to the Señorita Lolo de Francisco. 'Que besa sus pies,' he concludes. He does not really expect a reply. Joy of being in Spain tosses forth these Voodoosian rhapsodies into the wilderness, and Jim contrives to foster the romantic moods that foreshadow them. Inspired by this great literary fervour we sing him an improvised song to the tune of John Peel, with staccato emphasis on the rhyming, thus:-

Dye ken Voodoos, in Valladolid?
Dye ken Voodoos, Chiquita, my kid?
Dye ken Voodoos, the devil she did,
With his wiles and his winks in España!

With his grimaces and hyperboles, dear old Voodoos is surely the rarest baroque piece in the world! A pillar of a Corinthian order beguiled with swags of Mediterranean fantasy! But will you understand if you have not heard of his 'green fields yellow with daisies, athwart with cows and sheep; ethereal in their charm and beauty?' Jim is less be-swaggered, rather Ionic in fact; whereas I am merely Tuscan! Breakfast over we go down the Calle de la Pasión and discover a crumbling old fragment of a Churrigueresque church, exquisitely carved with numerous emblems of the Passion. Very soon I rather fear it is likely to collapse. The church of the closed order of Santa Ana is a most refined building, with a round lantern cresting a flat dome.



Near the river, San Lorenzo is tawdry inside with the most antiquated modern Spanish decorations. Happy to be in the sun again we cross the dusty road into the Vivero gardens to walk under lovely trees by the river-bank. A boat is fishing in mid-stream. A bulging, dripping net is slung on a thin pole. Various innocent excursions, and some chemical alarms, now make us aware of a local and primitive feat of engineering. The net dips into the muddying effluent of the Valladolid sewer. A retreat is sounded. A heavy barrage of cigarrillo smoke facilitates our flight. At the Puente Mayor we watch women washing clothes by the bank, with their wash-board tilted into the mud. Their rags all come out a uniform tint: muddy-river-yellow. Nearby a dead, inflated cat pursues its melancholy downstream voyage. Some Atlantic grotto on the coast of Portugal will, in the end, rejoice to be this feline wanderer's mausoleum. Some weeping fish will nibble his R.I.P. upon the shelly walls. Bon voyage, Felix! Streets are now hot and dazzling. Courtyards, with their flowers and oleander-bushes, look amazingly dark and cool. Mule-waggons, bulging with hay-nets, grind and sway past us. Unexpectedly, across a tree-planted square, we come upon the intricate façade of San Pablo. Here upon one of the most imaginative façades in Christendom, a comparatively small one, Juan de la Cruz has grouped, consummately, nearly a hundred figures between the two plain towers. It is the Triumph of the Gotico Florido. El Colegio de San Gregorio, scandalously restored with a roof of Marseilles tiles, is behind



and adjacent to San Pablo. The entrance bears the arms of Ferdinand & Isabel amidst pinnacled buttresses bound with twining thorns. So delicate is the carving that, in the atmosphere of London, it would endure about four years, whereas, in the

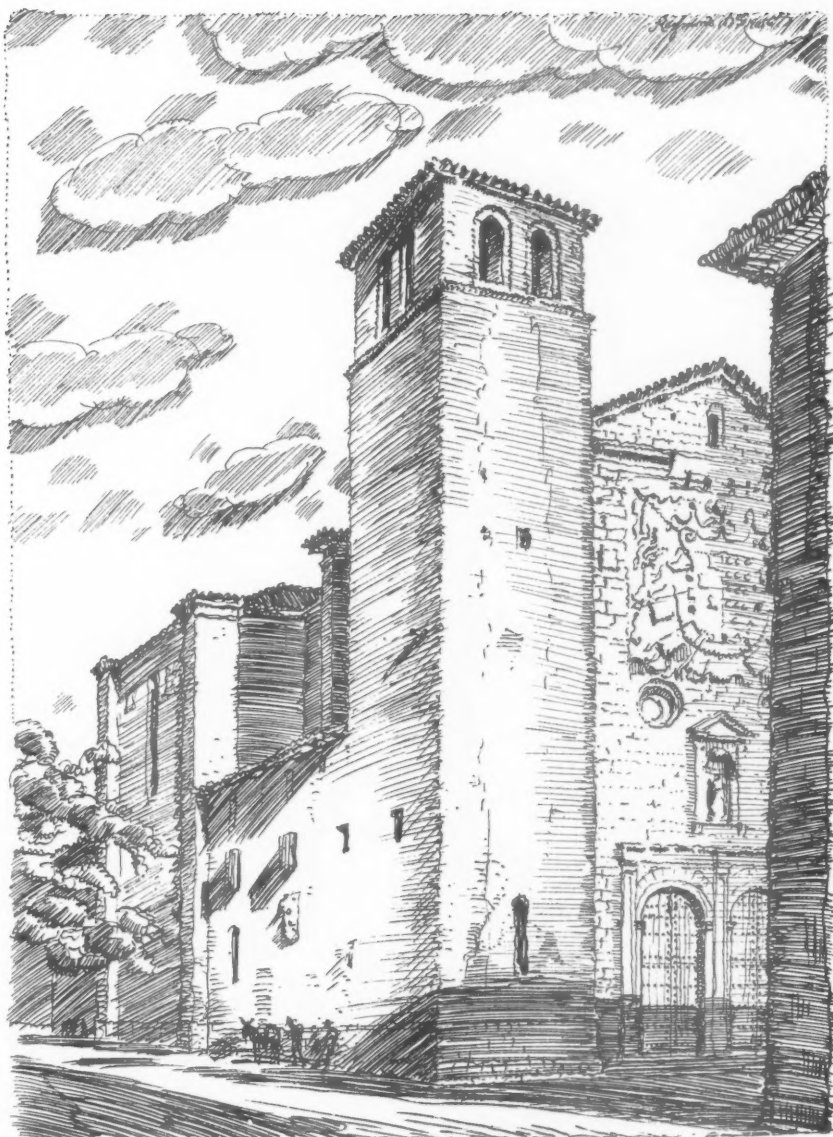
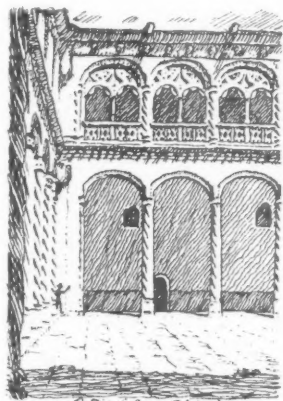


PLATE IV *La Magdalena, Valladolid.* SEPT 1928



bright, dry climate of Valladolid, it has stood for four centuries and is still perfect. *Esto perpetua!* But its Patio! That is the supreme astonishment. I had known it in books, but it can be realized only before your eyes.



An elusive spirit lurks under these caves.
Rarely, rarely, comest thou, Spirit of Delight!
The twisted columns blossom like flowers in that foliage of upper arcades. Life, sleep's in the stone. If, as is supposed, Enrique de Egas built this place, can one wonder that he became the greatest architect of Renaissance Spain.
In the afternoon we sketch San Lorenzo from the Vivero gate. In equational form I find that: X sketches = y cigarrillos + ink + paper + sweat + dust (chiefly from Steadman-tram) + noise of jam-tin explosions made by ragged small boys + heat + hornets + flies + ∞ . Sketching in Spain is hardly ever monotonously idyllic. After a long dinner of baked kid, figs and wine, Mrs. Columbus, the American historical spinster, nails us to the plush-armchained lounge, and in this atmosphere of dog-eared guide-books and tourist advertisements instructs us in a number of harmless subjects which include Christopher Columbus, ad lib, and her own fearful flights from the passions of wicked men, at the grim recollection of which her stiff black collar twitches somewhat. We are awed and retire.

Valladolid; Saturday August 13th.
At the blazing hour of three p.m. we walk into the outskirts of Valladolid seeking a sunny subject to sketch. The whole earth is a shimmering vapour in the sun. The walls of the town conserve what little coolness persists and, away from these, we are like phantoms in a wellering mirage. Naked children, almost black-skinned, swim in the tree-shade of the canals. A blindfold donkey, raising water for a turnip-patch, trudges in forever endless circles, blessed with the shade of one tree-trunk per revolution. The dust on the roads, glittering electrically white, stirs and rolls away in lazy clouds, and puffs heavily over our shoes. Women eye us curiously from their doors. Mongrels bark at us.

Voodoos: 'Well, had 'nt we better start to sketch?'
Jim: 'Sketch! What on earth can we sketch here? It's

too hot to do anything, in my opinion.'
Voodoos: 'Well, we came to sketch. Did 'nt we? What's the good of----- etc & etc!'

I (modestly): 'Conserve your energies and be less playful.' As it turns out there isn't a place to sketch. The shady spots, even under the trees, are pale and hot. We reverse our faces to the dazzle of Valladolid, merrily singing, as we plough the dust:

Them what is lazy
Rides in chaisis,
Them what is ardent
Walks like blazes!

Back by the walls we set up our stools in the shade of an avenue to draw La Magdalena and the old church of Las Huelgas. Second experience of street sketching. A record it turns out. Discovery comes quickly. Pintados. Pintados. Que dice, nombre, pintados! Excited, dirty children. More children. Still more and dirtier children. Surrounded and engulfed by them! Shouting, fighting, pushing. Focus of intense exhalations of garlic. Women begin to lean out of windows, to lift up babies and to shout at each other. Passing platoon of raggedly-dressed soldiers breaks up to swell the throng of gapers. Voodoos entirely submerged. La Magdalena blackened perfectly from his sight. Fat woman, bulked directly in his line of vision, admonishes the small children to give view.



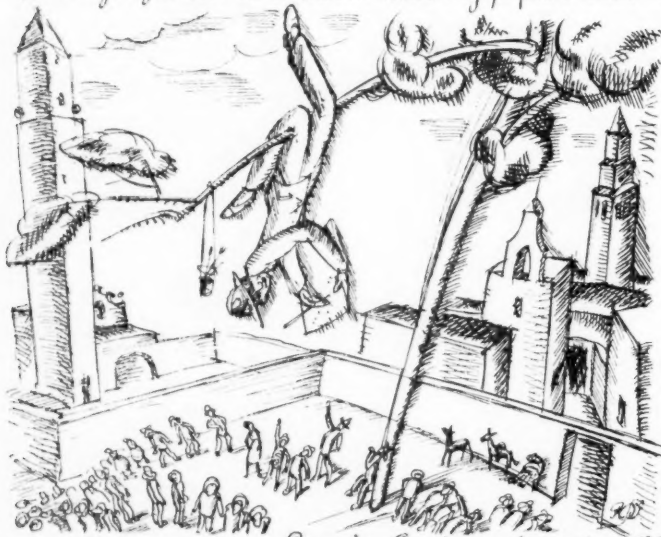
His brushes trodden on! His paint-water over into the dirt! Innumerable incredibly dirty fingers fighting to point out features of his painfully-growing competition. I not much more fortunate. Whisperings. Shoutings. Arguments. Pointings. BREATHINGS over me! 'Come quick. Here are the painters who are painting all the old churches round the town. Come quick. Come quick!' '¡Puy, bien hecho!' 'Es—!', with a flourish of fingers from the lips, which implies 'How beautiful!' One ragamuffin clasps a small bird in his fist and extracts the tail-feathers contemplatively. Jim fiercely inquires whether he will sell his bird. He will. Mystified he parts with it for a peseta, howls at once with delight and begins to broadcast. Frightened bird is put over a high wall into an inaccessible garden. Bargain becomes source of great interest & amusement. Look, the mad Ingles who bought a bird for a peseta, with only half its feathers! 'Profligacy!' No, we do not want to buy any more birds! We sketch grimly. I wave my hands, shout and clear a lane to see the



lower half of La Magdalena. One very small boy has the humorous notion of gracefully spitting into the paint-water. Another flicks my brush at regular & irregular intervals. I turn harshly: 'Damned little devil! Mud-face!' Mudface. The sound of it strikes their fancy. There is a rattle of imitations. Mudface himself retires crestfallen. I count our onlookers. Total 147 + dogs. So I close my sketch-book with a snap, making at the same time a clicking noise with my mouth. Volleys of clicking noises. This they evidently suppose means 'Adios!' or its equivalent. We look at the towers, now glowing like mellow old ivory chessmen in the late sunlight. Like Arabs we steal away. Some few follow us for a block. The greater number stake as the incredible Ingleses melt into Valladolid.

I (wearily): 'No more street sketching thanks. It stinks. Towers and patios if you like, but no more streets. What about you Voodoos?'

V (facetiously, as usual): 'Fun of the world! España es hermosísimo! Salve la tierra famosa! Though next time, for comfort, I shall probably hook my legs over the bough of a tree and sketch with my paper inside out.'



Segovia. Sunday, August 14th.

The wheels of the Madrid express race and thunder their rhythm. I close my eyes. Valladolid; vaya con Dios. Christ stands brilliantly white on Herrera's tower over the house-tops. Lime-flowers in the *cervecera* de San Juan sprinkle into quenching glasses. For a long time we had queued up gingerly for our train-tickets amongst heaps of snoring peasants. As we stepped from the hotel

omnibus the portador had handed us a note.

A los D^{os} Ingleses

My dear friends, whose names I do not know, I do not believe that even in the antipodes one finishes luncheon at three and takes tea at four. Moreover, the hotel, on being told that I wanted more teacups today, remarked that you were leaving on the four express; in which case etc etc etc

Sea chez me will be at five-thirty; if you are in Valladolid you are invited; if you are in the next province I will drink a cup to your memory.

Vaya con Cristóbal Colón, dear lady! Cristóbal Colón, Cristóbal Colón. The wheels take up the rhythm, strike it fiercely from the rails. Coca. The tremendous walls of the castle of Coca hang over us. Home of the Fonsecas, Medicis of Burgos, who invested in art before princes began to think of tinned-meats and asbestos tiles. Woods of Coca and dreamy valley of the Eresma. Sweet scent of pine boughs. Grass, yellow as pollen, arabesqued with the dark pine shadows. A shepherd driving his flock of black sheep. A sky intensely enamelled, scribbled bright by the wind. In a delectable country innumerable threading rivers cut their scraggy banks deep into the clayey plain. Cool woods stand between the stubble hill-sides. Bridges, goats, sheep. Two solitary herons disturb a still pool. The Guadarramas, blue as brunched violets, spread range upon range beyond the darkening lowlands. Atlixin. Ontanares. I lean out of the window, cool air blowing in my face, straining for the first sight of Segovia. Unbelievable. Unforgettable. The golden towers and domes rise magically out of the hills as we hurl towards them. All the remaining glory of the sun seems to have searched out this incredible city. At last, Segovia. Our car climbs up under the lofty arches of the Roman aqueduct, through old walls and battlements, by narrow and cobbled streets under the almost-touching balconies. At the Hotel Comercio Europeo we find a pleasant white-washed room overlooking venerable S. Martín. It is a glorious moonlight night and we walk out through the crooked streets to the top of the aqueduct. The sky is thick with stars as a *pitosporum* tree with flowers. Old and diapered walls, slashed with the shadows of their balconies, look beautiful & unreal in the silver light. We imagine we have found the Southern Cross low down towards Madrid. The hills sleep peacefully, their undulations like frozen waves frosted with moonlight. The headlights of a

car search up through the valleys in the direction of La Granja. Absolute quiet broods over the ancient town. The last fragments of the soul of Segovia may at this moment have sifted noiselessly away, like the last grains from an hour glass. We turn back. The sereno (word which means both night-dew and night-watchman), going his rounds with staff and lantern and the keys of all houses, opens our hotel door. Buenas noches!

Segovia. Tuesday 16th August. We climb the high towers of the Alcázar, perched on the brow of Segovia's hill, and look down upon the old 13th church of the Knights Templar, La Vera-Cruz, beside which the Eresma and Clamores unite their waters. Behind us are the sixty three towers of the city and the everlasting sound of their bells. Below us the rush of rivers and sound of birds deep in the green gully. We descend to the valley where the old monastery of El Parral rises from its fertile gardens against the burnt-gold slope of the hills, where Santa Cruz shows its fretted pinnacles. There in the little courtyard, standing in the tree-shade is a case of books with an inscription: 'Whosoever loves to read may tarry awhile.' We climb all donkey-steps. We explore all stair-halls and patios, and drink a book or two staring at the famous Casa de los Picos.

The museum-keeper when we arrive is asleep under a loquat tree. Awakened he waddles in out of the sunshine and winks at an impassive Madonna until his eyes are sufficiently accustomed to the dim light to enable him to describe what he sees. It is a small museum but full of magnificent temperas and canvasses cracking and blackening uncared-for. Sadly we go out into the sunshine. Cheerfully the keeper goes back to his loquat tree. Ah! but what delight to sit under the trees in Segovia! How easily you can forget everything beside the fountain of Sant'andres on a sunny afternoon when bees are at work amongst the flowers of the lime-trees and the cream petals are falling like snow in the sunlight, spreading a gold

drift on the ground; when planes and chestnuts are full of cool shadows. But you suddenly rouse yourself and something, God knows what, makes you want to go off at once to see things that men carved & painted five hundred years ago, and you really do believe that you have been wasting your time amongst the bees. So you walk softly into the great cathedral, where the light is gilding the traceries and escutcheons, & stay for a long time looking at Juan de Juni's great retablo of the Descent from the Cross, so magnificently and so expressively composed. And you forget all about the bees.

If you ever go to Segovia be sure to cross the Clamores at sunset and climb up to the Mount of Calvary among the wheat fields. Then you will see the city of Segovia, with all its towers, like a retreat in fairyland. Segovia at this hour will be paved and built with gold. The sky will be an intense blue and, across the stubble yellow of the intervening hills, the Guadarramas will be turning to a deep velvet purple as the light wanes. They ring all the bells of Segovia all day long and some of them are cracked and have voices like old cronies. They are noisy and deafening and argue and quarrel over the narrow streets. But from across the Clamores you will hear the bells of Segovia make music that is dreamy and unreal, and the curious far-away inharmonies will strike your ear like a wild, strange fantasy curiously in keeping with the ancient towers and forgotten houses of this city of your dreams!

Madrid. Thursday 18th August. We slowly climb the yellow foothills and skirt the gray ranges strewn with granite boulders and striated with dark patches of mountain trees. Behind us the lowlands stretch in a purple haze under the reddish glow of the evening sky. A few stars begin to show. The ranges blacken to indigo. Villalba in a hollow of the hills. Fine woods, the heights, and far away the long line of the innumerable sparkling lights of Madrid. Old Madrid they call it, yet youngest of the great cities of Spain. At an hour to midnight we are in the Puerta del Sol!



The chambers in the house of dreams
Are fed with so divine an air,
That time's hoar wings grow young therein,
And they who walk there are most fair.
Francis Thompson.

A Tuscan Farmhouse

Torre di Sopra, Florence.

The Residence of Signor Antonio Maraini.

By Yoï Maraini.



LOOKING TOWARDS THE ENTRANCE DOOR.

The initials of the residents of the house, which can be seen on the door, were designed by Antonio Maraini.

Torre di Sopra was built, probably on the site of a much older house, about the end of the eighteenth century when the Grand Dukes of Tuscany developed the splendid olive and vine lands, outside Porta Romana, and constructed eight large farmhouses for the use of their peasants. Three years ago it was bought by Antonio Maraini, the sculptor, and was altered into a house for the use of the artist and his family by Cecil Pinsent, the English architect living in Florence, who has remarkable knowledge, and most certain taste, in building modern houses that are in tradition with the best of Tuscan architecture. The outside of the house has not been touched; the three large arches facing the stone-paved aia, where corn was beaten, but where now grass and flowers grow between the crevices, form a loggia where carts used to be kept, and is now a delightfully sheltered place for meals and work. Inside, though the rooms are comfortable, according to the most modern ideas of comfort, very little structural alteration was needed. The large living-room with its high arch, exactly like a room—arch and fireplace—that I found in an eighteenth-century Spanish print of a country inn, is untouched, except in one part, where a wide space of wall has been given colour and movement by niches—an idea of Antonio Maraini's. The shadows of these niches, varying in size and depth, make a charming

and entirely new form of decoration that has been used in other rooms as well. The staircase, as in all Tuscan houses, is not an important feature of the building, but is hidden. This has only been slightly opened up in the part leading into the dining-room, where a large window, removable during summer days, has taken the place of the small one that had, formerly, partially lighted a stable. The four large bedrooms on the upper floor were easily made by dividing the six

bedrooms, used by four peasant families, into smaller rooms, giving not only space for a bathroom to each, but also for large cupboards fitted into the walls of the passages. An ingenious arrangement was made by Cecil Pinsent by which the tower room could be reached by a hidden staircase instead of the wide ladder that had led to it from the living-room. Space has also been found for a library with a balcony, a most successful beaten iron bombé railing in keeping with the house, designed by Cecil Pinsent. Two very large studios have been added close to the house—one with a miniature railway line—so that the artist can see his work, for monuments, in the open air. The garden is made by olive trees growing close up to the house, and everything has been done to preserve the surroundings as much as possible in keeping with the simple beauty of a Tuscan farmhouse, still in its original setting.

A TUSCAN FARMHOUSE.



Plate V.

September 1928.

FROM THE GARDEN.

This is a perfect type of a Tuscan farmhouse, portions of which were built in the eighteenth century, whilst others are considerably older. The water vase on the left, and the seat, were designed by Antonio Maraini to hide the kitchen doors.





THE ENTRANCE HALL.

From the doorway a view right through the house can be obtained.



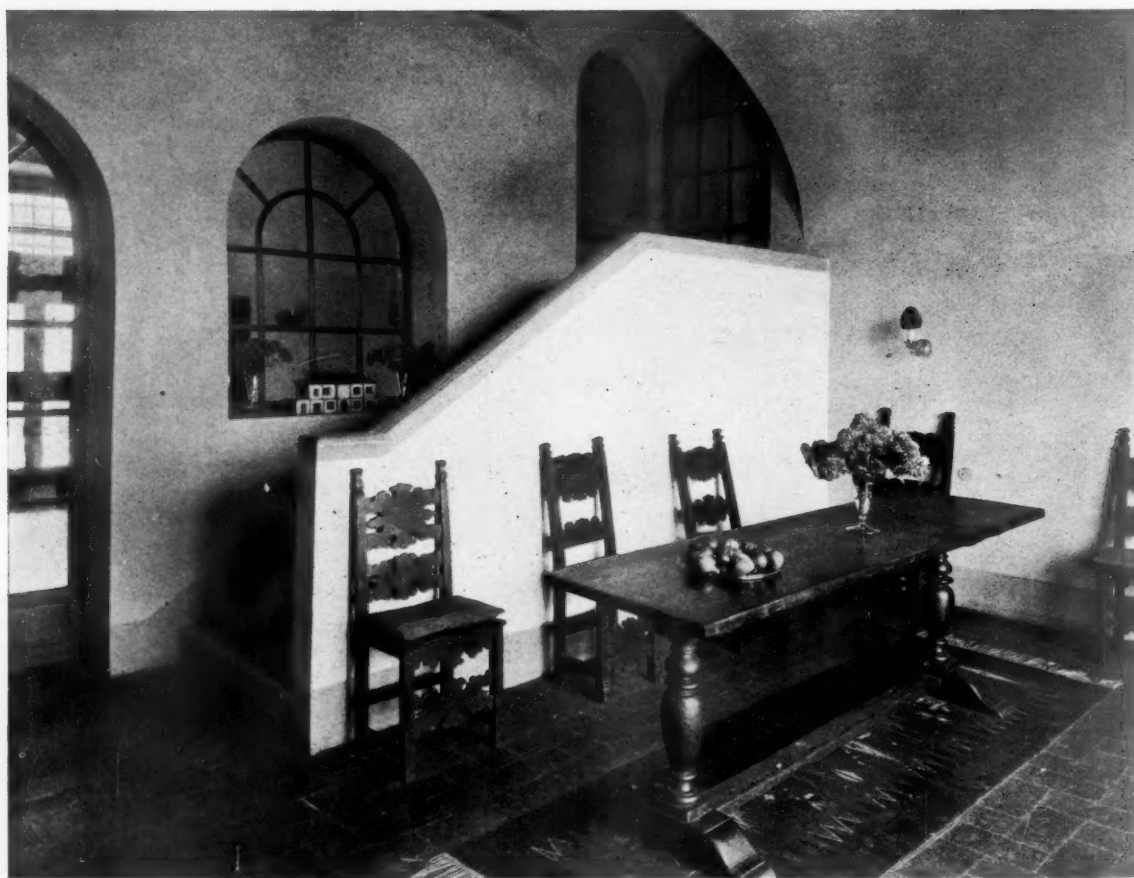
THE SITTING-ROOM.
The kitchen fireplace, the floor, the large arch and the staircase are

all in their original condition. This room was used by the farmers as a living-room.



THE
DINING-
ROOM.

Leading on
to a terrace
which is sur-
rounded by
olive trees.



A DETAIL OF
THE DINING-
ROOM.

The model on
the window-
ledge is of the
house formerly
occupied by
Antonio Maraini



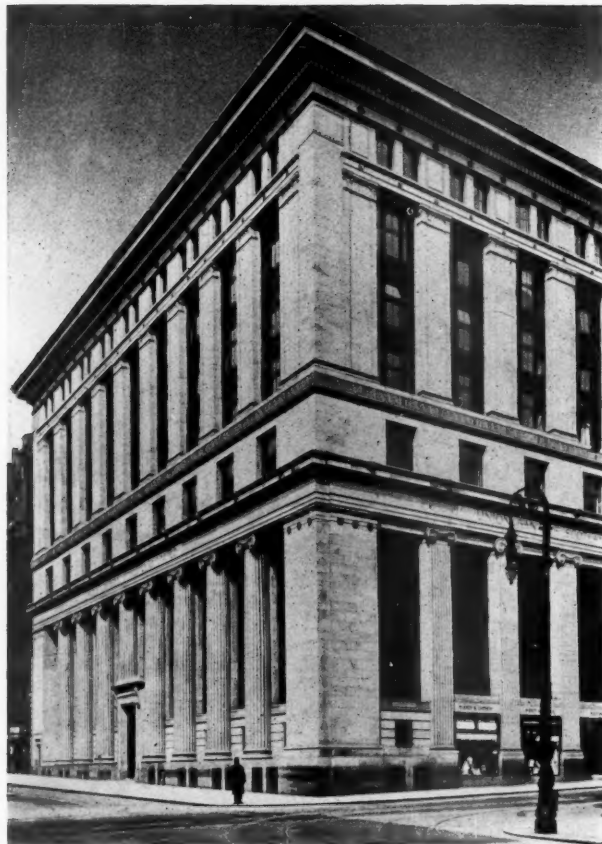
IN THE SIT-
TING-ROOM.

The only wall
decoration in the
room is the bas-
relief designed
by Antonio
Maraini.



A BEDROOM.

The Italian
furniture is of
sixteenth - cen-
tury date. The
ornaments on
the dressing-
table are of
Chinese jade.

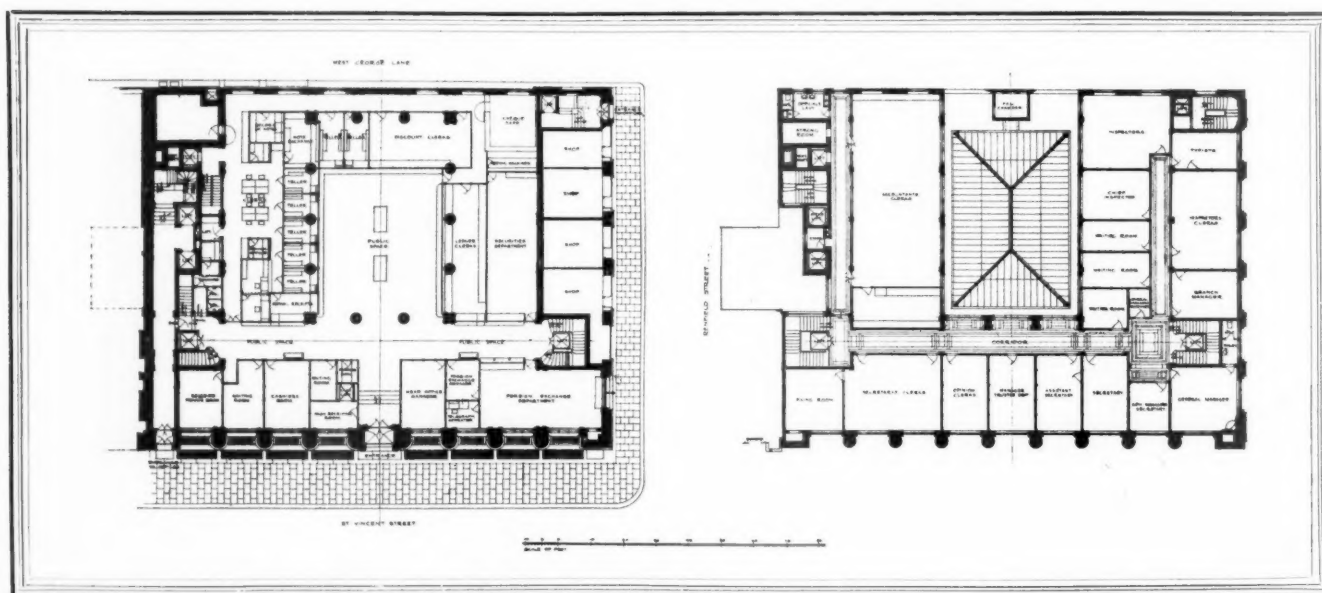


THE ELEVATIONS TO
ST. VINCENT STREET

AND RENFIELD
STREET.

New Head Office
For the Union Bank of Scotland,
Glasgow.

Designed by James Miller.



PLANS OF THE GROUND AND FIRST FLOORS,



UNION BANK OF SCOTLAND, GLASGOW.



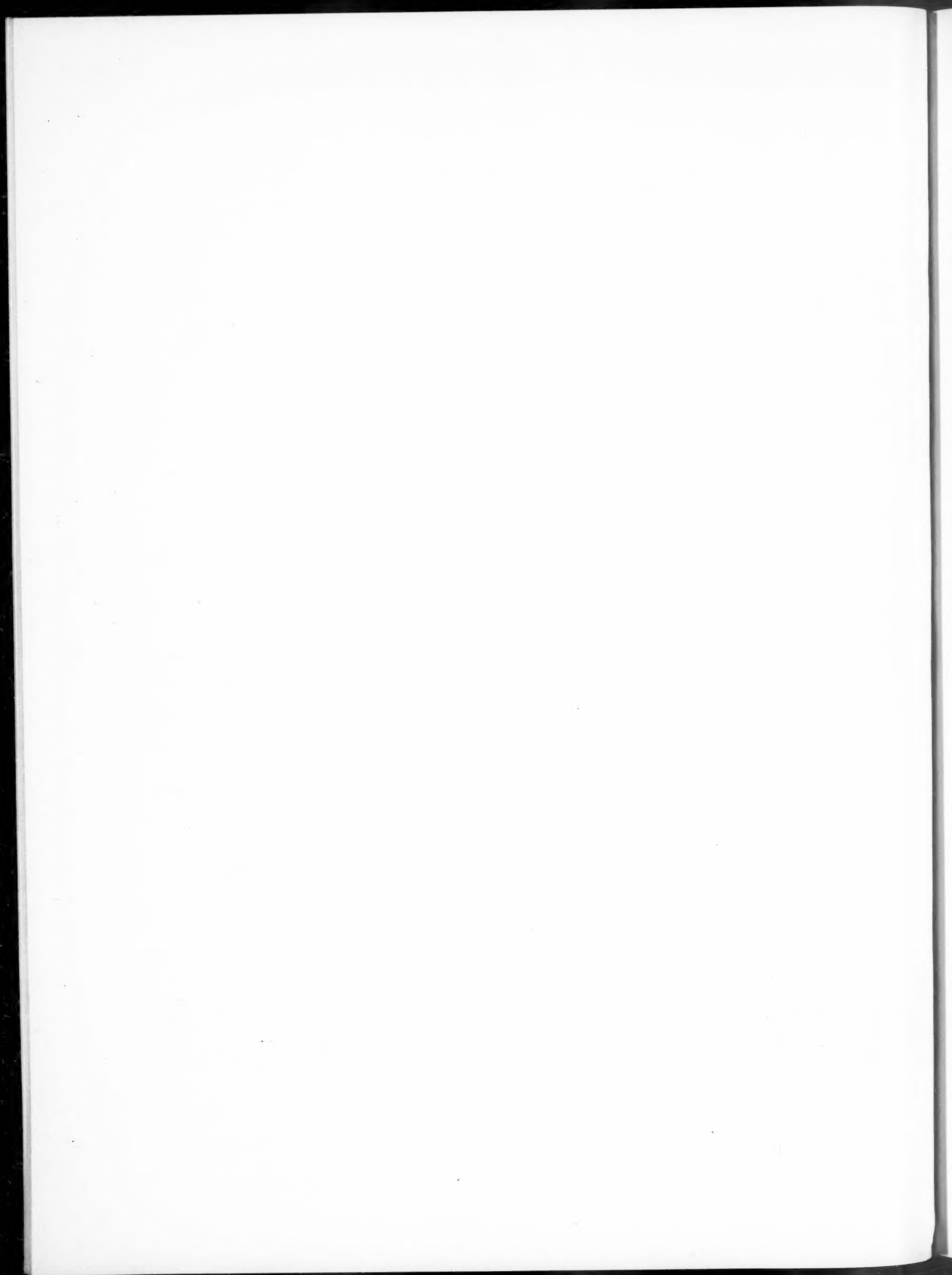
Plate VI.

September 1928.

FROM ST. VINCENT STREET.

James Miller, *Architect.*

The building, which is one of the largest set up in Glasgow for over a quarter of a century, has frontages to St. Vincent Street of 141 ft. and to Renfield Street of 110 ft. The outstanding feature of the exterior is the great Ionic order of columns, 37 ft. high, which dominates the lower part of the fabric and defines the bank. This form of treatment for an office block is entirely new to the city, and its monumental proportions form a striking feature in the street architecture of Glasgow. The plinth on which the order stands is of grey granite finished with a semi-polished surface, while the superstructure is faced with polished grey freestone.





THE LOWER PART OF THE MAIN FRONT.



THE MAIN ENTRANCE OF THE UNION BANK OF SCOTLAND.





LOOKING FROM THE BANKING HALL TOWARDS THE MAIN ENTRANCE.



The Banking Hall measures 129 ft. by 111 ft., is 26 ft. high, and extends the entire length of the St. Vincent Street front, occupying practically the whole of the ground floor, with the exception of the portion allotted to shops which face Renfield Street.

The divisions of the various departments and private rooms of the bank on the ground floor are formed of walnut dados surmounted with bronze grilles, from 7 ft. to 8 ft. in height. By this means spaciousness is obtained, and as the whole area is



Above and below :
THE BANKING HALL
OF THE

actually one apartment, the ventilation and general lighting arrangements are greatly simplified.

The hall is lighted by a series of nine large windows looking on to St. Vincent Street, and also to the Lane and Renfield Street, while in the centre is a great cupola measuring 51 ft. by 33 ft., giving ample light to every part.

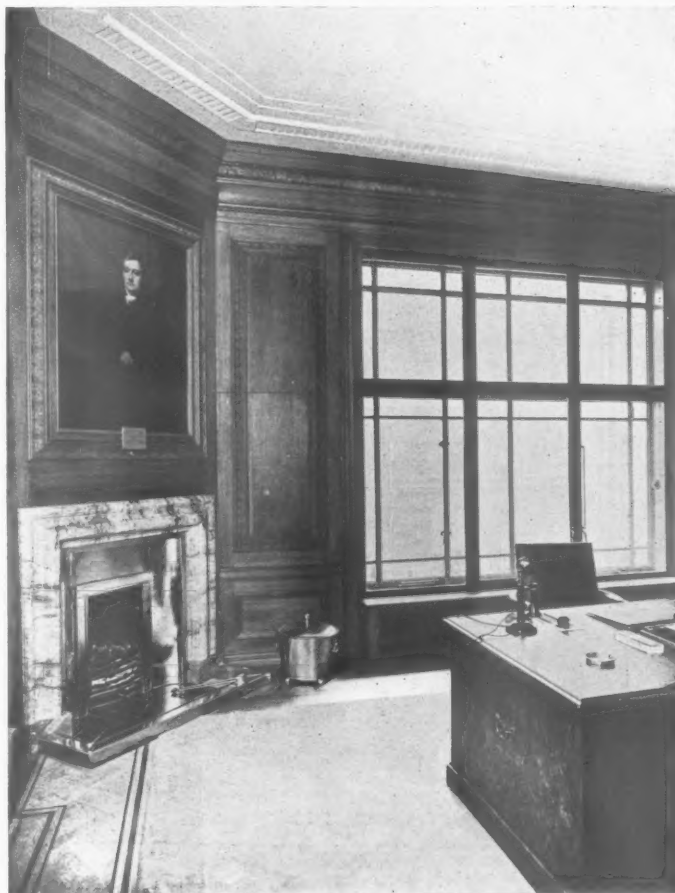
The walls are lined to their full height with Forêt de Brousse marble, while a series of fluted Doric columns of veined statuary marble support the superstructure.

UNION BANK
OF
SCOTLAND.



The first and second floors contain the rooms for head officials, the general manager's room, the board room, and other accommodation, while the upper floors as well as a portion of the second floor are laid out as suites of letting offices, the main entrance to which is in St. Vincent Street, another entrance being provided from Renfield Street.

Careful study has been given to the lighting on every floor, the window area being considerably larger than that usually provided in buildings of this



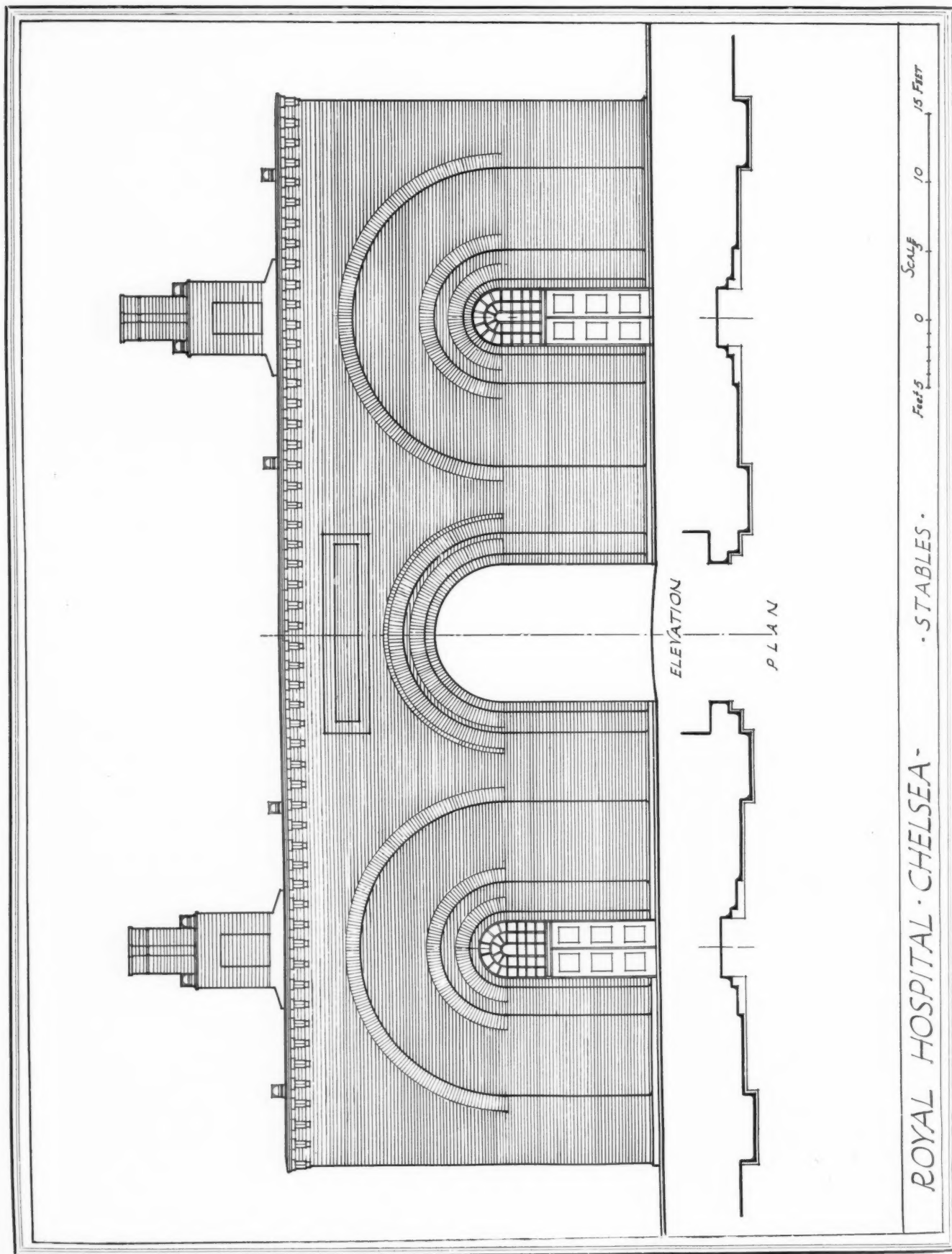
type; while a large internal well, measuring 70 ft. by 40 ft., and open at the north end, ensures ample light and air to those rooms overlooking the area.

The building is of steel frame construction and is fireproof throughout. Certain walls and floors, where great strength and security are required, are of reinforced concrete lined with special armour plating.

There are six electric elevators within the building, three serving the bank premises and three for the letting offices.

Above :
THE DIRECTORS'
LUNCHEON ROOM.

Below :
THE GENERAL
MANAGER'S ROOM.



Selected Examples of Architecture.

In Continuation of "The Practical Exemplar of Architecture."

The Stables at the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, London.

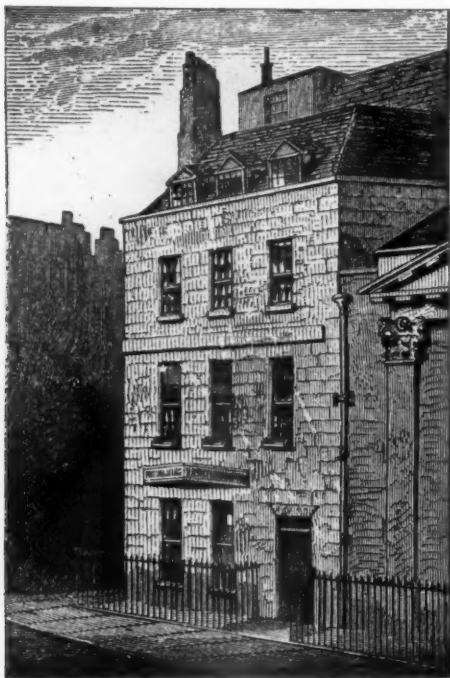
Measured and Drawn by Christopher J. Woodbridge.



Sir John Soane, then known as Mr. Soane, designed the Stables after his appointment in 1807 as Clerk of Works to the Hospital, a post formerly held by Robert Adam through a deputy. Soane also built the Infirmary, and an official residence for the Clerk of Works, no longer existing, which became his favourite resort for many years.

Londoniana.

*Sir Isaac Newton's Old House :
Where Fanny Burney Wrote Evelina.*



I THINK it was Goethe who once affirmed that Sir Isaac Newton was one of the world's six greatest men. In any case, he was a supremely great man, not merely from our English point of view, but from that of the world at large; and it does seem amazing that, this being so, the little house in which he lived for some seventeen years, and which bore a tablet commemorating his residence, as well as that of Fanny Burney, who wrote portions of *Evelina* there, should have been allowed to be pulled down. Or rather, it would seem amazing were we not by now familiar with the indifference shown towards such things by those whose business it should be to preserve them as memorials of celebrities. The fact is, we live in an age of such little men that the comprehension of what is really great seems to be denied us; and the name of Newton connotes apparently little to a forgetful generation. I am able to give a picture, taken from a woodcut, of the house in St. Martin's Street, which possessed such a splendid double association, and which, for the sake alone of its more illustrious occupant, deserved perpetuating perhaps beyond any single dwelling in London. The other photograph shows the building, and I am bound to say a very graceful, restrained bit of architecture it is, which now occupies this historic site. It is a new public library, and those who study the works of Newton or read the novels of Fanny Burney there may well imagine the ghosts of these two so dissimilar great ones flitting about them or being refracted in the sunlight (when we get any sunlight) that may penetrate into little St. Martin's Street, Leicester Square.

I have no space here in which to deal with Leicester Square itself—the Leicester Fields of old days—with its innumerable historic and literary associations, or to point out how in earlier times it was only to be entered from the west by an exiguous street at its southern corner. Indeed, I have little room in which to say anything about the famous building, which is now with the past. It first comes into notice as the residence of M. Bothmar, the Danish envoy, in 1709. But in the following year Newton, who had hitherto been living in Jermyn Street, near the church, since 1697, took it, and here he remained till within the year

(1727) of his death, which event, however, occurred at Bullingham House, Pitt Street, Kensington.

The observatory on the top of the house (shown in the illustration) is said to have been built by Newton, although I am bound to say that some authorities contend that it was really set up by a subsequent tenant, a Frenchman, who showed it for a fee to those interested in the great man's memory. However this may have been, it was taken down in 1869, and sold in order to supply the adjacent Orange Street Chapel (where Nollekens used to hear Toplady preach) with pews. Nollekens, by the way, always contended that the observatory was Newton's own, and Lord Macaulay, writing in 1843, says that the house "will continue to be well known as long as our island retains any trace of civilization; for it was the dwelling of Newton, and the square turret which distinguishes it from all the surrounding buildings was Newton's observatory." Newton's home was looked after by Catherine Barton, and hither came the Princess of Wales from Leicester House, and all the learned and much of the society of the day, to visit the philosopher.

After Newton's death, the house was occupied for a time by Paul Dominique, "the Frenchman" to whom some think the one-time presence of the observatory was due. Subsequently, Dr. Burney took it, in 1779, and here used to hold his musical evenings to which came so many famous men and beautiful women—a fact which caused Macaulay once to state that "few nobles could assemble in the most stately mansions of Grosvenor Square or St. James's Square, a society so various and so brilliant as was sometimes to be found in Dr. Burney's cabin." And here, as I have said, the doctor's famous daughter, Fanny, wrote at least a part, if not the whole, of *Evelina*!

* * * * *

In more recent days the house which had been the centre of two generations of the illustrious, drawn thither by two such varied forms of fame, fell, like so many of its compeers, on an arid time. In 1849, some vandal coated it with stucco, in order to improve it according to the taste of the period. Forty years later it was occupied as the Warrant Officers' Club; and then it became derelict, awaiting a fate that no public body or man thought proper to avert. A few years ago it was pulled down, and for a considerable time its site remained unoccupied; and now, in this year of grace 1928, just about a century and a-half since the Burneys went there, and exactly that period since Toplady



preached the sermon in the neighbouring chapel, which he called the "dying avowal of his religious sentiments," a new stone building has been erected, and by its gracious lines will, one hopes, obliterate to some extent an opportunity which was lost, and of which Londoners cannot but be ashamed, of preserving intact the one-time home of the man who, with perhaps but a single exception, remains the greatest of Englishmen.

E. BERESFORD CHANCELLOR.

Archæologia.

*Recent Discoveries
and Acquisitions.*



THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

AN EARLY CHINESE VASE.

Amongst the recent notable additions to the Ceramic collections at the British Museum is the Chinese vase, one side of which is illustrated here. Its age is uncertain, but the materials used suggest the Six Dynasties period (A.D. 280-589), whilst the peculiar tailed cap worn on the human head points to a date in the fifth century. The vase is 9.4 inches in height and 13.3 inches in diameter. The subject of the upper register contains the familiar representation of Shên Nung and Fu Hsi, mythical rulers of China, with their lower extremities intertwined; a two-headed figure; and human-headed animals pursued by a running monster with a bird head and wings, and another with an animal head, both of which are wearing boots.

The lower register, which contains a horse-carriage followed and preceded by mounted men, recalls scenes on the Han carved stone slabs of Shantung, though the rendering of the figures is materially different. The dark, slaty-grey ware dressed with white slip and coloured with red, green, and other pigments, now scarcely visible owing to the loess accretions which have formed during burial, is familiar from the Wei tomb pottery; but the decoration, formed in high relief by cutting away the ground round the figures, is of a kind hitherto unknown.

Exhibitions.

*The Lefèvre Galleries : Knoedler Galleries :
The Independent Gallery.*

The Lefèvre Galleries, 1a King Street, St. James's, S.W.1. *Paintings by Winifred and Ben Nicholson.* This exhibition gave me an agreeable surprise. These two painters have improved immensely; and what is more satisfactory, there is no sign that one has overpowered the other, evidences of which are so apparent in cases where both husband and wife are painters.

But their works are at present very derivative: Winifred Nicholson having a decided leaning towards Matisse and those who have based their practice upon his methods; whilst Ben is now undergoing a severe course of Picasso.

Winifred Nicholson's works are clarified expositions of everyday things: flowers are treated more as colour than anything else; form does not often play a prominent part in her paintings, though it is there.

Ben Nicholson is more abstract: half-realized shapes (or, perhaps, *realized* but only half recorded, so that the imagination is stimulated to complete them) put in opposition to one another are often quite sufficient for his purpose; and the re-action of one colour against another is sufficient stimulus for picture-making. He carefully avoids the introduction of any of the so-called laws of perspective into his works. Whether he is able to convey to others what he himself feels is open to question. No painter, of course, ever really knows whether he has conveyed the message he intended, for although persons may re-act to his works, it may not be precisely the kind of emotional re-action he wished.

In dealing with individual examples of the works of these two painters, I am in a slight difficulty because no catalogue could be obtained; so I will have to invent names for the pictures which will indicate their subject matter.

"Portrait of a Woman" (7), by Winifred Nicholson, although lightly brushed-in and the means used are slight, is well balanced and fills the space it occupies with conviction because of the stabilizing influence of the cast shadow at the back.

Her "Vase with Flowers" (36) has something of the pleasant, naïve simplicity of the works done in wool by our great-grandmothers, and many other works by her have this same kind of attractiveness. But where there has to be a nearer correlation between the model and the painting, as in the human form, she is not so good. It is recorded that Matisse was once asked why—considering he took such liberties with drawing—he did not omit a leg or an arm to suit his convenience. At first, I believe, Matisse was rather intrigued with the idea; but, after considering it, said that he did not, because anyone who looked at such a picture, after the first shock, would recognize the human figure and would be disturbed at its incompleteness. It appears that one cannot dismember figures for the sake of design so long as they are even remotely realistic. Mrs. Nicholson's figure-subjects very often look like distorted realism; having to remain within certain limits restricts her freedom, and makes her timid and self-conscious.

Ben Nicholson's paintings are mostly in two dimensions, and although a shadow may be introduced here and there (by the way, sometimes he puts more substance into the shadows than the objects which cast them), it is not in order to give recession, but is used as a tone or patch of colour to take its part in the general pattern.

His "Jug and Flowers" (31) is perfectly flat in treatment, and the objects forming this group are entirely separated from any possible connection with utilitarian purposes. The jug is obviously not a container, and the flowers have no value as a bouquet; but taken as shapes and colours in related spaces, they have a significance of their own.

The attainment of freedom in the use of shapes is not so easy as one would suppose; let anyone try to make a drawing of a kettle or a teacup and he will see how the association of ideas

connected with these objects persistently obtrudes and influences the results. One may quite reasonably ask—why use these shapes which have been evolved for particular purposes, such purposes having determined their shapes, and are therefore inseparable from them? Why, indeed? This is a mystery. Why not invent shapes? At present, curiously enough, shapes do not seem to have any real existence apart from the uses to which they can be put. But the striving for liberation will eventually bring about that period which Whistler foresaw when he said that at some time painting would be as free as music.

Knoedler Galleries, 15 Old Bond Street, W.1. *Sculpture by Gleb Derujinsky.* There is in most of this sculptor's portrait busts and heads a feeling of the personal charm of the persons portrayed. He brings out the beauties he finds, but without any intention to flatter; this is surely the artist's province—to find beauty in unsuspected places, and at the same time not to minimize the beauty which is already there and in evidence.

On the whole his works are classical in feeling; but there are endeavours here and there in his latest things to simplify natural forms into surfaces which are beautiful in themselves.

He shows three types of modern woman: "Lady Loughborough" (5) has something of the realism of a cast from life; "La Marquise de Casa-Maury" (3) is a step towards "The Lady Diana Cooper" (2), which is more modern in treatment, in so far as various parts are consciously and definitely treated as shapes; in this the naturalistic method in imitating accidental creases and variableness in skin surfaces is absent; the human face is made to submit to the discipline of sculptural forms.

These three heads are shingled, and it is interesting to note how well this assists the sculptor in the apprehension of their shapes, and how attractive a well-shaped head can be.

"Miss Lilian Gish" (4) is a carving in wood (the others referred to were plaster casts), and is attractive for that fact alone; for besides the subject—who has an Early Victorian sort of charm—interest also lies in the challenge which the hard resisting qualities of the material offers to the tools of the sculptor, the result of which gives great charm to the planes and surfaces.

If one looks for anything very *new* in Gleb Derujinsky's works he will not find it; but the same kind of qualities can be found in his rendering in sculpture of feminine charm as in the portraits painted by Ambrose McEvoy.

The Independent Gallery, 7a Grafton Street, W.1. *Paintings and pastels by nineteenth- and twentieth-century French Masters.* This exhibition was mostly of well-tested and accepted works, which are now on a firm foundation of appreciation.

Some very early Corots were interesting; those pre-dating his grey and misty romantic riverside scenes, painted in a severe and tight manner, have a prim charm which in no wise foreshadowed this painter's later development.

"Le Mont Soracte" (6), dated "1826," is very fresh and well preserved and looks almost modern, with its compact drawing and carefully selected colour.

There was also a portrait of Cézanne by himself, which one was very glad to see, as it were, in the flesh, having been familiar with it for some time through reproductions.

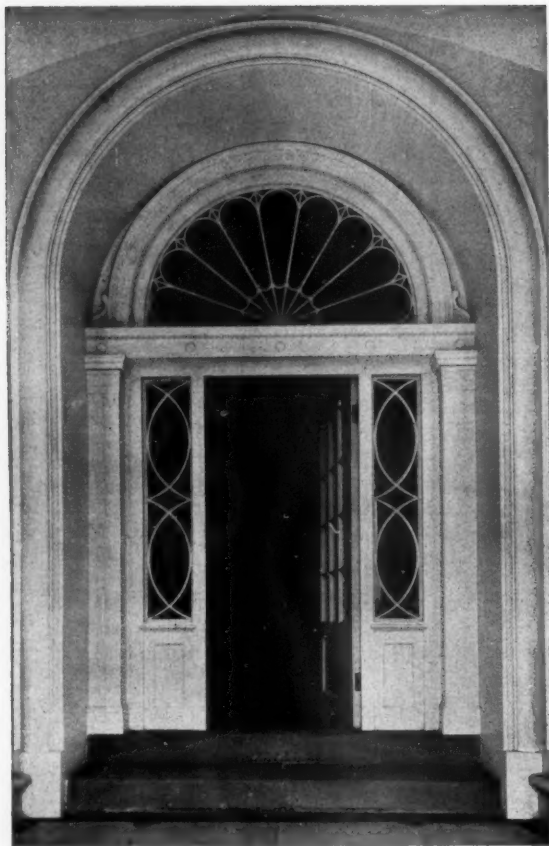
There were also three pictures of ballet dancers by Edgar Degas, which are always a pleasure to see again; three paintings by Matisse, one, "La Plage d'Etretat" (19), being of peculiar interest, for in it can be traced the painter's deliberate repression of realism. There were also included works by Daumier, Camille Pissarro, Renoir, Segonzac, Monet, Gauguin, Marchand, and Ingres.

RAYMOND MCINTYRE.



Craftsmanship
Views and Reviews
A London Diary

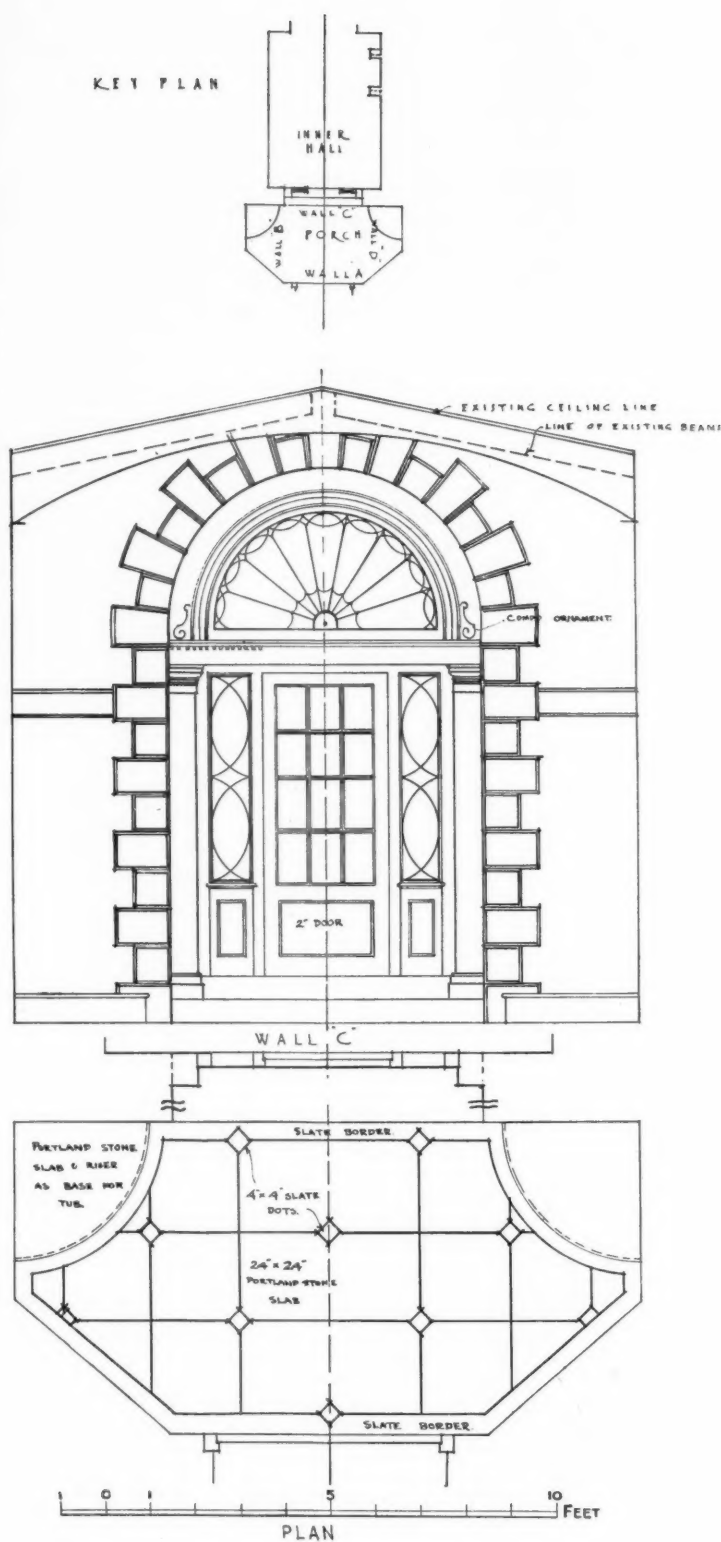
The
Architectural Review
Supplement
SEPTEMBER
1928



Modern Details.

*The Door to the Vestibule
at The Pole, Cheshire.*

*From a Design by Darcy Braddell
& Humphry Deane.*





An enameled plate measuring

three feet square.

Tradition and Modernity in Craftsmanship.

III.—Metalwork.¹

By Sir Lawrence Weaver.

IT is perhaps among metalworkers, more than any other group of related craftsmen, that a liking for new forms and new treatments is most visible today. I have already tried to show that the plasterworker has been very susceptible to the development of technique, but rather slow in reacting to fresh ideas of design. I took George Jackson and Sons, plasterworkers, as a notable example of continuing purpose in one house. They represent a dynasty of respectable antiquity, running back to Adam (Robert). The Birmingham Guild, now taken as a peg for discussing architectural metalwork, is not a dynasty but a team, that has grown by accretion. They are organized in the belief that large work, such as is now required in architectural schemes, should be rather the product of designer and craftsmen working in association with the architect, than of any one individual, however brilliant. But the enterprise, as it stands today, had an individual and normal root.

Hart, Son and Peard were a firm first of Georgian, afterwards of Victorian, solidity. The business began in London

as an ironmongery concern in 1816, and moved its manufacturing activities to Birmingham about 1875. I have a catalogue, dated

1856, that illustrates brass coronas and pulpit lights lapped in the atmosphere of the Great Exhibition of 1851, and oak font covers discreetly strapped in wrought iron which the faithful could purchase for seven pounds ten apiece. I cannot applaud the cast-iron hinge fronts, but the exhibition jury of 1862 were greatly impressed with "the great beauty of design and perfection of workmanship" which Hart and Son revealed in that year.

The firm made its little bow to history in 1872, after the Prince of Wales's recovery from his desperate illness, for they designed and made the brass eagle lectern given as a thank-offering to Sandringham Church by the Princess of Wales. In the lofty view of the *Illustrated London News*, this was "a little particular act of grateful and devout acknowledgment which it is pleasing to notice." I do not know that they made the "large new brass bird with eyes of red glass, fondly believed to be carbuncles," for which Badalia Herodsfot's rector prayed while he lived in dread of pauperizing the poor, but none shall hinder my believing it.

It must be confessed that their contributions to the spate of memorial art after the South African war was



A pierced repoussé steel panel.

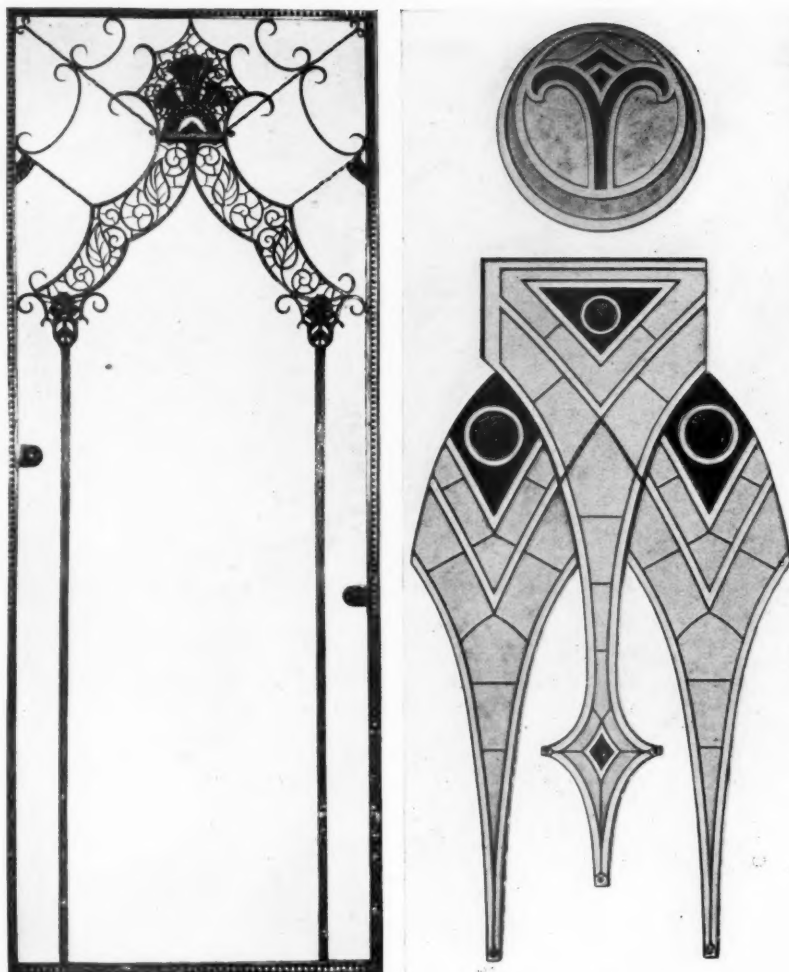
¹ The previous articles in this series were entitled *Plasterwork* and *Furnishing and Shopkeeping*, and were published in the February and June issues, respectively, of THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW.

marked rather by honest workmanship than by any æsthetic significance, but they were good craftsmen at a time when it was difficult to find anything more, save amongst individual craftsmen who dwelt in the tabernacle of the Art Workers' Guild.

Some time in the sixties the Harts had amalgamated with Peard and Jackson, from whose catalogue, dated 1866, it appears that Arthur W. Blomfield, M.A., and George Goldie were responsible for a good many of their medieval designs. The combined firm worked for Pearson, Ernest George, and most of the great ones of their day, but in 1919 they were absorbed into the Birmingham Guild.

It is almost inevitable that one should approach a business claiming to be a "guild" with some shyness. In more than one case the word has covered an attempt to attribute some medieval quality to a merely commercial firm. But that is untrue of the Birmingham Guild, which began under the direction of Mr. Arthur Stansfield Dixon in 1893 as an evening class for craftsmen in beaten metalwork. Mr. Dixon was sensitively aware that Birmingham needed to re-establish a sound tradition of craftsmanship, and he threw himself with enthusiasm into an attempt to turn his ideal into fact. Two years later he secured the co-operation of the Right Honourable William Kenrick, a name justly honoured in the Midlands, and the Birmingham Guild was founded as a business in which the artist was to play a definite and continuous part.

The Guild had so sound a core of æsthetic sense that it steered clear of the wave of *l'art nouveau*, which drove most Birmingham metalworkers into an ugly riot of hearts and tulips in coarse repoussé. They preferred to concentrate on such elements of metalworking decency as fine lettering, happily common today, but very rare thirty years ago. Some future historian of the crafts, possessed of a macabre



Left. A wrought-iron gate. Right. A bronze frieze with enamelled enrichments for the New National Radiator Building, London. Raymond Hood, Architect.

passing fashions, but recognizing that a fashion may be a momentary phase in the re-creation of tradition.

How far and how fast the new current of invention is to flow

through the design of architectural metalwork will depend partly on how quickly architects become more intimately aware of the new possibilities afforded by new processes. Jean Tijou was an innovator in wrought-iron design, but he was limited by what a smith can do with a hammer on an anvil and with iron heated on a hearth with coal. The modern French school of smithcraft, which we associate with the name of Brandt, could not have happened without the introduction of welding by electricity and oxy-acetylene.

The Guild's introduction into the building industry of Firth's "Staybrite" steel has meant another step in the defeat of rust. This steel is unaffected by weather; it has a higher tensile strength than



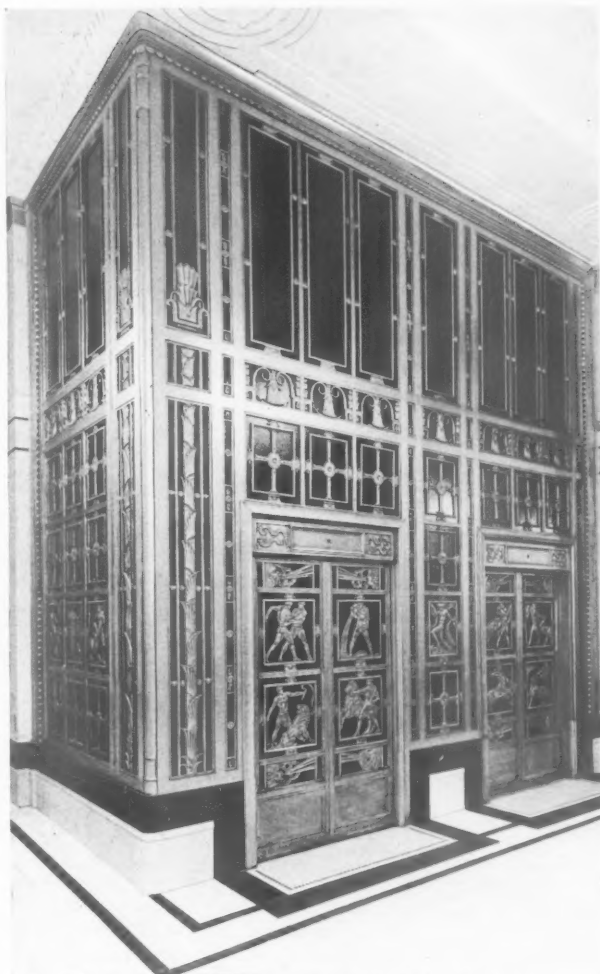
A pierced repoussé panel in "Staybrite" steel.

CRAFTSMANSHIP.

wrought iron, and is tougher and stronger than bronze. Hence it encourages a more delicate and subtle note in design, but, because it is somewhat intractable in working, it does not afford the latitude given by the softness of wrought iron. Its aspect of silver suggests a new range of contrasts and assonances of colour in relation to neighbouring materials, and makes it reasonable to consider how far the outlook of the silver-worker may give ideas for treatment. Altogether the nature of rustless steel must profoundly modify the traditional type of design which, without these technical advances, could reasonably have continued a major influence.

Other developments in the treatment of metals are highly significant. Thin sheets are now cemented to plywood so permanently that a metal partition or lining can be achieved of perfect smoothness and rigidity. Metalization, that is, the spraying of metal on different surfaces—wood, stone, concrete, etc.—and the spraying of a richer metal, e.g. bronze, on a cheaper metal, such as cast iron, open up vistas of new treatments that lead to what has been the architecture of the poets from Homer to Edgar Allan Poe—a metal architecture.

America leads the way rapidly with the almost universal use of steel framing, the large use of external panelling of iron, the increasing use of pressed steel for doors, architraves, skirtings, ceilings, mouldings, etc. Thirty years ago, when ceiling panels of pressed steel began to be used, they were ridiculous parodies of modelled plasterwork and were naturally rejected as a raw material for significant architecture. America is steadily eliminating wood for internal work, and metal substitution extends to brick and stone. All this demands a new outlook on design and a vigorous freshness of thought in terms of metal decoration. The Birmingham Guild is associated with Mr. Raymond Hood, of New York, in notable developments of the large-scale application of enamel to metal in architectural work. The new building of the National Radiator Company, off Regent Street, is something of a portent, not only because its walls are of polished black marble, but because the wall decorations are in enamelled bronze, and on a great scale. Projects of this sort are a task for a Benvenuto Cellini: how he would have revelled in the opportunity! There are few advanced crafts older than the enamelling of bronze, which became possible just so soon as the ancients devised a charcoal muffle. On the architectural



The lift enclosure at Messrs. Selfridge's, London.
Graham, Anderson, Probst and White, in association with
Sir John Burnet and Partners, Architects.



A mirror frame in bronze
enriched with enamels
and electro gilt.

Tradition and Modernity.

scale it is a new decorative medium, practically everlasting, and giving great opportunities both in form and colour. It has of late become possible on this scale only because of the building of great muffles fired by electricity or gas. The architect may now become a jeweller *in excelsis*, and cover a significant part of a great building in enamel panels built up to create something like a vast mosaic.

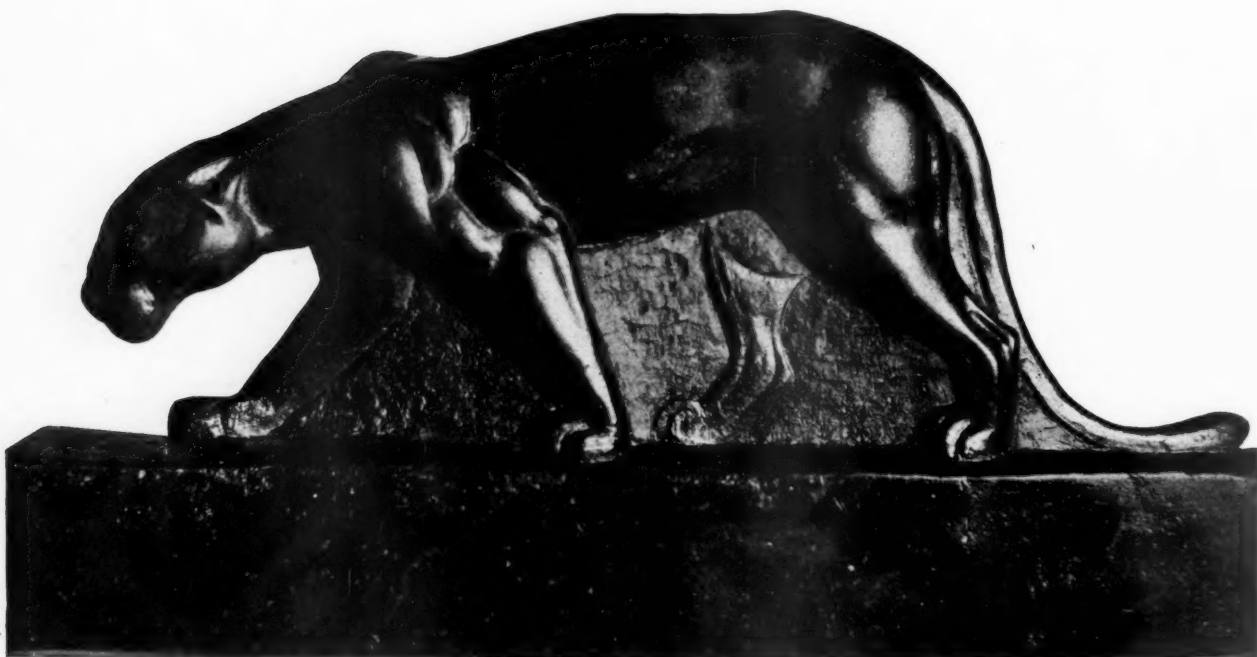
The finest work will always be the work of the hand; but mass production is to be embraced, not only for its economic service, but also because it is absurd to waste fine craftsmanship on repetition work. By way of example let me cite some lift doors containing panels with figures and animals in wrought steel. About 400 were needed. Perhaps the earnest lover of medieval ways will say that this gave 400 opportunities of invention? It is to make too great a draft on æsthetic ingenuity. The Guild adopted what seems to be a sane compromise. Panels were first made wholly by hand in wrought steel. From these, cast-iron replicas were made and most carefully finished, and the remaining panels were stamped but finished by hand.

It is obvious that, unless the best of the French smithwork of today were done by this method, its cost would be prohibitive. That there is something essentially base about repetitions and something of outstanding virtue about making everything different, are among the delusions which die hard. If the Middle Ages are pleaded to support the idea of virtue, let us remember that six lead fonts of identical pattern have survived in one English county since the twelfth century. As the mortality of lead fonts has always been high, it suggests that the medieval parish priests of Gloucestershire had no distressed feelings about replicas from stock patterns. We need not be more sensitive than they.

The danger of new scientific methods is rather that they make feasible intricacies which were formerly impossible, and encourage fertile minds to needless elaborations. But we must not beg the question. No one rebukes the shade of Benvenuto Cellini for his delicacies of craftsmanship, knowing how amazing they are in the light of his technical powers. Given an immense stride in technique, the designer is surely entitled to rejoice in his freedom and to utilize his new powers to the full? I cannot believe that any great medieval craftsman carelessly avoided, and still less consciously rejected, any possibility of technique which lay to his hand. Why should we?

A Craftsman's Portfolio.
Being Examples of Fine Craftsmanship.

✓ XXIX.—Animals



*A Leopard, carved from black granite, in the possession of Baron Rothschild.
 Designer and Craftsman: MATEO HERNANDEZ.*



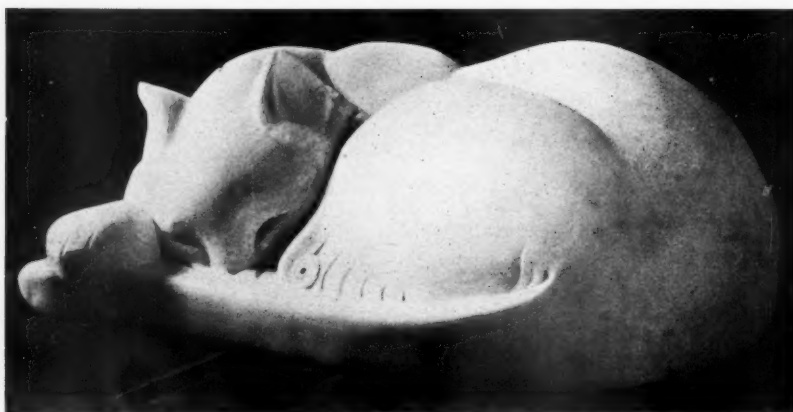
A Lion and a Mouse.

Two of the statuary marble caps to pilasters at the "Black Friar," Queen Victoria Street, London, carved in Greek cipollino, illustrating *Æsop's Fables*.

Architect: H. FULLER-CLARK.

Designers and Craftsmen: E. J. AND A. T. BRADFORD.

A Bear and Bees.



*The Sleeping Kitten.
 Carved in marble.
 In the possession of*

*Professor W. L. Renwick.
 Designer & Craftsman:
 ALAN DURST.*



A Drake.
Carved direct from
Irish limestone, and
surface-polished only,
so that the plumage
markings shows white.

*Designer and
Craftsman :*
RICHARD GARBE.



A Penguin.
A sculptured newel in oak,
at Trentishoe, Uxbridge.
Architect : R. A. F. RIDING.
Designer and Craftsman :
R. H. MARLOW.

An Owl.
Carved in Portland stone.
In the possession of
R. D'Oyly Carte, Esq.
Designer and Craftsman :
H. W. PALLISER.



A Pelican.
In
bronze.
*Designer
and
Craftsman :*
H. W. PALLISER.



An Eagle.
Carved in oak for
newel capping at
Biddenden Church.
Architect :
AUSTIN BLOMFIELD.
Craftsmen :
W. AUMONIER & SON.



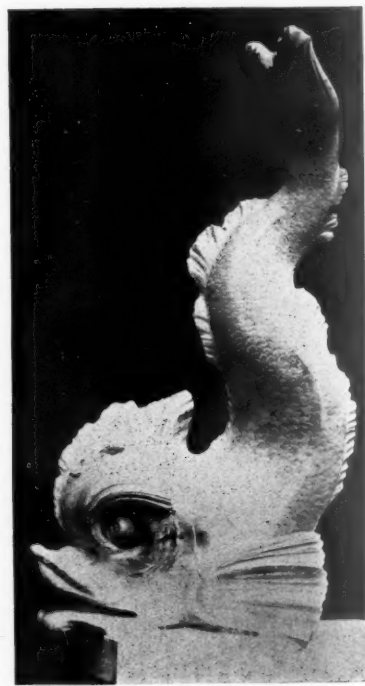


A Sea Horse.
A corner treatment of the Westminster Foreign Bank at Brussels, carved in Euville stone.
Architects : MEWES AND DAVIS. *Craftsman :* M. FAIVRE.



A Snake and a File.
Another of the statuary marble caps, illustrated on page 122, at the "Black Friar," London.

Architect :
H. FULLER-CLARK.
Designers and Craftsmen :
E. J. AND A. T. BRADFORD.



Left and Right.
Two of the four dolphins, carved in marble, on the fountain in the centre of the gardens in Leicester Square, London. The blow holes of the dolphins are in their natural place, namely the centre of the head, and not on the upper lip, where they are sometimes carved.

Architect and Designer :
The late Mr. KNOWLES.
Craftsmen :
JOHN DAYMOND & SON.



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Regent House,
Regent Street,
London, W.I.

Frederic Coleman

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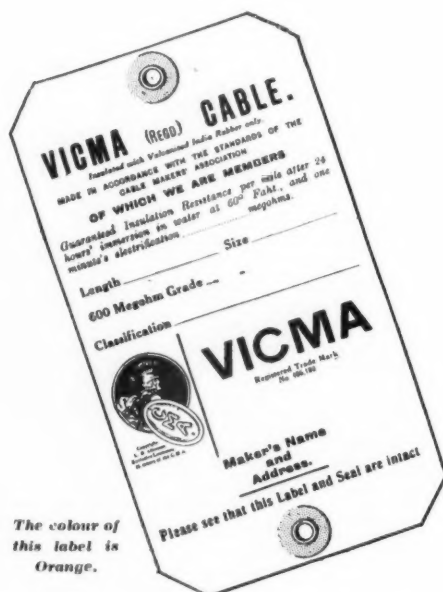
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indicating **V**ulcanised **I**ndia Rubber "**C.M.A.**" Type, a cable corresponding in quality with the standard C.M.A. Cable.

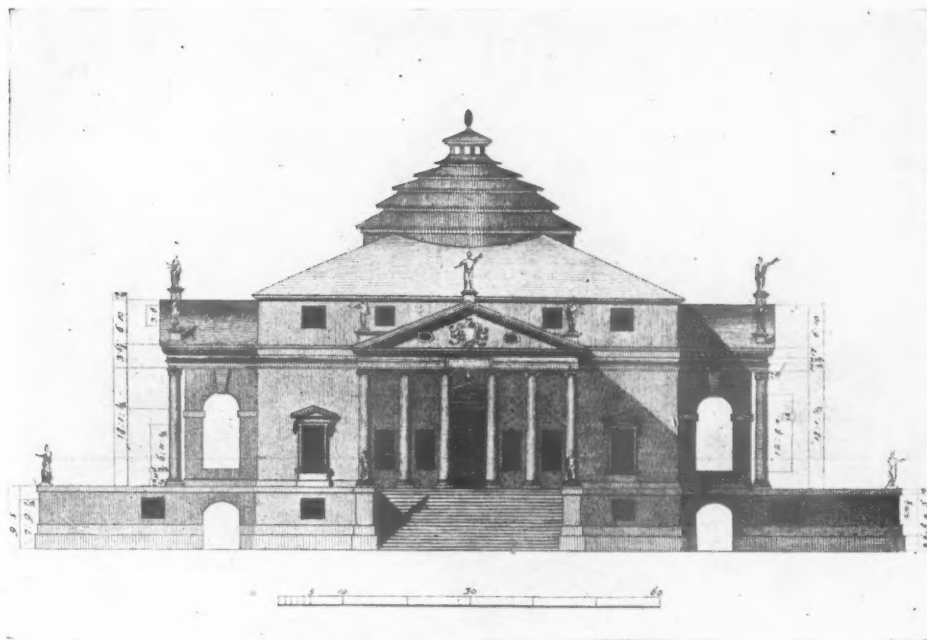
VINAZO (Regd. No. 486179)

indicating **V**ulcanised **I**ndia Rubber "**NONAZO**" Type, a cable corresponding in quality with the standard NONAZO Cable.

The Cables indicated will be distinguished by labels as set out below, and buyers desiring these cables should specify for them by the Trade Marks and see that these labels are on the coils.



Further information may be obtained from the individual members of the Cable Makers' Association.



THE FAÇADE OF THE ROTUNDA, VICENZA.
From *Palladio*, 1508-1580.

Recent Books.

Andrea Palladio.

Palladio, 1508-1580. Le sua Vita, la sua Arte, la sua Influenza.
By ALFREDO MELANI. Milan: Casa Editrice Ceschina. Price, lire 90.

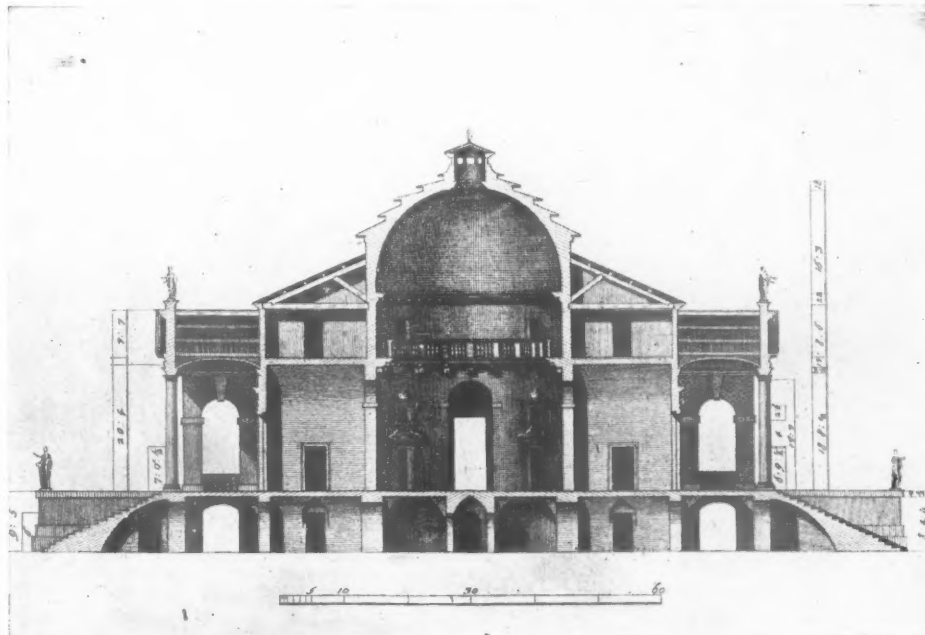
Signor Melani's is a pleasant volume, never probing very deeply into the problems of history and aesthetics offered by the art of Palladio, but passing the life of the artist and his principal works in rapid review and briefly commenting upon his following and influence. Numerous half-tone blocks of buildings and plans are scattered through the text, and there is also a reproduction of a hitherto unpublished drawing by the master embodying his design for the rebuilding of the Ponte di Rialto at Venice — a curious scheme which it might have been noted was much talked about as late as the eighteenth century, and which Canaletto went to the length of fixing on the canvas in a picture of the "Grand Canal Rebuilt," which was frequently copied.

The chief practical value of the book to students is, however, derived from the series of fifty plates, selected from the engravings in Ottavio Bertotti Scamozzi's four volumes

on the buildings of Palladio published in 1776-84. Examples are given of the three principal classes into which the work of Palladio may be divided: the palaces at Vicenza, famous in the annals of architecture and headed by the glorious Basilica which, in Jacob Burckhardt's words, if in Venice would entirely eclipse Sansovino's Libreria; the villas on the Venetian mainland of which it has been well said that they represent perhaps the artistic intentions of the master in their greatest purity; and the churches at Venice, few in number, but important no less on account of their intrinsic quality than because of the widespread influence which they have exercised.

The book concludes with a sketch of a "Bibliografia Palladiana," which is very incomplete as regards the writings on the subject which have appeared outside Italy; there is, for instance, no mention of Fletcher's work or of Fritz Burger's monograph, *Die Villen des Andrea Palladio* (Leipzig, 1907), a publication of particular importance on account of the careful manner in which it traces the difference between the villas of Palladio as originally designed and as finally built.

TANCRED BORENIUS.



A SECTION OF THE FAÇADE, THE ROTUNDA, VICENZA.
From *Palladio*, 1508-1580.

The Gospel of Art.

Les Laques d'Extrême-Orient. Par M^{lle}. M. J. BALLOT. G. Vanoest, Paris et Bruxelles. Price 18 francs.

La Verrerie Française. Par LÉON ROSENTHAL. G. Vanoest, Paris et Bruxelles. Price 18 francs.

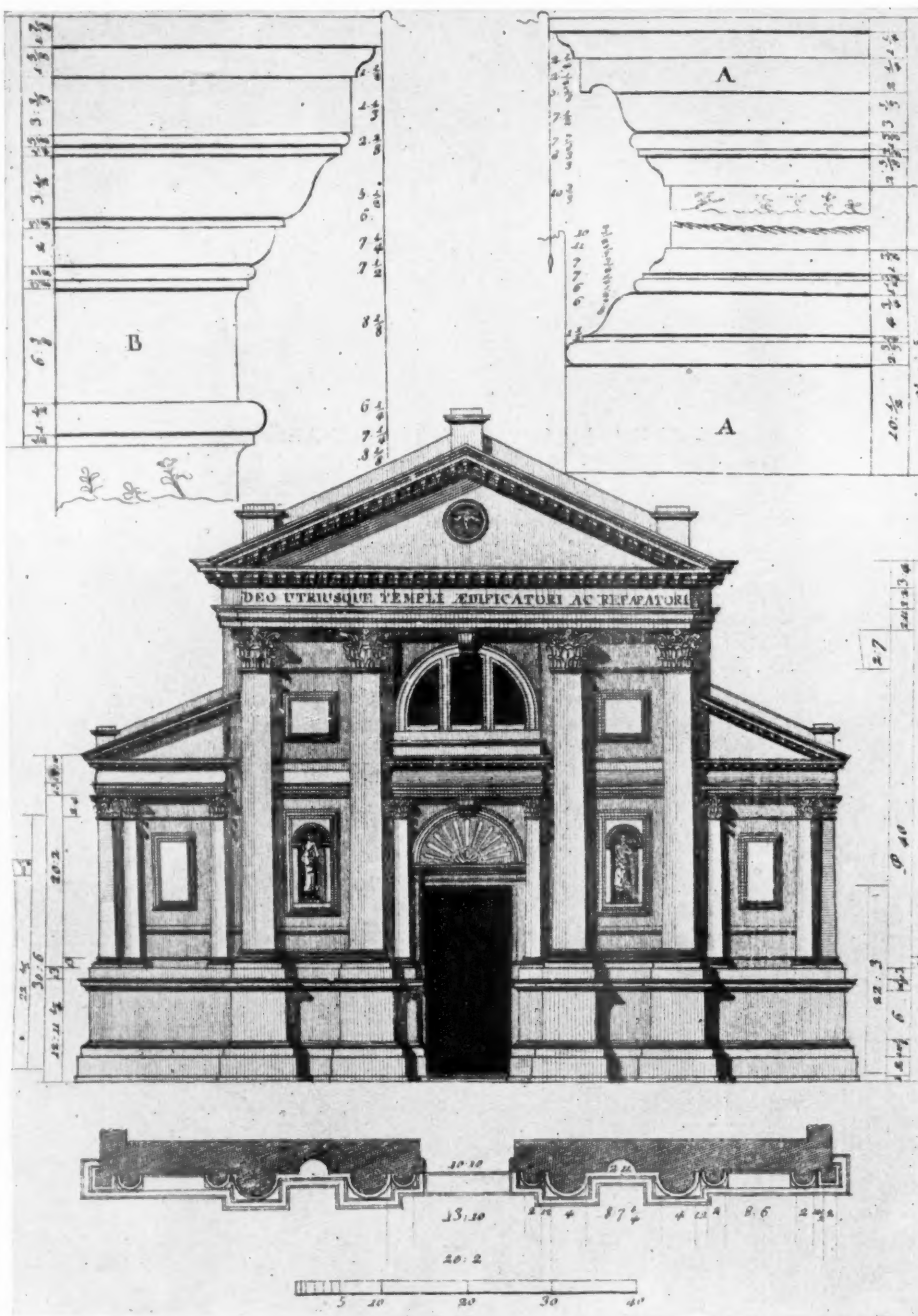
Books dealing with the fascinating and endless study of Fine Art, no matter whether it be of the French glass-worker or the Japanese workers in lacquers, contain the true gospel of Art;

but Europe today is only just beginning to emerge from an era of cheap utilitarianism, and true believers in the gospel of Art are still as rare as the early Christians. We still believe in ugly houses built with no other thought than that of keeping the weather out with the least expense, and we promenade around solid blocks of business premises which offer us every satisfaction except a recognition of the fundamental fact in the human soul that Art is worthwhile. The commercial gospel of today is "Work for a profit," i.e. let me make something out of you; but the gospel of Art is "Work for work's sake," i.e. let me give humanity something good. The doctrine that only a man who paints pictures in oils is an artist is a mistake, a very narrow-minded view, for the mind of the genuine artist is for ever struggling to express itself in every branch of human effort, from the architecting of a cathedral to the sweeping of a crossing. The study of Art contains worlds within worlds; the technical

intricacies of the lacquer-worker's craft in China and Japan, which began in the very earliest periods of history, seem almost inexhaustible; we find it thriving when the Emperors of the East were favourable to the gospel of Art, and we find it desecrated later with periods of European commercialism; and the industries which had flourished up to the end of the eighteenth century in Nankin and Peking closed down through the hard times of the nineteenth century, to start again on more modern lines in Canton

and Fou-tcheou, producing articles for exportation, and therefore of little value! Commerce and political economy have been allowed to interfere far too much in all branches of Art, even the name "Coromandel," which distinguishes, we may say, the third class of Chinese lacquers, was probably given to it simply because that was the town in India from which the articles were exported. If the true meaning of Art is simply to express yourself, no matter if your medium is merely the carving

of a collar-stud, surely the greatest artist is he who tries the hardest to do all he can; this high estimation of human patience and concentrated painstaking seems to be the very foundation of the Eastern conception of Art. In Europe we rather take the view that the true meaning of Art is to please, and we get the various schools of thought arguing heatedly as to what pleases; some say you must be true to Nature before you can please, others say that you must express "the light that never was on sea or shore," and so on. The discussion becomes somewhat intangible, but it is very evident that these painstaking and exquisite French glass-workers and Japanese lacquer-workers honestly feel and believe themselves to be as high artists as any President of British Academies Royal; and who shall say they are not right? A *service de table* by Georges Chevalier, or a goblet by Dam-mouse, proves to us irrefutably that the man who



THE FAÇADE OF THE CHURCH OF S. FRANCESCA DELLA VIGNE, VENICE.

From Palladio, 1508-1580.

assembled the ideas must have possessed the eye and mind of a true artist. If we fail to appreciate the South Kensington Museum and find ten minutes quite sufficient to "do" the Louvre, is it not rather because we do not understand what we are looking at, than that the gospel of Art is only true and of value when it is interpreted according to our own narrow-minded little views?

HUBERT C. S. COLBORNE.

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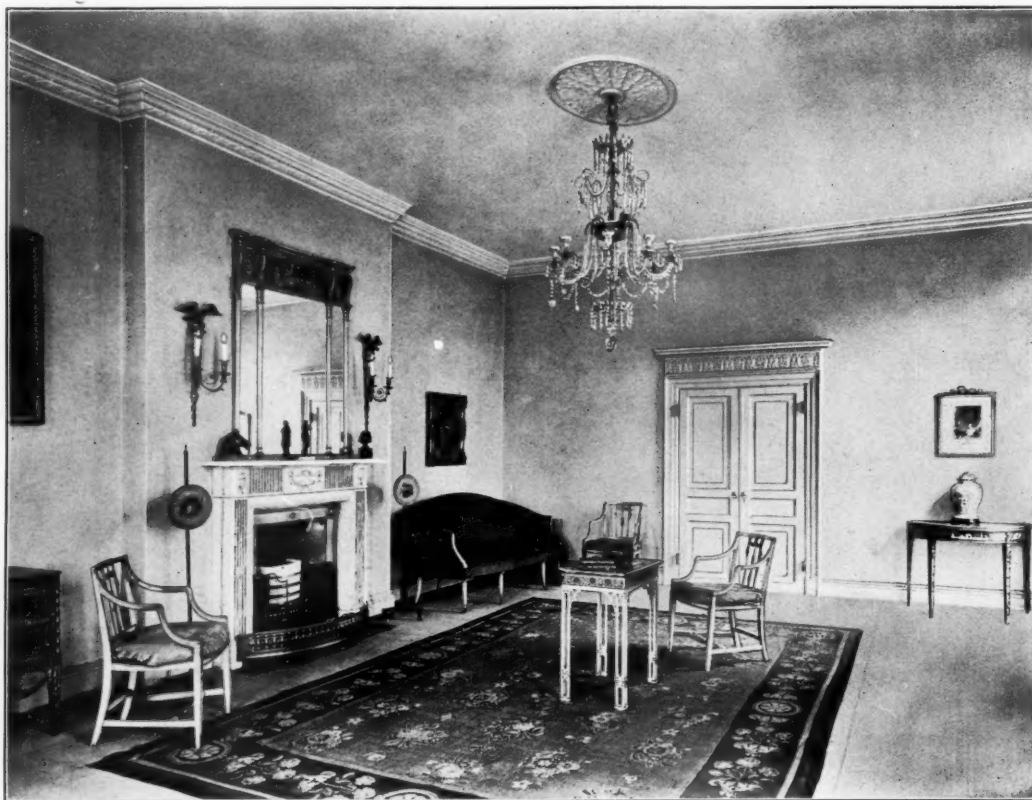
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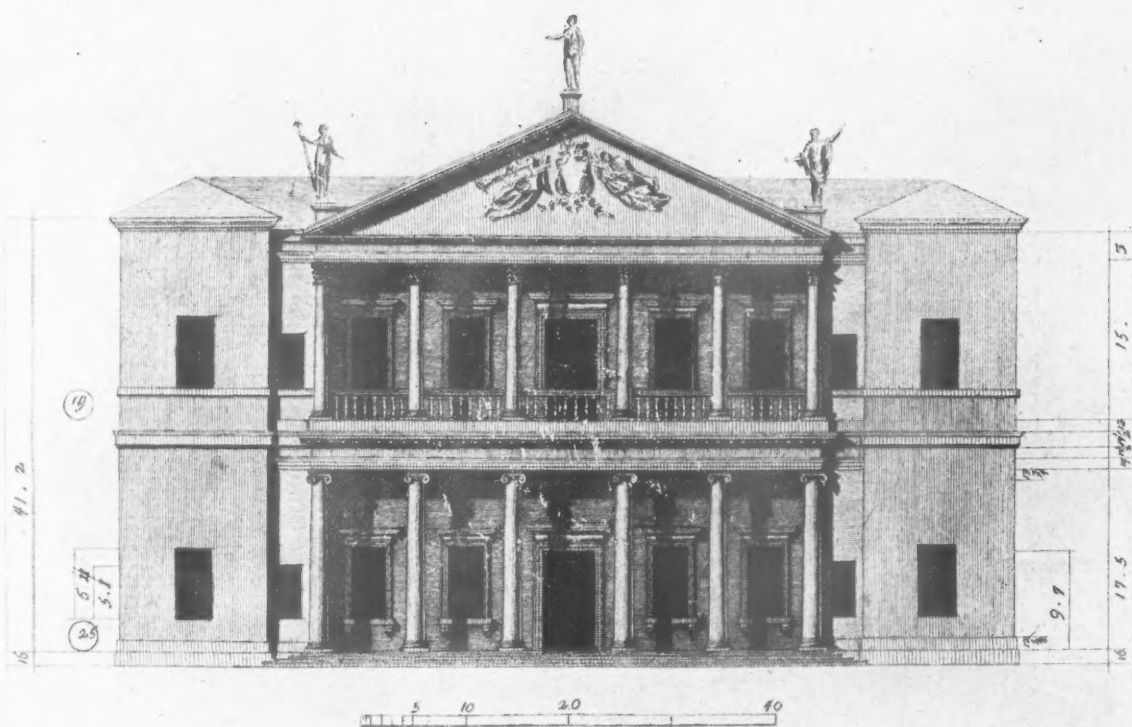
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THE FAÇADE OF THE VILLA OF COUNT VALMARANA, LISIERA, VICENZA.
From Palladio, 1508-1580.

The Paris Prize.

Winning Designs (1904-1927). Paris Prize in Architecture, Society of Beaux-Arts Architects, New York. With an Introduction by JOHN F. HARBESON. New York: The Pencil Points Press, Inc. Price \$6.

In 1896 a group of Americans who had studied at the École des Beaux Arts in Paris, formed the Society of Beaux-Arts Architects in New York with the object of spreading the influence of the École in America. They inaugurated a course of training by means of competitions in design, in which citizens from all parts of America could participate. The pioneer of the new movement was Mr. Lloyd Warren, a man of high ideals and strong character, who succeeded in perfecting the organization of a completely trained group of helpers, whose efforts and influence were used for the benefit of the younger men in the architectural profession. From the original movement sprang four ideas which have since proved their practical worth, namely, the Paris Prize, the Beaux-Arts Institute of Design, the American Expeditionary Force Training School at Bellevue in France, and the Fontainebleau Summer School of Fine Arts.

The first competition for the Paris Prize was held in 1904, and the portfolio now published contains the winning designs in that competition, supplemented by those of the winners of the succeeding competitions held each year down to, and including, 1927. The reproductions include plans, sections, and elevations, and are presented in a large size for the benefit of students. The full programme for each competition is included in the book, together with the solutions. Whilst the work is intended to make a special appeal to students who are studying under the Beaux-Arts system, it should also be of value to others who are interested in the problems of modern architectural design.

A. E. DOYLE.

Modern Architecture.

Moderne Architectuur. By PROFESSOR G. J. WATTJES. Amsterdam: The "Kosmos" Publishing Co. Singel, 24. Price 14 gulden 50 cents.

Modern Danish Architecture. By KAY FISKE and F. R. YERBURY. London: Ernest Benn, Ltd. Price 32s. 6d. net.

To the already considerable literature on modern architecture are added two interesting books, the one an English publication dealing with Danish work, the other a pictorial review of the typical architecture of today in Europe and America.

Professor Wattjes, who is responsible for *Moderne Architectuur*, is an architect, an engineer, a teacher, an author, and, above all, an enthusiast. He already has to his credit at least two books which are fairly familiar in England, one of them dealing with Dutch building methods, the other with the modern architecture of Holland. As a professor at Delft he undoubtedly does not allow himself to be carried away by violent crusaders in favour of the wilder essays in modernism; but he shares with an increasing number of his contemporaries a faith in the possibility of twentieth-century architecture, and by bringing together examples of it in a book, in itself a labour which any compiler of architectural data will appreciate, he has shown that he is willing not only to approve of modern ideals, but to further them in a practical way.

On the whole his book is excellent propaganda for the modern school, though the difficulties, first of selection and then of obtaining photographs and consents for reproduction, must have led him at times to illustrate work which is of doubtful character for inclusion in such a survey, and not always representative of the best of its particular type. In the French section, for instance, there are some villas of very secondary merit, and the same is true of the U.S.A. examples; while here also are some industrial buildings which are by no means the best of their

class. One says it with all reserve in view of the difficulty of the task—the selection in several cases leaves something to be desired.

One other criticism must be made, that the presentation of the pages is a little trying to the photographs. The printing of the titles is too big, the type is undistinguished, and the surrounding line which breaks up the margins is unnecessary and disturbing. These are, however, unimportant matters in a book which, we believe, is unique in its particular scope; for we know of no other work which deals with this subject in so complete a way, and its value as a reference and a record is therefore indisputable.

represented by the Copenhagen Porcelain Pavilion at the Paris Exhibition.

Denmark is a country having strong affinities with this island. Its architecture is refined, not without relief by occasional touches of fancy, but it is at times genteel to the point of insipidity. In the examples shown there is scarcely ever a wrong note struck, and there are very many things of the greatest charm; this book is the one to look at when one feels that in the lust for creation one's originality has outrun one's balance or sense of niceties. It is also (the word will out) a first-rate "crib-book," full of things which may be—



THE COURTYARD OF THE BISHOP'S PALACE, VICENZA.

From *Palladio*, 1508-1580.

The countries represented are Norway, Sweden, Finland, Denmark, Germany, Tcheco-Slovakia, Austria, Switzerland, France, Belgium, Great Britain, and the U.S. and Canada. The examples are not chosen from amongst the work of any particular school; and it is perhaps owing to this catholicity that is due our remark that the selection appears uneven. If the aim of the book is, however, to provide an abridged summary of results to date, one can only say that it has been realized, and that the sequence of sections devoted to each country, rather than to types of buildings, is extremely successful in revealing that the modern movement gives rise to a national expression, thus disposing of one of the chief criticisms of the traditionalists. *Moderne Architectur* is published in Holland at the very moderate price of 14.50 gulden, and we can honestly conclude with the hackneyed remark that it should be found on the shelves of every architect's library, unless he be one of those to whom the title is anathema.

Modern Danish Architecture appears as the result of the effective collaboration of Kay Fisker and F. R. Yerbury. Its preface by Yerbury, and its introduction by Aage Rafn, are of literary quality, and thus prepare one for the excellence of the work selected for illustration. We say "selected" because it is obvious that the greatest care has been given towards making this book well-nigh irreproachable from the standpoint of the architectural merit of the examples chosen; and we say "well-nigh" because there are a few omissions, notably of the work of Kay Fisker himself, one of Denmark's most promising young architects, while Aage Rafn has shown also a modesty which is regrettable; and one misses, too, the work of Helweg Moller, so charmingly

adapted; and this with a certain knowledge that in proper hands they will enrich our own vocabulary.

In such an exemplar it is unnecessary to draw distinctions; but one cannot pass without comment the remarkable Grundtorgs Church of Klint at Copenhagen, a work abounding in the vitality which elsewhere in Denmark is sometimes lacking; and this is all the more remarkable since we understand that architect Klint has passed the allotted span of years, though obviously not of vigour.

The production of the book is excellent, there are plenty of plans and details, and once more let it be stressed, the work is all of first-class quality. It may not, perhaps, appeal to the ultra-modernist; but that would be a pity, for this book is certainly a reminder that good taste in architecture is a subtle and lovable quality.

HOWARD ROBERTSON.

Subscribers to THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW are cordially invited to visit the reading-room at 9 Queen Anne's Gate, Westminster, S.W. 1, where they may inspect at their leisure the books and magazines published by The Architectural Press. If a personal visit is inconvenient, the publishers will be glad to send any books selected on five days' approval, if it is desired to examine them before purchasing.



THE illustration above shows a Bathroom in a Private House, Norfolk Street, Park Lane, W.1, lined dado high with Ivory Vitrolite Panels between Black Vitrolite Margins. This is only one of the many pleasing colour schemes that can be secured by the combination of two or more of the colours in which Vitrolite is supplied. The colours available are White, Black, Ivory, Green; and in marbled effect—Buff, Grey, Green, and Salmon Pink.

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Life and Arts of the Middle Ages	..	..	12 noon.	..	..	..
Tour of Several Sections	..	..	3 p.m.	..	..	..
A Sectional Tour	..	..	3 p.m.	..	..	..
Raphael Cartoons	..	..	12 noon.	VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM		
General Tour	..	..	3 p.m.	..	..	..
Indian Section : Sculpture	..	..	3 p.m.	..	..	..
Michelangelo	..	..	2 p.m.	..	..	..
Celtic Ornament	..	..	2 p.m.	..	..	..
General Visit	..	..	11 a.m.	NATIONAL GALLERY, MILLBANK		
..	..	..	12 noon.	..	..	..
English Landscape	..	..	11 a.m.	NATIONAL GALLERY		
..	..	..	12 noon.	..	..	..
Dutch Landscape	..	..	12 noon.	WALLACE COLLECTION		

Records of Babylon and Assyria—I	..	12 noon.	BRITISH MUSEUM TOURS
Arts and Customs of Ancient Egypt—I	..	12 noon.	" " "
Monuments of Egypt—I	..	3 p.m.	" " "
Monuments of Assyria—I	..	3 p.m.	" " "
Chinese Porcelain	..	12 noon.	VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM
Romanesque Art	..	3 p.m.	" " "
Gothic Woodwork	..	3 p.m.	" " "
Modern Sculpture	..	3 p.m.	" " "
Turner	..	11 a.m.	NATIONAL GALLERY, MILLBANK
"	..	12 noon.	" " "
English Portraits	..	11 a.m.	NATIONAL GALLERY
"	..	12 noon.	" " "
English Portraits	..	3 p.m.	WALLACE COLLECTION

Arts and Customs of Ancient Egypt—I	..	12 noon.	BRITISH MUSEUM TOURS
Monuments of Egypt	..	3 p.m.	" " "
Monuments of Assyria—I	..	3 p.m.	" " "
Arts and Customs of Ancient Egypt—I	..	12 noon.	VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM
Stained Glass	..	3 p.m.	" " "
Recent Acquisitions	..	11 a.m.	NATIONAL GALLERY, MILLBANK
General Visit	..	12 noon.	" " "
Rubens—Van Dyck—Poussin—Claude	..	12 noon.	NATIONAL GALLERY
Rubens	..	3 p.m.	WALLACE COLLECTION

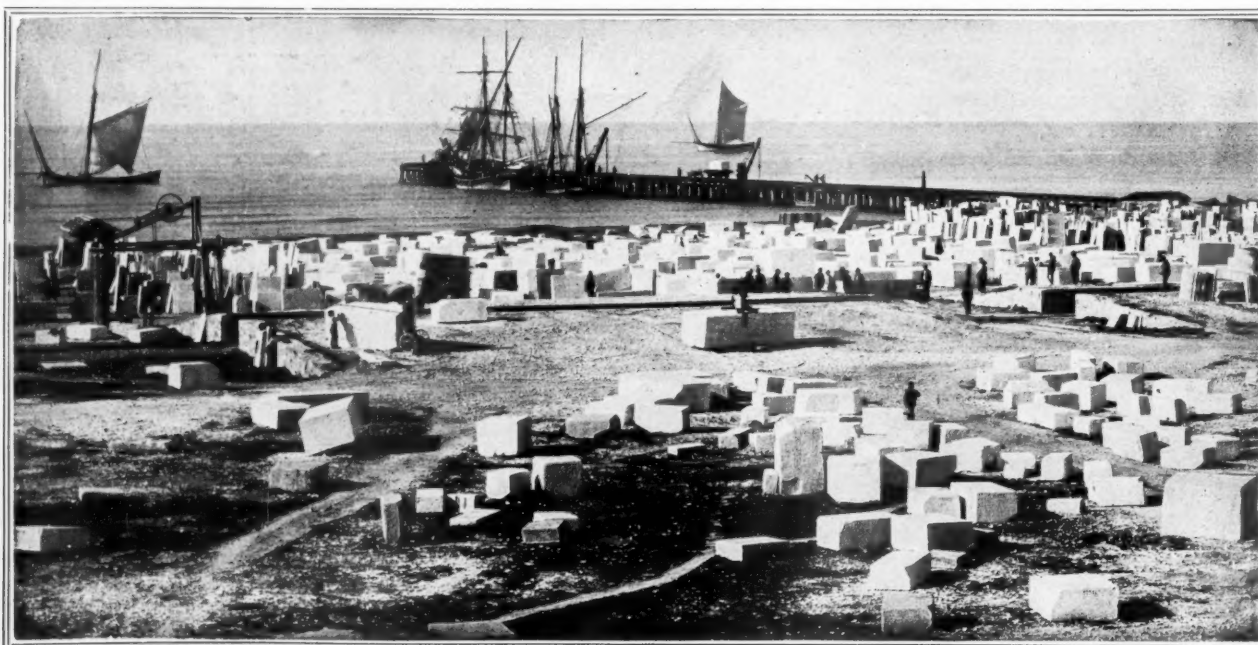
A Selected Subject	12 noon.	BRITISH MUSEUM TOURS		
Early Greece (Crete and Mycenæ) ..	12 noon.	"	"	"
Early Age of Italy (Etruscans, etc.) ..	3 p.m.	"	"	"
Life and Arts of the Dark Races—I	3 p.m.	"	"	"

Della Robbia	12 ROOM.	VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM
Indian Section : Sculpture	3 B.M.	
Bronzes	3 B.M.	
Pre-Raphaelites	11 A.M.	NATIONAL GALLERY, MILLBANK
.. .. .	12 ROOM.	
Masaccio and His Contemporaries	11 A.M.	NATIONAL GALLERY
.. .. .	12 ROOM.	

Origins of European Architecture	12 noon.	BRITISH MUSEUM TOURS
Early Age of Italy	12 noon.	32 32 32
Early Britain—I	3 p.m.	32 32 32
A Selected Subject	3 p.m.	32 32 32
Illuminated MSS.	12 noon.	VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM
Mosaics	3 p.m.	32 32 32 32
English Primitives	7 p.m.	32 32 32 32
Illuminated Books	7 p.m.	32 32 32 32
French Painting	11 a.m.	NATIONAL GALLERY, MILLBANK
	11 a.m.	32
Early Flemish and German	11 a.m.	NATIONAL GALLERY
	12 noon.	32 32
Selected Pictures	3 p.m.	WALLACE COLLECTION

Early Greece	12 noon.	BRITISH MUSEUM TOURS
How the Bible Came Down to Us	12 noon.	" " "
Greek and Roman Life—I	3 p.m.	" " "
Greek Sculpture—I	Chinese Pottery	" " "
Chise Pottery	12 noon.	VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM
Ironwork	3 p.m.	" " "
Stained Glass	11 a.m.	NATIONAL GALLERY, MILLBANK
English Landscape—I and II	12 noon.	" " "
Italian Primitives	11 a.m.	NATIONAL GALLERY
.	12 noon.	" " "
Italian Painting—I	3 p.m.	WALLACE COLLECTION

Early Britain—II (Late Stone Age)	12 noon.	BRITISH MUSEUM TOURS
Early Christian Period	12 noon.	35 35 35
A Sectional Tour	3 p.m.	35 35 35
Tour of Several Sections	3 p.m.	35 35 35
English	12 noon.	VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM
Indian Section : Woodwork	3 p.m.	35 35 35
English Watercolours	3 p.m.	35 35 35
English Medieval Sculpture	7 p.m.	35 35 35
Chinese Art	7 p.m.	35 35 35
Hogarth—Reynolds	11 a.m.	NATIONAL GALLERY, MILLBANK
.. .. .	12 noon.	35 35 35
Dutch Portraits : Hals and Rembrandt	11 a.m.	NATIONAL GALLERY 35
.. .. .	12 noon.	35 35 35
French Furniture	12 noon.	WALLACE COLLECTION



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A LONDON DIARY (continued).

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 10—

Arts and Customs of Ancient Egypt—II	12 noon.	BRITISH MUSEUM TOURS
Records of Babylon and Assyria—I	12 noon.	" " "
Greek Sculpture—I (Before 450 B.C.)	3 p.m.	" " "
Monuments of Egypt—II	3 p.m.	" " "
English Pottery	12 noon.	VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM
French Furniture	12 noon.	" " "
Tudor Woodwork	3 p.m.	" " "
Jones Collection	3 p.m.	" " "
French Painting	11 a.m.	NATIONAL GALLERY, MILLBANK
" " "	12 noon.	" " "
Genre: Dutch, French, English	11 a.m.	NATIONAL GALLERY
" " "	12 noon.	" " "
Poussin and Velazquez	3 p.m.	WALLACE COLLECTION

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 11—

Early Britain—III (Bronze Age)	12 noon.	BRITISH MUSEUM TOURS
Life and Arts of the Dark Ages—II	12 noon.	" " "
Greek Sculpture—II (Elgin Marbles)	3 p.m.	" " "
Monuments of Assyria—II	3 p.m.	" " "
Embossed	12 noon.	VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM
Italian Furniture	3 p.m.	" " "
Turner	11 a.m.	NATIONAL GALLERY, MILLBANK
" " "	12 noon.	" " "
English—Nineteenth Century	11 a.m.	NATIONAL GALLERY
" " "	12 noon.	" " "
Rembrandt	3 p.m.	WALLACE COLLECTION

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 12—

A Selected Subject	12 noon.	BRITISH MUSEUM TOURS
Early Britain—I (Old Stone Age)	12 noon.	" " "
Early Britain—IV (Iron Age)	3 p.m.	" " "
A Selected Subject	3 p.m.	" " "
Japanese Pottery	12 noon.	VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM
Indian Section: Megalithic Art	3 p.m.	" " "
Ionides Collection	3 p.m.	" " "
General Visit	11 a.m.	NATIONAL GALLERY, MILLBANK
" " "	12 noon.	" " "
Titian—Tintoretto—Veronese	11 a.m.	NATIONAL GALLERY
" " "	12 noon.	" " "

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 13—

Greek and Roman Jewellery and Bronzes	12 noon.	BRITISH MUSEUM TOURS
Greek and Roman Life—I	12 noon.	" " "
The Romans in Britain—I	3 p.m.	" " "
Early Britain—II (Late Stone Age)	12 noon.	VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM
Miniatures	12 noon.	" " "
English Furniture	12 noon.	" " "
Chinese Paintings	3 p.m.	" " "
Architecture	7 p.m.	" " "
Reynolds—Watts	11 a.m.	NATIONAL GALLERY, MILLBANK
" " "	12 noon.	" " "
Some Portraits Contrasted	11 a.m.	NATIONAL GALLERY
" " "	12 noon.	" " "
Selected Pictures	3 p.m.	WALLACE COLLECTION

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 14—

How the Bible Came Down to Us—I	12 noon.	BRITISH MUSEUM TOURS
Illuminated Manuscripts	12 noon.	" " "
Monuments of Assyria—II	3 p.m.	" " "
Greek Sculpture—II (Elgin Marbles)	3 p.m.	" " "
English Porcelains	12 noon.	VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM
Paintings	12 noon.	" " "
Miniatures	3 p.m.	" " "
English Landscape—III	11 a.m.	NATIONAL GALLERY, MILLBANK
" " "	12 noon.	" " "
Botticelli: the Bellinis	11 a.m.	NATIONAL GALLERY
" " "	12 noon.	" " "
Italian Painting—II	3 p.m.	WALLACE COLLECTION

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15—

The Romans in Britain—II	12 noon.	BRITISH MUSEUM TOURS
Early Britain—III (Bronze Age)	12 noon.	" " "
Tour of Several Sections	3 p.m.	" " "
A Sectional Tour	3 p.m.	" " "
Spanish Art	12 noon.	VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM
Indian Section: General Tour	3 p.m.	" " "
Medieval Masterpieces	3 p.m.	" " "
Chinese Paintings	7 p.m.	" " "
Donatello	7 p.m.	" " "
French Painting	11 a.m.	NATIONAL GALLERY, MILLBANK
" " "	12 noon.	" " "
El Greco—Velazquez—Goya	11 a.m.	NATIONAL GALLERY
" " "	12 noon.	" " "
Titian, Van Dyck, and Gainsborough	12 noon.	WALLACE COLLECTION

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 17—

Records of Babylon and Assyria—II	12 noon.	BRITISH MUSEUM TOURS
Arts and Customs of Ancient Egypt—III	12 noon.	" " "
Monuments of Egypt—II	3 p.m.	" " "
Greek Sculpture—II (Elgin Marbles)	3 p.m.	" " "
Donatello	12 noon.	VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM
English Sculpture	12 noon.	" " "
Chippendale	3 p.m.	" " "
Engraving	3 p.m.	" " "
Turner	11 a.m.	NATIONAL GALLERY, MILLBANK
" " "	12 noon.	" " "
Michelangelo, Leonardo, and the Milanese School	11 a.m.	NATIONAL GALLERY
Michelangelo, Leonardo, and the Milanese School	12 noon.	" " "
French Painting—I	3 p.m.	NATIONAL GALLERY

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 18—

The Greek Vases	12 noon.	BRITISH MUSEUM TOURS
Greek and Roman Life—II	12 noon.	" " "
Arts and Customs of Ancient Egypt—III	3 p.m.	" " "
Records of Babylon and Assyria—II	3 p.m.	" " "
Persian Art	12 noon.	VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM
Della Robbia	12 noon.	" " "
Blake—Rossetti	11 a.m.	NATIONAL GALLERY, MILLBANK
" " "	12 noon.	" " "
English Painting in the Eighteenth Century	11 a.m.	NATIONAL GALLERY
" " "	12 noon.	" " "
French Painting—II	3 p.m.	WALLACE COLLECTION

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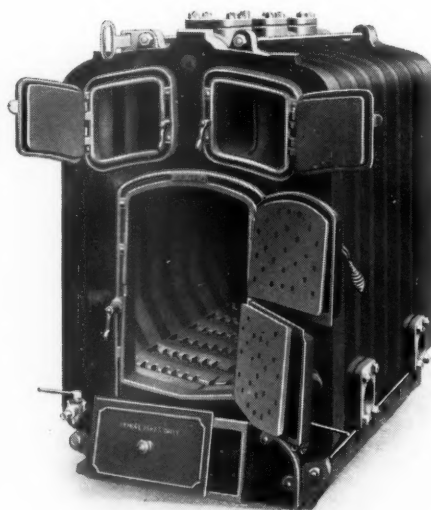
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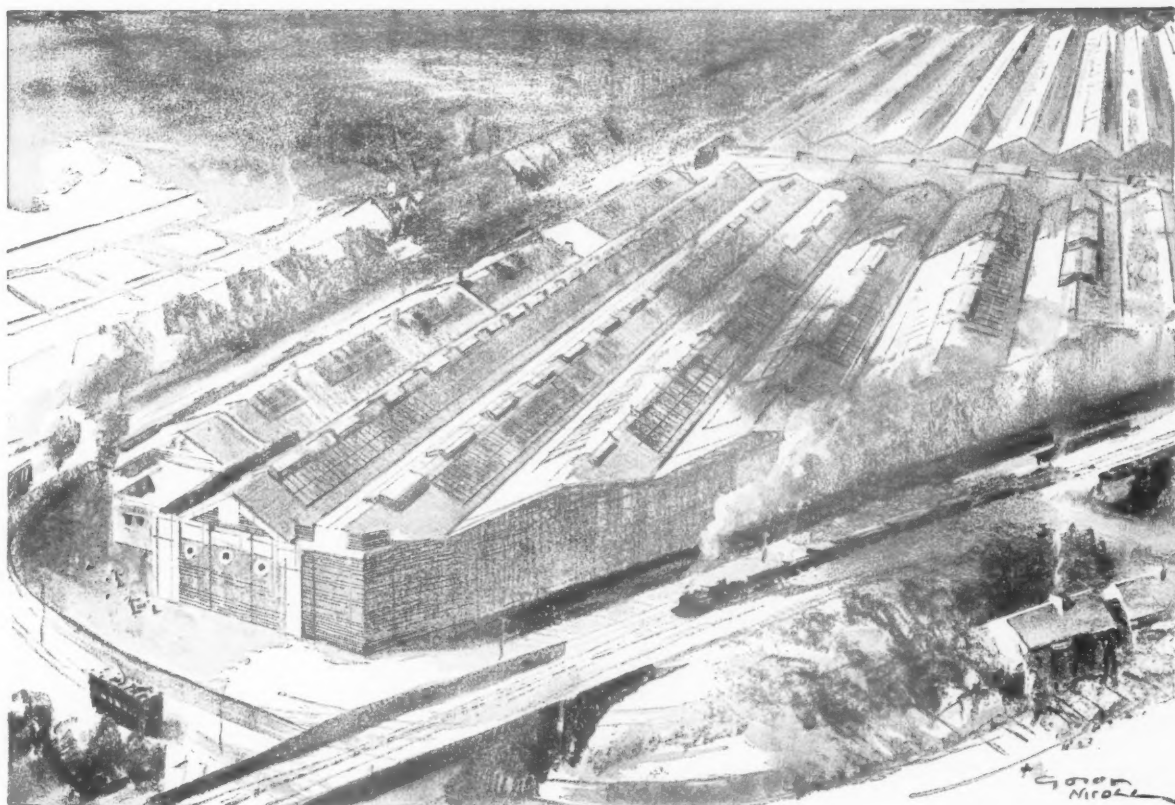
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A LONDON DIARY (continued).

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 19—

A Selected Subject	12 noon.	BRITISH MUSEUM TOURS
Early Britain—IV (Iron Age)	12 noon.	" " "
Anglo-Saxon Period—I	3 p.m.	" " "
Life and Arts of the Dark Races—III	3 p.m.	" " "
Enamels	12 noon.	VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM
Indian Section: Metalwork	3 p.m.	" " "
Italian Decoration	3 p.m.	" " "
Eighteenth-Century Painting	11 a.m.	NATIONAL GALLERY, MILLBANK
Claude and Poussin: Some Dutch Landscapes	12 noon.	NATIONAL GALLERY

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 20—

Origins of European Architecture—II	12 noon.	BRITISH MUSEUM TOURS
The Romans in Britain—I	12 noon.	" " "
Monuments of Egypt—III	3 p.m.	" " "
Greek Sculpture—III	3 p.m.	" " "
Alfred Stevens	12 noon.	VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM
Byzantine Art	3 p.m.	" " "
Some Recent Painting	11 a.m.	NATIONAL GALLERY, MILLBANK
Italian Altarpieces	12 noon.	NATIONAL GALLERY
Selected Pictures	3 p.m.	WALLACE COLLECTION

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 21—

Greek and Roman Life—II	12 noon.	BRITISH MUSEUM TOURS
Greek and Roman Jewellery and Bronzes	12 noon.	" " "
Between the Old Testament and the New	3 p.m.	" " "
The Romans in Britain—II	3 p.m.	" " "
Rug Knotting and Weaving	12 noon.	VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM
Ecclesiastical Metalwork	12 noon.	" " "
Coptic Tapestries	3 p.m.	" " "
Some Illustrators	11 a.m.	NATIONAL GALLERY, MILLBANK
Antonello da Messina and the Bellinis	12 noon.	NATIONAL GALLERY
French Painting—III	3 p.m.	WALLACE COLLECTION

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22—

Historical and Literary MSS.	12 noon.	BRITISH MUSEUM TOURS
Origins of Writing and Materials	12 noon.	" " "
A Sectional Tour	12 noon.	" " "
Tour of Several Sections	3 p.m.	" " "
Stained Glass	12 noon.	VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM
Indian Section: Jade	3 p.m.	" " "
The Arts in Shakespeare's Time	3 p.m.	" " "
Indian Section: Sculpture	7 p.m.	" " "
English Painting	7 p.m.	" " "
French Painting	11 a.m.	NATIONAL GALLERY, MILLBANK
Some Masterpieces	12 noon.	" " "
French Painting—IV	11 a.m.	NATIONAL GALLERY
French Painting—IV	12 noon.	WALLACE COLLECTION

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 24—

Arts and Customs of Ancient Egypt—IV	12 noon.	BRITISH MUSEUM TOURS
Hittite and Hebrew Collections	12 noon.	" " "
The New Testament Period	3 p.m.	" " "
Monuments of Egypt—III	3 p.m.	" " "
Maiolica	12 noon.	VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM
Carpets	12 noon.	" " "
French Woodwork	3 p.m.	" " "
Oriental Embroideries	3 p.m.	" " "
Pre-Raphaelites	11 a.m.	NATIONAL GALLERY, MILLBANK
Landscapes: Wilson, Gainsborough, Turner, Constable	12 noon.	NATIONAL GALLERY
Landscapes: Wilson, Gainsborough, Turner, Constable	12 noon.	" " "
French Painting—V	3 p.m.	WALLACE COLLECTION

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 25—

Early Christian Period	12 noon.	BRITISH MUSEUM TOURS
Anglo-Saxon Period—I	12 noon.	" " "
Greek Sculpture—III	3 p.m.	" " "
Monuments of Assyria—III	3 p.m.	" " "
Woven Textiles	12 noon.	VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM
Tapestries	3 p.m.	" " "
General Visit	11 a.m.	NATIONAL GALLERY, MILLBANK
Titian and Veronese	12 noon.	NATIONAL GALLERY
French Painting—VI	3 p.m.	WALLACE COLLECTION

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 26—

Anglo-Saxon Period—II	12 noon.	BRITISH MUSEUM TOURS
Life and Arts of the Dark Races—IV	12 noon.	" " "
Greek Sculpture—IV	3 p.m.	" " "
A Selected Subject	3 p.m.	" " "
Tapestries	12 noon.	VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM
Indian Section: Textiles	3 p.m.	" " "
Italian Sculpture	3 p.m.	" " "
Turner	11 a.m.	NATIONAL GALLERY, MILLBANK
Fifteenth-Century Florentine and Nether-lands Compared	12 noon.	NATIONAL GALLERY
Fifteenth-Century Florentine and Nether-lands Compared	12 noon.	" " "

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 27—

How the Bible Came Down to Us—II	12 noon.	BRITISH MUSEUM TOURS
Arts and Customs of Ancient Egypt—II	12 noon.	" " "
Life and Arts of the Middle Ages	3 p.m.	" " "
Greek Sculpture—IV	3 p.m.	" " "
Vestments	12 noon.	VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM
English Primitives	3 p.m.	" " "
Blake—Watts	11 a.m.	NATIONAL GALLERY, MILLBANK
Blake—Watts	12 noon.	" " "



EXTRACT FROM
EVENING
STANDARD,
April 24th,
1928

COLD FEET IN THE STUDIO.
How a British Company is to Fight Frost and Fog.

"Cold feet and blue noses are not aids to scenes of ardent passion before the camera," says Mr. Charles Lapworth, who is in charge of the erection of the new Whitehall studios at Elstree, now almost complete. Mr. Lapworth, who has been personal representative to Charles Chaplin, and has had several years' experience of the Hollywood studios, writes our film critic, was impressed by the lack of heating facilities there. Although Hollywood possesses an almost tropical climate, with a maximum of sunshine, there are periods when the weather is very cold, and most of the principal studios are concerned with heating facilities beyond a few portable electric radiators. Artists crowd around these radiators in an effort to keep warm. Cold feet artists will be a thing of the past. The main studio is 124 ft. long by 80 ft. wide, pipes of 2 in. diameter, carrying a continuous stream of water of a special temperature, which keeps the lounge of a modern hotel, as comfortable as the studio of a painter. The water is supplied from an oil-fed boiler in a boiler house adjacent to the studio. This heating system is also an antidote to fog.

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A LONDON DIARY (continued).

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 27—(continued).

The Commencement of Portraiture	11 a.m.	NATIONAL GALLERY
Selected Pictures	12 noon.	"
"	3 p.m.	WALLACE COLLECTION

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 28—

Illuminated MSS.	12 noon.	BRITISH MUSEUM TOURS
Historical and Literary MSS.	12 noon.	"
Origins of Writing and Materials	3 p.m.	"
Anglo-Saxon Period—II	3 p.m.	"
Chinese Bronzes	12 noon.	VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM
Maiolica	3 p.m.	"
Japanese Prints	3 p.m.	"
Recent French and English Painting	11 a.m.	NATIONAL GALLERY, MILLBANK
"	12 noon.	"

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 28—(continued).

Raphael—Holbein	11 a.m.	NATIONAL GALLERY
Miniatures	12 noon.	"
"	3 p.m.	WALLACE COLLECTION

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29—

Hittite and Hebrew Collections	12 noon.	BRITISH MUSEUM TOURS
Life and Arts of the Middle Ages	12 noon.	"
Tour of Several Sections	3 p.m.	"
A Sectional Tour	3 p.m.	"
Italian Sculpture	7 p.m.	"
English Painting	7 p.m.	"
Hogarth—Pre-Raphaelites	11 a.m.	NATIONAL GALLERY, MILLBANK
Some Master Painters	12 noon.	"
"	11 a.m.	NATIONAL GALLERY
Dutch Genre	12 noon.	"
"	3 p.m.	WALLACE COLLECTION

The National Gallery.

The portrait by Francis Cotes, said to represent John Simpson of Esslington, Northumberland, which was one of the most striking features of the Holford Sale at Christie's in May last, has now been placed on exhibition in Room XXVIII at the National Gallery. The portrait, it will be remembered, was purchased for the Gallery at the Holford Sale by the National Art Collections Fund, with the aid of an anonymous gift, and contributions from members of the Holford family and from Mr. C. M. Powell. It is fully signed, and dated 1765.

Competition of Industrial Designs, 1928.

A selection of the designs received in the above competition for prizes and scholarships offered by the Royal Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures and Commerce, the Empire Marketing Board and well-known manufacturers was recently exhibited, by kind permission of the Board of Governors, in the exhibition pavilion of the Imperial Institute, South Kensington. The Exhibition included designs in architectural

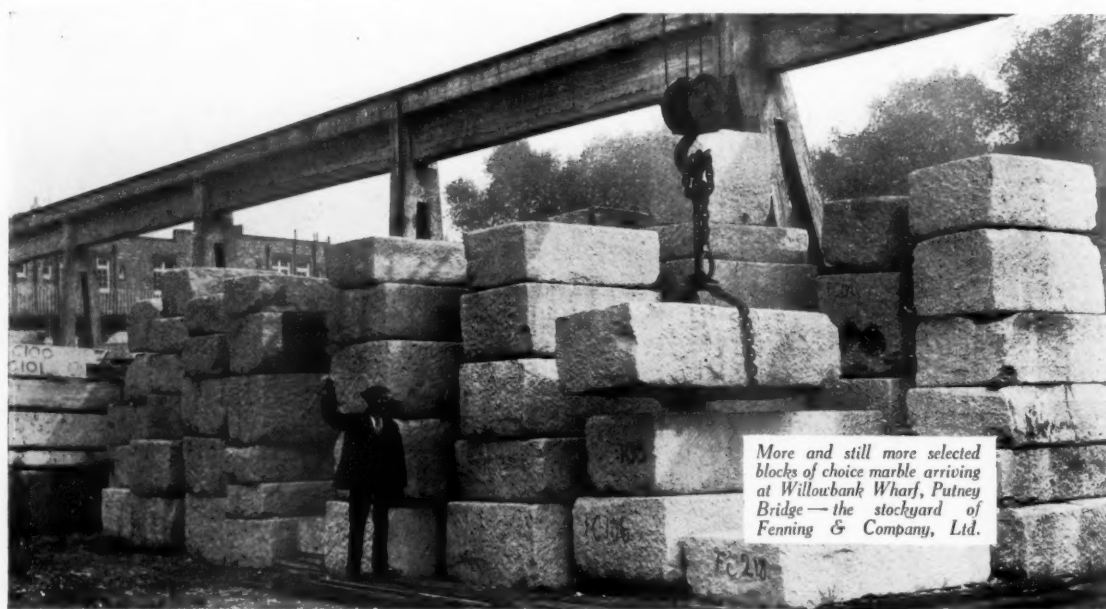
decoration, a silver cup for the Swiney prize for jurisprudence; textiles (carpets, lace, embroidery, silk fabrics, cretonnes, printed furnishings, and printed and woven dress goods); wallpaper; furniture; panels for baby carriages; printing and book production; pottery and glass; as well as designs for posters, show-cards, Christmas cards, calendars, bookmarks, and a booklet cover. It is interesting to note that several other important firms, as well as the Corporation of a well-known seaside resort, have expressed a wish to offer prizes for designs in connection with the 1929 competition.

A bureau of information has been established at the Royal Society of Arts in connection with the competition, at which is kept the names and addresses of exhibitors who desire to obtain employment as designers. These lists are at the service of manufacturers who are desirous of communicating with them.

A Forthcoming Exhibition at the R.I.B.A.

An exhibition of black and white, and of colour work by members of the Institute will be held in the R.I.B.A. Galleries from October 1 to 11. Works are to be submitted not later than September 14.

Architects possessing Caldwell "Classifiles" should refer to Folder No. 4.



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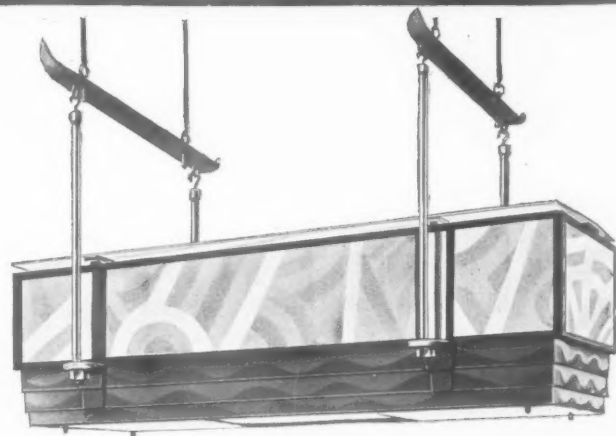
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Swedish Arts and Crafts Exhibition, 1930.

An exhibition will be opened in Stockholm in May 1930, and the preparatory work has already begun. The exhibition will be devoted to a representative display of Swedish art-industry, handicraft, domestic industries, and domestic architecture. The general plans for the exhibition have now been approved and a board of directors and an executive committee officially appointed by the Government. The Crown Prince of Sweden will act as honorary chairman. The chairman of the board and of the executive committee is the Lord Justice Joh. Hellner, formerly Swedish Minister of Foreign Affairs, and the Commissary-General is Dr. Gregor Paulsson, the director of the Swedish Society of Arts and Crafts. The chief architect to the exhibition will be Mr. E. G. Asplund. The building is being carefully planned to harmonize with the picturesque setting on the shore of Djurgårds-Brunnsviken, a beautiful bay in the immediate vicinity of Stockholm, where it will be held. The exhibition will be divided into three main sections: domestic architecture; streets, gardens, and means of communication; and furnishing and interior decorating. Among the exhibits will be villas, apartments, summer and sports cottages, details of schools, hospitals, offices, architectural novelties, wall coverings of stone, wood, and ceramics, street and garden planning and lay-outs, interiors of entire modern homes, furniture, carpets, leather work, lighting fixtures, metal ornaments, household and ornamental glass, forged iron work, and many other similar articles.

The exhibition is intended to show, in the most representative manner possible, the finest products of Sweden in connection with the building, decorating, furnishing, and surroundings of the home.

Training in "Decoration."

"Decoration" has for many years formed part of the course of training in architecture provided at the Bartlett School in the University of London; it has also been effectively taught and practised at the "Slade" which also forms part of University College.

The Incorporated Institute of British Decorators have founded, in the first instance for three years, a Lectureship in Decoration in the Bartlett School of Architecture for the purpose of improving and extending the training in decoration. Mr. H. Warren Wilson, A.R.C.A., has been appointed to it. He will assist in the teaching of decoration to architectural students; he will also, under the Professor of Architecture, be responsible for a new Division of Decoration. A full-time Certificate Course occupying three sessions has been instituted for those who wish to make the practice of decoration their calling in life. The course will include Construction, Historic Ornament and the Orders of Architecture, Design and Principles of Ornament, Chemistry of Painters' Materials, Drawing and Anatomy, Heraldry and Lettering, History of Architecture, Sculpture and Painting, Figure Composition and the various methods of Mural Painting.

Associated in the work with Professor Richardson and Mr. Warren Wilson there will be Mr. Arthur Stratton, Mr. Corfiato, and the rest of the staff of the Bartlett School; the co-operation of the Slade School under Professor Tonks is secured, and there are also available the resources of the departments of Archaeology (Professor Ernest Gardner) and of Egyptology (Professor Sir Flinders Petrie).

A pamphlet describing the whole scheme may be had from the Secretary of University College, London.

Eighteenth-century King's Lynn.

At the recent exhibition of antiques held at Olympia, was a very fine panelled interior taken from a house in King's Lynn. It is a delightful specimen of eighteenth-century work, typical of many interiors in this fine old town, and unfortunately it is to be sent to America. A similar fate has befallen an exquisite carved chimneypiece from Stonegate House, once a private school where Mr. E. Guy Dawber, A.R.A., received his early education.

It is impossible to prevent these beautiful architectural details from leaving the country, but a record is being made by the collection of photographs, and the preparation of measured

(Continued on page 133)

LONCHAMP (French Portland) has shown great resistance to the sooty and chemically-laden atmospheres which prevail in the manufacturing cities of Lille and Lyons—consequently it is the stone which London demands and is using in large and increasing quantities for many of its important buildings, churches, etc., amongst them being: King William Street House, City—Bryanston Court Residential Flats, W.—High-class Flats at Upper Brook Street and Park Street, Grosvenor Square, W.—New Church of St. Alphage, Burnt Oak, Hendon, N.W.—Barclays Banks at Bromley (Kent), and North Harrow—Lloyds Bank at Slough, etc. etc.

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THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW.

drawings, of the architectural features of King's Lynn. This task has been commenced, and if any readers have measured drawings of houses or details of architectural interest, in or around King's Lynn, it would save a duplication of labour if they would permit them to be reproduced. All communications respecting this matter should be sent to Mr. L. Edmund Walker, 3 Mount Street, King's Lynn. We understand that in the event of the publication of any such measured drawings, a suitable acknowledgment would be made.

An Exhibition of Antiques and Works of Art.

The exhibition of antiques and works of art organized by the *Daily Telegraph*, and held at Olympia last month, was a great success from the sightseer's point of view. Many of the stands were arranged as reproductions of period rooms; others had collections of ornaments, pictures, and the like, which some of us remembered seeing in our grandmothers' drawing-rooms, standing in corner cupboards, whatnots, and on occasional tables.

Among the stands laid out as period rooms was that of Howard and Sons, who reproduced a room in the style of 1725. The room contained, amongst other furniture, a very fine Queen Anne boudoir bookcase, two Chippendale clocks, and a finely carved mantelpiece. This firm specializes in interior decoration work, although their name is perhaps most familiar as being the original patentees and manufacturers of parquet flooring. Their London showrooms in Berners Street are filled with rare and costly examples of the crafts.

Needlework is always fascinating, and Bath Artcraft Limited devoted its exhibit mainly to a collection of needlework produced entirely by hand by girls employed in their needlework studio at Bath. There were beautiful designs worked on canvas suitable for many purposes—table covers, cushions, bedspreads, and so on. One very unusual form of needlework application was a mirror surround worked in wools.

It is evident from the beauty of the work that the needlecraft workers of Bath have retained and enhanced the tradition they

have inherited for fine work, and that the same loving care with which our grandmothers worked is bestowed upon the needlework now being produced by their successors. In addition to needlework, Bath Artcraft Limited exhibited reproduction oak panelling, furniture, and plasterwork, all characterized by that spirit, individuality of expression and fine craftsmanship, which have caused the work of the old masters to be so widely sought.

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The Union Bank of Scotland, Glasgow.

The general contractors were Thaw and Campbell, and among the artists, craftsmen, and sub-contractors were the following: Thaw and Campbell (demolition, excavation, foundations, dampcourses and stonework); Limmer and Trinidad Lake Asphalt Co., Ltd. (asphalt); Melville Dundas and Whitson (reinforced concrete and fireproof floors and roof); Heworth Burn, Tate, Brown & Co. (stone); Redpath, Brown & Co., Ltd. (structural steelwork); Diespeker & Co., Ltd. (tiles and terrazzo work); Building and Insulating Material Co. (partitions); William Meikle and Son, Ltd. (glass); Pennycook Patent Glazing Co., Ltd. (patent glazing); Waterex Co., Ltd. (waterproofing materials); Ashwell and Nesbit, Ltd. (central heating and ventilation); William Kemp & Co., Ltd. (grates); Allan Kennedy, Stark & Co. (electric wiring); Russell & Co. (electric light fixtures); William Anderson, Ltd. (plumbing); Shanks & Co., Ltd. (sanitary fittings); The Crittall Manufacturing Co. (casements); Dictograph Telephones Ltd. (telephones); The Chatwood Safe Co., Ltd. (fireproof doors); George Rome & Co. (Glasgow), Ltd. (plaster); Bromsgrove Guild Ltd., Crittall Manufacturing Co., and H. H. Martyn & Co., Ltd. (metalwork); John Cochrane (joinery); Farmer and Brindley, Ltd. (marble); Wylie and Lochhead, Ltd. (hardwood finishings in banking hall and principal rooms, and rubber flooring); H. H. Martyn, Ltd. (woodcarving); Barr & Co. (vacuum cleaning plant); Rowan and Boden (linoleum floor coverings); C. T. Bowie Fisher & Co. (painter work); Waygood-Otis, Ltd. (lifts); Dykes Brothers (clocks).

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THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW.

"Now Thus—Now Thus."

A very interesting volume, for private circulation, has just been published by Messrs. Pilkington Brothers, Ltd. It deals with St. Helens and the window-glass-making industry during the last hundred years. The opening chapter mentions incidents relating to the Pilkington family before they were connected with glass-making, and it tells how, according to tradition, they came to have their crest and motto. It seems that one Leonard Pilkington, Lord of Pilkington Tower, held a command under Harold at the Battle of Hastings, and during the pursuit following his death Leonard Pilkington disguised himself as a mower and so escaped from the enemy. To commemorate the event to which he owed his life, he took for his crest a mower and scythe, with the motto, "Now thus—now thus," intending thereby to indicate the rapid change from a man of arms to a man of peace. This motto provides the book with an appropriate title.

Old St. Helens forms the subject of a chapter from an historical aspect before its coal and canal brought the original glass works to Ravenhead, and other industries to the town.

The British Cast Plate Glass Company established their works at Ravenhead in 1773 and their method of manufacture was a great innovation, since they made plate glass by casting and rolling it after the French method. Before the establishment of these works plate glass made in England had been blown and not cast. In 1780 other industries were attracted to St. Helens by the abundant coal supplies and the canal. A smelting works was built at Greenbank by Messrs. Hughes Williams & Co., and an iron foundry was established as early as 1798 by Messrs. Lee, Watson & Co. In 1826, St. Helens was becoming a place of importance, although it had no railway, no gas, no public water supply, no town hall. It was in this year that the name of Pilkington came to be associated with the glass-making industry, and the manufacture of Crown window-glass was carried on by the St. Helens Crown Glass Company.

Some years later each of the original founders introduced two

sons into the business, which became Pilkington Brothers, and in the course of time the sons of these four partners became workers and directors of the firm's activities.

Other chapters deal with sheet glass, the chemical industry, the continued growth of St. Helens, and take the reader through the various stages of the firm's progress and of the generations of the Pilkington family until the present day, when there are eight active directors, five of them bearing the family name.

Today this famous firm owns three large glass works in St. Helens, in addition to collieries and a brick works; works at Doncaster and Maubeuge, and depots or representatives in many parts of the world. Its employees number over 13,000, and their welfare is a matter of special interest to the directors. There are available for their use surgeries, dental clinics, recreation clubs, and the like.

A feature of the book is the appendix of reminiscences of an "old glassmaker," who commenced work at the glass works in 1844, which at that time consisted of two Crown houses, one sheet house, and about thirty-nine men for the manufacture of Crown glass and twenty men for sheet glass. He mentions, among other things, that "the nearest point from which a railway could be seen was St. Helens Junction, where the Liverpool and Manchester train passed. The guard sat on top of the front coach in a kind of armchair arrangement. All the goods coming into the town by rail were received in the works yard, where you would see the grocers' carts, etc., taking their loads away."

The book concludes with the roll of honour of 450 employees who fell on active service during the Great War.

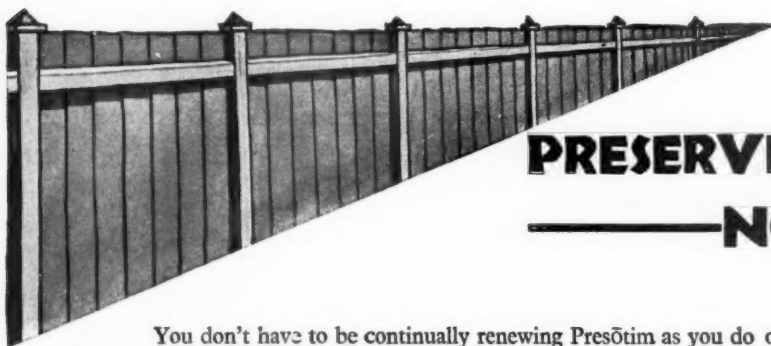
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