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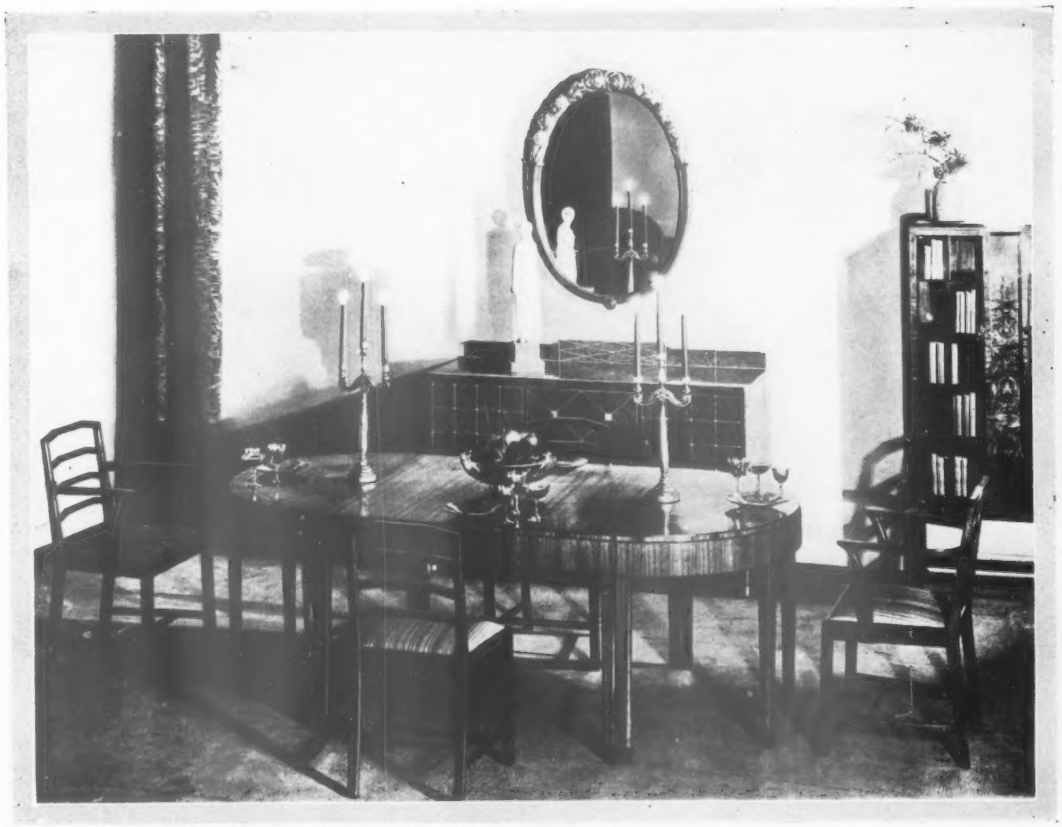

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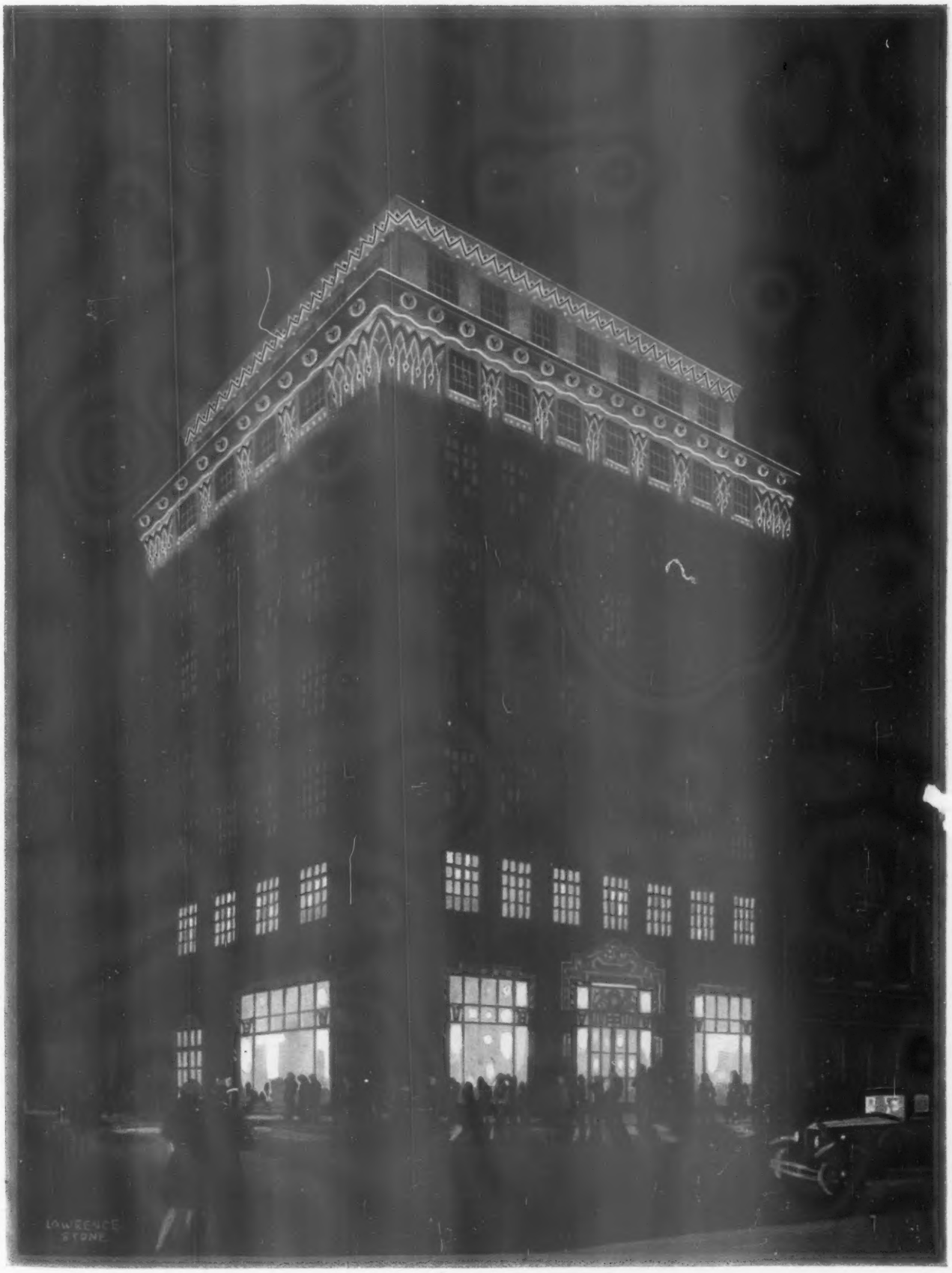

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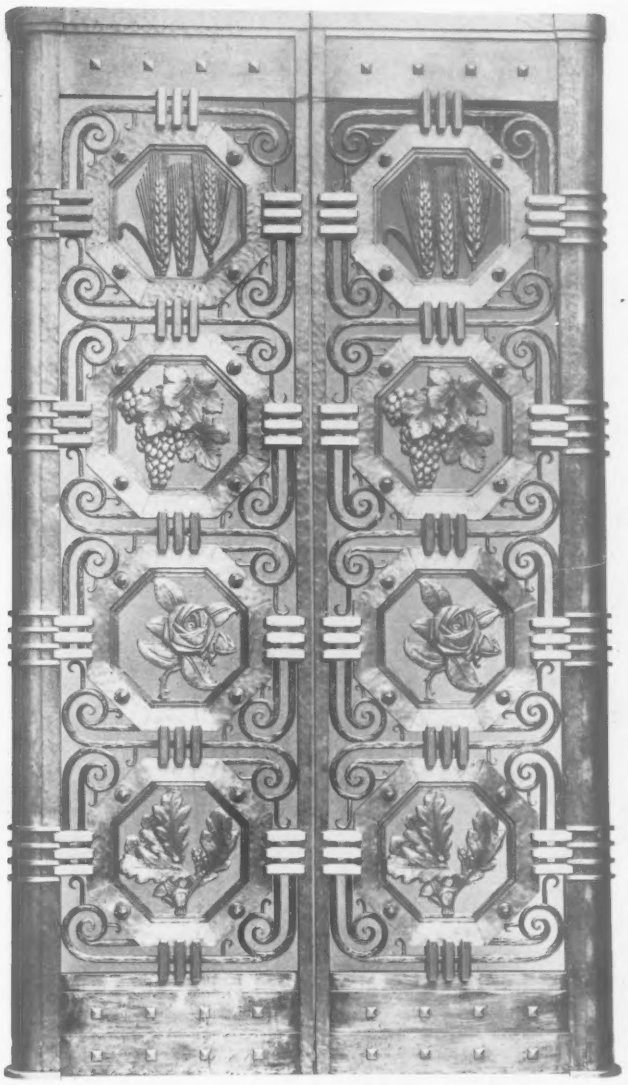

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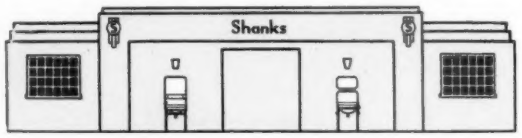

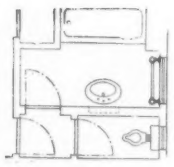

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Illustrations this page:

Bronze doorways, Bush House; Bush Terminal Co., Ltd.; and Equitable Trust Co. Architect: H. Rogers Houchin, F.R.I.B.A. Relief of Lion's Head, Equitable Trust doorway. Number tablet in green bronze for Messrs. Bressloffs. Figurehead for entrance Æolian Hall.

Illustrations opposite page:

Bronze doorways for Civil Service Commission. Architect: Arnold Mitchell, F.R.I.B.A. Peter Robinson's. Architects: T. P. and E. S. Clarkson, FF.R.I.B.A., and H. Austen Hall, F.R.I.B.A. Celanese House. Architect: Gordon Jeeves, F.R.I.B.A. One of a pair of bronze lamps for Swears & Wells, Ltd., Oxford Street.

The Making of the Tile

WHETHER the first tile was created by accident or design, in whatever manner it was made its first shape in clay and the discovery of its uses must have filled the minds of its makers with a sense of the occult, for there is something of magic in the advent of all new things.

Perhaps, too, as it passed from hand to hand, there came some feeling of its inevitableness.

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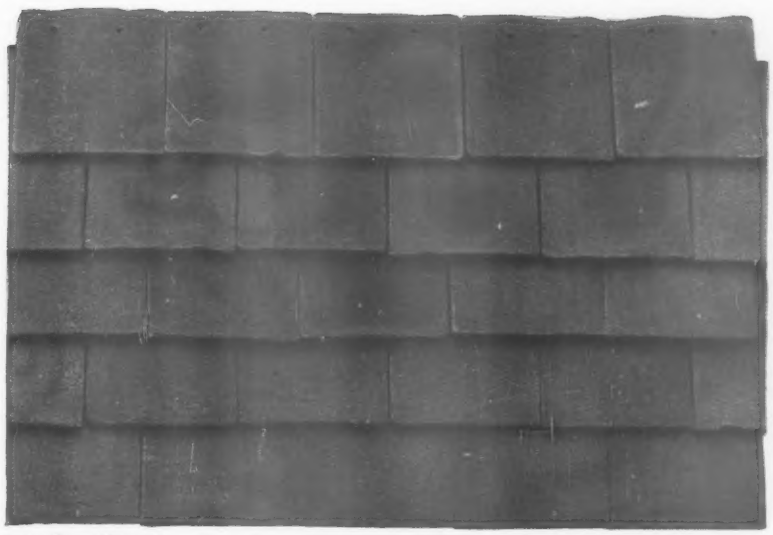
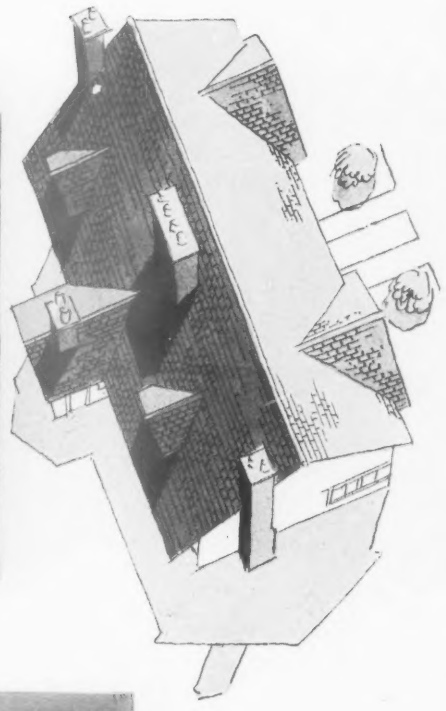


Ruby Red



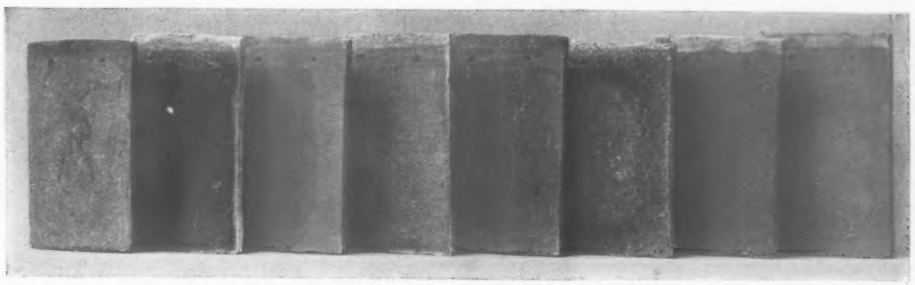


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Plate I. June 1926.

PORT DE ST. TROPEZ.

From a watercolour drawing by Maclauchlan Milne.

The Two Styles.

By W. R. Lethaby.

> And Decency and Custom starving Truth,
> And blind Authority beating with his staff
> The child that might have led him; Emptyness
> Followed as of good omen, and meek Worth
> Left to herself unheard of and unknown.
>
> *THE PRELUDE.*

THE notions which have gathered around the word style are confusing to all of us and they must be a despairing mystery to young students. It could not be otherwise than helpful if we would clear up our thought on the question. I have tried to think about it for years, and one of the results I had come to was the view that there were substantially two different words spelt "style." The first of these is "style" in the general sense of accomplished, efficient, elegant. The second meaning is that of classifications of the particular characteristics to be observed in the work of different epochs, kinds, or artists. One we may call style absolute, and the other style relative.

A few weeks ago I happened to be looking over Viollet-le-Duc's great *Dictionary* of medieval architecture to find out what he said on general principles as apart from definitions, descriptions, and archæology. As a result I discovered much most suggestive general thought in several articles; from the very valuable treatise on *Construction* early in the ten volumes to *Trait* towards the end of the series. Under *style* so much was kindred to my own thought that I wish here to translate parts of the essay.

> There is style and there are the styles. The styles are the characteristics which distinguish from one another different schools and epochs, as Greek, Roman, Byzantine, Romanesque, Gothic. These differ in such a way that it is easy to classify the monuments produced by such diverse arts. It would, however, be more true to say the Greek *form*, the Roman form, the Gothic form, and not apply the word style to such particular characteristics; custom, however, has decided otherwise. What specially concerns us is the *style* which belongs to art conceived as spirit. Just as art is one, so it is with the general idea of *style*. What is this style? *Style is the manifestation of an ideal established on a principle.* . . . . In the arts, and especially in architecture, vague definitions have caused many errors and been the seeds of prejudices rooted in false ideas. One may advance a word but others will attach different meanings to it. Reasonings on badly laid foundations lead to indecision and nourish preciosity. . . . Architecture is not an art of imitation, the external appearance can have only a secondary part in its development. It is a human creation and we should proceed as Nature does and employ a similar logical method; observing the same submission to laws and making like transitions. The day when man first traced a circle on sand he did not invent a circle, he found a figure existing from eternity. Architecture is in fact an application of principles which we appropriate by observation. The force of gravitation exists and from it we have deducted the laws of statics. All geometry exists in the universal order, we observe and then apply its laws. If we penetrate a little in knowledge of the great principles of the universal order we shall recognize that all is developed in a logical process and submits to anterior law. Numbers and geometry existed in the beginning. Egyptians and Greeks comprehended this and numbers and geometrical figures to them were sacred. Style which is never absent from their works is due to this religious respect for principles to which the Universe first submitted. This is style par excellence. . . .
>
> Some try to persuade themselves that the artist is born having the faculty to produce works with style by a sort of inspiration beyond his control. This idea which is too common is now caressed by vague spirits, but it seems never to have been admitted in ancient times, when works, the most remarkable for style, were produced. Then, on the contrary, it was believed that the most perfect art was a consequence of profound observation of principles. Whatever poets and painters may mean by inspiration, architecture is dominated by scientific considerations and imperious laws. Architects have to explore all round the principle which is its support and to draw out with vigorous logic all its consequences. We may not rightly pretend to proceed in virtue of a power stronger than that manifest in creation. We can only go forward by observing the laws which it has laid down. Nature has not united two atoms without submission to logical rules, and it proceeds with mathematical order from the simple to the composite without for an instant abandoning the general principle. Knowing this, it may be permitted to us to smile if we see an architect waiting on inspiration, without the intervention of reason which alone will enable him to follow afar off the logical processes seen in the construction of our globe. . . . .

The author passes to a most interesting examination of constructive law in the rock crust of the earth, and in crystallography showing how the masses are systematically built up of the elementary parts. "From the mountain to the smallest crystal everything in the terrestrial creation possesses style, that is to say perfect harmony between the result and the means employed to obtain it." Then, finally, he comes to the architectural implications of his general theory.

> The architectures of the Egyptians and of the Greeks possessed style because they are deduced by inflexible logic from the principles of stability. The architecture of the Middle Ages also had style, and this perhaps in a higher degree than any other; it proceeded with the logical order which we have seen obtained in all the works of Nature.

The article, or more properly treatise, then goes on to a

more detailed examination of style, "as brought out by following a great principle in medieval architecture." This has been read, of course, as being a special plea for *Gothic*, as has the whole great *Dictionary*, but Viollet-le-Duc again and again explained that what he was concerned with, and what really interested him, were general principles. The author's exposition of these principles of right and necessity which should be common to the natural order and to man's extensions of it seems to me more than suggestive—it is demonstrative.

Any talk about Nature and architecture, unless it is very carefully guarded, is hardly likely to leave any other impression than that ornaments (our minds turn to ornaments) should be lilies, ivy, and vine. A special effort is necessary to call up a thought of the energy, economy, and elegance of Nature.

Again, any urging of the idea that perfect structure is the central ideal of our art seems to suggest to many minds only clumsy and unfinished brutalities which we put aside as "merely mechanical." For myself, however, I have long observed that at the present time it is only in the structural things which we try to pass by as "mechanical" that true and elegant refinements, adjustments, shapings, curvatures really appear. Compare in a moment's reflection the exquisite and vital curvatures of a boat, car, or plane with the book-recipe "entasis," about which we are concerned. In the one class of things living minds are at work, in the other a dead hand blights all.[1]

Just as there are two different meanings of the word "style," so there are two opposed types of "architecture." One embodies style absolute forming from within; the other, calling itself by style names, dresses up in external fashions. Some fussy examples of the styles, with their would-be enticing grimaces, insist now on reminding me of "close-ups" on the films, which once, for the first and last time, I was so miserable as to see. There seems to be a sort of theory at the present time that *Art* is rather a preconceived form into which our makings must be fitted than a natural expansion from within. The argument runs something like this: *Architecture* is *Art*, but Nature is not art. *Art* is that which is composed by an artist. Ordinary trees are not art, but ingeniously clipped ones may be. The theatre is *Art* but life is not. Such talk as "we take it in," or it "takes us in," does seem to say something, but the seeming will disappear, I believe, under examination. Clipped bushes are very nice as occasional by-play, but to clip all trees would be silly. Buildings are not playthings, or theatrical scenes, and this word *Art*, by means of which such frantic arguments are manipulated, what is it? If it compels us to be absurd, should we not be better without it? Constructive works, the most "according to Nature," are not really wild Nature, and man's structures most conditioned by the nature of things are as much art as are those suitable for occasional play-acting. Much of this talk by high-artists about compelling our works into æsthetic forms is but the dazzle of words. A chair and cart, a castle and a cathedral are not better art for being knocked into cocked hats; the more they resemble themselves, and are unbaroqued and unlike scenes in a theatre, the better they are.

There are ways of arguing our sanity away. Health is according to Nature; by art has one to be drunk? It is rather terrifying that the perversity of these arguments gives them a sort of attraction—they are so new! If, however, the meanings given to *Art, and architecture, style, composition, and design*, compel us to be imbecile, we shall wake up some day with a start, recognizing that they are but words after all.

Our thinking in the media of "the styles" has so completely saturated us that there is danger, if we should aim at making our architecture intelligible, that mere appearances will be seized and outwardly applied as "features" in a modern style. Moreover, sternly reasonable buildings would now seem too strange and even shocking. The best way may be to accept our pretences in the "period styles" as a basis and to aim at gradually weeding out the futilities, while as gradually attempting to approach true style through the idea of perfect structure and the recognition of our responsibilities to the age we live in.

[1] Cf. the layman's point of view in the letter from Mr. Harold Payne on page 322 of this issue.

Finsbury Savings Bank,
London.
Alfred Bartholomew, *Architect.*
Reproduced from
The Civil Engineer and Architects' Journal, June 1840.

Snobbishness in Architecture.

By P. Morton Shand.

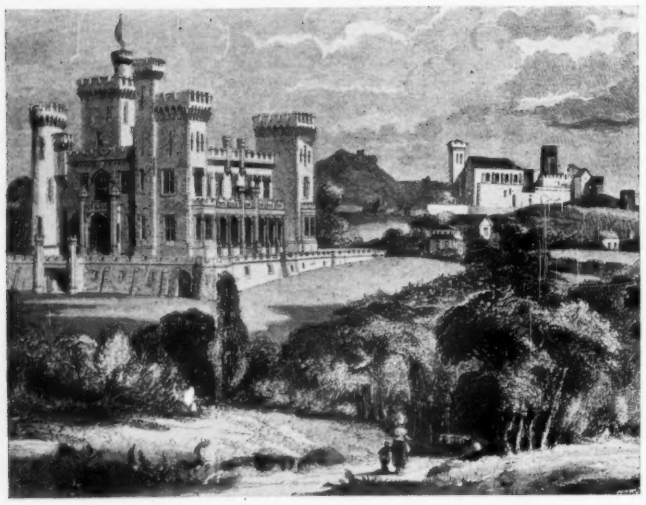
FOR all practical purposes courts, the nurseries of snobbery since the dawn of civilization, no longer exist, but there are more unblushing snobs in the equalitarian republics and constitutional democracies of the twentieth century than ever there were fawning and sycophantic courtiers constellating round the persons of magnificent tyrants and pompously fatuous absolute monarchs in any previous epoch of history. That great world force known as snobbishness, which was never more alive and active than today, is, indeed, in the last resort society's sure and abiding shield against Bolshevism or any of Le Corbusier's Fascist ideals of humanity regenerated by living eugenically and beautifully (in a mechanical sense) as bees under glass in the uniform cells of its standardized hives—without any queen bee in the guise of that Goddess of Unreason, Dame Fashion (whose arbitrary whimsies will always provide convincing proof of her divinity), to bemuse it in its monotonous honeycomb.

It is not easy to define snobbishness, though it is usually fairly simple to detect or exemplify it. The French, with their native gift for distorting the original meanings of words they annex from other languages, in saying that something is *très snob* now attach little more significance to the expressive and almost onomatopœic slang term which Thackeray ennobled into King's English than that it is very smart and consequently very expensive. A snob adopts, but seldom adapts. He is a vigilant camp-follower, an eager middleman and broker, an unconscious popularizer; never a pioneer, a precursor or an innovator. A salient trait of his snobbery is that it is prone to eliminate all considerations of utility or appropriateness in order to concentrate its whole attention and enthusiasm on as close and unquestioning an imitation as possible of the thing aped. Once an accidental eccentricity or individual mannerism of one of the momentarily great ones of earth, or a resuscitated foible of some celebrity of the past, has been taken up by a sufficient number of snobs it becomes what is called a vogue. Thereafter it subjugates a great many rational people for the excellent and sufficient reason that they do not wish to singularize themselves as another variety of snobs by remaining outstanding exceptions to what threatens to become a general rule. The vogue has now become a mode, a fashion; which is simply another name for a style.

In narrowing down our consideration from human snobbishness in general to architectural snobbishness in particular, we are once again confronted with the same difficulty of providing any succinct or adequate definition, although a copious variety of relevant examples of façades and interiors displaying this characteristic will readily occur to every intelligent student of architecture. We may, perhaps, tentatively class as snobbish, or pretentious without sufficient justification, buildings that are deliberately and bombasticly rhetorical (like many of the modern constructions in Barcelona and Buenos Aires, some of which positively rant); buildings that are downright in their strident vulgarity or arrogant ostentation (of which what the Americans so aptly term the Parvenu Style offers countless instances); shamefaced buildings that seek to cloak their proper functions in grander trappings borrowed from those traditionally associated with, and legitimately expressive of others (a factory chimney disguised as a campanile or a minaret); and, lastly, buildings that are pure shams and serve no purpose whatever except to "embellish a vista" in a misplaced enthusiasm for the unfailing possibilities of perverting the true province of landscape architecture (such as "follies" and similar monumental extravaganzas erected by vainglorious, eccentric or incurably romantic "amateurs of the arts"). It may be objected that many of the more notorious examples in these four categories are simply *outré* in their bad taste and flamboyancy; and that snobbishness, whether social or intellectual, is usually the slavish copying of a budding fashion rather than the pushing of a prevailing one to extremes. None the less, bad taste is seldom entirely accidental or unpremeditated, and for this reason few of the forms its ambitions assume can wholly escape the gravamen of being partly inspired by what, in a general sense, may be described as snobbishly pretentious motives.

Versailles, for all its splendour, announces a theatrical and often hollow pomp. It is the *genre noble* reduced, or rather magnified, to its highest terms; which, as in Euclid, sometimes results in the absurdity of achieving its own negation. Chamfort, overcome by nausea one day on quitting its glittering halls, found mental relief in watching a starving cur gnaw a bleached bone outside the palace gates. Appropriately enough, it was Versailles that inspired one of the most amazing instances of the blind extravagance to which human snobbishness can attain; an anecdote related by Saint-Simon with a mordant and yet philosophic pleasure. The loyal and emulous simplicity of a worthy provincial noble, little accustomed to court life, was immensely impressed during the course of his first visit to Versailles by the graceful assiduity with which the courtiers of the most dazzling of monarchs used the walls of his palace as though they had been so many urinal slabs. On returning to his own ancestral seat, therefore, he hastened to enjoin his peasants to be diligent in employing its immediate precincts as their regular latrine—hoping in this way to accelerate the process of imparting that modish patina (or, perhaps, it was effluvia) to its stonework, which he naïvely imagined his august and decorous sovereign was bent on setting as a standing exemplar for the polite world. Another French palace is associated with a curious story of architectural vengeance based on snobbery pure and simple. A certain Polish Jewess, an ambitious adventuress of very humble origin who lived in the days of the Second Empire, was refused the privilege of being presented at the court of the Empress Eugénie. Later in life she married Prince Henckel-Donnesmarck, the scion of one of the oldest and wealthiest Prussian titles. Some years afterwards she retired to her husband's remote Silesian domains, where, to solace herself for a mortification that had never ceased to rankle with her pride, she erected an exact replica (presumably on a smaller scale, as the palace then still covered its original extent) of the Tuileries she had never succeeded in entering.

Doubtless architectural snobbery existed in many epochs



1860 BARONIAL. Château St. Ursule, Cannes.

prior to the eighteenth century, instances of which erudite and judicious critics would have no difficulty in citing (Cardinal Wolsey affected the grand scale in building more superbly than any American millionaire pork-packer). None the less that rational and refulgent age affords the most convenient starting-point for our brief survey, because in it kingship and the magnificence of courts reached their zenith; while for the first time men of the burgess class began to come forward as (by no means always modest) clients of architects on their own account. Up till its close court architecture was nearly always the only recognized national model, so that reigning court architects, like Mansard, could impose the example of their personal mannerisms as arbitrarily as Beaux Nash, Brummell, and D'Orsay did a little later in the niceties of dress and polite deportment. A miniature Trianon or Marly sprang up in the *Residenz* of every other German princeling for the compelling reason that Louis XIV, that sun in splendour, had, by his personal choice of their scale and style, clearly decreed these simple rural hermitages as the only patterns for pavilions worthy of

CROYDON TOWN HALL—perhaps our noblest embodiment of civic pomp.

the dilettantism of royal edification. In the hundred years that followed most of the palaces built were constructed to house the legislative assemblies of the nations, though they were not the less pretentious on that score, if only because the theoretical unpretentiousness of democracy cannot be expressed in stone. One of the smallest and newest of European States has the largest and most imposing *Palais de Justice*. Nevertheless, Poelaert's *chef-d'œuvre* at Brussels, though gigantic in scale, is a sober composition when compared with the law courts in Rome that gush gauds of frothing rhetoric from the gargoyle tribune of every cornice and window sill. Between the close of the nineteenth century and the beginning of the twentieth, the name became associated successively with music-halls, the larger hotels, and cinemas seating thousands of spectators—in each case with a corresponding increase of architectural pretension. Balmoral—something of an isolated phenomenon because (though nominally simply a castle) it is one of the few royal palaces built within living memory—may be described as a German-Victorian rendering of Scottish baronial in the spirit of Sir Walter Scott's ballads.

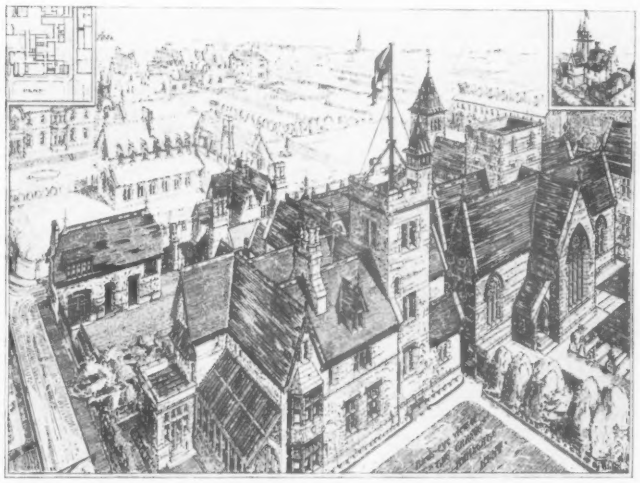
1870 SCOTTISH BARONIAL. The Morgan Hospital, Dundee.

The vogue for classical buildings in lands that never knew the incalculable civilizing benefits of the Roman conquest is as apposite an instance of national snobbery in "closely following changes in the fashions" as could well be found. From Peter the Great's days onwards, Russian rulers were obsessed by what they considered the imperious necessity of keeping their country in line with the vicissitudes of western European architectural idiom, regardless of the fact that its vocabulary was utterly alien to Russian history and cultural traditions.

Strawberry Hill, which is an example of the effect of an artificial literary mode on architecture, is, on the whole, a more striking initial British exemplar than Blenheim. In building it, Horace Walpole suavely set to work to transmute into masonry the stilted "Gothic-k" preciosity affected in his day as deliberately as he had evoked it in the pages of *The Castle of Otranto*. It was Mrs. Radcliffe and her disciples who popularized the fashion for crumbling ruins and sham grottos in gentlemen's pleasances, of which the broken classical colonnade in the Parc Monceau at Paris is a convenient example. Indeed, the eighteenth century affords an almost inexhaustible treasury of such charming (with the lapse of time) conceits as Temples of the Muses decaying on the solitary islands of ornamental lakes, rustic gazebos

dedicated to "melancholick meditation" (for which the sorrows of Werther and *The Man of Feeling* were largely responsible), and the arboured balustraded belvederes with their deserted fanes and shattered antique urns dear to the romantic novelists. To these must be added those portentous architectural screens (such as that at Schönbrunn outside Vienna, imitated afterwards in the triple triumphant archway of the Cinquantenaire at Brussels) erected on the grassy crests of gentle slopes to "enhance the prospect" of a once rugged skyline, discreetly rearranged so as to constrain the grotesque barbarity of an uncouth and untutored nature in the elegant straitjacket of a formal park.

The supreme triumph of unabashed snobbishness in architecture on the grand scale, however, first blazed on England in the Victorian Age as a direct reflection of the enormous and phenomenally rapid increase of wealth and "refinement" (a Victorian euphemism for an enhanced standard of comfort in terms of material prosperity) during the Industrial Era. Plain and unassuming façades, such as those of the sober Georgian brick or Regency stucco-faced



The Grange, Ramsgate, the fortress designed and built by A. W. Pugin for himself.

houses, no longer satisfied the insatiably expanding pretensions of the rising middle class and were speedily and contemptuously eclipsed in favour of showy designs "giving better value for their money." The new towns and suburbs, like true parvenus, demanded an infinitely greater luxury of ornamental display than the old. London was cats-cradled with immense "terraces" (the very name being a highfalutin distortion of the word's proper meaning), each identical house of which, squeezed into the narrowest possible frontage, could boast of a massive pillared portico approached by a supererogatory flight of steps—for no other reason than to emphasize the fact that there was a menial "tradesmen's entrance" (a well-bred circumlocution for a dingy little courtyard) beside it, and that the tenants, each of whom was *primus inter pares*, were affluent enough to keep at least three "domestic retainers." In this way the possession of a canopied porch, and other ostentatiously paraded superfluities became badges of that civic rank known as respectability, which proclaimed the blatant emergence of one class from another and its scornful disavowal of the humble homes whence it had sprung. The Cromwell Road, well described by George Meredith as a long line of yellow-brick houses in which rich men clap their hands to their breeches' pockets and exclaim, "Thank God, I am a very

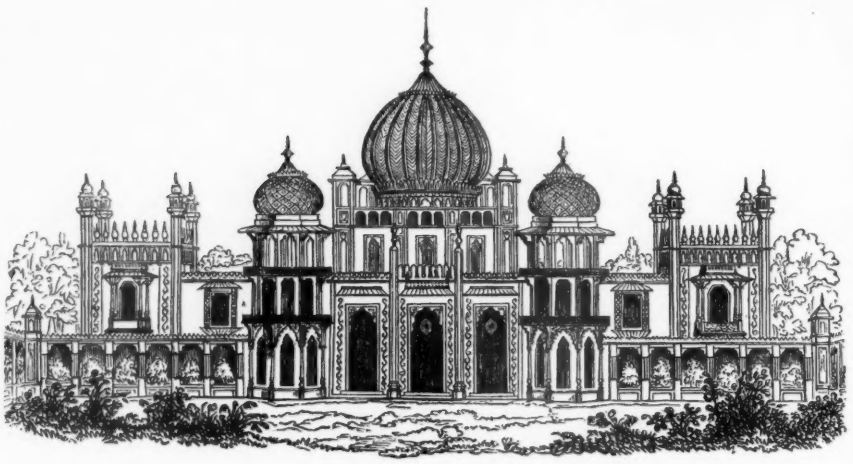
An exemplary instance of the plain man and the snob, which happens to be a bank and is shown elbowing the plain man out of the picture.

rich man, for only very rich men can afford to live in these very large houses," was a typical magnificence of this Golden Age. It is comforting to reflect that most of South Kensington, like the pseudo-palatial wilderness of Lancaster Gate, with its feudal hinterlands of Bayswater and Paddington (invariably styled "Hyde Park"), has now fallen into the hands of the boarding-house keepers. These have chosen such "high-class districts" partly for their spurious grandeur and partly because the "eminently desirable and gentlemanly residences" in them, being almost unusable in any other capacity for the present generation, can be bought at a remarkably modest price. The thought of those sumptuous houses "going cheap" and being profaned by conversion into "private hotels" should be enough to make their builders and first owners turn in their massy graves and deny the godhead of Mammon.

In the lower-middle-class quarters, with their acres of by-law streets set out in labyrinths of facsimile jerry-built brick boxes, where an outward air of ease that often did not exist within had to be painfully simulated by various architectural

Municipal magnificence at *GREENOCK*.

subterfuges, the haughty convention of the porch was imitated in pathetic little slated penthouses supported by gimcrack painted timber posts. Here the vast bow window was mimed in the exiguous fenestration of "half-bow" convexities, while the chiselled insignia of a wealthy home were reproduced in tawdry fripperies of terra-cotta make-believe.



"Application of Indian architecture to the character of an English palace." By Humphry Repton, 1840. Mr. Repton's observations on this stimulating theme are printed on page 322.

Villa was an opulent and aristocratic sort of designation that people who travelled in Italy, or wintered on the Riviera (or pretended they did), considered peculiarly suitable for acclimatization in the various "select building estates" known as "Parks" and "Groves," where no parks or groves remained—if, indeed, they had ever existed. In the belt of "semi-rural" suburbs, therefore, the continuous rows of urban houses gave place to sausage-strings of semi-detached villas, in order that some high-sounding name could replace the distressing insignificance of a mere street number—a postal expedient which was not considered consonant with "a good address" outside the magic orbit of the recognized fashionable quarters in the West End. A Vere de Vere veneer of baronial turreting and a fringe of crenellated roof, varied by Gothicized Swiss timbering or Oriental plaster scalloping, was much in demand for those "choice properties" (especially when rendered still more "eligible" by "standing alone"), which their Philistine owners ennobled with magniloquent names (for preference those of well-known seats of the nobility) as instinctively as the municipal councillors of these "better-class localities" christened the avenues they lined in respectful tribute to the titles and appanages of the ground landlords and the peerage generally. Indeed, few of these flunkeyish villas can be found that do not faithfully echo their architectural pretensions in equally pretentious names—Beau Sejour, Cintra, Bangalore, The Cedars (usually innocent of any spreading conifers), Highclere Towers, Breadalbane Grange, Braemar Lodge, Nonsuch Manor, Locksley Hall, etc. "Chatsworth" in Derby Road, West Norwood, or "Belvoir" in Rutland Crescent, Castelnau (a name with a fine feudal ring about it, obviously coined by a speculative builder who was shocked by the plebeian bluntness of Barnes), must make a brave show in the way of sculptural excrescences befitting the "superior station in life" of its occupants, in order to live up to the evocative splendours of its homonym. Above all, to impress callers and passers-by, the house must eschew any suggestion of that low simplicity which is next to vulgarity. Its "grounds" had to contain in the space of some quarter of an acre "a sweep of gravel drive," "ornamental shrubberies" of rhododendrons or laurels "to ensure privacy," and "an expanse of well-kept lawn" spangled with circular or star-shaped flower-beds of a linoleum-like intricacy of design; an *ensemble* of "genteel" parterre over which a couple of those dignified sylvan sentinels known as monkey-puzzlers mounted guard in prickly state.

These same memorable decades evolved that unctuous jargon of the auctioneers and estate agents with its "imposing mansions," "secluded abodes," "bijou habitations," and "genteel maisonettes," which invariably enjoyed "all the usual amenities," including w.c.s disguised as "other offices." They also inspired that remarkable town-planning hymn of the Victorian sociologist who defined the model form of village layout:

> The rich man in his castle,
> The poor man at his gate:
> God made them high and lowly
> And ordered their estate.

Indeed, many complete medieval castles were built in it once Viollet-le-Duc had shown what could be done in the way of spirited restoration at Pierrefonds, one of the last of which was erected at Skibo, near the ancient Burgh of Dornoch, in emulation of Balmoral, by that plutocratic smelter of steel and philanthropic educationist, Andrew Carnegie. A veritable Victorian *tour de force* in castellation was the elaborate fortification of railway tunnels, the entrances to which were treated as portcullised sally-ports, flanked by machicolated towers loopholed for defence with cross-bows, arquebuses, and culverins. The massive and stentorian town halls of the suddenly-erupted manufacturing centres, that look like petrified political speeches by Gladstone (another fancier of castles and marble halls), or Cobden, are often in preposterously snobbish contrast with the rank fungoid undergrowth of sprawling, sooty streets they tower above. That which was the pride of Bolton, a typical example, seems to announce: "This is an enduring and becoming emblem of the wealth we, the rich men and faithful stewards of a new city, acquired by dint of our virtuous industry; in which with true Christian brotherhood and charity we did not disdain to employ the rude toil of the little-deserving and, alas! unfortunately, often dissipated workmen who inhabit these mean and squalid dwellings clustering beneath, because, under Divine Providence, they are clearly unfitted to be worthy of any better housing conditions."

Corporate architectural snobbery is usually far more overwhelming in its effects than the same number of superficial feet of purely individual ostentation. Oxford and Cambridge Colleges, the then raw provincial universities and the refurbished or newly-founded public schools present numerous examples of straining after the "nobler" spiritual idealism of the Middle Ages, of which Keeble and Gonville and Caius are about the most flagrantly hypocritical examples. Thanks to the influence of Eastlake's school of arts-and-

crafters and the Ruskinian revival of monumental sensitiveness, agonizing attempts were made to adumbrate chimneys, the cruel necessity for which was bemoaned by Victorian architects and patrons as though they were so many pairs of Doulton-ware "unmentionables." The symbolism of the façades chosen for the recently established police stations was apparently intended to assure every "obvious gentleman" passing those frowning doors that he could never under any circumstances be called upon to enter them, unless his family were unfortunate enough to "come down in the world" by losing its money. The railway stations, for which again no precedents existed, were, if large and important constructions, designed indifferently as temples, museums, art galleries, town halls, post offices, schools, fortresses, barracks, prisons, waterworks, baths and washhouses, warehouses and factories—and, in fact, anything except a railway station; and, if small and unimportant ones, as almshouses, wooden tool-sheds, or "public conveniences."

Snobbishness in contemporary French, and most Latin (i.e. the Vittorio Emanuele Memorial) architecture almost invariably betrayed its cloven hoof in a flamboyancy and declamation outraging even the basest canons of taste, as inevitably as English snobbery in brick and stone expressed itself in a self-conscious and swaggering assertion of the exclusiveness of rank and wealth, based on the latest edition of Debrett and a bank balance that must command universal respect. The Germans meanwhile passed from the pedantic snobbery of lifeless classical and Romanesque revivals to the ponderous *nouveau-riche* blatancy of the *Gründerzeit*, exemplified in nightmares of Krupp Carrara, such as the Siegesallee in Berlin. This was the halcyon period when the *petits rentiers* of France were busy planting *pelouses* no bigger than carpets with huge bronze toadstools, and encouraging pale-blue glazed earthenware cats or monkeys (*tellement dröle !*) to clamber over their inordinately high-pitched eaves; while German contractors were running up whole colonies of Swiss *châlets* in perfectly flat landscapes, which enabled each of their proud proprietors to feel as heroic as William Tell. A fresh architectural wonder was added to the world in 1875 in the shape of the new Paris Opera House; a building vociferous as Victor Hugo's stirring and vacuous verse with that essentially French species of national snobbery known as *Gloire*. Versailles (the chapel of which is hardly less histrionic than Garnier's masterpiece), it will be remembered, has been not inappropriately re-dedicated by the Republic with the inscription: *A Toutes les Gloires de la France.*

If the Victorian Age had made chapels, rectories, villas, lodges (the most self-conscious kinds of cottages there are), municipal offices, banks, theatres, music-halls, public-houses, seaside piers, bandstands, and family vaults (of which the eighteenth century has also many fulsome examples) typically snobbish classes of buildings, our own epoch can claim to have enriched these categories with bungalows, flats (or rather "Courts" and "Mansions"), monster hotels, popular restaurants, departmental stores, office buildings, dance halls or *Palais de Danse*, cinemas, casinos, kursaals, and petrol-filling stations. Why mere mention of these particular forms of construction should inevitably suggest vulgar and pretentious, rather than simple and straightforward, designs to the mind's eye is as hard to explain in words—though simple enough in optical demonstration—as, for instance, why the Neo-Norman style should lend itself to shams and flummery and why the Neo-Provençal should not. Nearly all the new Regent Street is snobbish in its inflated loud-speaker insistence on its own overweening Portland stone superiority to the sedate refinement of the "insignificant three-storied esplanade of painted stucco" it has supplanted. As such, indeed, its "magnificent (or "palatial") and (always) imposing piles of buildings" are a faithful enough realization of the gorgeous Pizgah visions of quadrupled selling-space and show-window magnetism resulting from a happy and timely union of vast commercial expansion with unprecedented architectural progress, which the complacently self-glorious chairmen of the shops concerned in its rebuilding were fond of conjuring up before the eyes of their spell-bound shareholders.

On the whole we may, perhaps, claim to be rather less snobbish builders in this generation than were our immediate parents and their professional mentors. But even that imminent dose of the stern and iconoclastic Puritanism of Modernist architecture can hardly be expected to purge us entirely of our earthly heritage of original sin. For those Spartacist revolutionaries who scorn any building material that pre-existed reinforced concrete and every saving grace of adventitious decoration as rank "Renaissance heresies"—to say nothing of their ultra-fashionable clients and adulating admirers—are they not arrant snobs in the most "advanced" architectural snobbery there is: the neo-utilitarian pose of worshipping the functions of machinery and the standardizing agencies of mass-production and communal "group solutions" for their own sakes? M. Mallet-Stevens has set an admirable example to the vanguard of architectural pioneers which claims to have created order from chaos during the last ten years by modestly naming a street bordered by buildings of his own design (*aere perennius*) after—himself.

Perhaps the most perfect instance of snobbishness in architecture, and one that is truest to type, is the Arc de Triomphe in Paris, the blatant and Cyclopean uselessness of which so superbly vindicates its title. It is significant that the battle honours of those countless victories of the Napoleonic armies with which its vault is inscribed include several undisputed French defeats in order that every inch of available space may re-echo the vainglorious *Gloire* so dear to an essentially militarist nation.

An Elizabethan shop front in Oxford Street, illustrated in *The Civil Engineer and Architects' Journal for* 1840, the editor of which paper prefaces his remarks as follows:

"Our readers will recollect that last year the decline of the Louis Quatorze style, and the approaching rise of the revival was announced in the Journal, and already to a certain extent is this realized. The Louis Quatorze, after a long and extended rule, has already gone to the tomb of its predecessors, and will leave scarcely a wreck behind."

The Shakespeare Memorial Theatre (No. 1361).
Miss Scott *and* Chesterton and Shepherd, *Architects*.
From a drawing by Keith Murray at the Royal Academy.

1929

Exhibitions at the Royal Academy & the Royal Institute of British Architects.

By Frederick Etchells.

WE are often told that architecture is at the parting of the ways, and that it will soon be necessary for every sensible architect to take his stand on the side of "progress" and to become frankly "modernist"; and that this involves the throwing over of all shackles of convention and tradition. One is glad to think that things are not quite so simple as all that; the new, even the *very* new, has a disconcerting way at times of turning out to be the old after all; or, rather, it is found to have sprung from the same basic principles, and to be in that great tradition of good building to whose more obvious aspects at first sight it seemed to be altogether opposed.

This has clearly happened in the case of "modern" painting: Manet, Cézanne, and a host of others are now "Old Masters," or minor Old Masters, and many fine "school pieces" await acquisition by the astute buyer. Picasso only is not yet an Old Master owing to the accident of his continued existence. And it seems probable that out of the confused mass of present-day architectural experiment there will emerge a fairly recognizable "modern" architecture which will be found to be fundamentally in line with the great tradition of building throughout the ages.

But there is no doubt a sense in which the antithesis is true. There is a real distinction between the work of those architects who use the external trappings of an old "style" merely in order to produce what seems at the moment a tolerable and acceptable effect unlikely to invite hostility, and that of those who honestly make rational experiments, even though their work may still be reminiscent to some degree, and who incur all the bother and worry and criticism which such a course of action often leads to. It so happens that there are to be seen in London at the present time two exhibitions which provide a somewhat startling contrast. They are the Exhibition of the Royal Academy of Arts at Burlington House, where a relatively few drawings of architectural works are shown in the one room devoted to this purpose; and the Exhibition of Commercial Architecture organized by the Royal Institute of British Architects at 9 Conduit Street. I suppose that by all the rules of precedence the Royal Academy must come first.

It is no part of my job to review the welter of pictorial craftsmanship which one passes on one's way to the Architectural Room. Once arrived there, it is a little difficult to express the faint sense of lassitude and depression that creeps over one as one wanders round that Cinderella of rooms at the Royal Academy. It is not that there is nothing of interest, nothing praiseworthy; indeed, there is a great deal of earnest effort. But the final impression left on the mind of the visitor is that of an almost complete lack of salutary experiment.

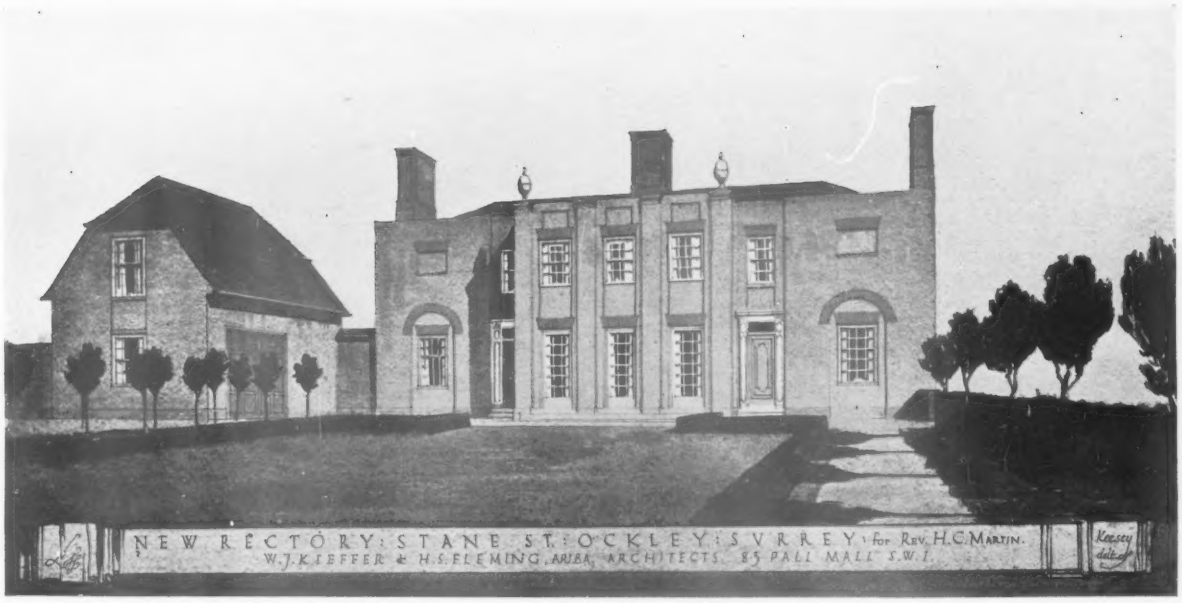
Here are all the old tricks, played again for the thousandth time, and played very well, no doubt, in many cases. But what an absence, for the most part, of vitality, of gaiety, of straightforwardness, of a sense of a problem tackled for its own sake and on its own basis! One is led to think rather of a clever use of an "Order," or of a smart bit of "Queen Anne" or "Dutch." It is true that in the domain which

Plate II. June 1929.

THE CAPITOL THEATRE, BERLIN (No. 159).

Hans Poelzig, *Architect.*

From the Royal Institute of British Architects.

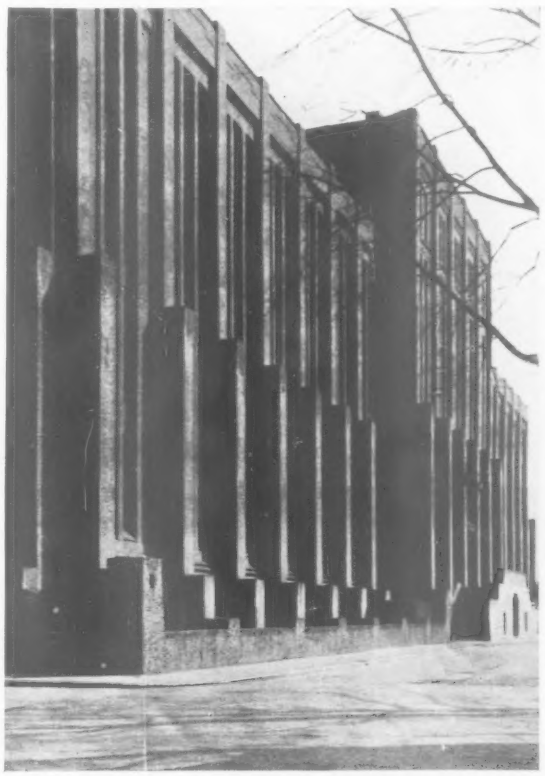


A new rectory at Stane Street, Ockley, Surrey (No. 1355).
Kieffer and Fleming, *Architects.*
From a drawing by Walter Keesey at the Royal Academy.

English architecture has to some extent made its own—the small or medium-sized dwelling—there are a number of pleasant and simple designs, and there are other exceptions; but on the whole it must be reluctantly admitted that the Architectural Room contains a collection of undistinguished *pastiches*.

At the same time it is only fair to remember that all architects, and perhaps particularly architects in this country, work under serious difficulties. Experiment is not exactly welcomed in England, and architects, who have to build with other people's money, are by no means free agents. In many Continental countries there undoubtedly exist more enlightened sections of public opinion, and until similar large groups have been created here, you cannot very well expect our architects to work in a spirit of sound experiment, as so many of them would be only too glad to do. Indeed, it would be financially impossible for them to do so.

The architectural work shown at the Royal Academy must of necessity consist mainly of *drawings*, and it is not always easy, even for the technically equipped person, to judge fairly without a sight of the building or, at least, of a good-sized photograph. Rule 4 of the Academy states that "good geometrical drawings of moderate size are desirable," and undoubtedly there are here included a number of delightfully clear and honest elevations carried out in line and wash, as such things should be. But the majority of the drawings shown consist of highly elaborate watercolours executed by artists other than the designers of the buildings. They are, almost without exception, incredibly slick and are, no doubt, of immense use in dealing with clients; but the blandishments of Mr. Farey, of Mr. Walcot, of Mr. Pilkington and the others interpose a rosy veil between the eye of the spectator and the building which the architect has designed. The clever little motor-car which dashes across the picture at some useful point, the "ticked-in" human figure, the trees and the shadows cast by them, the lowering but still sunlit sky—all these obscure our apprehension of what we are supposed to be looking at. I would not for one moment suggest an abandonment of the use of these charming pictures in their proper sphere, but could not the R.A. authorities again sanction, as they did some few years ago, the exclusive showing of scale plans and shaded elevations and of large photographs, so that some reasonable degree of uniformity of representation might be maintained? Any Vanbrugh drawing or good eighteenth-century drawing or engraving would provide a model. The use of cumulus clouds might perhaps be temporarily eschewed. To come to details, Mr. Curtis Green shows a pleasant house, "Stockgrove" (Nos. 1269 and 1276); "Basing House"



Railway offices at Utrecht, Holland (No. 51).
Dr. Ir. G. W. Van Heukelow, *Architect.*
From the Royal Institute of British Architects.

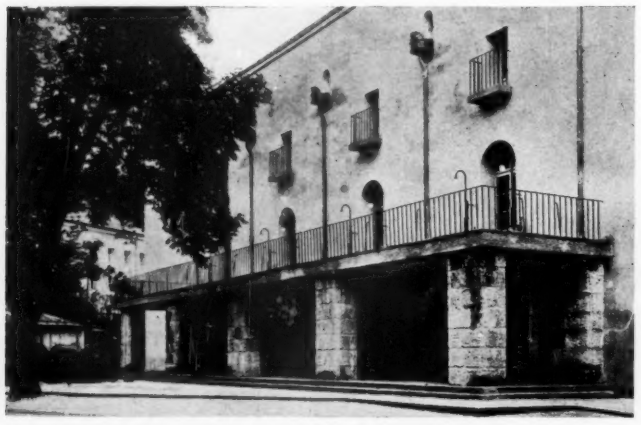
by Messrs. Nicholas and Dixon-Spain (No. 1216) is a really nice exercise in "period," and is exhibited by means of a good clean drawing, as are the designs for a new Post Office at Folkestone by Mr. Dyke (No. 1266) and for two small houses by Mr. Palmer (No. 1230). Other attractive domestic designs are those for cottages in Surrey by Mr. Coulson (No. 1316), for the "Casa di Sole," Salcombe, by Mr. Harrild (No. 1335), and for the Rectory, Stane Street, Ockley, by Messrs. Kieffer and Fleming (No. 1355), a charmingly sedate building. Mr. Porte's proposed church at Börga, Finland (No. 1244), is pretty; Mr. Maufe's "First Clubland Church," Walworth (No. 1309), contains a number of elements not, perhaps, altogether related; his tower of Saint Mary's Church, Liss (No. 1315), is much more successful and has a fine dignity.

A garage building at Düsseldorf (No. 247).
Professor E. Fahrenkamp, *Architect.*
From the Royal Institute of British Architects.

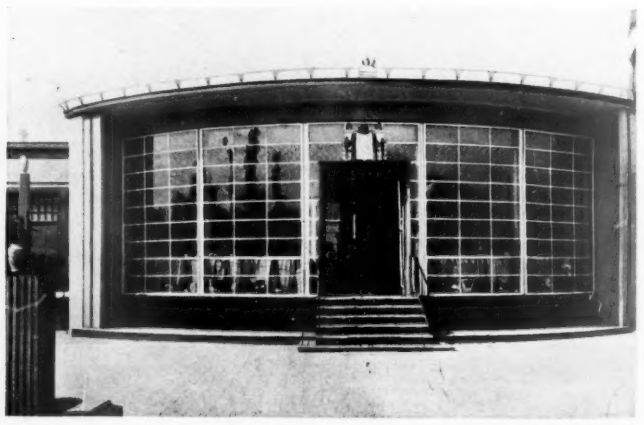
There is little in the way of designs for tenements or for urban housing schemes, but Mr. Topham Forrest's plans for the Ossulton Estate, Northern Section (No. 1328), are based on the Viennese—or is it the Dutch?—model. There are a number of large schemes for schools, hospitals, etc., where clear and more or less unrestricted sites appear to have been available; some opportunities seem to have been missed. The new Secondary School, Widnes, by Mr. Wilkinson (No. 1237), reminds one rather of the headquarters of a firm of seed merchants; the Nurses' Home for the Manchester Royal Infirmary by Messrs. Worthington and Sons (No. 1297) is perhaps a little overpowering; the design for the Manchester Northern Hospital by Messrs. Westcott and Boddington (No. 1330) is a straightforward piece of work; the City of Oxford School by Messrs. Newton and Partners (No. 1208) is shown by means of an attractive bird's-eye view treated in the traditional manner. Mr. Farey's lay-out for the General Hospital and Housing Scheme at Salisbury (No. 1379) is an interesting scheme; he has shown a particularly clear and hard-cut drawing here.

If one may judge by the more "modern" designs exhibited, it would seem that a "vertical" treatment is in favour at the moment with our architects for large town buildings. "Murray House," Cape Town, by Mr. Wallis (No. 1253), is a "tower," and the same insistence on verticals is shown in the design for Nos. 37–39 Lime Street, E.C., by Mr. Sullivan (No. 1240), and in the New Premises at Bristol by Messrs. Ellis and Clarke (No. 1207); this design reminds one by turns of Egyptian, Gothic, and modern Continental work. Like the new Underground building at St. James's Park—a model of which is shown at Conduit Street—the B.B.C. Headquarters by Messrs. Myer and Watson-Hart (No. 1313) is a pyramidal composition of successive setbacks, on the system which grew up in America as a result of the zoning laws. The awnings shown on the drawing would appear to play an important part in the scheme; architects in London are not so fortunate as their colleagues in Amsterdam, for example, who are able to make a full use of *marquises* extending well over the pavement.

Of designs for theatres, the "Martello" Theatre by Messrs. Constantine and Vernon (No. 1214) is pleasantly treated with its Dutch-like brickwork. The design for the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford-on-Avon by Miss Scott and Messrs. Chesterton and Shepherd (No. 1361) is well known by now to the public. Perhaps the drawing shown does not do it full justice; there seems a hint of the

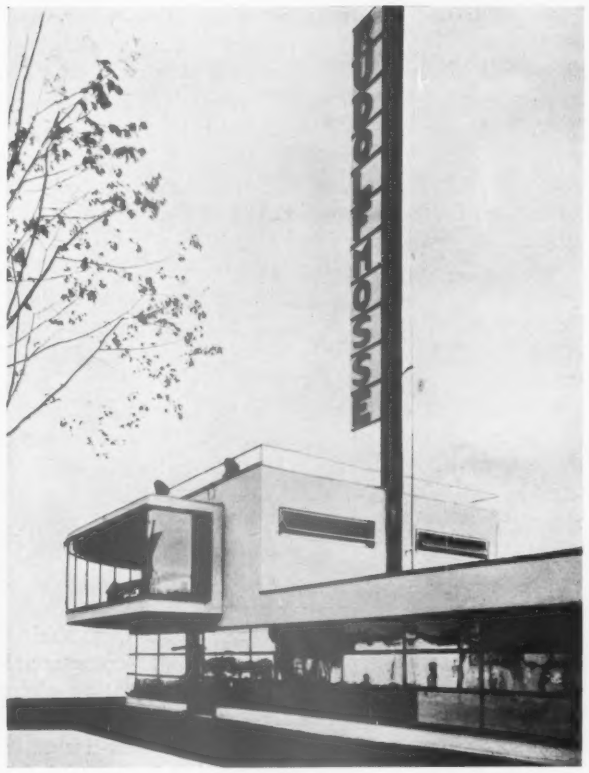


The Festival Theatre, Salzburg, Austria (No. 151).
Clemens Holzmeister, *Architect.*



The Copenhagen Porcelain Pavilion at the Paris Exhibition, 1925 (No. 190). Halweg Moller, *Architect.*
From the Royal Institute of British Architects.

A pavilion at the Cologne Press Exhibition (No. 204).



The Rudolf Mosse pavilion at the Cologne Press Exhibition (No. 203). Erich Mendelsohn, *Architect.*

From the Royal Institute of British Architects.

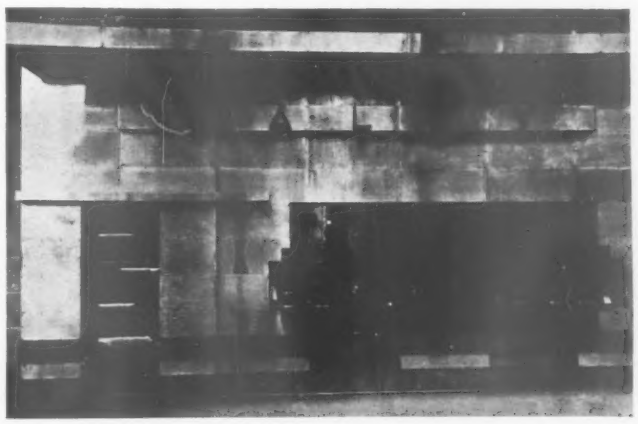
less admirable side of Teutonic work in the details of the upper part of the façade.

The R.I.B.A. Exhibition at Conduit Street gains enormously from the fact that it is a coherent presentment of a point of view, in that it consists of exhibits which have been specifically invited; and it would be very unfair not to recognize this advantage which it possesses over the Royal Academy Architectural Room, which can include only works selected from those sent in for exhibition. A further advantage lies in the fact that the exhibits consist of large photographs of a uniform size. These photographs, which I believe are all the work of Mr. Yerbury, are amazingly good. Those of us who know the difficulty of persuading a photographer to set his camera in the right spot will feel inclined to congratulate the architects of the buildings shown on their good luck in being able to submit themselves to Mr. Yerbury's admirable choice of viewpoint, and to the sensibility he displays in his approach to his subjects. Why not develop a race of architects for the taking of photographs? And how much better these photographs are than anything but the very best drawings!

I hesitate to drag in education, but in truth this exhibition is educational in the best sense of the word. The examples have been chosen with tact and knowledge, and they probably present (with a few omissions) as full and fair a picture of the present state of commercial architectural achievement as we are likely to get under any circumstances. The exhibition is further enhanced by a wise and unprovocative preface to the catalogue by Mr. Goodhart-Rendel. I am not going to quote from it, and I will resist the temptation to annex portions of it, but it should be read by the heads of big business houses as well as by other people. One sentence is of such importance that it must be quoted after all. Mr. Goodhart-Rendel says that

> the architecture of Trade follows Trade itself in becoming more and more international, and already the invention of one country rapidly becomes the property of all.

This raises a question which there is no space to discuss here, but those who visit the exhibition might afterwards ask themselves how far the retention of a highly nationalized and local architecture is likely to prove possible under modern conditions, and whether the "national touch" will not be rather of the nature of a subtle essence pervading structures of types more or less common to the architecture of all civilized countries. This may conceivably apply to domestic as well as to commercial buildings.



A shoe shop in Paris (No. 107). Rob Mallet-Stevens, *Architect.*

From the Royal Institute of British Architects.

I should like to disabuse any of my readers of the notion that they are likely to find in this exhibition work of a freakish or "arty" character. For the most part the buildings shown are sober and straightforward; it is true that in a certain number of cases the architectural forms employed may appear at first sight a little odd and bizarre, but a closer analysis will, I think, show that these are either the result of practical necessities, or that the works in question come under the category of the lighter kind of shop, for example, or of public exhibition buildings where a little fancifulness is surely not only permissible, but desirable. And some concession must always be made to experiment.

The countries represented include the United States, Italy, Holland, Switzerland, Germany, France, Denmark, Sweden, Austria, Spain, Canada, South Africa, Australia, India, and, of course, our own country. The works naturally vary in merit, and in their degree of possession of what is called the "modern spirit" in architecture, but the great majority show some touch of adventure and a willingness to try and meet the conditions of the life of today which is most encouraging.

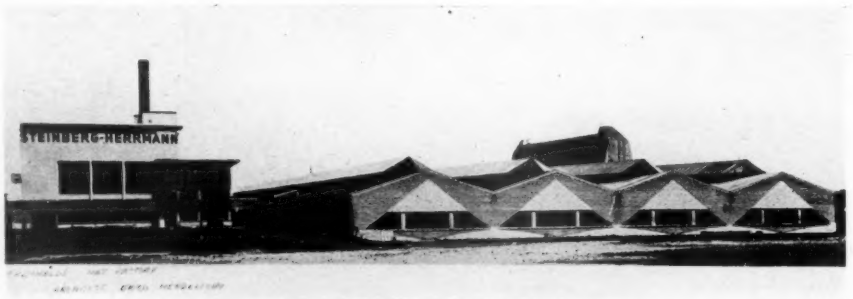
Sweden is rather inadequately represented, probably because of the limitation of the exhibition to commercial architecture. If there is a hint of applied decoration of an "arty" kind it will be found mainly in the Dutch examples, which also sometimes suffer a little from an over-dramatic heaviness which is curiously enough lacking in most of the German exhibits. Holland and France excel in shop fronts and there are some charming German exhibition buildings erected for the Cologne Press Exhibition. The English examples hold their own to a greater extent than one would have imagined. America is a little disappointing.

It is impossible to do more than mention a few of the exhibits, and I hope that the reader will visit the show for himself; it is open until June 8th.

The "Bally" shoe shop by Mallet-Stevens (No. 107) has a light but monumental character, with its emphasis on horizontals and its long "showcase" window; a Shoe Shop by Raymond Nicholas (No. 109) is also good, in spite of its rather heavy and eccentric ironwork; the Toy Shop by Elkronken (No. 114) is rather nice and very suitable for its purpose. The Copenhagen Porcelain Pavilion at the Paris 1925 Exhibition—really a shop design—by Halweg Moller (No. 190) is a charming example of the use of traditional elements, with its fluted pilasters, glazing bars and ironwork, to which a new twist has been given. Conceived in a similar spirit, the Swedish Pavilion at the same exhibition by Carl Bergsten (No. 195) is an amusing fancy in Ionic. P. Kramer's well-known large store at The Hague is shown in three photographs (Nos. 123–4–5); its great glazed bays so Tudor-like in character, and its immense *marquise* stand out finely. Another Dutch shop is the Wine Shop at Amsterdam by De Klerk (No. 126); this has fine brickwork and a well-designed window set in a large rounded bay. There is a perfectly delightful Hat Factory at Luckenwalde by Erich Mendelsohn (No. 36); the general effect is rural, and the building would be quite at home in the hop districts of Kent. Messrs. Wallis, Gilbert and Partners' "Firestone" Factory (No. 34) comes out well, though other aspects of this building seem to me more interesting than the front elevation shown here. There is an extraordinarily dramatic photograph of the flood-lit façade of a remodelled building in Berlin by Brüder Luckhardt and Alfons Anker (No. 134), and an equally dramatic interior of a part of the Capitol Theatre, Berlin, by Hans Poelzig (No. 159); this interior is built up of a number of curves, and is very beautiful with its charming lighting. A Concert Hall at Gothenburg, a Swedish design by Arvid Bjerke (No. 150), has an internal roof treatment very similar to that of Easton and Robertson's Royal Horticultural Hall at Westminster (Nos. 165–6–7–8). The Festival Theatre at Salzburg by Clemens Holzmeister (Nos. 149 and 151) is a fine steady building; here we have a good deal of reminiscence in the general feeling of the design. I note one horror in passing: the flats in the Paseo de Gracia, Barcelona (No. 235), of the same iced-cake variety as that dreadful half-built church, whose name I forget, in the suburbs of the same city.

The Patent Office at Stockholm by Ragnar Ostberg (No. 87) is treated in a good and simple way; the roof has rather the effect of a lid which could be lifted off, but this may be the fault of the photograph. The Telschow Haus, Berlin, by Brüder Luckhardt and Alfons Anker (No. 66) is very pleasant with its curved façade and horizontals. The interior of an Apartment House at Lyons by C. Laval (No. 220) shows an elegant spiral grille to the lift and a well-placed circular window. The underground street in Chicago (No. 250) gives some idea of the kind of street which heavy traffic will use in the future if certain schemes come into operation.

The Railway Offices at Utrecht (No. 51) provide another example of good Dutch brickwork; the treatment of the buttresses is dignified and like that of some Spanish churches. A Railway Station at Zurich (No. 237) is a simple and modest building. Some of the Underground Stations by Adams, Holden and Pearson hold their own well; the flood-lit photographs are most effective. A garage building at Düsseldorf by Prof. E. Fahrenkamp (Nos. 247-8-9) is a very fine building with long vertical slits for its windows and good brickwork. Of various German exhibition buildings I noted a good severe group at Düsseldorf by Wilhelm Kreis (No. 209); a charming Pavilion at the Cologne Press Exhibition (No. 204) with its great rectangular central bay of glass; the Rudolf Mosse Pavilion at the same exhibition by Erich Mendelsohn (No. 203), based on the deck-house of a ship; and lastly, a comic but attractive example, the "Hamburger Fremdenblatt" Pavilion at Cologne (No. 212), like some ancient hull.



A hat factory at Luckenwalde, Germany (No. 36).
Erich Mendelsohn, *Architect*.
From the Royal Institute of British Architects.

Altogether a most exciting exhibition!

THE VILLAGE FESTIVAL.

From a line engraving, by W. Finden, of David Wilkie's oil-painting.

The Wood Age.

By P. M. Stratton.

V.[1]—The Wooden Village.

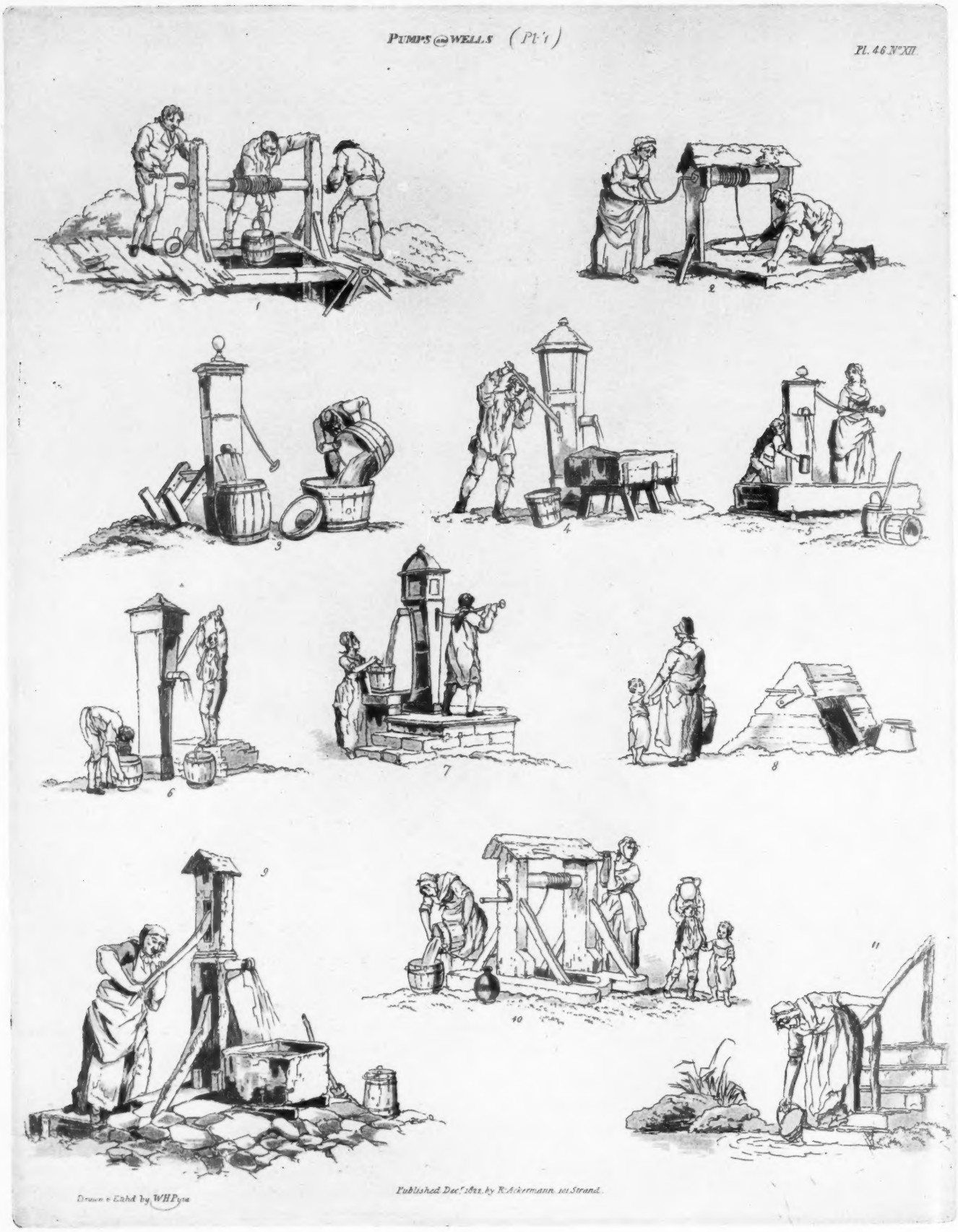
AN English village is lovely with three things—implements, buildings, and trees, and the basis of all three is wood. The difference between one of these types and another is a matter of degree; thus, implements are firstly for use and their beauty is secondary; buildings are for physical need and enjoyment by the senses in equal proportions; trees are mainly for the satisfaction of the eye; for example, the loveliness of a silver birch is more important to a man than its shade, fruit, or timber.

The beauty of implements lies in the colour and grain of their material, and in their likeness to the limbs of a man or a tree; or in their decoration by colour and carving. A strong idea of service and a weak idea of comeliness breed in the maker's mind the thing called craftsmanship. The village pump, from which comes water, is made of lead or iron with a timber casing and handle, and, because a craftsman formed it, is easier to look at than the pump of the Brass Age from which comes petrol, in spite of the petrol pump being coloured to draw attention more vividly than a public-house sign. In the Wood Age a village has a painter trained to the knowledge of local heraldry, and he chooses well-seasoned boards on which to paint and emblazon the lord's coat of arms for the sign of the chief hostelry. He colours and gilds the hatchments also, which are square shields with the arms and a pious motto, as *in coelo quies*, needed for a death at the Hall. They are placed at the entrance before the funeral, borne by mutes to the grave, and hung near the manor pew in the church for a century or more.

A pound or enclosure is framed strongly of oak, in which to shut strayed animals, and the proportions and spacing of the timbers give it grace. Near it for strayed souls is the stocks, over which at Petersham a thougntful lord builds a shed, and so has a lock-up also, but too pretty to be terrible. For church thieves a finger stocks is made, the holes being turned down at the end and a flap pulled over and padlocked.

All these implements are near the village green, where the turf is made fine by the close cropping of sheep and geese for generations, and levelled for cricket, a "wooden game," as the football fan calls it, passing the compliment that a certain dignity belongs to it. The stumps, the batsmen with curly decorative bats, the slow processional change for the overs, and then the quiet top-hatted figures waiting; the enormous elms looking on; all these have the worthiness of the great age of wood.

[1] The previous articles in this series were published in the issues of THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW for *November* 1928 and *January*, *February*, and *April* 1929; they were entitled *The Gipsy Caravan*, *The Rhythm of the Road*, *Proper Beasts and Implements*, and *The Framework of Farm Life* respectively.



Wells and village Pumps.
Reproduced from Pyne's *Picturesque Groups for the Embellishment of Landscape.*

The nature of a house is in its origin the same as that of an implement; and a wooden building, especially, carries on the idea, being, indeed, the implement for sheltering under; but the builder pursues not only the thought of shelter, but equally the thought of beauty. He binds the two things into an agreement, neither rendering a house uncomfortable by its decorative arrangement and ornament, nor making its fitness ugly; rather the two ideas of sensuous beauty and useful purpose breed in his mind the art of architecture which differs only from the craftsmanship of the implement in its greater appeal to the senses, and its closer resemblance to the sublime beauty of trees. Thus a man talks commonly of his "own roof-tree," thinking of the

The fully developed wooden *KENTISH HOUSE*.
From a drawing by the Author.

Weather-boarded houses in a Surrey village.
From a drawing by the Author.

branches of oaks and branching of framed work, the texture of autumn leaves in waving wind and the texture of waved tilework on timber trusses. A village near a forest shares also in the liberality of Nature, with a liberality of wood, which is different from that of paper or tin; and is rather part of a universe in which the winds are not prim, the flowers and clouds show a disorderly abundance, and leaves scatter in wasted gold and decay.

Even in a stone-built village there is more evidence of wood than in a "housing scheme" or "garden city." A wooden barn hangs its gable to the road; a farm has an open fence to the street; and completing the square of farmyard there are stables, skillings and sheds, all of wood framing and boarding, with a feed-pen of greened oak as centrepiece; against the ends of many cottages lean wooden pigsties; the middle part of a house is weather-boarded; the roof timbers show their lines. Much closer seems a Benenden, a Smarden, or a Penshurst of wooded Kent to the general likeness and disposition of their earth. It is here that a pattern of wood house is fixed for many centuries, with variations for individual owners. A Kentish builder cuts his oak from Andreadsweald, carts it the short journey to his site on which he has beaten hard the clay and lays there his sole plates; having halved and pinned them at the angles and mortised them at some 12-in. centres for the posts, he frames in the corner and main uprights chosen for size and hard

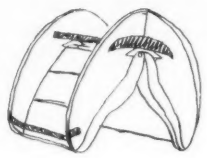
A variety of the wooden *KENTISH HOUSE* with a great store in the roof.
From a drawing by the Author.

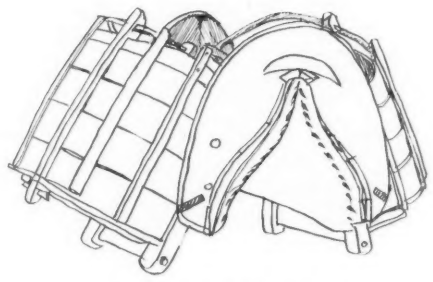
Small details and thin lines of wood act as a foil to the masses of brickwork.
From a drawing by Rowland Hilder.

grain. He tenons in both the brackets under the main beams, on which is built the upper overhanging story, and also the braces curved in growth by sun and wind; but the two centre bays are kept on the same face as the ground story, to give a higher window and a more important room in the centre of the house, its face protected by the brim of the roof whose plate runs across at the face of the projected first floor. The feet of the rafters give a slightly decorative line to the eaves and rise steeply to carry the tiles. The danger line of the house is about the ground level, where the sole plate lying in its damp earth, first decays, and the whole building begins to fall abroad, like a man past middle life. It does not necessarily fall down, being too adroitly framed together; where one place is weak the stress is transferred to another; then hollows and bulges come in the roof, the ridge and eaves are as wavy as the North Downs, the angles lean out over the path, like pollarded willows over a stream; the whole house takes on the aspect, the smell, the echo of a home.

Such houses as these were the work of the great carpenters; these craftsmen seem to have dropped out of house-building and into joinery, coach and shipbuilding as the use of brick came to such general perfection. When the Baltic traders brought in their deals and boarding and a short vigorous fillip to timber houses, the result artistically was on brick lines. The charm of the weather-boarded cottages in the Home Counties lies in a certain inconsequence and childlike scale.

The joiners, however, hold their own and by their windows, doors, and cornices make amends for the intractability of brick to form, and extend the use of wood to the shop. The shopkeepers who are of the family of Autolycus, bring their goods from shed (i.e. shop) to their customers' doors. Others make and display their goods in a shed large enough for their customers to enjoy the pleasures of shopping. The woodworker's place is stocked with boards for buildings, stiles, hutches, and coffins; and with the thousand and one odd articles of domestic and agricultural use. In his shop there is a hazy atmosphere overlying an intricate pattern of pale golden-brown wood on dim blue shadows. Hurdles, sheep cages, ladders, wheelbarrows, shavings, sawdust, spargads; at one end, his turnery such as spigots, spinning-tops, dishes, trenchers, spoons, funnels, and the bowls in which to wash silver and glass; in another part are the cooper's things, barrels and firkins and the staves and binds of them; bales; flour-bins to the top of which the turner screws a knob; ruddles of many differing meshes;



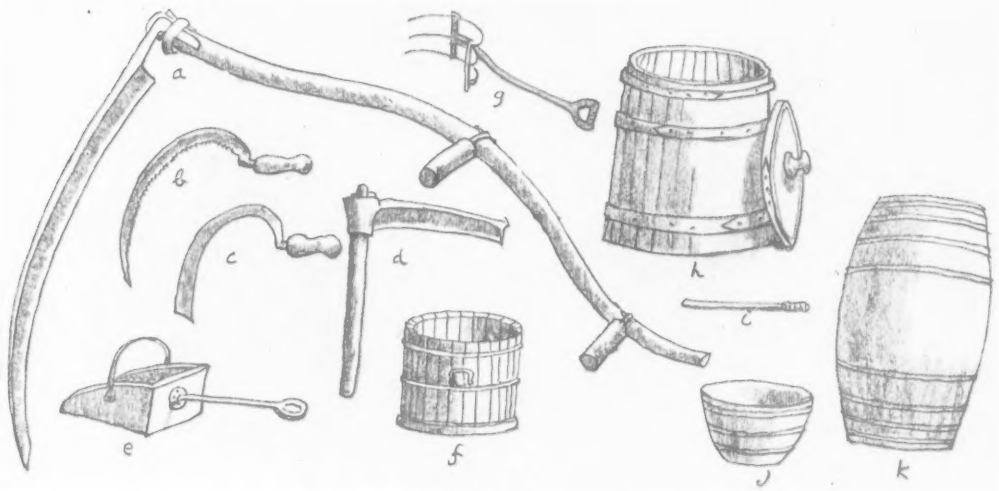


WOODEN SADDLES
padded
to the horse.
From a sketch by the Author.

THE PENNY WEDDING.
From a line engraving, by W. Greatbach, of David Wilkie's oil painting.

hogsheads. It is not only in the outline of his goods that the cooper shows grace, but in a rhythmic spacing of the binds; these start with a close couple at each end, then successively wider spaces are left till the centre, the widest, is reached, from which the spaces decrease symmetrically to the other end; and so a man sees in a beer barrel, descended from such noble use to be an uncovered catcher of rainwater, a fragment of the rhythm of Bacchus's Temple. The cooper also will make to order a cider press and attach it to the freehold like the one in Elmstone Barn on the Kentish Raghills, or

DAIRY
utensils.



Articles in a *WOODWORKER'S* shop.
a. Scythe. *b*. Reaphook. *c*. Peahook. *d*. Dole axe for splitting spiles. *e*. Seedlip shovel. *f*. Bushel. *g*. Dung prong. *h*. Flour bin. *i*. Strike. *j*. Bowl. *k*. Barrel.
From a sketch by the Author.

will take it to the wheelwright for wheels like that of Giles Winterborne. The turner will make staffs for the churchwardens and beadles, and village staffs to be topped with a small brass sign. The woodworker keeps also the wooden sides and handles of bellows which the saddler makes up for him, but makes for the saddler the wooden framework of saddles.

The next shop is the butcher's—known by its roof or hood widely overhanging to shade the meat. His chopping-block is the lower part of a tree trunk cut where the roots spread. Pear-wood cradles or trugs stand ready for the meat.

The baker is seen by children through a long, low casement window; they watch him working the dough, his shoulders and head moving where he stands, but his hands unseen at the bottom of a deep trough on legs. Presently he removes his hands from the trough and makes ready and clean his board; then he takes the dough out of the trough and moulds it into loaves. His young man has meanwhile been thrusting more gorse bushes into the long oven; when it is hot enough the young man opens the door, showing the white heat, and the baker takes down his long-handled wooden shovel and quickly thrusts in the loaves which slide off the flat end of the shovel. As soon as the batch is baked the children will open the door, which is in two halves like a stable door, and fetch the bread; to his favourites the baker gives the hot odds and ends of half-baked dough, called twists.

The cobbler works even more under the noses of his customers, sitting in a low window for light. Around

BLIND MAN'S BUFF.
From the original oil-painting in the National Gallery by David **Wilkie.**

the room hang trees, on which he has moulded the village feet.

The dairy is also a shop, because it holds for sale the milk, butter, cheese, and eggs of the farmer. It is approached through the main door of the farmhouse, which is usually open on to the street, and at Elmstone is entered from the passage under a late Gothic archway of wood. The companion archway alongside it leads to the head milkmaid's room (she is a woman of importance and entitled Miss or Mistress). In the dairy stand the churns and cheese-press; the butter, milk, and eggs are on the lower shelves, and a few ripe cheeses on the high shelf.

The barber is surgeon also—his pole must be stout so that it may withstand the grip of the man nerving himself to be bled; and smooth for the strips of bandages to be wound round.

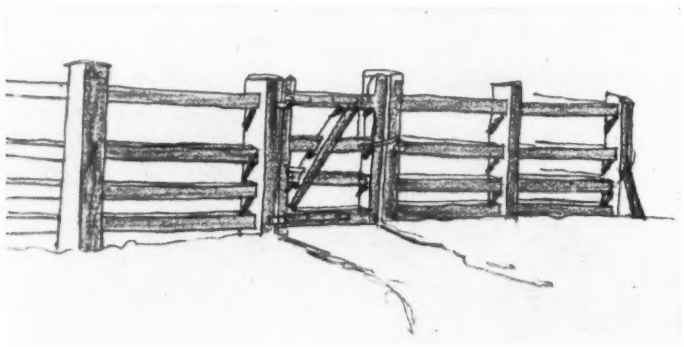
The most delicate of the services performed by the joiner, however, lies in the careful distinctions he draws on the strata of the classes. It is a mistake to suppose that an English village is divided into three sections of society, i.e. "county people," middle class, and the poor; it consists rather of an almost infinite gradation from the workhouse to the mansion; yet at each step there is a distinct set of families of equal standing. Village society is built up of a number of tiny republics, superimposed one on another; within his own republic a village man is a bigoted leveller, but outside it he is equally stringent in ordering himself reverently to his betters and keeping the others in their place.

The very nearness of these little republics to one another, in standing, makes the division lines all the sharper; and this realization of distinctions is carried into house-building. By their doors they are known, and it is the joiner mainly who shows outwardly which is the residence of curate, doctor, retired army officer, parson's widow, and maiden lady; for these have finely-moulded architraves to their entrances, with pilasters or columns, moulded doors and fanlights, and an entablature over, all painted white; though the furnishing of the maiden lady's is a trifle lighter than the ordonnance of the retired major's entrance, yet all this class of person has a strong note of dignity. Then, again, two or three wealthy yeomen whose houses and farms abut on the street have a certain plain weight round about their front doors; no order of architecture, but strongly moulded door-posts and a heavy hood on carved brackets—these fellows make up their republic with others of the same calling who live in remoter places. The smaller yeomen and tenants join with the shopkeepers, and visit their equals at plainer doors still and uncarved brackets, whilst the cottagers of the best sort have straight hoods, and, of the lower class, but a door and frame. It is the extraordinary strength and diversity of the middle classes, recruited or descended from the yeomen, which makes the village so interesting and excellent a work of art.

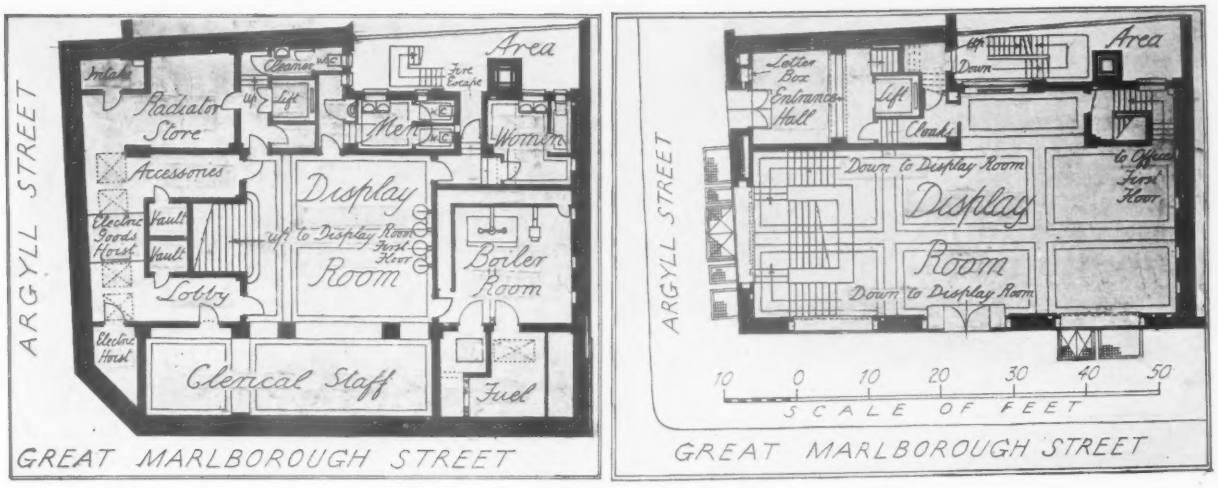
There is another kind of variety which is inherent to a village, and comes from the idea of a house being an implement of shelter for living in, equally with being looked at, and that is the diversity of right-angled planes, or the quality which has lately been rediscovered by some Columbus of concrete and named "Plasticity." It consists in using not only the front façade on which to print the purpose and design of the building, but the roof and all the other sides, including if possible the inside. Whereas a city street is so crowded with houses or shops that urbanity becomes the first virtue, in the village there is room to turn round the buildings and to realize their limits in all three dimensions. A perfect village dwelling is one of which everyone knows the business; and of which a man can see the ends of ridges, the length of flanks, and a vista through the doors, and from some meadow pathway all the rich back agglomerate of roofs, windows, sheds, and gardens, of dark-green yew tree against purple tiles, of red pantiles, and white frames, of black boarding and blue curtains, fantastic apple boughs and formal pyramidal pears, potatoes, broccoli and sprouts, the path and the soil. The unity of impression is assured by the vast background of Nature, and by the fact that the basis of design in all the buildings is the same, namely, this three-dimensional aspect. The church always and sometimes the manor house or the castle aid Nature in the maintenance of unity. Of these two great examples of building, the one for common spiritual use, the other of common authority, very much has been written, and more has been drawn and photographed.

But a village never relies on the grand manner for its beauty; it retains always the sense of growth and variety. It is the implement whereby a man lives a life engaged in "divine husbandry." The village, composed of families mainly employed in tilling the soil, is the normal social unit of the world, and its life is ingrained in the texture of a man. It is his ultimate sanity, to live so close to his past, to his fellows, to the earth his mother and to the sky; nor is there any better index of modern madness than the daily destruction of villages.

(*To be continued.*)



The village
POUND.



Plans of the *BASEMENT-* and *GROUND-FLOORS.*

The Clash of Colour

or

The Moor of Argyll Street.

By A. Trystan Edwards.

Ideal House,
London.

Designed by Gordon Jeeves & Raymond Hood; *Associated Architects.*

THE last time I visited Argyll Street readers of the REVIEW will perhaps recollect that I left the new Liberty's in tears.[1] And, indeed, I could not help sympathizing with it, although I was unable to cheer it up. For what could I do when a horrible white apparition, an exact replica of the Old Philharmonic Hall, which once stood on the site of the new Tudor building, arrived on the scene and gave the latter a good wigging for ignorance and neglect of the principles of street architecture, as these were understood at the beginning of the nineteenth century. In fact, I was almost glad when the half-timbered edifice, stiff with fright and utterly unable to meet the arguments of its ghostly aggressor, found emotional relief in lachrymation. And now a new trouble awaits it, for there has just come to stand in front of it, and with the evident intention of remaining there, the new Radiator Building which regards it with a quite obviously contemptuous glance. But much traffic has passed Argyll Street since the Tudor Liberty's first made her appearance there, and perhaps she does not nowadays so easily succumb to tears. She may have hardened her heart.

"I should think she has, indeed," said the little Regency building opposite, displaying an uncanny faculty of reading my thoughts, "the brazened-faced hussy, she is now quite capable of standing up to a whole regiment of ghosts without turning a hair."

I was interested in this new development in the character of the Tudor Liberty's, and not altogether displeased, for nobody likes to see another person permanently in distress.

"How do you do, Liberty's?" I said, "and what do you think of your new *vis-à-vis*?"

"Excuse me," she replied, pleasantly, "I was just going to begin a conversation with the Radiator Building myself. He has been looking at me for the last few days with an expression of such intense disapproval that I feel it is time to address to him a few limpid words."

I willingly stood aside while in honeyed accents the Tudor edifice began: "I am perfectly delighted to see you, Radiator Building, you are a person just after my own heart. I welcome you cordially, and I think I may say not only on behalf of the pseudo-Egyptian neighbour on your right and, ahem, your dear little Regency friend on your left, that you fit in here quite beautifully. But while you harmonize so well with them it is with my own self that you have the greatest spiritual affinity."

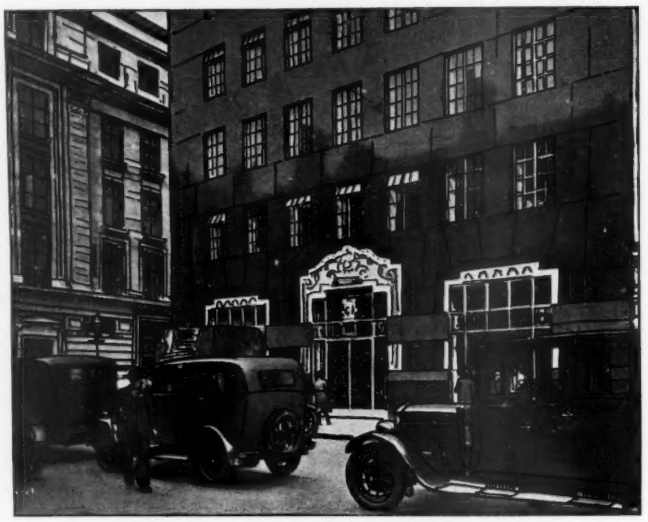
I was quite delighted to find this rustic maid had so far recovered her self-possession, and I foresaw that the sparks would soon be flying. The Radiator Building was obviously taken aback by this opening move. He might pardonably have expected to find extreme simplicity and an air of exaggerated country-cousindom in the Tudor edifice, and had, perhaps, looked forward to the opportunity of indulging in a little good-humoured sarcasm at her expense. He now realized the need for caution, for he replied: "I am sorry, madam, but I fail to understand you. What's the game?"

"Well, don't you see," said Liberty's, "that our respective attitudes to our surroundings are absolutely identical? I wanted to be as different from my neighbours as possible, and you wanted to be entirely different from *your* neighbours. What closer bond could there be between us than this, for are we not both nonconformists, both apostles of individualism, both living exemplars of the latest and most entrancing fashion of architectural anarchy? I made a

[1] See THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW, August 1926.

hit with my pretty half-timbering, made from an old battleship I might inform you, but I am not at all sure that you, with your polished black granite, are not making a greater sensation still."

"I am much obliged to you for the compliment, I am sure," replied the Radiator Building. "I was determined to make a splash. You see, my theory is this. Most of the buildings in London are just mumbling, they don't know how to shout — they haven't any advertisement value. Now, what I say is that a building must have advertisement value, or else it might just as well be a stack of bricks. So many new buildings here are too dull for words. Even when they are brand new nobody looks at them, they haven't got what I call 'snap.' Now just take a glance at me—once seen never forgotten. But don't think I pride myself upon my knowledge of architecture," proceeded the Radiator Building with obvious mock-modesty, "I don't even know whether my style is good or bad, I am content not to be ignored."



". . . 'And surely you must admire the delicate gold ornament which surrounds the opening of my doorways and the shop fronts on the ground-floor level,' said the Radiator Building. 'I claim that this is something quite new in architectural design.'"

"But why be such a blackamoor?" asked the little Regency Palladium.

"That is an easy question to answer. You see, I have studied my architectural environment very carefully. If you had been black I should have been white. But as you are white I am black. How else could I have achieved advertisement value?"

"Please forgive my suggesting," said the Palladium, "that your ideas are just a little crude. Now if there were a complete street of black buildings there might easily be a certain charm in that. If the black buildings, for instance, were arranged in long, low formation, subtly composed, the particular architectural convention which they represented could be properly judged and might, indeed, prove an attractive one."

"I am afraid that you are utterly out of date," replied the Radiator Building. "We live today in an age in which the street is going phut. I cannot worry over such a

". . . 'I can assure you,' said the Dickins and Jones's Building, 'that your tricks of black and gilt will not compensate for the over-simplicity of your window pattern.' 'Dear, dear, dear,' replied the Radiator Building . . . 'I was prepared to come, to see, and to conquer, but not to have my feathers ruffled by my next-door neighbours. But never mind, I can afford to ignore them.'"

"'But why be such a blackamoor?' asked the little Regency Palladium. 'That is an easy question to answer,' replied the Radiator Building. 'You see, I have studied my architectural environment very carefully. If you had been black I should have been white. But as you are white I am black. How else could I have achieved advertisement value?'"

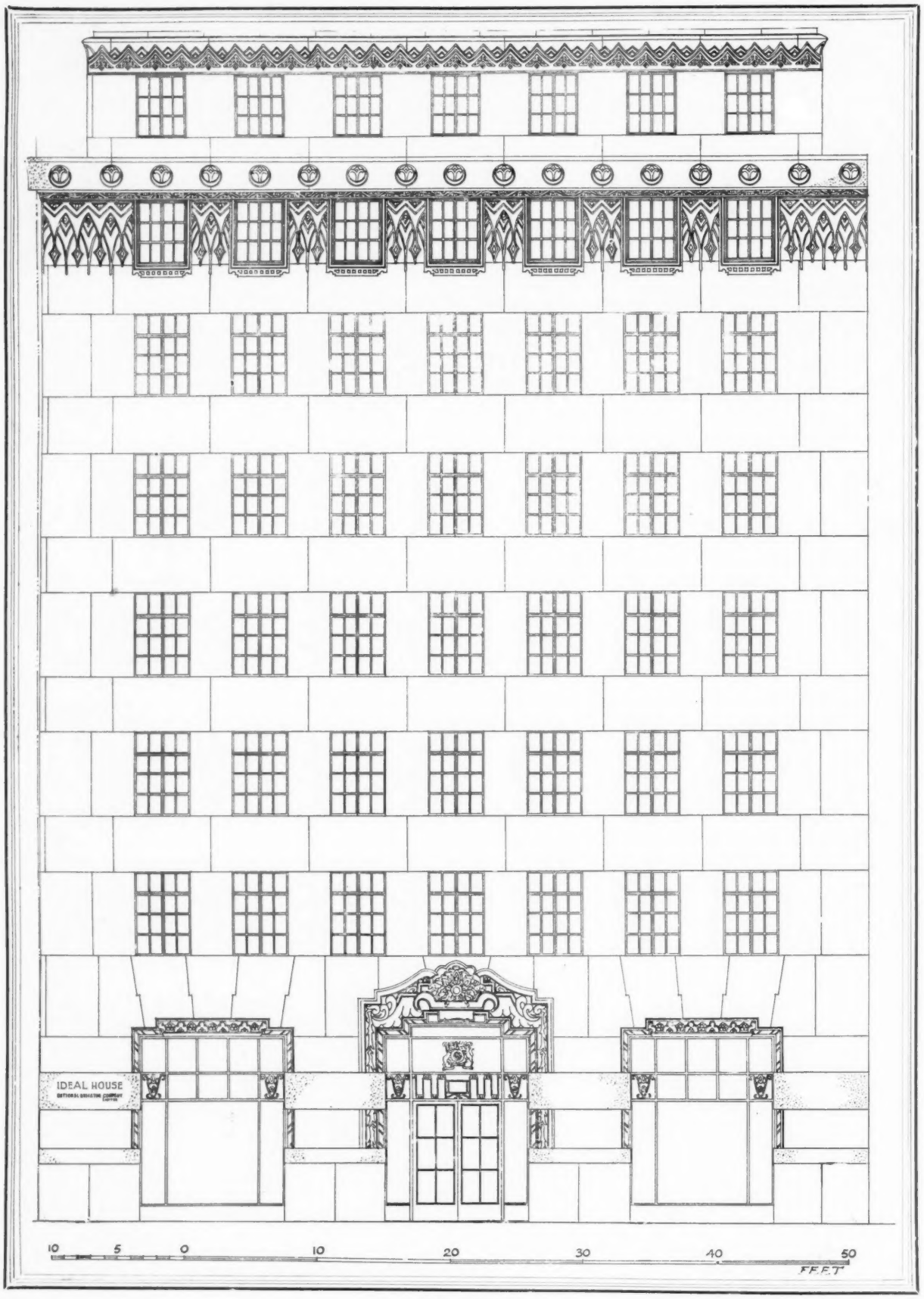
Plate III. June 1929.

IDEAL HOUSE, FROM REGENT STREET.

Gordon Jeeves *and* Raymond Hood,
Associated Architects.

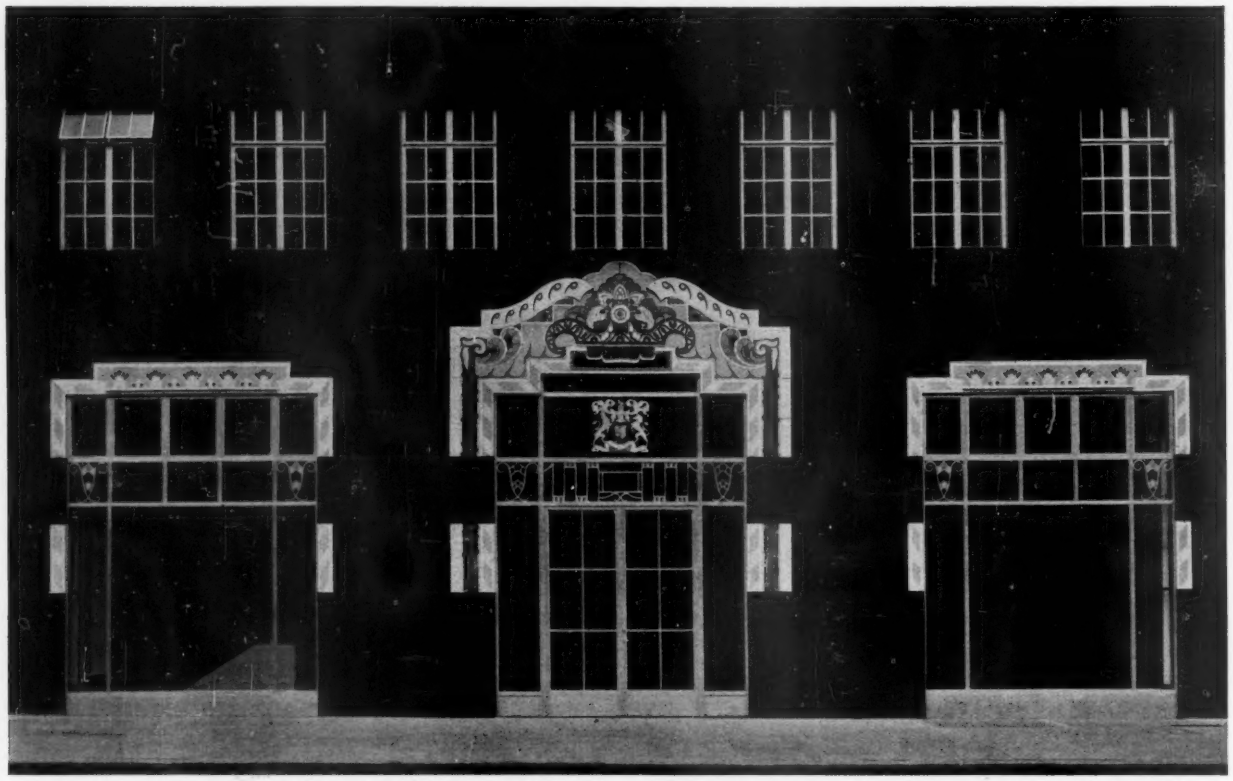
"We tall buildings," said the Radiator Building, "care no longer for the street. I can assure you that many others are likely to follow our example until, little by little, your streets will be broken up into separate architectural units . . . ."

The front to Argyll Street, showing the entrance to the *UPPER OFFICES* and the *DISPLAY WINDOW*, a detail of which is illustrated on page 295.



A working drawing of
the Elevation to
Great Marlborough Street,
showing the jointing of
the granite.

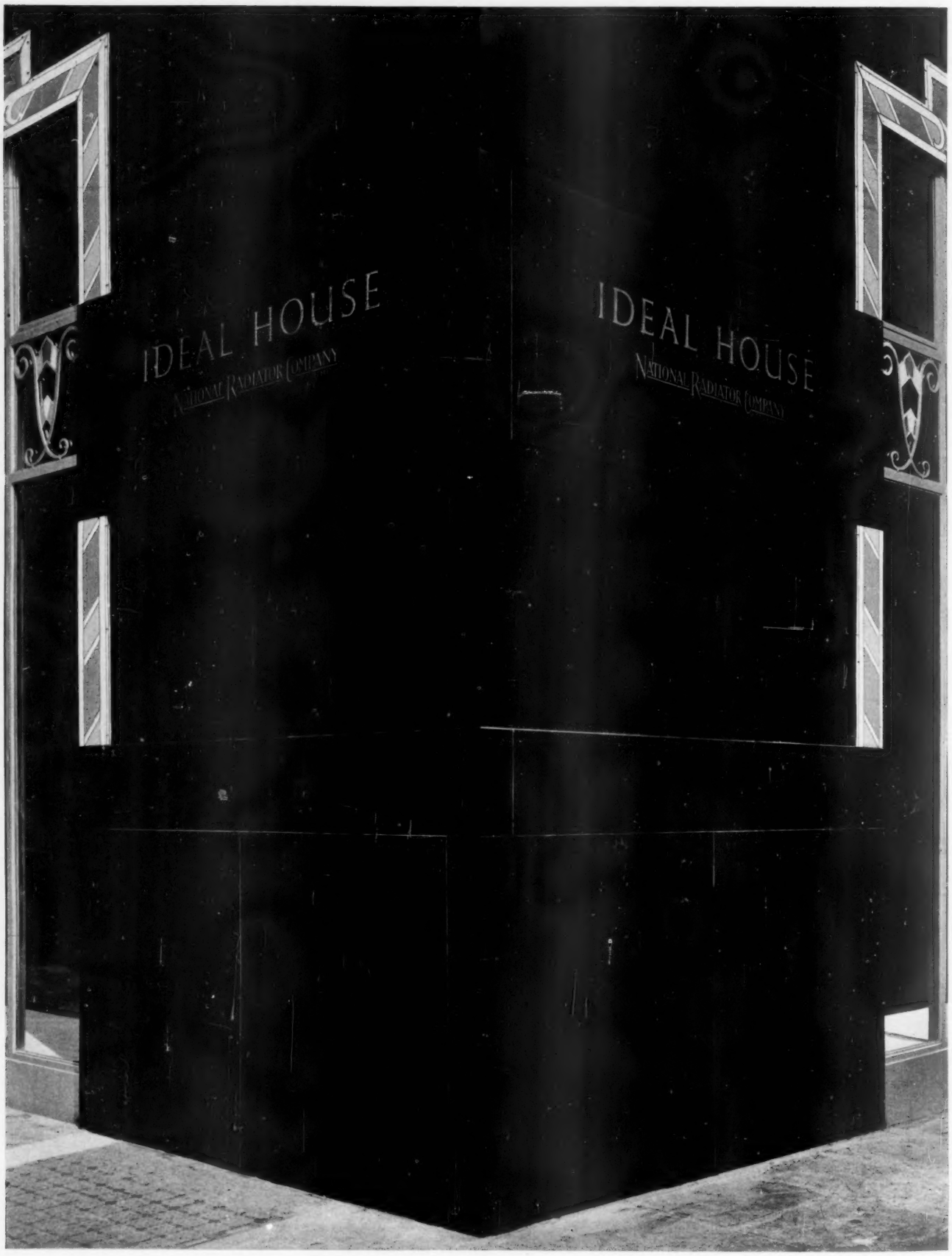
THE MAIN ENTRANCE DOORS and *DISPLAY WINDOWS* in Great Marlborough Street, showing the projecting emery bands and the polished plinth. There are no projections on the polished granite face of the building other than the enamel work, the unpolished bands, and the plinth. The floodlight reflectors to the display windows are encased in bronze and enamel frames. The special engraved French glass to be fixed to these frames was not in position when this photograph was taken.



A dead-on view of the *MAIN ENTRANCE DOORS* and *DISPLAY WINDOWS* in the Great Marlborough Street front. The decorations to these doors and windows are of enamel on cast bronze, and the colour scheme is yellow, gold, orange, green, and red; the walls are of polished black Swedish granite; the window-frames and glazing bars on the first floor are treated with 22-carat double English gold leaf. The Royal Coat of Arms is in bronze and enamel.

The entrance to the *UPPER OFFICES* and the *DISPLAY WINDOW* in Argyll Street. The decorations to the doorway and the window opening are in enamel on cast bronze. The doors, window-frame and the glazing bars to the windows are of steel treated with 22-carat double English gold leaf. Through the window can be seen the Roman Travertine marble staircase which leads from the Display Room on the ground floor to the Basement.

A detail of part of the *ENTRANCE DOORS* and *DISPLAY WINDOW* on the Great Marlborough Street front, showing the enrichment in bronze and enamel. The slab of granite on the transome level, which slightly projects beyond the general polished granite base, is emery finished and is continued around the Great Marlborough Street and Argyll Street fronts.



THE GRANITE SLABBING at the corner of Argyll Street and Great Marlborough Street. The granite is 5 in. in thickness and is fixed to brick backing by bronze metal cramps.

obsolete architectural convention. We tall buildings care no longer for the street. I can assure you that many others are likely to follow our example until, little by little, your streets will be broken up into separate architectural units each aiming at the achievement of advertisement value."

THE MAIN AND SUB-CORNICES and the *FRIEZE*. The frames and glazing bars of the windows on the level of the frieze are treated with 22-carat double English gold leaf.

"But really, Radiator Building," replied its little Regency neighbour, "you do yourself an injustice. Although you are much too tall, for which defect I suppose you are not yourself to blame, you have several qualities which entitle you to be regarded as belonging to the aristocratic family of street buildings. In the first instance, your façade is flat, it maintains unhesitatingly the boundary plane of the street; secondly, its upper terminal is horizontal, and again supports the line of the street; while in the third place the pattern of your windows is well fitted to form a fraction of a long, urban façade. But please do not think," the Palladium continued — this time addressing itself to the Tudor building opposite—"that by implication I am trying once more to criticize you, who positively glory in your flagrant disregard of all the canons of street building; I have said all that I have to say about *you*."

"Thank you," replied the house with the seven gables. "I am getting on perfectly well, and shall continue to do so, when you are razed to the ground."

It seemed to me that the argument was getting too heated. "They all seem anxious to write your obituary," I said to the Regency building.

"Bless their hearts, of course they do. You see, I have lectured them all until they are blue. They know I am right, but they don't like to admit it because they can't alter themselves; they are doomed to be like that for a hundred years. But on their ashes I and my like shall ascend. You see that my white gleaming plaster is really the ideal covering for ferro-concrete construction, although people are too stupid to recognize this today. And look how well my windows stand out against the light-toned background of my wallage. For that reason alone it is a cardinal error to make the walls of a building black, because then the windows, which are, as it were, the eyes of a building, scarcely stand out at all, and the façade seems utterly dull and lifeless."

"That is just where you are wrong," said the Radiator Building. "If my surface were a dull black, your criticism would have point, but my polished granite reflects the light."

A detail of *THE MAIN AND SUB-CORNICES* which are built of American green granite. The enrichments to the frieze and cornices are of enamel on cast bronze, and their colours are yellow, gold, red, and green.

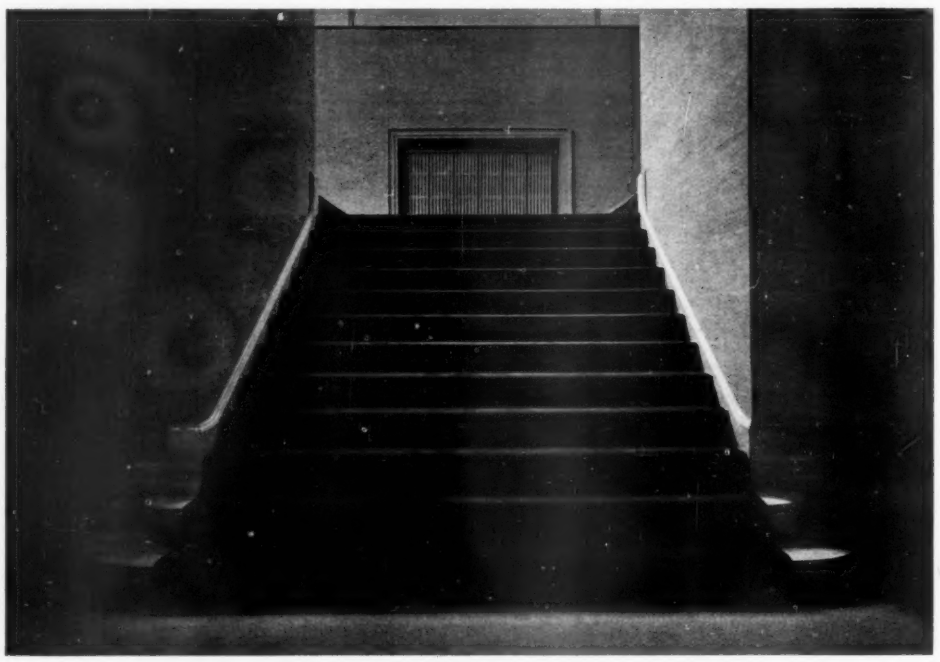
At this point I intervened in the debate, because for some little time I had been waiting for an opportunity to question the Radiator Building upon this very point. "I suppose you are aware, Radiator Building," I said, "that while occasionally window surfaces catch the light, in the vast majority of instances windows have a dark tone; I was therefore very much interested to see that in professional portraits which were produced in order to display your beauty, the surface of your walls was represented as very dark, while that of your windows was glistening white, and the contrast was highly attractive. But I suppose you will confess that these portraits were just a little misleading?"

"Well, well, what would you?" replied the Radiator Building. "What portrait painter would earn a living if he told the truth about his subjects? After all, I was out for novelty, and the novelty

consisted in the blackness of my walls. Therefore it was not in my interest that my façade should be represented as the pale grey it may assume when its polished surface reflects the light. Neither would it have been to my advantage if the windows had appeared as dark holes in the walls which were already dark, so it was obviously justifiable that my portrait should depart from the strict truth in order that it might have the utmost advertisement value. I am sorry to have to use this phrase so often, but really I am bound by the circumstances in which I live. You will yourself admit that by having the sashbars and framework of my windows painted a white tone the windows do actually stand out fairly well. And surely you must admire the delicate gold ornament which surrounds the opening of my doorways and the shop fronts on the ground-floor level. I claim that this is something quite new in architectural design, and this dainty gilding certainly required a black background to set it off to the best advantage. Moreover, the gilt ornament beneath my cornice and at the top of my attic is wonderfully chaste and represents a new departure in the external decoration of a building. And may I not claim some credit to myself for the restraint which marks the composition of my façade? Contrast me, for instance, with my right-hand neighbour, whose one ambition appears to be to subdivide his façade as much as possible, and to overload it with too great a multiplicity of architectural features, with the result that the wall surface is frittered away."

The *DISPLAY ROOM* on the ground floor and the entrance from Great Marlborough Street. The walls are lined with Roman Travertine marble and the ceiling is of painted plaster. The recesses at the sides of the display windows contain reflectors and lamps for flood lighting. The window-frames are cellulosed silver on the insides. A grass-green pile carpet covers the floor.

I thought it unlikely that Dickins and Jones's building would take this lying down and, sure enough, it immediately expostulated. "I have heard all this before from the little stucco buildings on the other side of Regent Street. It was the last thing they said before their decease. But permit me to point out, that if I err in one direction, you err in another, for the plain repetitive formation of your windows is too simple. It is quite jejune, if I may say so. Architectural design would be quite remarkably easy if all you had to do was to show rows and rows of windows all alike, as if they had come out of a machine shop. I can assure you that your tricks of black and gilt will not compensate for the over-simplicity of your window pattern."



The *STAIRCASE* leading from the basement to the ground floor. The walls and staircase are lined with Roman Travertine marble. The stairs are covered with a green pile carpet. The floor of the basement is paved in picked statuary white marble mosaic.

"Dear, dear, dear," replied the other, "I never thought that there would be so much argument about me. I was prepared to come, to see, and to conquer, but not to have my feathers ruffled by my next-door neighbours. But never mind, I can afford to ignore them."

"And what is more, my dear Radiator Building," said Liberty's, "you *do* ignore them."

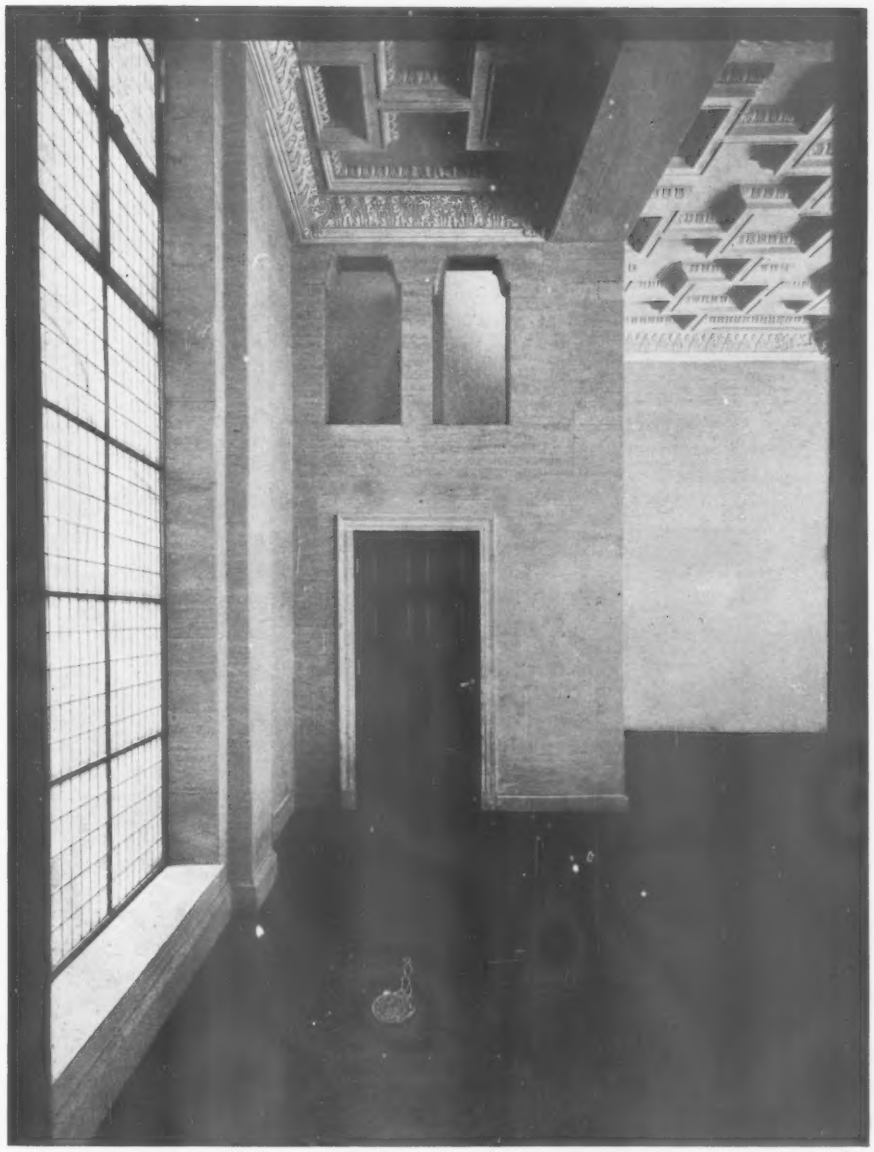
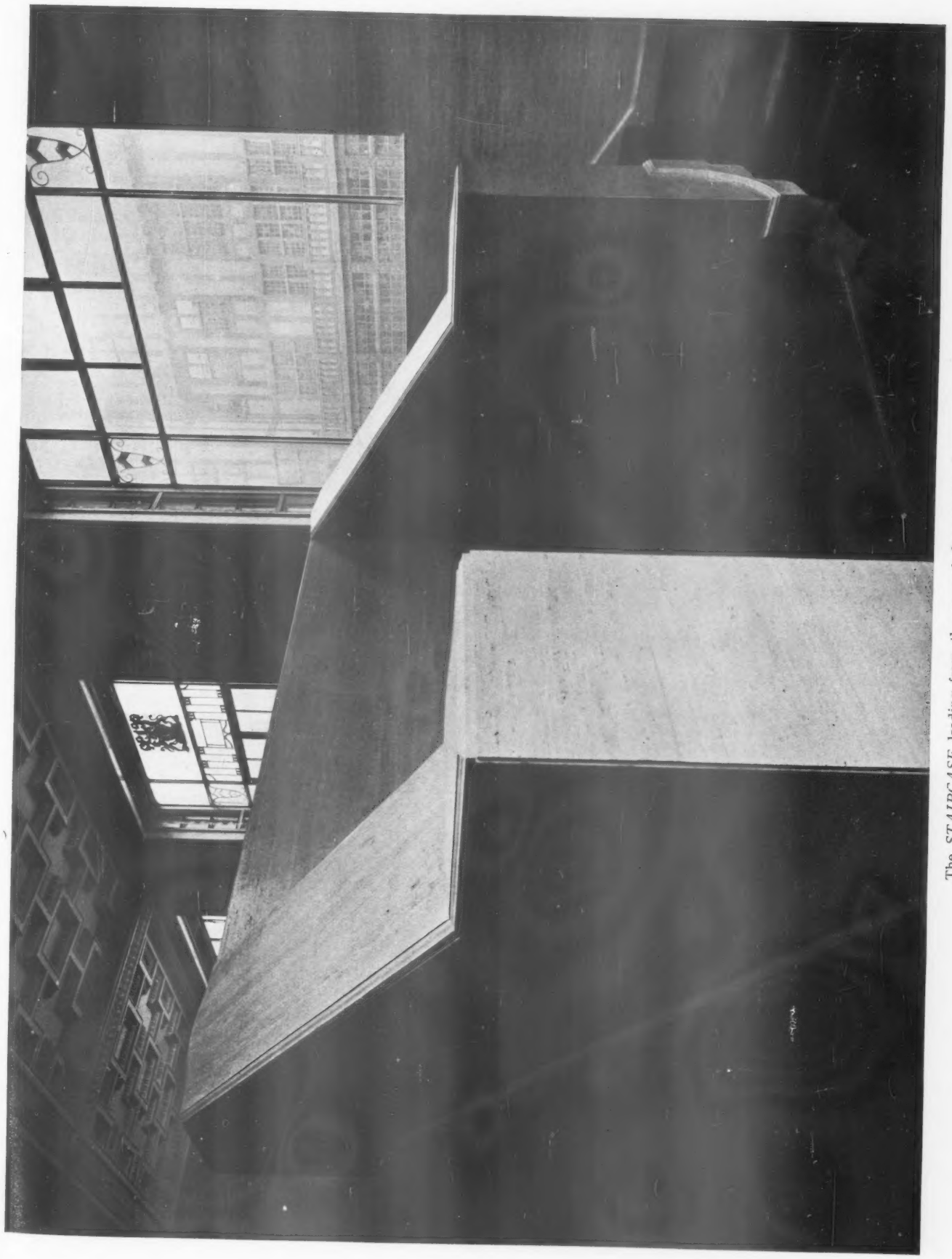


Plate IV. June 1929.

IDEAL HOUSE. A RECESS IN THE DISPLAY ROOM ON THE GROUND FLOOR.

Gordon Jeeves *and* Raymond Hood,
Associated Architects.

A Staircase connects the Display Room on the ground floor with the Offices above. The door seen in the illustration, which is made of laminated walnut, leads to the Fan Room.



The *STAIRCASE* leading from the ground floor to the basement.

Opposite the Victoria Inn, Banstead, showing the main road.

Above *and* Below. *The devastation at Banstead from the main road.*

THE IMPORTANCE OF TREES

NUMEROUS protests have recently been made against the destruction of trees in connection with road-widening schemes. Such destruction is more often worse than needless. The speed and volume of modern motor traffic makes the effectual separation of footpath from motor road desirable, and no better or more pleasant separation can be conceived than a belt of well-developed trees. The photographs at the foot of this page illustrate another use for trees along the high road. Just as they may profitably be kept as a screen between vehicles and pedestrians, so trees can be employed to divide fast through traffic from the local traffic of a shopping thoroughfare. These illustrations are put forward not as examples of modern shop front design, but as showing to perfection how an existing belt of trees may be preserved and utilised to an important end. The fortunate locality owning this pleasant double roadway is at the bottom of the London County Council building estate at Roehampton on the Upper Richmond Road just before you come to Roehampton Lane.

The three photographs at the top of this page should be carefully compared with the others. They depict a gruesome act of vandalism recently committed on the edge of Banstead Down on the outskirts of the town. These beeches were felled for no other purpose than to make way for shops which would have benefited enormously had they been allowed to remain. The result of the Banstead massacre will be a road in which fast and slow traffic must mingle to the detriment and annoyance of one another. There is in sum neither *a good fast road,* nor *a good shopping street,* nor *the trees which until recently adorned the landscape, when, by the use of a little forethought, there might have been all three.*

Left *and* Right. *Shopping fronts set back from the main road and served by a carriage-way behind an avenue of trees, on the London County Council building estate at Roehampton.*

Sound Films and the "Talkies."

THE sudden imposition on the silent film of the synchronized reproduction of speech has thrown the silent film into a state of cacophony at a moment when harmony seemed assured. The silent film has but recently established its claim to serious consideration. Even today there are many who still regard the film as a frivolous absurdity. But opposition was giving place to tolerance, tolerance to interest, and interest to admiration. The silent film had explored its own resources and recognized its possibilities. It had won its independence as a medium for expression, and its right to independence was being more generally conceded.

The history of the silent film goes back some thirty years to the early days of the "photo-play." The "photo-play" was not a reality; it was an illusion, a substitute for something else. That early state of the "photo-play" is practically the state to which the film is forced back by the intrusion of the "talkies."

The "talkies" are not a reality, they are a substitute for reality. The silent film has ceased to be an illusion, it exists in its own right.

To anticipate a shallow objection, I will here repeat what I have previously endeavoured to make clear in these columns, that the film does not exist by the illusion of the photographic reproduction of images. The film is constituted by the reality of the relation, juxtaposition, and interaction of these images. In other words, the right of the film to be accepted as an independent expressive medium is based on its reality and not on its illusion. The reproduction of speech as we know it today in connection with the "all-talking" pictures has no corresponding claim to reality. It is sheer illusion. Its synchronized imposition, then, on the silent film, inevitably implies a retrogression of the film to a corresponding state of immaturity.

The proposition may be put forward that if the silent film has developed from illusion to reality, the "talking" film may achieve the same justification through a corresponding process. But the possibility is opposed by an essential difference, the difference in the time element, which lies between the two media. Illumination by visual impression is practically instantaneous. Exposition by speech requires an appreciable period of time for its prosecution. For example, in quick shots, a woman's feet board an already moving train ; a letter falls from a man's helpless hands. We know all that we need know, and we are impressed by what we know of the situation. To explain this situation in speech would take ten times as long. Thus, in a "talking" film, nine-tenths of its length is necessary only to retard its movement to the rate of speech. It is beside the point to say we could present the situation rapidly by some such phrase as "She's gone"; we should have the fact, but we should not be impressed. The present state of mechanical imperfection of sound reproduction does not affect the argument. We may assume perfection in that respect, and the argument remains.

* * *

But apart from this difficulty of the time element, the imposition on the film of the reproduction of speech excludes from the film, to a paralysing degree, the use of the resources of cinematic art. The alternation of "talking" and silent film is dissonance worse confounded. The moment the film ceases to be a "photo-play" it goes outside the limits of "talking" possibilities. We may take as an illustration of this distinction a death-bed scene, let us say of a man old and worthy. The "talking" film, although it may ring the changes between this scene and other scenes, is limited to scenes where "talking" may be had, and the success of the interrelation of scenes is seriously menaced by the time element. The old man would be "an unconscionable time a-dying." The silent film could relieve and deepen this scene by, for instance, the alternation of a scene of a river estuary, where the river meets the sea, viewed across the wide sands at the ebb tide, in the light of falling day. We should understand through this instantaneous impression, where many words would fail, as it were the man's whole history.

The significance of symbolism and imagery, the stimulating or sedative effect of short or long cutting, the interplay of the personal and the inanimate, the contrast between the general and the particular; in short, practically all the attributions of the silent film which make the reality of cinematic art, are forced into subjection by the illusion of synchronized speech.

* * *

The adverse criticism which is levelled here against "talking" films is not to be levelled against sound films. I am using the word "sound," in this respect, to distinguish between sound which is not speech and sound which is speech. In this sense the analogy lies between sight and sound, and not between sight and speech. A musical accompaniment to films is generally considered desirable, and has become habitual. Although the accompaniment strengthens the effect of the film at particular moments, I am inclined to the view, after seeing films with and without music, that the musical element is desired as providing a relief, rather than an aid, to emotional intensity. The sound film meets this desire with a synchronized musical score, mechanically reproduced. Images of sound heard in actuality during the action imaged on the screen, if, and only if, they have a significant bearing on that action, are interwoven in the fabric of the score.

Assuming the perfection of the reproduction, the mechanized score, upon the whole, is better fitted than an orchestral accompaniment for its own purpose. Synchronization is beyond doubt, and the range of sounds is practically unlimited. The difficulty of the time element, insuperable in the use of speech, scarcely arises with regard to sound. The sound results from the act, the act is not altered or prolonged to accommodate the sound. This may be illustrated by a simple example. If the pop of a cork is significant to the action of the film, then the sound-image of the pop can be synchronized with the visual image of the act of drawing the cork (and a tedious caption might be avoided). If the pop is incidental to the action, its sound-image would be omitted from the score. Those who witnessed the synchronized version of *White Shadows of the South Seas*, shown at the Rialto Theatre, will remember the additional strength given to the dramatic elements of the film by the sound-images of hurrying feet as the natives swept down to the sea shore, of the subdued wailing at the funeral rites of their white friend, "Matta Loa."

* * *

Up to the present time experiments in the synchronization of sound have been confined to the direct relation of the sound image to the visual image. But the possibilities of using the one in indirect relation to the other have not been explored. Sound and vision could be inter-related in a manner which might be termed "contrapuntal." Such a use of sound offers a wide extension of the resources of the film.

The impression made by a visual image, or by a series of visual images, might be carried on by sound images during the progress of succeeding visual impressions, and the significance of these impressions would be, by these means, more strongly emphasized. Or the mind might be prepared for an impression to be made visually by a previous impression, of less moment, made through the medium of sound. For example, an element of suspense might be created in the mind, preparatory to a dramatic moment to be visually expressed, by the sound image of the slow drip of water, or the monotonous ticking of a clock. Again, the sound image might be used symbolically, in the exposition of character or the illumination of a state of mind. The relation, in this contrapuntal or symbolic sense, of visual and oral images reveals potentialities which cannot be denied. But the increase in resources which these potentialities imply requires an increasing discrimination in the way those resources are employed, lest the content of the film be submerged by its vocabulary.

* * *

In the meantime, the masses are flocking in their millions to see and hear the "talkies." There will still be room for readers of these columns at the Avenue Pavilion, and the growing circle of repertory film theatres, where silent films will be shown as long as there are silent films to show. I am told there are enough to last us for four or five years, and by that time the "talking" film will have been safely buried or have grown up and put away childish things.

MERCURIUS.

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH;

The Gothic Revival.

By H. S. Goodhart-Rendel.

The Gothic Revival; a Study in the History of Taste. By KENNETH CLARK. London: Constable & Co. Price 21s. net.

I REMEMBER a card-game being attempted in which the cards were old family photographs. Each trick was to be won by the ugliest card played to it, but disagreement among the players about values was so frequent that very few tricks were undisputed, and the game failed. There were some priorities that were not challenged: a motor-cap with hat-pins and veil admittedly went before a bustle, and a Newgate fringe placed a great-uncle well in the honours. Crinolines, however, caused sharp differences. The two middle-aged players thought them hideous, whereas the two younger put them as threes or fours at most. On the other hand, the younger players made any Merry Widow hat an ace; a valuation resented by the middle-aged, who remembered the fashion with indulgence.

If the game were played by architectural critics with photographs of buildings, I doubt that it would go any better. Terra-cotta turrets and half-timbered gables would be the motor-caps and Newgate fringes; nobody would dispute their trick-taking capacity. But I can imagine a serious dispute arising if a young player tried to take with a bit of Regent Street a trick upon which an elder had already triumphantly placed the Oxford Museum. The elder would remember tolerating the Regent-Street sort of thing before the war, while the museum would have been the bogey of his youth. To the younger, Regent Street would always have been stinking fish, while about Ruskin Gothic there would hang a not unpleasant aroma of Victorian idealism.

From this conflict between the tastes of the young and those of the not so young springs the opportunity of the anarchist with his axiom of "Whatever has been is wrong." If it were certain that the voice of one age can finally stultify the convictions of a former one, anarchy would be the only logical creed: whatever has been, if it has been long enough ago, is sure to have been unanimously condemned at some more recent time. Experience teaches, however, that this condemnation is usually the prelude to a reawakening of sympathy with the thing condemned. The rubbish-heap is always being ransacked for treasures to adorn the drawing-room. What the old remember being thrown away, the young retrieve and honour.

The return into favour of the Gothic Revival is almost come. We are tiring of the Georgian relics that our fathers agreed to prize, and the supply of them is running short. Fresh minds are finding in Puginism a romantic charm overlooked by those who remember it in its decay. Critics that abuse the design of the Houses of Parliament are beginning to seem—not demonstrably wrong (what critic is in such matters?)—but a little old-fashioned. We have heard enough, no doubt all quite true, about Gibbs and Chambers; what about Pugin and Scott?

Mr. Kenneth Clark tells a good deal about Pugin and Scott in his book entitled *The Gothic Revival*, which Messrs. Constable & Co. have published, and tells it well. Many readers will owe to him their first recognition of the subject as one of serious importance in the history of Art, and will admire and enjoy his methods of criticism and narration. Some will be very angry at having their lifelong prejudices against neo-Gothic countered or ignored. Others, perhaps only a few as yet, will find him temperate where they would prefer him to be enthusiastic. All, I think, must acknowledge that he has written learnedly and persuasively a book that was called for by the tendencies of modern taste. Eastlake, living in the thick of the movement he attempted to chronicle, was inevitably an apologist without perspective. In the record of fact Mr. Clark makes no attempt to supersede Eastlake, but in the choice of a critical standpoint he has taken full advantage of the fifty-seven years that separate Eastlake's work from his own. He is also much the better writer of the two.

The habit of harking back is planted deep in human nature, and its recognition is essential to the arts. Arts themselves ought not to hark back except when they have lost the scent past picking up. A revival of something follows naturally on the failure of something else; without the motive of dissatisfaction with the present, men seldom try to re-establish the past. No dissatisfaction, however, need prompt the backward glance that often discovers to the artist something left behind that he can pick up and use with new significance. Such use of a thing rich in associations but transformed by its context is not revival, it is a process of creation. Its value rises from the fact that those whom the arts address, ordinary human beings with memories and dreams, are particularly sensitive to emotional impressions when they are calling up in fancy the good old days either of their own experience or within an imagined and remoter past. What may be called historical allusion in a work of art is often a key to the sensibilities of the spectators or the readers, though if it is to retain its power, it must never degenerate into reproduction. The allusion must be only allusion, not quotation.

The Gothic Revival in architecture began with allusion, continued with quotation, and culminated in what may be called resumption rather than revival. That is to say, it began with a sprinkling of Gothic detail over the established style of building, it continued with an exclusive re-adoption of Gothic forms in detail and in gross, and it reached its zenith in a largely successful attempt to make new Gothic forms to suit new needs and methods of construction. These three periods may conveniently be named after their inaugurators the Batty Langley period, the Pugin period, and the Butterfield period. The Pugin period, which stands in the middle, was one of conscious preparation for the last, the Butterfield period; copyism was enjoined by Pugin as a discipline preparatory for the freedom that was to come. The Batty Langley period was for the most part one of amiable child's-play which, had no external forces been at work, might have ended in a mere clatter of falling bric-à-brac. The connection between the second and third periods is therefore essential; that between the first and second is to a large degree accidental.

Mr. Clark in his preface points out that he has "limited himself to a point of view, rather than to a period," and in his epilogue defines the subject of his book as "the ideals and motives of the Revival"; explaining that work done after the death of Gilbert Scott, when its motives were become plain and its ideals had been expressed, falls outside his scope. He therefore ignores, as he admits, almost all the mature work that the Revival produced. Now, although

the motives of the Revival can be traced, as Mr. Clark has traced them, in written documents, I do not think that its ideals can be understood from what the Revivalists said—they must be inferred from what they built. The work of Butterfield and that of Street are each strongly idiosyncratic; the work of Teulon and that of White are hardly less so. These four men would have subscribed to the same written creed, had it been put before them by the Ecclesiological Society. Yet Butterfield and Street, with all their difference, had something in common, something lacked by the others, that gave their work a supremacy none of the ecclesiologists ever questioned. I think it is only by analysis of this something that the true ideals of the Revival could be learnt.

Above: A CATHOLIC TOWN IN 1440. *Below:* THE SAME TOWN IN 1840.
Contrasted Towns reproduced from Pugin's *Contrasts*.
From *The Gothic Revival*.

Mr. Clark has a better eye for character in writings than in buildings; his mistaking Tite's church of St. Dunstan-in-the-East for a work of Wren; his odd notion that Butterfield and Philip Webb had anything in common even as "builders," his under-valuation of Barry's almost Puginic detail at St. Peter's, Brighton, do not show the penetration that never fails him when he is examining opinions. This is obviously due not to any lack of sensibility in him, but rather to a law in his members warring against the law in his mind. "A sensitive eye," he says, "which turns away from ugly shapes instinctively cannot have noticed a quarter of the neo-Gothic forms which have passed before it." His feelings towards the Revival are mixed. He finds Fonthill Abbey superb as scenery and full of imaginative power, and admits that "the movement produced some buildings to which, with the worst will in the world, we must allow great merit." As a whole, however, the Revival is to him "one of the very few styles which we cannot swallow," one for which no merit can be claimed "if we believe in objective values at all."

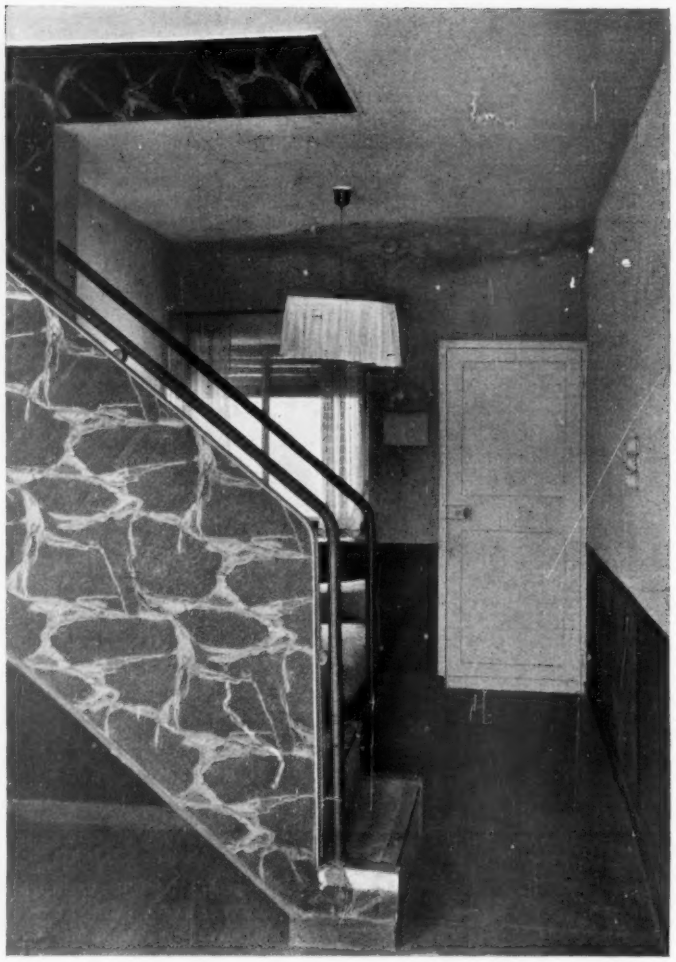
I have never found that I could believe in any objective æsthetic values except unity and economy of means, and I am therefore peculiarly ill-qualified to criticize Mr. Clark's discernment of positive ugliness in much that the Gothic Revivalists thought positively beautiful. Although the purpose of his book is not valuation, judgements are necessarily implied on every page; it is impossible to write well of art without showing personal likes and dislikes, and without suggesting that they are called forth by qualities inherent in the art itself. Mr. Clark's postulates must be sought between the lines of his writing. I gather that he believes that there is a standard of beauty indicable by the consensus of educated opinion, and that we can go beyond saying that things are good or bad of their kind and can lay down that some kinds of things are better than others. Though he does not stipulate that this is a purely visual standard, he admits a purely visual standard as a conceivable idea. He nowhere contemplates the possibility that all the pleasure-giving qualities of form and pattern are due to unconscious ethical associations, and therefore assumes a real antithesis between the theory of Pugin and that of Mr. Geoffrey Scott. "Be clever," says the "humanist," "and let who will be good." Mr. Clark very rightly distrusts cleverness, but he agrees with the humanist that goodness alone is not likely to lead to anything much.

The justification of the Gothic Revival would be the discovery that to be good was the way to be clever, and truth has often been stranger than this. Pugin's *True Principles* have underlain the training of young architects from the time when he propounded them to the present day. Much of what Mr. Scott calls the "Ethical Fallacy" only needs clarifying and translating into modern terms to become very like what we are now learning about the subconscious associations that govern our notions of beauty. The lamp of sacrifice may be re-lit and architectural truth be hauled up from the bottom of her well before the world is many years older.

Meanwhile, with our minds undecided as to its value, we may study the theory of the Gothic Revival with amusement and a reasonable hope of profit. In his preface Mr. Clark too modestly suggests that "the reader who cannot spare time for the whole book will probably find the last few chapters more interesting than the first"—(the inadvertent contradiction in this sentence is of no importance, since every reader worth considering will spare time to make the comparison)—and it is true that the chapters on Pugin, Ecclesiology, Ruskin, and Gilbert Scott will have greater novelty for most people than those on Literary Influences,

Ruins and Rococo, and Romanticism and Archæology. But these early chapters are wonderfully well done; no essential part of the story they tell escapes its proper emphasis, and, in particular, the justice that is done to James Wyatt is as generous as it is rare.

The chapter on "Literary Influences," within its limits, could hardly be better; Gray and Warton are placed by it on a secure eminence that no other historian has had the insight to claim for them. The chapter on "Ruins and Rococo" is chiefly concerned with Strawberry Hill and with Batty Langley. I think that Horace Walpole gets a little more than he deserves when Mr. Clark rates him for having "killed craftsmanship;" craftsmanship has never had much to do in stage scenery, and Strawberry was never intended to be real. In the chapter on "Romanticism and Archæology" the claims sometimes made for Sir Walter Scott as the chief force behind the Gothic Revival are considered and moderated. I think that a little more consideration might very greatly moderate the claims Mr. Clark makes for James Essex, whose emergence from oblivion seems only due to an accident of historical illumination.



THE STAIRCASE OF A HOUSE IN BORDEAUX.
Le Corbusier and Jeanneret, *Architects.*
From *Examples of Modern French Architecture.*

Mr. Clark's fifth chapter, entitled "Churches," covers little more than the activities of the Church Building Commissioners during the first phase of the Revival. He underestimates the number of neo-Gothic churches produced during the eighteenth century. The majority of these were destroyed in Victorian times, and even more are standing than he seems to realize. With his verdict on the architects of the Commissioners' churches that "they produced, in fact, some of the most worthless buildings ever erected" few will disagree.

The Houses of Parliament are classed by Mr. Clark as belonging essentially to the first or "Picturesque," rather than to the second or "Ethical" period ot the Gothic Revival. That is to say, that in spite of Pugin's detail, they are pre-Puginic in type. A simpler way of accounting for their peculiarity is the usual one of calling them, except in detail, not Gothic at all. Their detail, however, was enough to begin the "Battle," or rather "War of the Styles" (it was made up of many successive engagements) which was to last over forty years. Mr. Clark gives a lively account of the first skirmishes, and passes on to chronicle the bitterer battle fought between the descendants of Barry and those of Pugin as to the "authorship" of the design that caused the war.

"I could not have made the plan," said Pugin; "it was Barry's own." Mr. Clark quotes this, and from Mr. Clark I may quote—and I agree with what he says—that "every inch of the great building's surface, inside and out, was designed" by Pugin. Barry directed Pugin, and got from him what he wanted; there is no evidence that Pugin ever rebelled against the authority that Barry never abdicated. I remember being told by one to whom it was said, that Barry expressed regret for having made the buttresses of the river-front hexagonal on plan rather than square. Barry presumably designed the buttresses and Pugin the ornaments upon them. If Barry had been Nash, he would have bought the ornaments ready-made from Mrs. Coade's manufactory. Yet Mrs. Coade would not have been the architect of the Houses of Parliament. The line of division between the provinces of the two men is clear and quite definite enough for the purposes of history. As Mr. Clark says, "the silly question, 'Who was the architect of the Houses of Parliament?' is well forgotten."

Mr. Clark entitles three chapters severally with the names of Pugin, Scott, and Ruskin. Each chapter is charming to read, and contains exactly what it should contain to make each name a man to the general reader. The distinction between the theory of Pugin and that of Ruskin, alike in so much, is clearly drawn—perhaps a little more clearly than accurately. Pugin did not believe, as Mr. Clark says he did, "that if the construction of a factory or a railway station was strong, simple, and bold, the buildings would, *ipso facto*, be beautiful"; he required that the construction be Gothic before he would admit any possibility of beauty at all. Ruskin, however, is rightly represented by his aphorism: "All architecture proposes an effect on the human mind, not merely a service to the human frame," which Mr. Clark quotes to make an antithesis that is a true one between him and Pugin. To Ruskin, construction could only be the framework of architecture; to Pugin, it could be architecture itself.

To Gilbert Scott, architecture was value given for 5 per cent. received, value honestly weighed out and tested as to quality. Like many other essentially commercial minds, his had a large streak of sentimentality, which Mr. Clark makes entertaining use of in his narrative. His mind, also,

had the rarer quality of lucidity, and his *Remarks on Secular and Domestic Architecture* deserve Mr. Clark's encomium of being "one of the most convincing apologies for the Gothic Revival ever published." I do not agree, however, that "in his own day Gilbert Scott was universally believed to be the greatest architect of the Revival." There was always an anti-Scott minority, and that minority included most of the architects of his time whose work commands respect for their opinions.

Mr. Clark's chapter on "Ecclesiology" seems to me the most important in his book. I have left it to the last, to give it emphasis; but I shall not attempt to summarise that of which every word should be read with care. In detail it is open to correction, but in atmosphere it is perfect. To appreciate this atmosphere is to understand one of the most potent forces behind the Gothic Revival, and had he only this chapter to his credit Mr. Clark would rank as the foremost expositor of that great movement.

Two names I hope will be found in the index of the next edition of Mr. Clark's book, that of William Wilkins and that of Alexander Beresford Hope. Wilkins's Gothic at Cambridge and elsewhere was extremely influential in the later Wyatt period, and Beresford Hope was the picturesque protagonist in the comedy of fashionable ecclesiology. Without these names any book about their times must be incomplete.

Modern France.

Examples of Modern French Architecture. By HOWARD ROBERTSON and F. R. YERBURY. London: Ernest Benn, Ltd. Price 32s. 6d. net.

THE authors of this collection of photographs disclaim the intention of giving an inclusive view of the development and present state of "le style moderne" in contemporary French architecture. To do so would be practically impossible in a volume limited to a hundred pages. But it may be claimed for the authors what their modesty has prevented their claiming for themselves, that this collection of illustrations is chosen with a discriminating tact which makes it representative of architectural tendencies and endeavour in modern France.

An examination of this book leads towards the conclusion that French architects today are aiming, upon the whole, at a common goal; that their works are controlled by principles which are fundamentally the same. That common objective appears to be the liberation of architecture from the restrictions of traditional form and obedience to historical precedent. Its essence would seem to lie in the desire to create a modern architecture which shall be expressive of modern habits of life, assisted or controlled by the possibilities or limitations of modern methods of construction.

The difference in formal expression apparent in a comparison of many of the buildings included in this collection seems to arise from a difference in the angle from which the objective is viewed rather than from a difference in the objective itself. If this premise is accepted, it is permissible to include in the same category such architects as M. Garnier, M. Boileau, and M. Corbusier. In such buildings as M. Castel's private house at

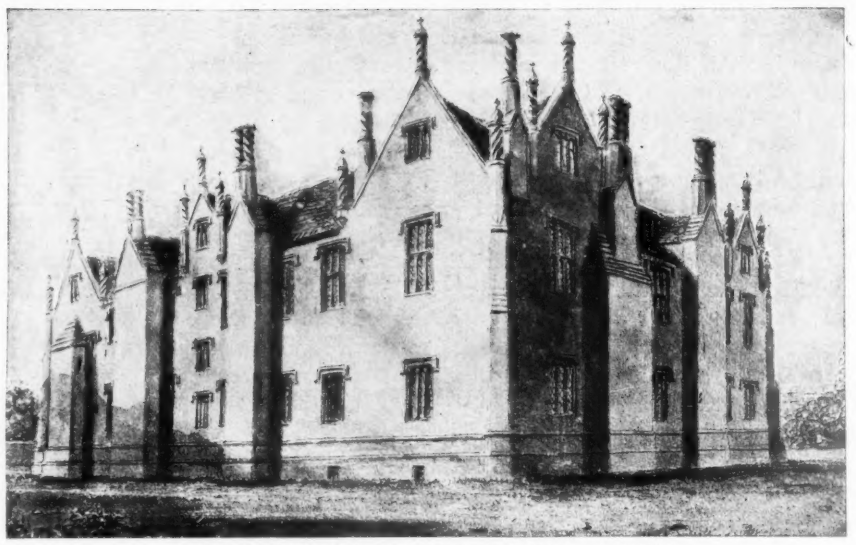
THE GARDEN OF A PRIVATE HOUSE AT LYONS.
Tony Garnier, *Architect.*
From *Examples of Modern French Architecture.*

Marseilles, M. Meysson's post office at Lyons, or the Theatre of the Champs-Elysées by the MM. Perret, can be seen an essential similarity.

The differences are differences of incident. This is most easily remarked in the attitude of mind of individual architects towards the question of secondary decoration.

M. Boileau's Hôtel Lutetia may be taken as illustrative of one extreme. In this building the essential form, as it finds expression in the perfectly controlled balance of voids and solids, is echoed and reinforced by the application of an elaborate decoration. In other words, the applied decoration is complementary to the design of the essential structure.

At the opposite end of the scale there is the kind of building, generally associated with the name of Corbusier, in which applied decoration is rigorously avoided. In buildings of this type the intention, or so it appears, is to limit the decorative quality of their design to the proportions and placing of the elements necessary to their realization. Opinions may differ as to the extent to which this intention succeeds in actuality.



BARRINGTON COURT FROM THE NORTH-WEST.
From a sketch by J. C. Buckler.
From *The Domestic Architecture of England during the Tudor Period.*

The buildings shown in this book indicate that where applied decoration is employed to emphasize the essentials of their design, the form of that decoration follows the movement known to us as "Art Nouveau," or has its origins in that rather sentimental school of thought. On the other hand, the uncompromising starkness of buildings by MM. Corbusier, Lurçat, and Mallet-Stevens, and by other architects of a similar cast of thought, raises the question as to whether that starkness is solely the effect of evolutionary measures, or whether, to some extent, it is due to a reaction against the sentimentality of a slightly earlier epoch. In either case the results may be regarded as an influence for good. At the same time critical balance should be preserved, and it may well be asked whether the claims of mechanism have not been allowed to take an undue precedence over a more human emotional significance.

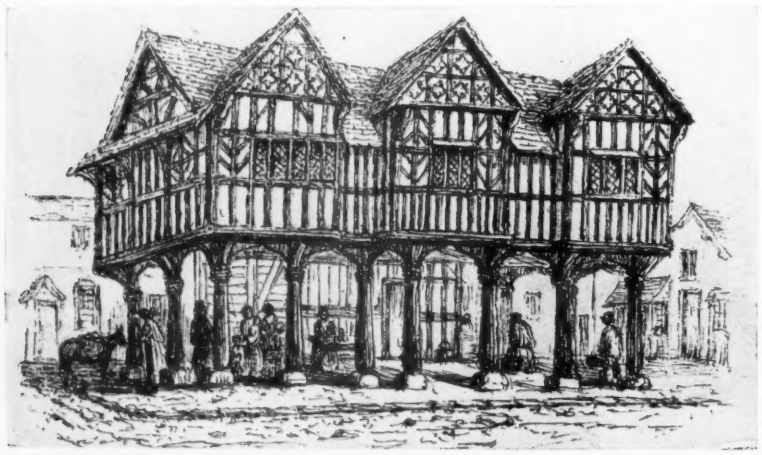
Such a doubt may easily arise in the mind of a stranger or a foreigner. But the inner circles of French intellectualism are notoriously difficult to penetrate. Long experience of misunderstanding has obviated the desire to explain. The policy of inclusion or exclusion does not assist a general comprehension. In some measure these buildings by M. Corbusier and his fellow-workers typify and embody this attitude of reserve. The slab-like walls with sharp incision divide the inside from the outside worlds. Elucidation, such as this book affords, shows that the interiors of these buildings are planned with generosity, a kind of "spacious cleanliness of thought." The harsh exteriors are reticent of what may lie behind. Unlike the German buildings of Eric Mendelsohn, which seem to owe their external form to an arrest, at its most expressive moment, of an internally created and outward-moving force, these French buildings of M. Corbusier's school of thought, devoid of an expansive sociability, conceal their attractive attributions behind a mask of uncompromising taciturnity.

Be this as it may, this collection of representative illustrations provides an opportunity for forming individual opinions. Messrs. Robertson and Yerbury have done a valued service in producing evidence of work which cannot be lightly dismissed by the few thoughtless phrases, obstinately expressed, which, in this country at least, are habitually opposed to sincere development.

JAMES BURFORD.

Tudor Houses.

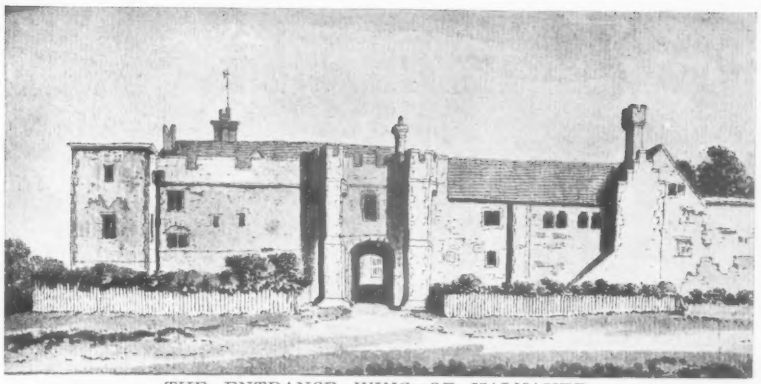
The Domestic Architecture of England during the Tudor Period. By THOMAS GARNER, Architect, and ARTHUR STRATTON, Architect. Second Edition, revised and enlarged. London: B. T. Batsford, Ltd. Two volumes, price £9 9s. net the set.



THE OLD MARKET HOUSE, CHURCH STRETTON, SHROPSHIRE.
Now Destroyed.
From *The Domestic Architecture of England during the Tudor Period.*

TO the late Thomas Garner, who made a lifelong study of the domestic architecture of the Tudor period, belongs the credit for the inception of this great work. Conscious of the popular clamour for books on the houses of the Renaissance, both of the early and late periods, and realizing the inadequate recognition given to the Tudor style, that type of building so essentially English in its character and expression, and so free from foreign influence, he determined to produce a monograph which should bring home to the nation the magnificent heritage which remained to them of the work produced during the reigns of the Tudor kings.

Unfortunately, Garner died in the spring of 1906, at a time when his project was in its initial stages, and his publishers were faced with the difficult task of selecting a successor to carry on the work to its fruition. Their choice fell upon Arthur Stratton, under whose able and sympathetic direction the original edition was finally launched some sixteen years later.



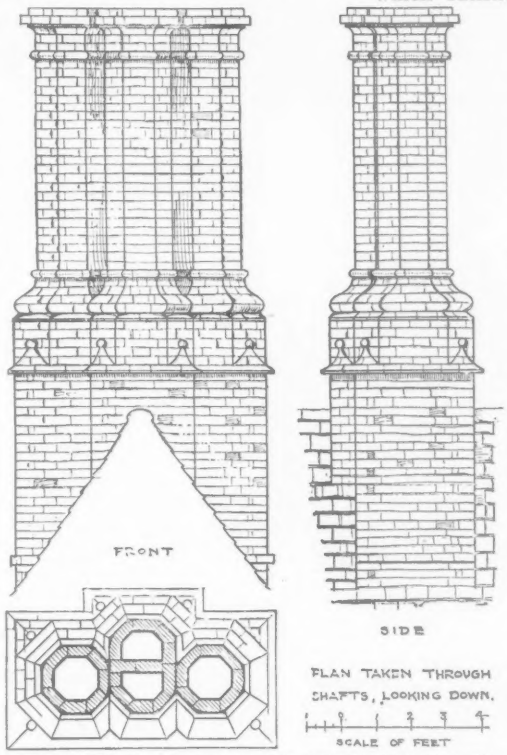
THE ENTRANCE WING OF HALNAKER.
From *The Domestic Architecture of England during the Tudor Period.*

Nineteen years have elapsed since the publication of the first edition. Copies are now extremely difficult to meet with, and when they are available the cost is several times the original price. The second edition, also edited by Mr. Stratton, which was published recently, is therefore welcome, not only because it contains the whole of the contents of the original edition, with the addition of of twenty more houses, chiefly of the smaller type, but also because it has been possible for the publishers to reprint the work at little more than its original pre-war cost of eight guineas.

The book is not merely an album of beautiful pictures, despite the fact that there are 210 of them, magnificently reproduced by the collotype process. They are accompanied by a critical and historical text occupying some 250 pages in which each house is treated under a separate heading and its description interspersed with photographs and drawings of views, plans, and details. Another very important feature is the series of plates of specially prepared large-scale measured drawings of exteriors, interiors, and details, reproduced by lithography, which will be of the greatest practical value to architects and others interested in the study of Tudor design and craftsmanship. A number of well-known contemporary draughtsmen have contributed drawings, and examples are also included of the work of Hollar, Buckler, Twopeny, Grimm, and others. Here is, indeed, a regal and unrivalled survey of a period of English architecture such as has never before been attempted by any author or publisher.

A departure has been made in the new issue from the purely chronological arrangement of the houses which was followed in the original edition. The examples have been rearranged and classified according to the materials employed, that is stone, brick, or timber. This arrangement causes a certain amount of overlapping in the dates, but the advantages of the new classification are that the houses are now grouped more nearly to the regional, that those built of similar materials can be more easily studied, and that the influences of those materials on their design and construction can be more readily appreciated.

A. E. DOYLE.



A BRICK CHIMNEY-STACK AT LITTLE HAUT BOIS HALL, NORFOLK. From a measured drawing by B. P. Gaymer.
From *The Domestic Architecture of England during the Tudor Period.*

The Work of the Brothers Perret.

A. and G. Perret (being No. 16 of *Les Albums d'Art Druet*). Paris: La Librairie de France. With 24 Photogravures and Plans. Price 30 francs.

THIS is a very handy and useful little portfolio, illustrative of all the most important buildings designed by the Frères Perret from the rather nondescript and so little prophetic block of flats at 22 Bis Rue Franklin in Paris (1905) to their *projet* for the Palace of the League of Nations at Geneva (1927), which satisfies a long-felt want at an eminently reasonable price.

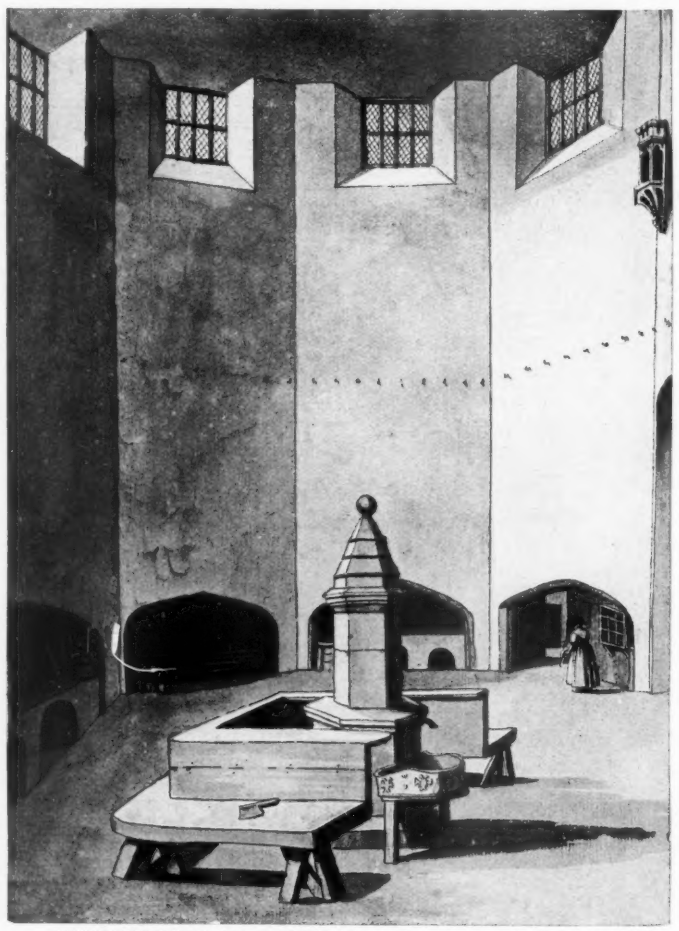
The Perrets, M. Marcel Mayer insists in an excellent little introduction, should be considered as classicists. They would have proved themselves just as good architects had they chosen to work in brick and stone instead of reinforced concrete. Their severely logical minds use this material with an equally severe economy. Fine engineers, no less than fine architects, their work is conspicuous for its sobriety and lack of ostentatious effects. The Perrets are neither Puritans nor dogmatists, because they realize that the purely mathematical use of concrete produces purely lifeless results. They are not, like certain self-advertising "Modernists" who might be named, "plasticians rather than builders," and therefore do not demand the creation of a new form of society to justify the form of their designs. Indeed, they have always chosen the simplest solutions for the problems presented and are just as ready to design a straightforward factory, such as the "Ateliers de Confection," built for a large wholesale firm of Paris dressmakers in 1919, as an imposing monumental church like the proposed Basilique Sainte-Jeanne d'Arc (1926).

KIRTLING HALL, CAMBRIDGESHIRE, PREVIOUS TO 1752.
From an original drawing in the British Museum.
From *The Domestic Architecture of England during the Tudor Period.*

HENRY VIII AND HIS FAMILY. From a painting by Hans Holbein.
From *The Domestic Architecture of England during the Tudor Period.*

Though the Perrets were among the first to abandon the sloped roof, they have on both practical and æsthetic grounds retained the cornice which so logically and satisfactorily rounds off and defines the silhouette of a building with the frugal emphasis of a belt of drip-stone or corbelled gutter troughing. They are likewise "reactionary" enough to prefer vertical to horizontal windows. Though the Perrets always leave their structures intelligible—or, as the French say, "readable"—they have never evinced any prejudice against facing a concrete framework with other materials. What they have succeeded pre-eminently in doing is to produce works of art from the purely utilitarian elements of the *style usine*.

"Composition," says Auguste Perret, "is the welding into an indivisible and harmonious whole of all the disparate conditions, elements, and materials imposed on the architect by his programme. . . . Style is architecture which has attained character; partly from being true to the function of the building itself, and partly from being a just imaginative interpretation of the general nature of the materials in which it is constructed and the particular type of construction employed. . . . The only 'new' thing in 'Modern' architecture is the variety of new needs it has provided for. This sort of modernity has always existed." In the opinion of those critics who regard decoration as a sort of finishing coat of paint, or extraneous veneer, these austere architects have perversely "denuded" their work by despoiling it of all adventitious plastic grace. "A thing beautiful in itself," Auguste Perret has declared, "has no need of embellishment; it decorates itself." As M. Mayer aptly points out, "it is only wealth abounding that can ever hope to succeed in 'impoverishing' itself." With the least the Perrets achieve the most. Though they were the first to seek a new æsthetic appropriate to reinforced concrete they have never abused the potentialities of that medium.



THE KITCHEN AT COWDRAY. From an original drawing by S. H. Grimm, 1786.
From *The Domestic Architecture of England during the Tudor Period.*

The Théâtre des Champs-Elysées, begun in 1911, was the first essentially modern theatre, and remains as modern and little "dated" today as when it was opened in 1913. The Garage Ponthieu (1905) has been the prototype of all modern garages.

Among the lesser-known works of the Frères Perret illustrated are the dock-sheds at Casablanca in Morocco, constructed in 1915; the Orientation Tower of the Grenoble Electric Power Exhibition of 1925; a charming house and garden at Alexandria in Egypt, built, like the Church of Sainte-Thérèse at Montmagny, Oise, which closely resembles its famous predecessor at Le Raincy, in 1926; and the Marinoni factory at Montataire, Seine-et-Oise, completed in 1927.

P. MORTON SHAND.

Sculpture at the Royal Academy.

THE sculpture at the Royal Academy does not represent the contemporary English school as a whole, but only the preponderant out-of-date portion. The modern British sculptors do not exhibit at the Royal Academy. This year's exhibition, however, is notable because it includes certain sculptures of an advanced and symptomatic character. Nevertheless the bulk of the 203 exhibits is the same as ever. What is wrong with this bulk, this typical Academy sculpture, is that it has few intuitions and only the faintest intimations of the dignity of the spirit of real beauty. It is skilful, but its skill is that of the modeller, not that of the carver. Skill of any sort never made a work of art. The Academy sculptors, moreover, do not labour hard enough at their subjects; they are content with the facile reproduction of ideas that have been in use at the Academy for generations; they do not originate; they do not imagine; they do not realize that an artist's job is to create. Creation is a discovery, a progression from the unknown; tradition is merely the piecing together of the known. Modelling lends itself to traditional ideas; it is a piecing together of bits of clay, and its exponents have so inured themselves to the easy process that they have become subdued to the medium in which they work. The Academy sculptor's acquaintance with marble is a bowing one; he does not engage himself with marble; he is content with the services of the professional carver whose mark can be seen in each example of platitudinous plaster which has been translated into marble on the crowded Academy stands.

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The marriage of true sculpture is between material and evocation. Academy sculpture has not entered into that holy state; it is semi-detached. The pointer is the impediment of this true marriage, and no union is complete that is not wholly a devotion. The doleful lack of invention, the propagation of fanciful notions, shallow symbolisms, and feeble pictorialisms is due to the ease with which clay modelling can be learnt and practised. But pretty stories are insufficient food for famishing families eager for a new sensation, avid for a fresh growth, indifferent if it be a lush and uncultivated one. If strength is not forthcoming, we cannot be fobbed off with frippery; we do not want execution without thought; we cannot be spoon-fed on grace alone, we need meat before grace; we want muscle as well as enfeebled, sophisticated execution. A lively interest in research after new form is difficult to find at the Academy. It cannot be attained by modelling portrait busts of which there are too many at Burlington House. An artist should not live by busts alone, but by the fruits of wisdom; by the living waters that issue from the fountain of creation; by the warm breath of the spirit—these are his only excuses for living. How much vital force is in evidence at the Royal Academy? There are only about twenty vital sparks in the sculpture rooms; to its credit the selection committee has secured some examples of fine carved work as well as some few that show good modelling; to the discredit of the hanging committee these pieces cannot be easily studied; two full rounds at least are flattened against shabby walls.

* * *

There is much joy over the one sinner who repents. Gilbert Ledward has repented. He is the modeller who has turned carver; he is the English sculptor who has not feared to explore the thought-area of the Continent. Moreover, he happens to sit in the chair of official sculpture in England, for he is Professor of the School of Sculpture at the Royal College of Art; the school that until recently was known as the School of Modelling! The most important piece of sculpture at the Royal Academy Exhibition is Ledward's group of *Caryatid Figures* in Roman stone. It has all the virtues. First of all, it is architectural; it is finely thought and it is finely wrought; it is carved direct. The group is so symptomatic that those who care for real sculpture can take courage and rejoice. It is, in point of fact, the official return to real sculpture; the definite and purposeful reaction from the shackles so long worn of purposeless clay modelling. Ledward's effort is well supported by the *Woman's Torso* in the same material, by Allan Howes—important things, not only because they are carved, but because they indicate that Frank Dobson, Alan Durst, and Eric Gill have not worked in vain, and that the visit of Carl Milles and his collection to the Tate Gallery has encouraged the development of the new sense of form. There are other carved works on exhibition, some of them authentic, like Charles Wheeler's simplified *Head* in Belgian black marble, and Robert J. Emerson's *Mother and Child*. Wheeler and Emerson hail from Wolverhampton; is this another symptom? Their two works are free of the plastic thrall anyhow—free from the thrall of the traditional upon which academical London lives. Perhaps the provinces can help.

* * *

But we shall never be free nor never want to be free of modelling, for it is the basis of cast work. We must always have bronze, lead, and iron, and the more precious metals that are melted and cast into moulds. William McMillan provides a reminder of how good modelling can be in the two great figures of *The Sun* and *The Moon*, which presumably are to form part of a monument; but how absurd they look in the Lecture Room with its excruciating single row of busts round the walls! There are Phyllis Clay's charming lead figure, *Listening Nymph*, for an Adam niche in a garden wall: perfectly logical; Alfred Hardiman's two decorative *Entrance Figures* which are conceived plastically but in design cry aloud for granite or basalt. Glyptic, however, is not Hardiman's inspiration, and so these fine figures must perforce be cast in bronze. It might be well if their goitred necks were reduced from their present redundancy before the casting. The hackneyed *Great Pan* subject, treated with some originality in concrete by Gilbert Bayes, is a clear lead from the plastic practitioners. Verde di prato, used so effectively by Richard Garbe in his *Sea Lions*, is a material much in evidence in the exhibition. Next year it might be as well if concrete occupied a similar position, because it can be either cast or carved, and lends itself conveniently to both plastic and glyptic sculptors. The legitimate exploitation of a plastic medium is also vindicated in the higher forms of modelled work in the figures in ceramic by Gilbert Bayes, Nicholson Babb, and Harry Parr. Legitimately plastic, too, are the *December* and *June* lead garden figures of Anne Acheson, and in pure sculpture *The Annunciation* of Dyson Smith—for bronze I hope, not pointed marble. It is quite a fresh rendering of the subject that he illustrates. There is no symbolism at all, and in point of fact it might be called by any other name and still be as effective. It is in essence a good piece of figure modelling, vigorous and naturalistic, beside which the tameness of adjacent pieces becomes marked. It is more than mere naturalism, however; it has spirit, and this fact warrants the title applied to it.

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All these pieces still show respect for modelling, and it is devoutly to be wished that this was the rule rather than the exception. There are among the smaller works the fine bust of *John Galsworthy* by David Evans, and the same artist's decorative bronze group of *Mother and Child*; the fine, uncompromising portraits by John Tweed; the *English Dancer* of E. Whitney-Smith; the *Jamaican Negro* of Glyn Philpot—these give a hope in their various ways, but there is so much that is hopeless: two hundred pieces of sculpture in all, mostly mediocre, many really bad. The exhibition habit is in part responsible for the present state of Academy sculpture. When the exhibited work is good the younger artists are inspired; when it is bad they are dispirited, and encouraged to think that the bad is good enough. It is only by the introduction of a new incentive that an improvement can be effected. Direct carving offers itself.

MYRAS.

LADBROKE GROVE.
From a painting by Margaret Fisher-Prout.

Painting at the Royal Academy.

"IS Modern Art degenerate?" A morning paper has been rather exercised about this subject.

It nearly always happens that a man who has not grown with the times but who clings to his beliefs as to the excellence of the works of Leighton, Millais, Ward, and others whom most people have forgotten, thinks that any works which are not like theirs must be degenerate; from his point of view all modern French art is degenerate; and painting that shows any signs of this influence is degenerate and, of course, "un-English," and, in fact, "not cricket."

Seen from this angle the present exhibition at Burlington House is reassuring; there is a sort of Jorrocks-like healthiness in a large proportion of the paintings and drawings shown.

Taken as a whole the exhibition reveals a dead level of mediocre achievement. Not mediocre in amateurishness (in fact, a little more of the amateur spirit of enthusiasm would be welcome), for there is an over-professional gloss on everything.

One has a curious impression of the presence of Dutch influence; the effects of the recent Dutch exhibition are plainly seen in the general tone of the exhibits, and a relapse from the suggestion of French influence which was beginning to make itself felt. With portrait-painters it is perhaps a cry of "back to Van Dyck"; for, after all, it was he who laid the foundation of English portrait-painting. Or possibly it is only a question of reverting to type. Then there were many interiors (I counted sixteen), a number of which were done more or less in the manner of Vermeer; in some cases very much less.

* * *

Many of the essentially English painters are developing a sculpturesque solidity; for instance, Ernest Procter's *Flora at Evening* (616) has this quality; his *Sleeping Flora* (566) and *Bacchanal* (393) are not such successful treatments in this method, being structurally flabby. Dod Procter is also of this school, and Dame Laura Knight is on the outskirts of it too, though she overdoes everything she touches—and there are others, chiefly painters of the nude. To get weight and a sort of sculpturesque impassivity seems the aim of these people; but surely they are missing something which more distinctly belongs to the art of painting; the fluid activity of paint must of necessity be lacking in this sort of work, a quality which is present in the paintings by David Muirhead, who makes his first appearance as an Associate and is a distinct acquisition to the Academy.

In his two portraits, *Violet, daughter of D. R. H. Williams, Esq.* (532) and *Blue and Silver* (163) there is quiet beauty and good taste, which lifts them quite above the aggressive self-assertion of most of the other portraits; the handling is simple and unobtrusive, yet sufficient to tell us of the painter's nice appreciation of femininity.

Augustus John's *Portrait of a Man* (67) attracts attention by its large and expansive treatment; the handling is loose and rambling, and the figure is spread over the canvas in a concern for composition which is not always present in John's portraits. The apparently happy unconcern over the niceties of surface are a relief from the preciousness and anxiety shown in the works of other artists.

Mrs. Fisher-Prout's *Ladbroke Grove* (406) is another painting free from academic restraint; a scene which to some people would be merely a collection of uninteresting mid-Victorian houses has become, through the eyes of the artist, a street of palms, trees, and flowers of exotic exuberance, proving once again that "beauty is in the eye of the beholder."

Richard Sickert's *Sir Nigel Playfair in the part of Tony Lumpkin* (388) is not as admirable as his *Admiral* of last year; but it comes upon one as a breeze blown through the Academy walls.

Amongst other portraits I liked *Miss Margaret Toyne* (397), by David S. Paynter — the lady is contorted in the most amazing manner to oblige the decorative sense of the painter; *S. W. Atherton, Esq.* (81), by David Alison, which is like a more solid Orpen; *A Dancer* (456), by George Clausen, showing the head of a girl beautifully and firmly constructed; *W. J. Courtauld, Esq.* (122), a competently painted "full length," by Maurice Greiffenhagen; and Flora Lion's *The Misses Essex and Valerie French* (321), which is attractive in colour and fairly good in composition if somewhat sweetly pretty (and one is puzzled as to what takes place below the waist lines—that is, whether the figures are sitting or standing).

Of the landscapes, including street scenes, *The Old Town, Mentone* (277), by Henry Bishop, has a certain amount of distinction by reason of the simplification of the houses into simple, flat planes; and *The Mill Pool, Swanage* (213), by John E. Mace, is good of its kind.

* * *

What is the matter with the watercolour section? This section has never been satisfactory in my experience, though it may sometimes include some individually good work. But there is always a dreary look about the walls and one feels a lack of interest on the part of visitors; perhaps this lack of interest originates with the authorities.

The reason seems to be the absence of an ideal in the art of watercolour drawing; there is no direct line of development through which the authorities can recognize a good watercolour when they see it; the standard is left too much to chance; there is no real distinction drawn between a watercolour and an oil; the standard for the one seems to be the same as for the other —that it pleases the casual eye.

* * *

On the whole there is a distinct improvement in the hanging this year; there are fewer pictures and greater space is allowed between them.

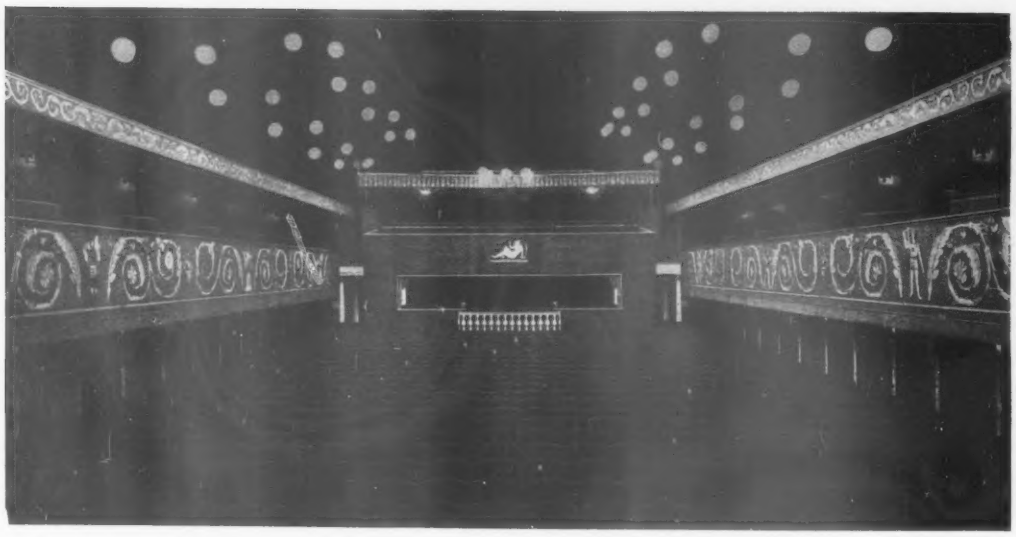
More is made of the black-and-white section this time. Instead of being a sort of afterthought in the very small room leading out of the watercolour room, the drawings are now placed in gallery number VI near the central hall, which used to be a kind of unsatisfactory no-man's-land of apparently rejected oil-paintings which, when carried away, only got that far (for they were generally rather heavy and large works) and were then allowed to stay there, apparently through a wavering uncertainty as to what should be done with them (the carpenters not having perhaps heard clearly what were the directions regarding them), together with some abandoned and discouraged pieces of sculpture.

Well, this is all changed; it seems exactly the right place for the etchings and engravings, and they can now be examined quite comfortably without digging (and without the visitor being dug) in the ribs.

* * *

The miniature section suffers from the same drawback as the watercolour section; there seems to be no standard as to what constitutes a miniature.

RAYMOND MCINTYRE.



The Auditorium from the stage of the Skandia Cinema, Stockholm. Gunnar Asplund, *Architect.*

JUNE *1929.*

Craftsmanship

The
Architectural
Review
Supplement

OVERLEAF: *AT CLOSE RANGE.*

Overleaf are reproduced two details of the embroidered velvet balcony front from the Skandia Cinema, Stockholm, the most distinguished piece of textile design of our time. The balconies in this cinema are hung with velvet, bright scarlet in colour; and the friezes which take the place of balustrades are adorned with these applied decorations in the archaic Greek manner. The designs are the work of Alf Munthe, in collaboration with the architect, Gunnar Asplund. The craftsmen were the Thyra Grafström studios, now conducted by Miss Elsa Guttberg.

T CLOSE RANGE

DECORATION ON THE BALCONY FRONT OF THE SKANDIA CINEMA, STOCKH

A *DRAWING ROOM.* The walls are green; the carpet is in shades of white and black; the furniture is of mahogany, and the upholstery is in velvet of a brownish yellow.

Designer: UNO ÅHRÉN.

Harrods—and Sweden

The Artist, the Craftsman, and the Great Stores.

[The artist is not the only man who matters, but he does matter a bit. All the best business men and statesmen, from Solomon to Napoleon and C. B. Cochran, not only justly appraise his work, but know just how to turn his unique gift to their own advantage. That he should be given the frozen shoulder by trade and industry, as he is today, and his activities confined to daubing on canvas, is bad for art, but it is much worse for business. The French know better, and so do the Germans and the Swedes.—ED.]

AN article in the April issue of the REVIEW entitled *Arnold Bennett, H. G. Wells, Bernard Shaw and Harrods*, made a rather frustrate effort to locate and prospect those mysterious barriers which in England divide the artist and all his works from his patron, the public—the field being the so-called decorative and industrial arts. To the indictment that the middleman or his modern apotheosis, the big store, has much to answer for, Mr. Louis Blanc, architect to Harrods, has sent the following reply:

DEAR SIR,—I have to thank you for your kind invitation to offer my views on the employment of really good artists in the field of decoration. I read with the greatest interest your leading article on Harrods in the April number, and have set out below a few somewhat hastily framed opinions.

In a general way a great store is so organized that it must make profits by selling what its public are willing to buy. The bigger the store the bigger this public must be.

It may take pride in being high-class and in serving artistic and intelligent people, but it can be shown that such people form a limited class and have a limited purchasing power.

The great stores do not under-rate the brains of the intelligent public as you have suggested; no other organizations study them so much or try harder to understand them and their needs.

It is not the business of a store to educate. It collects merchandise from the ends of the earth, the choicest that can be found, and it is offered to all comers.

The public are the judges of its merits and many things of rare beauty are purchased daily within the four walls of Harrods.

A presentation *URN* in cast iron.

Sculptor: ANDERS JÖNSSON.
Craftsmen: NÄFVEQVARNS WORKS.

It is perhaps true that the works of artists of repute cannot be readily sold by the great stores. The sale of such work is in the nature of speciality business, while the great stores are organized to deal with trade in huge volumes.

They exist to serve the public, and the fashions of the day must be available on demand whether they be for apparel or furniture. The duty of the artists is to lead, and if the leadership is sound the public may be trusted to follow; the creations of today will become the fashions for tomorrow.

The great stores will be early to adopt these fashions and pass them on to their patrons, so in the end the best and finest works of the great decorative artists may come within the reach of the intelligent and tasteful public.

Yours faithfully,
LOUIS BLANC.

Mr. Blanc's remarks are full of quiet common sense; nobody can expect a big store to see art through the greenery-yallery spectacles of Hampstead-Garden-Suburb. But setting aside the speculations raised by the question, Who sets the fashions? which Mr. Blanc like a wily man manages to beg, at least one point raised in his letter requires further discussion. The article in question was written as a tribute to Harrods for asserting that it was their deliberate policy to employ the best artists and craftsmen the country had to offer, an assertion broadcast throughout the Press in a letter from Mr. Arnold Bennett, of which the following is an extract:

. . . You [Harrods] say, further, that you buy the best available materials and commodities that research can procure, and that

> you employ the best organizers, technicians, artists, designers, architects, and craftsmen of every sort that you can discover. Lastly, you suggest that you ought to be able to enlist the help of descriptive writers in the same category of excellence and prestige as your finest workers in the applied arts . . .

Now in a way Mr. Blanc supports the assertion of Harrods that they employ the best organizers, technicians, artists, designers, architects, and craftsmen of every sort that they can discover when he says: "*The great stores do not under-rate the brains of the intelligent public as you have suggested; no other organizations study them so much or try harder to understand them and their needs*"; but he contradicts this statement rather disconcertingly when he says in another place: "*It is perhaps true that the works of artists of repute cannot be readily sold by the great stores. The sale of such work is in the nature of speciality business, while the great stores are organized to deal with trade in huge volumes.*" What else do the intelligent people want but the work of artists of repute?[1]

No, the great stores cannot possibly have it both ways. If they say frankly, "We are business men out to do business with the mob," then at any rate we all know where we are. But if the great stores maintain that far from ignoring or under-rating the brains of the intelligent people, no other organizations study them so much or try harder to understand them and their needs, even to the extent that they will employ the best technicians, artists, designers, architects, and craftsmen of every sort for the delighting and satisfying of intelligent people, then these same intelligent people are inclined and, indeed, have a right to expect to be studied and catered for by the stores, and, further, they expect to find that the stores really do employ the best technicians, artists, designers, architects and craftsmen. What, then, are they to think when Mr. Blanc informs them that "it is perhaps true that the works of artists of repute cannot be readily sold by the great stores"?

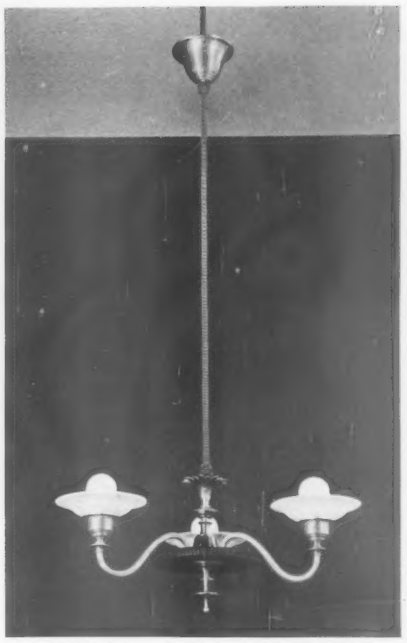
[1] See the letter from Clough Williams-Ellis on page 321 of this issue.

Perhaps Mr. Blanc will explain. If he is full of the wisdom of the serpent he will probably challenge the writer of this article to produce, like rabbits out of a hat, these much-discussed "artists of repute," whose work, were it bought and sold by the stores, would appeal to the fastidious taste and hand the long-awaited punch to the dreamy arts of the fake antique trade. Mr. Blanc's own punch, were it so delivered, would not be easy to counter, for in England the Kings of Commerce, having little use for such people, managed during a century of transition to maroon the majority of artists on the isles of easel-painting, with the result that there are very few English artists today who know anything either of industrial conditions or of the limitations which the machine imposes on design. There are some however, who do—more than is generally supposed—and in succeeding months it will be the aim of the REVIEW to compile a list of these men and to illustrate their work in order that the public may at least have a chance of seeing it. The REVIEW will also try to show how firms, which are lacking neither in enterprise nor in a certain practical desire to do their best both by the public and the artist, can help to put the artist back in Abraham's bosom. Later, M. J. E. Sachs, the managing director of Nordiska Kompaniet, the Harrods of Sweden, will shatter—so far as such a feat is possible—the cherished illusions of the English directors of nearly all our big stores by showing that it is economically possible *to sell in a store* the work of first-rate artists, and that the mere collecting and selling of merchandise is no more the sole function of a store than the mere collecting and selling of news is the sole function of a newspaper. The newspapers have large Walters and Beaverbrooks behind them, making or unmaking empires. Those Napoleons behind the great stores—have they no impulse to do more than buy and sell regardless of what they are buying and selling?

The case of Sweden is very pertinent to this discussion. How has a small country of six million inhabitants been able to take the lead in what are called the industrial arts? The answer is to

A *FIREPLACE* in cast iron in the first-class smoking-room of the motor steamship *Kungsholm*. The figures on the back of the fireplace represent the stellar constellations. The background is a painting by KURT JUNGSTEDT of the inner harbour of the city of Stockholm.
Designer: ANNA PETRUS. *Craftsmen:* NÄFVEQVARNS WORKS.

A *TABLE LAMP* in pewter, with a painted parchment shade.
Designer : NILS FOUGSTEDT.
Craftsmen : SVENSKT TENN.



A three-light electric *CHANDELIER* in gilt bronze.
Designers and Craftsmen :
NORDISKA KOMPANIET.

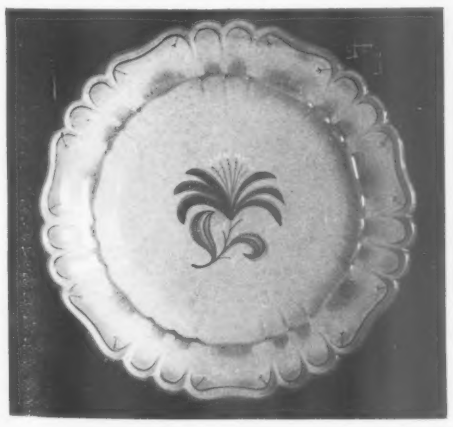
A *STOOL* in wrought iron, with a handwoven canvas seat.
Designer : ISIDOR HÖRVIK.
Craftsmen : SVENSKT TENN.

be found in some interesting articles on the subject written by Dr. Gregor Paulsson, the head of the Svenska Sloejdfoereningen, and by Mr. Naboth Hedin in the *House Beautiful*. They point out that industrial art in Sweden in its present form has been developed during the last ten or fifteen years. Before this period of rejuvenation the old handicrafts there, as in every other country, had been giving way more and more to machine-made imitations. The nobility had long ceased to set the styles; class distinctions as to taste had broken down; the factories reproduced in mass what had formerly taken generations to develop.

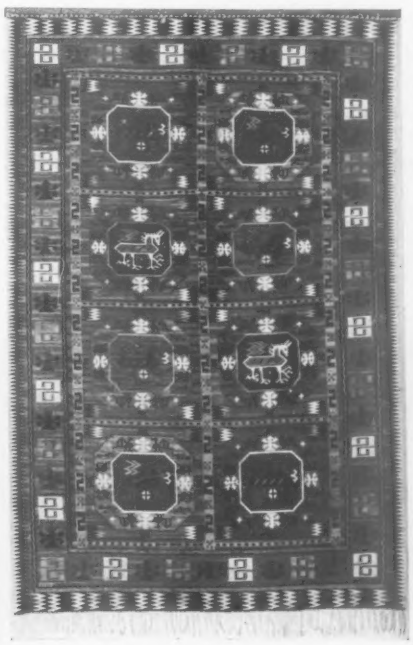
> Our machinery could make at home what the East India Company was once obliged to import from China; we could satisfy all wants —crystal chandeliers for the grocer, plaster of paris dogs for the peasant, "Oriental" rugs for the working man's sitting-room, "Turkish" divans for the bachelor quarters, war cleavers for the Bantu negroes, and dance masks for the savages of Australia—everything in imitation and reduced to the same dull level.

The cheap household and industrial goods of the nineteenth century had their culmination in the Baltic Exhibition at Malmo during 1914. The exhibition was closed on the outbreak of war. Soon after there appeared in a Swedish review a severe criticism of the section of applied and decorative art at this exhibition, pointing out the monotony and tasteless design of the objects exhibited and recommending a regeneration along the lines of *The Friends of Handicraft*, a Swedish organization seventy-five years old.

Contemporaneously with the close of the Baltic Exhibition, Swedish students of the arts studying abroad were suddenly surprised by the war. They returned to Sweden full of new ideas and new ideals. At home they found the easel picture



A *PLATE* in porcelain.
Designer : ARTHUR CARLSON PERCY.
Craftsmen : PORSLINS FABRIKS.



THE RIVER HORSE.
A woven carpet designed on the motive of a legend of southern Sweden concerning a mystic fluvial being dating from pagan times.
Designer :
MAERTA MAAS-FJETTERSTROEM.

A *FLOWER BOWL* in porcelain.
Designer : ARTHUR CARLSON PERCY.
Craftsmen : PORSLINS FABRIKS.

A *JARDINIÈRE* in green and gold.

Designer :
WILHELM KÅGE.

Craftsmen :
GUSTAFSBERG POTTERIES.

A *MIRROR* and *DRESSING TABLE*. The mirror frame is of birch and the glass is etched. The dressing table is of mahogany inlaid with jacaranda.

Designer :
TURE RYBERG.

Craftsmen :
J. E. BLOMQVIST.

A *POTPOURRI JAR* in green and gold.

Designer :
WILHELM KÅGE.

Craftsmen :
GUSTAFSBERG POTTERIES.

market rather meagre and were persuaded to enter the workshops to work as reformers and refiners of applied art.

It was at Orrefors that the new combination of artist and manufacturer burst into its first and most brilliant bloom. In the second year of the war, Orrefors became, through some hazard of commercial transactions, the property of a wealthy merchant of Gothenburg, Johan Ekman, and through another combination of circumstances he was put into touch with two young Swedish artists, Simon Gate and Edward Hald. The combined yield of these three factors was the "Orrefors Glass,"[1] whose lightness and grace is the very antithesis of the heavy "cut glass" that exercised such a strange fascination for the middle-class mind of the past generation. Its immediate success naturally stimulated similar efforts on the part of other firms, notably the United Swedish Crystal Works.

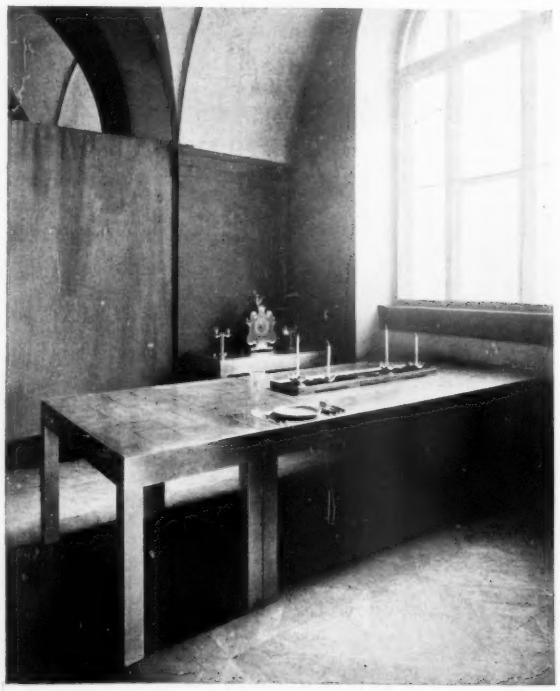
The new movement soon spread from the glass to the pottery works, which had also lapsed into endless repetition of the same old imitations. Of these, the Roerstrand Works, established in Stockholm in 1725, passed, at the beginning of the war, into the hands of new owners whose eyes were opened to the demand for simple forms. Another Swedish porcelain works, that of Gustafsberg, followed suit. Early in its career it had become famous for a certain shade of blue, which it has not abandoned, but which in recent years has been developed into new combinations of beauty under the direction of another artist, Wilhelm Kåge.

From glass and pottery the movement spread to pewter, and from pewter to textiles, though here the old patterns of the peasant hand-weavers furnish a great wealth of material on which to base new designs.

Finally, in Swedish interior decoration we encounter Carl Malmsten. Not only modern furniture but the industrial arts as a whole are under obligation to him. By profession an architect, he trained himself to be a cabinet-maker, and for a few years had his own workshop. Thereafter he worked for different factories, and is at present occupied with a programme of reform for Swedish artistic and professional education.

The products of Sweden's industrial arts are now rapidly gaining a foothold in the decorative markets of the world, thanks to the energetic work of Svenska Sloejdfoereningen under its director, Dr. Gregor Paulsson. They are also sold in the stores of Sweden. If we could buy at Harrods English works comparable in quality to some of the charming things illustrated in the accompanying photographs, what a lovely shop Harrods would be.

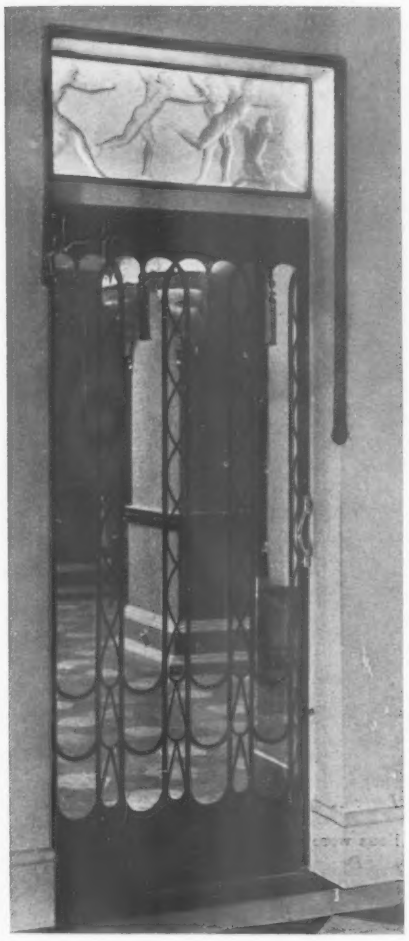
Note.—Every branch of Sweden's industrial arts, and the work of most of her leading artists and craftsmen will be fully represented at the Stockholm Exhibition of Decorative Art which opens on May 30, 1930.



A *DINING TABLE* in pewter, inlaid with brass.

Designers and *Craftsmen :*
SVENSKT TENN.

[1] Illustrated in THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW for June 1927.

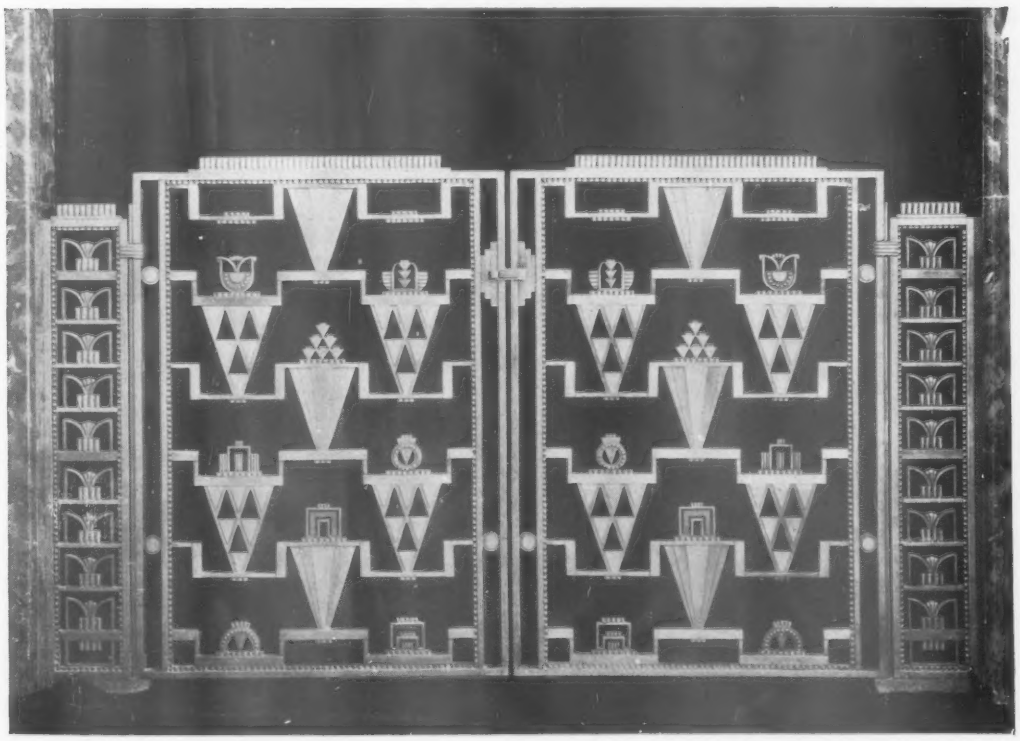


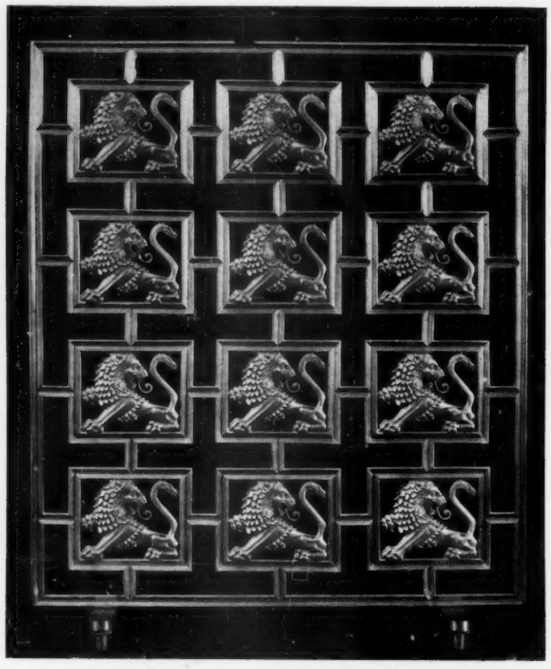
XXXVII.— Metal Doors, Grilles & Screens.

Left.
A *DOOR* in wrought iron with silver embellishments, leading from the foyer to the restaurant at Claridge's Hotel, London.
Designer : BASIL IONIDES.
Craftsman : BYRON INISON.

Right.
Part of the wrought-iron *SCREEN* between the office and the foyer at Frascati's Restaurant, London.
Designers : COLLCUTT & HAMP.
Craftsmen : THE BIRMINGHAM GUILD.

Below.
A *GRILLE* in wrought iron (" Ferronnerie d'Art ") exhibited at the 1928 Salon des Artistes-Décorateurs in the Grand Palais, Paris.
Designer : NARRY SZETLÀK.





Above.

Left : A *RADIATOR GRILLE* in pewter.
The lions were modelled by Anna Petrus.
Designer : Uno Åhrén.
Craftsmen : Svenškt Tenn.

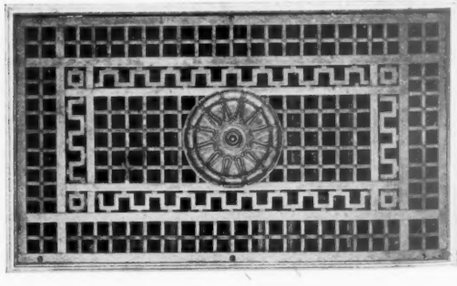
Right · A *RADIATOR GRILLE* in cast iron.
Designer : H. Wadsjö.
Craftsmen : Näfveqvarns Works.

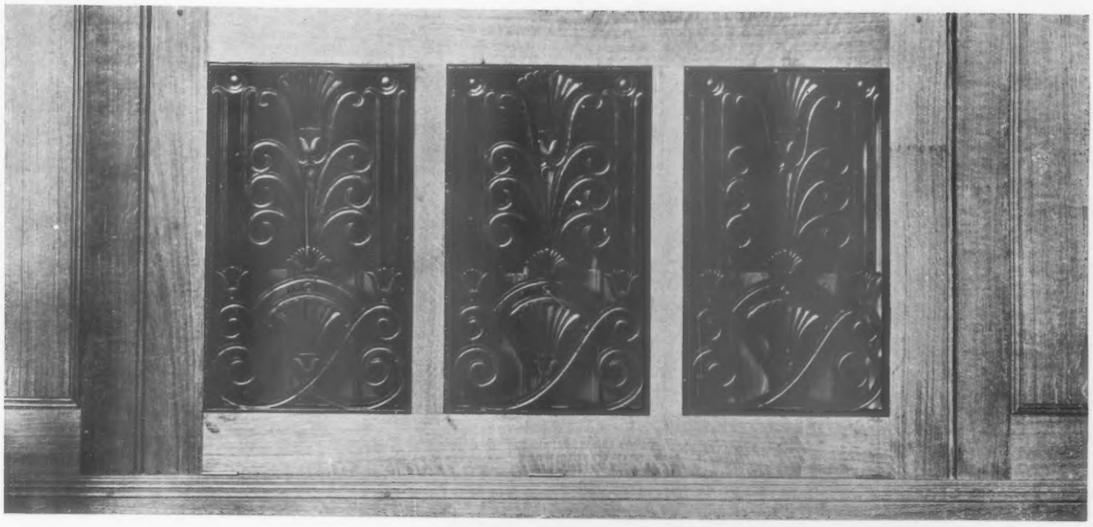
★

Below.

Left: A folding *SCREEN* covered with pewter. The inlaid decorations are in copper.
Designers and *Craftsmen :*
Svenškt Tenn.

Right : A bronze *GRILLE* with a marble surround at Victoria House, Southampton Row, London.
Designer : Charles W. Long.
Craftsmen : The Bromsgrove Guild.





Above.

A bronze *RADIATOR GRILLE* in the Memorial Hall, University College, London. The surround is of oak.

Designers :
PERCY BENTHAM *in collaboration with* RICHARDSON AND GILL.

Craftsman :
PER Y BENTHAM.

*

Below.

Right : A bronze panel in the *RADIATOR GRILLE* at the Memorial Hall, University College, London.

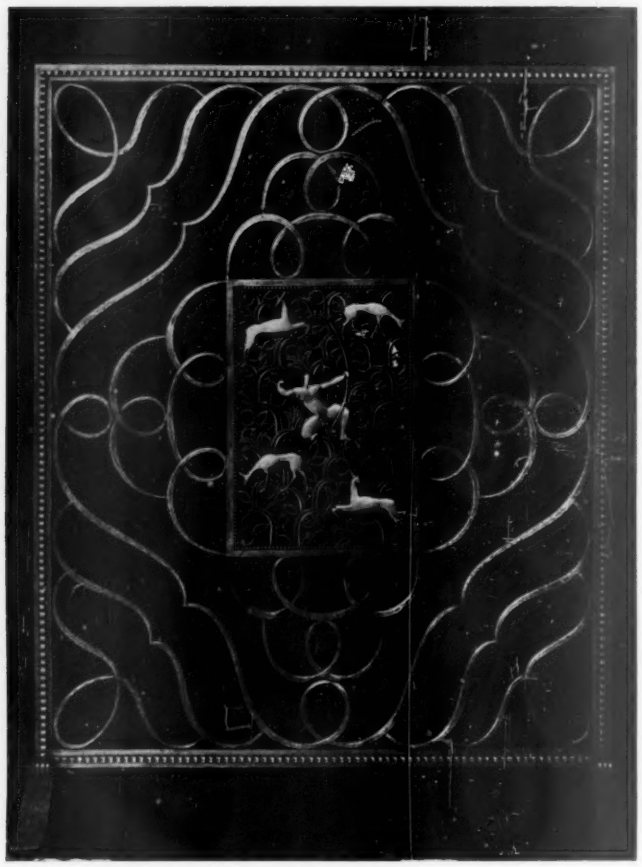
Designers :
PERCY BENTHAM *in collaboration with* RICHARDSON AND GILL.

Craftsman :
PERCY BENTHAM.

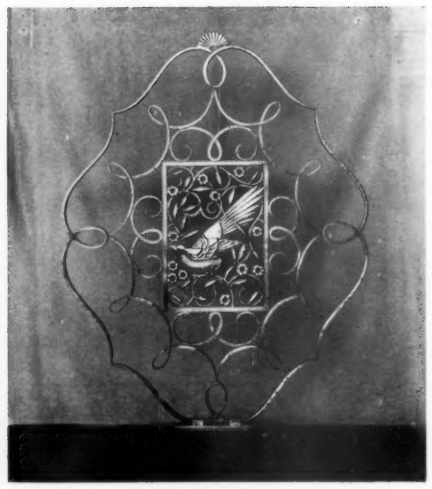
Left : The *VENTILATION GRILLE* above the Restaurant service door at the Royal Horticultural Hall, London. The grille is made of plaster on a wire mesh and is silver gilt.

Designers : EASTON & ROBERTSON.
Craftsmen : CLARK & FENN.

THE FOUNTAIN.
A fire-screen in wrought iron.
Designer and *Craftsman:*
EDGAR BRANDT.



THE HUNT.
A fire-screen in wrought iron.
Designer and *Craftsman:*
EDGAR BRANDT.



THE BIRD.
A fire-screen in wrought iron.
Designer and *Craftsman:*
EDGAR BRANDT.

"Oh! Time and Change, they range and range, from sunshine round to thunder." It's the shifting of the seasons and the light and shade of life that mellows or hardens humans. It's the sun and the storm, cold winds and warm showers, that season all out-of-door things, animate and inanimate. Some substances, some materials "weather well," we say. We mean those substances and materials stand the stress of alternate storm and shine. Exterior stucco renderings prove by the stern test of time the quality and character of the materials from which they are made. "Atlas White" Portland cement, the standard by which all other makes are measured, is widely acknowledged by users as a true Portland cement, non-staining, never varying in its pure whiteness, unrivalled in quality. For more than a score of years it has been manufactured as well as the Atlas Company could make it, the cost of its making being a factor completely subordinated to its superlative grade. The wisdom of such adherence to high principle in production is shown by the manner in which orthodox "Atlas White" stucco renderings have weathered—have stood the test of time—the paramount test of all. Houses such as that illustrated on this page have withstood the cycle of the seasons for more than a decade, the "Atlas White" stucco in which they were finished being sound and good today. Methods as well as materials should be carefully chosen. I supply the premier white Portland cement. With it I supply without cost service born of experience no other house can boast. Write for a copy of "Stucco" and read my "Atlas White Stucco Specifications." They embody the lessons of many years of careful record and close study.

Regent House,
Regent Street,
London, W.1.

Frederick Coleman

. . . *PERHAPS the most fruitful source of these kinds of corruption which we have to guard against in recent times is one which, nevertheless, comes in a 'questionable shape,' and of which it is not easy to determine the proper laws and limits; I mean the use of iron. The definition of the art of architecture, given in the first chapter, is independent of its materials. Nevertheless, that art having been, up to the beginning of the present century, practised for the most part in clay, stone, or wood, it has resulted that the sense of proportion and the laws of structure have been based, the one altogether, the other in great part, on the necessities consequent on the employment of those materials; and that the entire or principal employment of metallic framework would, therefore, be generally felt as a departure from the first principles of art. Abstractedly there appears no reason why iron should not be used as well as wood; and the time is probably near when a new system of architectural laws will be developed, adapted entirely to metallic construction. But I believe that the tendency of all present sympathy and association is to limit the idea of architecture to non-metallic work; and that not without reason. For architecture being in its perfection the earliest, as in its elements it is necessarily the first, of arts, will always precede, in any barbarous nation, the possession of the science necessary either for the obtaining or the management of iron. Its first existence and its earliest laws must, therefore, depend upon the use of materials accessible in quantity, and on the surface of the earth; that is to say, clay, wood, or stone: and as I think it cannot but be generally felt that one of the chief dignities of architecture is its historical use, and since the latter is partly dependent on consistency of style, it will be felt to retain, as far as may be, even in periods of more advanced science, the materials and principles of earlier ages.*

*"But whether this be granted me or not, the fact is that every idea respecting size, proportion, decoration, or construction, on which we are at present in the habit of acting or judging, depends on presupposition of such materials: and as I both feel myself unable to escape the influence of these prejudices, and believe that my readers will be equally so, it may be perhaps permitted to me to assume that true architecture does not admit iron as a constructive material, and that such works as the cast-iron central spire of Rouen Cathedral, or the iron roofs and pillars of our railway stations, and some of our churches, are not architecture at all.**

THE SEVEN LAMPS OF ARCHITECTURE. *By* John Ruskin.

THE LAMP OF TRUTH.

* Cf. *The Two Styles* by W. R. Lethaby on p. 271 and Repton's *Application of Indian Architecture to an English Palace* on p. 322.

Causerie.

To the Editor of THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW

SIR,—As President of the Design and Industries Association perhaps I take an unduly gloomy view of the situation discussed in your editorial on the Three Wise Men and Harrods.

Messrs. Arnold Bennett, H. G. Wells, and Bernard Shaw have all said true and valiant words about most of the things that are of any importance in life, including furniture and decoration, but they are accounted as prophets just because they see and proclaim things that are new and strange to their puzzle-headed contemporaries.

Arnold Bennett, H. G. Wells, G. B. Shaw, and Harrods. A letter from Mr. Clough Williams-Ellis.

They have some sense of the ultimate dignity of our superficially absurd race, an evolutionary itch to be experimenting adventurously in the hope that amongst many changes we may find some that are improvements—and so achieve progress. But for the most part we indolently accept whatever is conveniently ready-made and conventional, whether in morals, politics, æsthetics, or the applied arts.

The usual slogan of the big department stores, "Refinement and Good Taste," really means in plain English, "Dull Designs for Dull People," which, of course, they know perfectly well. They are practical realists, they are salesmen who must flatter the foolish—not reforming missionaries whose privilege it is to rebuke them.

But for all that, even from the purely commercial point of view, it is obviously profitable to titillate the public palate as much and as often as possible by new and acceptably presented ideas, if only to put it in a buying state of mind, and quite apart from any considerations of incidental improvements that such fashion changes may from time to time introduce.

Yet even as a by-product we are beginning to get a just, perceptible movement towards freshly-designed modern furniture, fabrics and pottery, which, though only to be found at a few shops like Heal's and Peter Jones as part of the ordinary stock, are gradually permeating the less progressive stores, slowly but surely. So very slowly, however, in most of the great stores that one is forced into wondering whether artistic pioneering and profits may not really be incompatible save in those exceptional shops which specialize in the adventurous and have, consequently, secured most of the adventurous public as the backbone of their clientele.

For the rest it would seem to be generally accepted that the way to prosperity lies first in ignoring all ideas until the more advanced have discarded them for a decade or so, and, secondly, in prodigious advertising. The Bennett, Wells, and Shaw letters of refusal to aid and abet Harrods in advertising were themselves the most readable advertising matter I have yet encountered—which is far fainter praise than they deserve—and the advertising idea behind their publication was a brilliant one. There are certainly no flies on Messrs. Harrods' advertising experts.

But when it comes to their "Artists, Designers, Architects," which they claim are the best available, I seem to hear a low and

The Palace of Industries at the
North-East Coast Exhibition, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
Designed by W. and T. R. MILBURN.

sustained hum, as of innumerable flies buzzing about the withered corpses of "Artists, Designers, and Architects"—good of their kind and of their day, but dead these many years, dead as Queen Elizabeth, dead as Queen Anne, dead as the Georges First to Fourth, dead as mutton.

To me, at any rate, it seems rather a pity that so many of Messrs. Harrods' Artists, Designers, and Architects should have lived so long ago and be still so cruelly overworked. It can scarcely be news to Messrs. Harrods that there are hundreds of these persons alive today who can assuredly "deliver the goods" if asked to do so, and who are very far indeed from being overworked. Often, indeed, they are wasting their lives and their talents unasked and unemployed. Why? Chiefly, I think, because the more adventurous public that wants their stuff does not quite know how to get it. It is daunted by the difficulty and the often enhanced costs of getting things of fresh and intelligent designs through the ordinary shops and stores which may be the only sources of supply that they know of or have access to.

I believe, however, if only the great stores could by any means get together, and having each decided to make an adequate display of good representative contemporary stuff, would appoint a committee of taste—or a mutually agreed dictator—and would then place really large orders for the various designs and pieces selected, they could actually sell the fresh stuff as cheaply as the stale, which is all that is needed to start a boom. Once it were started it would take care of itself; we should all of us who desire these things, and can now seldom or never afford them, start refurnishing, the stores would gradually have to expand their "special" departments until there was little besides, and such of our living cabinet-makers, craftsmen, and designers who were really alive would be as fully employed as it is their right to be.

I think it would pay, in the first instance, to sell at cost price or under, in order to put the new ideas "across." That done, the large production that would follow the new demand might soon make even lower prices possible. Given the little boldness needed thus first to pour a bucketful of water down the pump, and I believe that we might experience that general renaissance of public taste and the applied arts that, having revivified so much of the Continent, has thus far passed us by.

I am, Sir, etc.,

CLOUGH WILLIAMS-ELLIS.

* * *

To the Editor of THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW.

SIR,—It is with unfeigned satisfaction that I discover, on reading Mr. Howard Robertson's courteous reply to my outbreak in a prevous issue of the REVIEW, that his theories are not so completely at variance with my own as I had thought. But my purpose in this letter, as in my previous article, is to enter a protest against those—and there seem to be many among practitioners in all the arts—who, because artists of recent periods, and of the much-maligned Victorian era in particular, seem to have gone far astray, adopt a counsel of despair, and turn their back on beauty altogether.

Mr. Charles Marriott, speaking at a meeting of the Architecture Club last year, is reported as saying that modernist architecture is "the architecture that is free from aspidistras. It is not a positive attempt to do something new, but an attempt to get rid of the things we do not want and to see what happens then." Thus, starting with the bare essentials of a shelter from the weather, the modernist introduces every sort of appliance that science can devise for the *convenience* of the occupier—the plan, the façade, and everything else being dictated by this one consideration—and leaves it at that; the result being the *Slab* style of architecture, which achieved its apotheosis when it exposed its charms before an astonished world at the Stuttgart Exhibition, standing forth, like Phryne, naked and unabashed before her judges, but not, I think, with Phryne's compulsive and instantaneous success.

As a layman I would plead with our architects and all who design things for us to remember that we are human beings and not Robots: that, for one thing, Nature has designed *us* with curved outlines and never a straight line in the whole of our construction; and perhaps for that reason we have an instinctive preference for curves rather than straight lines, and even for parabolic rather than simple curves. Nor are our desires entirely fulfilled by the perfect technical satisfaction of every physical need.

When the designer of an *Ark Royal* or a *Golden Hind* had made his ship as structurally sound and functionally efficient as he knew how, he did not stop there, but lavished time and taste upon the bare hull, adorning it from forecastle to stern galleries with painting and gilding, adding a significant

The Palace of Arts at the North-East Coast Exhibition. *Designed by* W. and T. R. MILBURN.

Application of Indian Architecture to an English Palace.

On page 276 of this issue is illustrated an English palace in the Indian style from Humphry Repton's *Landscape Gardening and Landscape Architecture.* His remarks on the application of Indian architecture to an English palace are so intriguing that some of them are reproduced here:—

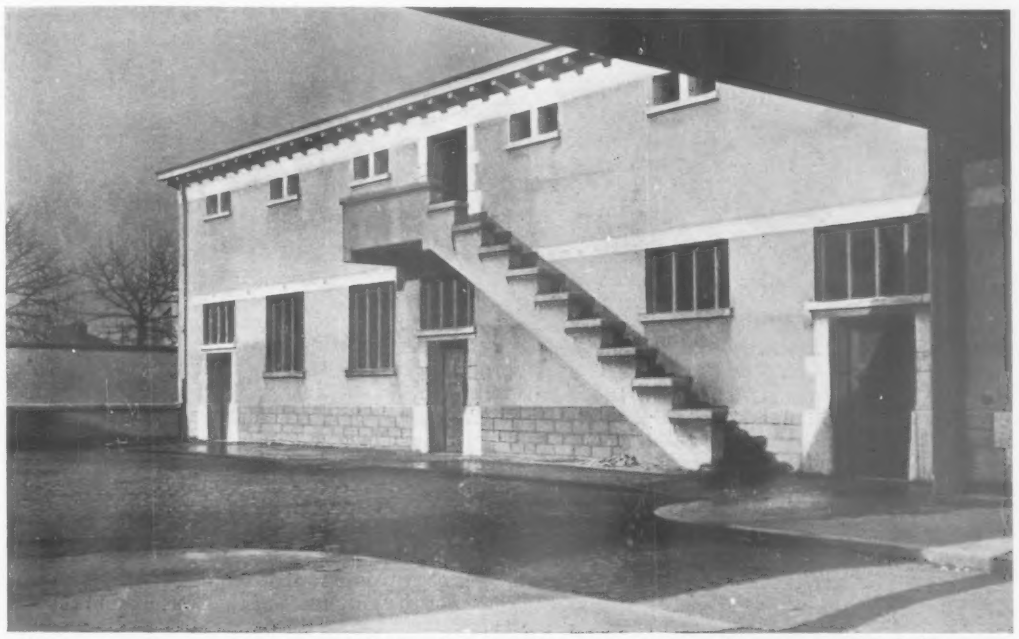
> "Having already shown the difficulty of adapting either the Grecian or Gothic styles to the character of an English palace, this newly-discovered style of architecture [Indian] seems to present a new expedient for the purpose, in the forms made known to this country by the accurate designs of Mr. Thomas Daniell, and other artists, which have opened new sources of grace and beauty.
>
> "To the materials of wood and stone we have lately added that of cast iron, unknown in former times, either in Grecian or Gothic architecture, and which is peculiarly adapted to some light parts of the Indian style.
>
> "In Grecian architecture the artist is confined to five (or, rather, only to three) different orders of columns, so restricted in their relative proportions that they are seldom used externally, with good effect, in modern houses, and are generally found too bulky for internal use. Indian architecture presents an endless variety of forms and proportions of pillars, from the ponderous supports of the cavern, to the light, airy shafts which enrich their corridors, to support their verandahs. This alone would justify the attempt to adapt a style, untried, for the purpose to which other styles have been found inapplicable or inadequate."

figure-head and multifarious braveries, and his ship took the water endowed with beauty and inscribed with joy. . . .

I am, yours very truly,
HAROLD H. PAYNE.

[NOTE.—*Mr. Payne's remarks are interesting because they reflect the attitude of the layman—an attitude which artists probably find difficulty in comprehending, because they have long since forgotten how it feels to be an amateur. The layman regards beauty as a positive ingredient like icing sugar, which can be smeared all over an object to make it pretty; thus Mr. Payne describes the designer of the* Golden Hind *adorning it from forecastle to stern galleries with carving and paint, and it is this "useless" decoration which he regards as the genuine art in what is otherwise a mere ship or vessel of utility.*

But the professional artist who has trained himself to find in the calculation of forms and stuffs the same kind of excitement that an accountant finds in the adjustment of figures, will naturally take a more subtle view than the layman. He thinks of art very much as Professor Lethaby thinks of style. If Mr. Payne will read The Two Styles *on page 271 of this issue he may come much nearer understanding the modern architect's point of view.*—ED.]



The Lyons Stadium, from *Examples of Modern French Architecture*, by HOWARD ROBERTSON and F. R. YERBURY.

The Layman at Bay: A reply from Mr. R. A. Duncan.

To the Editor of THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW.

SIR,—I should like to have the opportunity of correcting some misconceptions which appear to have arisen with regard to the House of the Future erected at the *Daily Mail* Ideal Home Exhibition, 1928. I clearly stated in a book which was on sale in the house at the time, that it should be regarded as an imaginative essay in design. It was based on certain obvious facts of our modern life, carried to the extreme limits of their logical development. I am responsible for the selection of the facts, but not for their existence, nor can I accept responsibility for the views of people who appear to credit me with the intention of debauching the good taste of the general public. On its mechanical side, which was deliberately stressed, this design was, in a sense, a piece of special pleading. I truly believe that it is essential for us to get rid of the fixed idea that all mechanical contrivances are things unclean to the artist, and that æsthetic endeavours are misapplied if they have, as their objective, improvements in these numerous and obtrusive features of modern daily life. The methods of the ostrich are not exactly helpful, nor will incantations composed of clichés and shibboleths exorcise the demon of scientific progress. As a matter of fact, I am vain enough to believe that even I might benefit my fellowmen by attempting to improve the design of petrol pumps, but I doubt if I should be successful, either economically (hateful word) or æsthetically, if I based my scheme upon "ye olden tyme" village pump.

With the first part of what Mr. Payne had to say, I have some sympathy, as he admits to bewilderment in a world full of changes, but subsequently he departs from his rôle of the inquiring student, and adopts that of a threatening Jeremiah, praying for the second coming of a Napoleon who will reduce our complex civilization to conformity with Mr. Payne's views, vaguely expressed as the simple life pervaded over by some abstraction called Beauty. The plain English of it is this—that there are, unfortunately, many people to whom our whole civilization is an unwarranted intrusion upon their peace of mind. They cannot, or will not, make an effort to adjust themselves. They turn back to the past which they invest with a false glamour; they pick the plums from centuries of art and, by placing them in juxtaposition, form a composite picture which has no relationship to the facts. It is to such vague impractical Romanticism that we are largely indebted for the lack of steady progress in the art of architecture during the last century. Today we find Religion, Philosophy, Art, and much of our social organization in a state of semi-flux; surely now is the time when we should summon to our aid all the expert knowledge available, for there is a risk implied by Mr. Payne that the massing of the ignorant under the leadership of woolly-headed sentimentalists will lay our civilization in ruins.

Yours faithfully,
R. A. DUNCAN.

39 Great James Street,
Bedford Row, W.C.1.

* * *

Art in the Public Schools: A letter from the Head Master of Merchant Taylors.

To the Editor of THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW.

SIR,—I also was present at Tonbridge last December when Mr. Buckmaster spoke to the assembled head masters. It is true that he was preaching to the converted and that the proposals he made have already been translated into fact at most of the secondary schools of England, and in that term I include the public schools. Yet I think we benefited—certainly I did—from so vigorous and combative a re-statement of the truth as he gave us.

I do not understand Mr. Buckmaster to plead for the formal teaching of Art all through the school. Much can be done in the junior forms to give all boys an elementary idea of colour and design and how things look in space; and also to mark down for future observation the boy with special talent and interest. Arrangements could also be made without much difficulty at the post-school-certificate stage for boys who intend to follow the arts as a livelihood. But this is not the point. What he pleads for is the diffusion of an atmosphere; not so much for the development of individual talent or for rudimentary instruction in line and perspective, as the creation in all boys of a standard of taste which will not tolerate an ugly classroom wall now or an ugly house in twenty years time, so that by steady pressure of educated opinion we may at length emancipate ourselves from a bad tradition of public and domestic architecture. Also he pleads with undeniable effect for beauty in small things when beauty can be obtained as easily as ugliness, and the training of hand and eye and above all of spirit which comes from daily acquaintance with supreme works of art and the occasional struggle to reproduce them by copies of one's own. How terrible and wholesome that struggle may be some know, but more ought to know—the chastening sense of failure with the reverence for genius that it quickens in a man and a boy.

This, if I understand him rightly, means beautiful school buildings; passages, rooms and corridors filled (not too full) with the best that the Medici and other societies can give us; art clubs and, more important, sketching clubs where boys

must sketch or resign; the look of the Parthenon and Chartres to be as familiar as a map of Europe; and an utter intolerance on the part of school authorities of anything ugly or mean in the way of furniture or decoration or anything else. Of these factors the first is the only one that is really intractable; many of us are committed indefinitely to buildings that as models of design and taste are little less than a disgrace. Boys spending five or six highly impressionable years in them cannot fail to suffer; and those who have to work in them think daily of Wordsworth's sonnet on King's Chapel and they can appreciate, as no one else can, the wisdom that directed the founders of the Middle Ages to an apparently reckless expenditure upon buildings. It is sometimes said that teaching power is all that matters—a great teacher can teach in a cowshed; so he can, but it is not only the teacher that teaches, it is the building too. We speak in Plato's language of the unconscious influence of his surroundings upon a boy; yet we hardly realize the extent of that influence, and I hope it will not be considered a wild exaggeration to say that the setting of a familiar window in a wall or the expression of a face in stained glass may give a peculiar twist to a boy's thoughts that will remain with him all his life.

All this is platitude, but its object is to show that one at least of Mr. Buckmaster's Tonbridge audience came away feeling how much still remained to be done and how little much of that would cost in time and money. Music has won its place in the schools; Art has not won it yet, but it is coming.

Yours faithfully,

SPENCER LEESON.

* * *

Gasometers and Æsthetics: A letter from Mr. Thomas Rayson.

To the Editor of THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW.

SIR,—I am very glad indeed to read what Mr. Byron has to say with regard to the point of the gasometers. We are agreed, therefore, as to the æsthetic value of this item. His explanation makes it clear that he deplores the encroachment of such works upon these delectable places, which till recently were available for the recreative or soliloquizing moods and wishes of the undergraduate. On this aspect of the case, also, we are agreed. Nobody supposes for a moment that Oxford, any more than any other old town, has developed on preconceived lines. If it had, and if the planner had been an artistic traditionalist, we should have had Oxford's various domestic and æsthetic necessities disposed in desirable and advantageous positions.

I rejoice to find two people, Mr. Byron and myself, interested in this subject, with views which are in agreement if not identical; but we are incomparable in our views on Christ Church Hall.

Mr. Byron must believe me when I say I admire, I love, I adore the work of the later fifteenth century as exemplified by such buildings as Compton Wynyates, Crosby Hall, Westminster Hall, Christ Church Hall; the villages of Lavenham, Suffolk; Chipping Campden, Glos; East Hagbourne, Berks; the churches of Boston, Lincs; Patrington, Yorks; Southwold, Suffolk; St. Cuthbert's, Wells; the cathedrals of Canterbury, Winchester, and Gloucester; the George Inn, Glastonbury; the Bell Inn, Bishop's Stortford; the sculpture as the effigies at Puddletown, Dorset, and Dennington, Suffolk; the paintings as at Tacolneston, Norfolk; the embroidery as at Steeple Aston, Oxon, and Chipping Campden, Glos; the stained glass as at Malvern; All Souls' and New Colleges, Oxford; Doddiscombsleigh, Devon; the decorative painting as at Ewelme, Oxon, and Bramfield, Suffolk.

The Music Saloon of the Swedish-American Liner *Kungsholm*. *Designer:* CARL BERGSEN.

Could Mr. Byron fail to derive the greatest pleasure from, say, Patrington Church? The proportions of the steeple (with the arcade at its base) to the tower, the grouping of nave, chancel, and transepts, the form and shapes of the windows, the colour of the stone and its setting above the low buildings around, render this building a precious joy to all who are fortunate enough to see it.

He and I are qualified to hold opinions which should be far less divergent than they are on this question. Short of placing Christ Church Hall in the category of having no architectural merit, he expresses the lowest regard for it.

It has a beautiful interior which appears dull by reason of its roof timbers having been painted mud colour. If these timbers possessed the charm of the grey roofs of the Norfolk and Suffolk churches, the hall, internally, would be a real second to Westminster. Why is this paint permitted to remain, I wonder?

For my part, I feel sincerely that externally from the south and from the quadrangle it is a great work of art. Is he exaggerating? Am I excessive? Can the real value be a half-way view?

It seems futile to spend time and energy over this question of the architectural merit of Christ Church Hall. We should be able to discuss matters of much finer concern, and our differences sympathetically discussed and criticized would assist the evolution of æsthetic principles and judgment. Let Mr. Byron raise a point of opinion on any valuable theoretical or topical æsthetic subject, and I will endeavour to assist him by helpful, sympathetic but vivacious criticism with consummate and unflagging earnestness.

Yours faithfully,

THOMAS RAYSON.

* * *

Architects, Artists, and Ship Decoration.

It is refreshing to find that the Swedish-American Line decided, when building their new motor-ship *Kungsholm*, that an architect should be the designer of the scheme of decoration in the passengers' quarters. Carl Bergsen was the architect chosen, and he followed the now customary Continental practice of inviting the co-operation of other artists in carrying out his scheme. Instead of employing every means to produce the impression that one is still on land, the decorations are a continual reminder of the sea, and of ships as a means of reaching new scenes. This ship was fully illustrated in the *Architects' Journal* during May, and the illustration on this page shows the music saloon. The painting behind the piano is of a ship off Gothenburg in 1750, and on page 314 will be found a fireplace, which also comes from the *Kungsholm*, and is to be found in the smoking-room.

The North-East Coast Exhibition.

The North-East Coast Exhibition, opened by Prince George on May 14 last at Newcastle-on-Tyne, which has been organized to encourage British trade, is one of the largest held in recent years. The grounds cover over 100 acres on Town Moor, and include, in addition to the exhibition buildings, a lake, gardens, and a sports ground. Messrs. W. and T. R. Milburn were responsible for the design of the buildings and the grounds, with the exception of the British Empire Marketing Board Pavilion, which was designed by Messrs. Richardson and Gill. The Palace of Industry is illustrated on page 321 and the Palace of Arts on page 322 of this issue.

* * *

An Exhibition at Seaford House.

Collectors and lovers of old silver have recently been fortunate in that within a few months three first-rate exhibitions of plate have been organized in London, and opened to the public in the cause of charity. The most recent of these was held at Seaford House, Belgrave Square, in aid of Queen Charlotte's Maternity Hospital. This exhibition was notable for being composed, with the exception of four exhibits which belong to guilds of the City of London, entirely of privately-owned pieces, not one of which dated later than 1739, the date of the foundation of the hospital; and the earliest from the end of the fifteenth century. The excellent arrangement of the 600 exhibits made it quite easy to follow the chronological order. One of the earliest pieces was a silver-gilt beaker dated 1496. Of early sixteenth-century work there was the Howard Grace Cup of ivory and gilt, and representative of the late work of the same century were a salt of crystal and gilt set with garnets, and stoneware jugs mounted in silver. There were several Steeple Cups, introduced into this country at the end of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and the Commonwealth silver had a dignity of its own, in strong contrast to the lavish and ornate silver of the reign of Charles II. A section was devoted to work by Paul Lamerie, and another to old Irish and Scottish silver. There was also an additional exhibition of work by living artists, including a cup and cover, a shagreen casket, and a dish, lent by the Queen, all of which were the work of Omar Ramsden; Princess Elizabeth's porringer, lent by the Duchess of York and designed by Fernand Piret; and the Wakefield trophy, for the design of which Phœbe Stabler was responsible.

* * *

Recent English Domestic Architecture.

The demand for the special Double Number of the REVIEW on English Houses, published in December last, was so great that the issue went out of print within a fortnight of its publication. Since then inquiries for copies have been so numerous that the publishers, The Architectural Press, have decided to reissue the Number in book form. The illustrations represent the most distinguished collection of English houses made during recent years, and include examples built in styles ranging from the Tudor to those made familiar to us by the designs of Le Corbusier, Mallet-Stevens, Mr. T. S. Tait, of Sir John Burnet and Partners, at the Silver End Garden Village, and others.

Each house is illustrated by photographs and plans, accompanied by particulars of the materials employed in building, and wherever available the total cost and cost per foot cube have also been included.

The book, which is now ready, is entitled *English Domestic Architecture, 1929*. It is substantially bound in quarter cloth, and the price is 15s. net.

* * *

The Ralph Knott Memorial Fund.

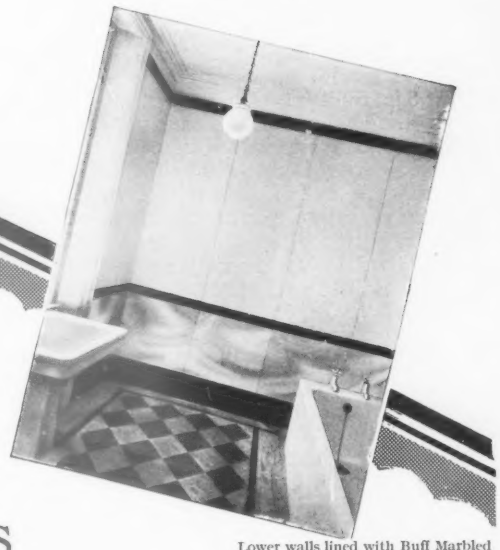
It has been suggested to the Organizing Committee of the Ralph Knott Memorial Fund that, in addition to the studentship which it was decided should be the form of the memorial, a portrait plaque should be placed on the walls of the County Hall, following the precedent of a similar memorial to Norman Shaw on the Scotland Yard building which faces it. The committee are in hearty agreement with the suggestion, provided sufficient funds can be raised for both objects. They have intimated that subscriptions, however small, will be welcome and should be addressed to the Chairman of the Committee, Mr. Robert Atkinson or to the Secretary of the Architectural Association at 36 Bedford Square, London, W.C.

* * *

Henry Hudson Memorial Windows in St. Ethelburga's Church.

The numberless memorials in stained glass which sprang up just after the war, and on which in may cases great sums were spent, show on the whole a great lack of skill in both colour and design. Nor do they compensate for their deficiency of skill in quaintness which is the charm of the primitive. They are in many instances merely the expression of a love of bright colour and of vulgar ostentation. But a few artists are doing quite good work, and among them Mr. Leonard Walker, R.I., is

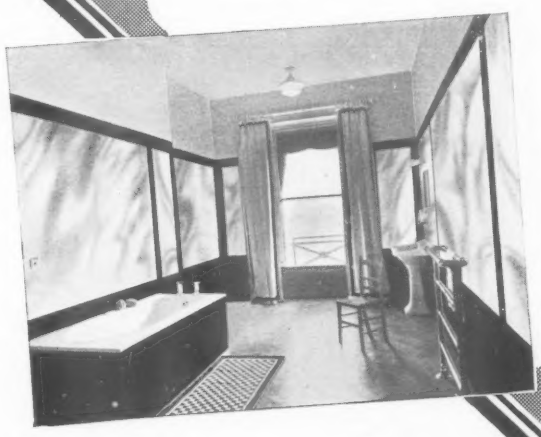
Walls lined with Green and Pink Marbled Vitroline. Black Vitrolite margins, door architraves and dado behind bath.



Lower walls lined with Buff Marbled Vitroline. Upper walls with White Vitrolite. Black Vitrolite skirting, dado rails and capping.

BATHROOMS

The present demand for colour in the treatment of Bathrooms is appropriately provided for in the range of colours in which Vitrolite and Vitroline are supplied. The shades in whole colours and marbled colours have been chosen especially to facilitate combination, and the wide range of possible decorative effects affords considerable scope for the exercise of the Architect's ingenuity and skill.



Black Vitrolite lower panels and bath enclosure. Upper panels Salmon-pink Marbled Vitroline in Black margins.

Walls lined with Green Vitrolite dado between Black Vitrolite capping and skirting. Bath enclosed with White Vitrolite panels.

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prominent. He is now designing three windows, in memory of Henry Hudson, for St. Ethelburga's Church, Bishopsgate, presented to it by the English-Speaking Union.

* * *

Something new has just made its appearance in the streets of London, though possibly few people have noticed it yet. On the fronts of several buildings is affixed a little coloured plaque about 8 in. in diameter. It shows the arms of the R.I.B.A., and bears the inscription "London Architecture Medal, 19—." The plaque is permanent evidence that the buildings on which it is placed were considered to be the best buildings of the year in which they were built by a jury of the R.I.B.A. The architects who designed them received medals, and the owners of the buildings were also each presented with one. Messrs. J. Murray Easton and Howard Robertson were awarded the medal for 1928, for the New Royal Horticultural Hall, Westminster. The following is a list of the architects to whom the medal has been presented in recent years:

> Sir Edwin Lutyens, R.A., for his Britannic House in Finsbury Circus; to Sir Giles Gilbert Scott, R.A., for his own house in Chester Place; to Mr. Curtis Green, A.R.A., for the Wolseley Building in Piccadilly; to Mr. Frank Verity for his Shepherds Bush Pavilion; to Messrs. Greenaway and Newberry for their Auctioneers' Institute in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and to Mr. Hubert Lidbetter for his Friends House in Euston Road.

The idea of the award originated in 1922, and was restricted to buildings erected in London, but lately it has been extended to Scotland and also to New Zealand.

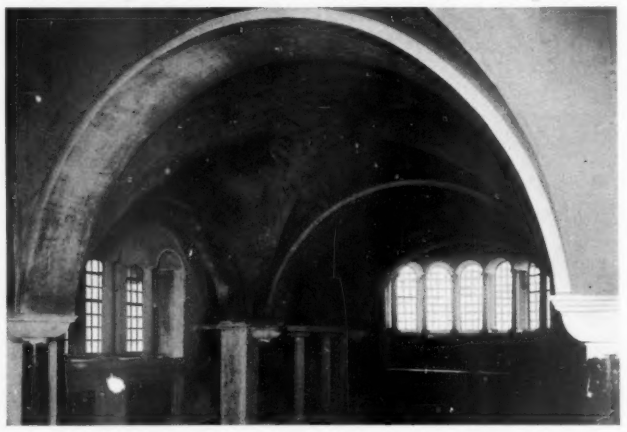
* * *

In the spring of last year the representation of Great Britain in the 16th Biennial Exhibition of International Art at Venice was undertaken by Sir Joseph Duveen's organization, "British Artists' Exhibitions." Many pictures were sold, the purchasers including the King of Italy. When this exhibition closed, the Jugo-Slav Society of Great Britain asked permission to transport the remaining works to Jugo-Slavia in order to show them during the winter in the three principal centres of Ljubljana, Zagreb, and Belgrade. These exhibitions attracted the greatest attention in Jugo-Slavia and achieved their objective in showing British art in a field where it was not known. It was also productive of more material results, for Sir Martin Conway, M.P., the chairman of the organization, has just received information that works by the following artists, numbering twenty-two in all, have been purchased in Jugo-Slavia by private citizens and Government offices: Charles Cundall, David Muirhead, William Nicholson, Gilbert Spencer, Stanley Anderson, James Grant, Blair Hughes-Stanton, Sydney Lee, Allen MacNab, C. R. W. Nevinson, Job Nixon, H. Rushbury, Randolph Schwabe, Sir George Clausen, John Nash, Ethel Walker, Ethelbert White, Gerald Brockhurst, J. F. Greenwood, Paul Nash, Lucien Pissarro, and Joseph Simpson.

* * *

Trade and Craft.

The Trussed Concrete Steel Co., Ltd., are the makers of Hy-Rib, which is a steel lathing strengthened by rigid high ribs. As the lathing and ribs are cut out of a single sheet of steel the makers claim for it great rigidity which acts both as centering and reinforcement. Its uses are various, flat Hy-Rib being used in construction work of all kinds, in walls, floors, partitions,



ceilings, etc. Curved, it is used for arched floors, culverts, silos, tanks, reservoirs and tunnels. It is claimed that architects and engineers find it durable and economical, as well as adaptable to so many uses. The makers have issued a handbook on the subject, now in its twelfth edition, which describes all these uses fully. It is well illustrated by working drawings, as well as photographs, and gives technical details. The illustration on the previous page shows it in use in a vaulted ceiling in the King's College Hostel, and on this page in combination with concrete in a water tank.

WATER TANK

The general contractors for Ideal House, the new building for the National Radiator Company, were Messrs. The Western Construction Co., Ltd., who were also responsible for the foundations, reinforced concrete, plaster, and joinery. Among the artists, craftsmen, and sub-contractors were the following: Wilment Bros. (demolition); The London Brick Co. (bricks); St. Mary's Wharf Cartage Co., Ltd. (excavation); Messrs. Fenning & Co., Ltd. (granite work); The Birmingham Guild (bronze and inlaid vitreous enamel); T. & W. Ide (glazing); David Colville and Sons Ltd. (structural steel); Cuthbert and Taylor (fire-resisting glazing); Jos. F. Ebner (wood-block flooring); F. A. Norris & Co. (steel casements); Caxton Floor Co. (patent flooring); heating by G. N. Haden and Sons, in collaboration with The National Radiator Co.; Osler and Faraday, Ltd. (electric light fixtures); John Blaikie and Sons (plumbing); Shanks, Ltd. (sanitary fittings); The Art Pavements and Decorations, Ltd. (stair treads, marble and tiling); Comyn Ching & Co. (door furniture, folding gates, and metalwork); Hitchins Laminated Wood Products, Ltd. (special laminated doors); Haywards, Ltd. (iron staircases); Charles Tozer, Ltd. (decorative plaster); Waygood-Otis, Ltd. (lifts).

* * *

The roofing of some of the buildings at the North-East Coast Exhibition has been carried out by the Ruberoid Co., Ltd., Lincoln House, 296–302 High Holborn, W.C.2.

This is the third large exhibition contract secured by this firm in recent years, the principal buildings at Wembley and the Paris Exhibition, 1925, also being roofed with Ruberoid roofing. In all, more than 100 miles of Ruberoid 3 ft. wide have been used.

The selection of Ruberoid roofing for this work is due, it is claimed, to its reliability and adaptability to any roof surface—flat, pitched, or curved.

* * *

Most technical brochures and catalogues are interesting only to the initiated, but the

Adamite Company, Ltd., have issued a new catalogue on the use of "Colemanoid"—a waterproofer and hardener for Portland cement concrete—which has been most attractively planned. There is naturally tremendous scope for such a product, and the makers appear to have applied it to many of the new buildings recently built in London, as well as in many other ways, which range from the lining of a ship's hold in order to make it impervious to the oil and margarine cargo it carries, to the floor of an ice-rink. The illustration on this page shows water tanks of concrete waterproofed with "Colemanoid" at the new factory of the Firestone and Rubber Company, Ltd., at Brentford.

* * *

Work on the new Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford-on-Avon is now going forward with speed. The structure will be within a few feet of the banks of the River Avon, and the ground for a depth of some 20 feet does not provide a secure foundation. As the scheme includes an extensive pit beneath the stage to accommodate machinery and as the auditorium itself is below flood level, special measures are necessary to keep out the water in the event of flood.

The British Reinforced Concrete Engineering Co., Ltd., have designed the foundations to the instructions of the architects, Messrs. Scott, Chesterton and Shepherd, as a huge watertight tank up to ground level, the whole of the work being lined with a waterproof layer of asphalt. Some parts of this tank are as much as 31 ft. below the ground level, and the bottom of the tank at this level is 6 ft. thick, in order to provide the necessary weight to prevent the work from floating.

SATURDAY, **JUNE 1**—

History of Handwriting in West Europe.	12 *noon.*	BRITISH MUSEUM
Life and Arts of the Middle Ages.	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Tour of Several Sections	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
A Sectional Tour ..	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Drawing	11 *a.m.*	NATIONAL GALLERY
,, ...	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Early English Furniture	12 *noon.*	V. AND A. MUSEUM
English Seventeenth-century Furniture.	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Indian Section: Cave Paintings.	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Musical Instruments ..	7 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Chinese Paintings ..	7 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Exhibition of American Etching and Engraving. Until end of June.	—	,, ,,
Miniatures by George Engleheart, J. C. D. Engleheart, and Thomas Richmond.	—	,, ,,
Hogarth and Illustrations	11 *a.m.*	TATE GALLERY
,, ,, ,,	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Dutch Genre	12 *noon.*	WALLACE COLLECTION
Paintings by Edward Wadsworth. Until June 8.	9–6 *Sat.* 9–1	ARTHUR TOOTH AND SONS, 155 NEW BOND ST., W.1
Stoneware Pottery by Hamada. Until June 15.	10–6 *Sat.* 10–1	WM. B. PATERSON'S GALLERY, 5 OLD BOND ST., W.1

MONDAY, **JUNE 3**—

Records of Babylon and Assyria—I.	12 *noon.*	BRITISH MUSEUM
Arts and Customs of Ancient Egypt—I.	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Monuments of Egypt—I	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Monuments of Assyria—I	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Some Portraits compared	11 *a.m.*	NATIONAL GALLERY
,, ,, ,,	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
English Fifteenth-century Furniture.	12 *noon.*	V. AND A. MUSEUM
Chinese Pottery	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Italian Renaissance Furniture.	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
English Pottery	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Turner and Landscape ..	11 *a.m.*	TATE GALLERY
,, ,, ,, ..	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Dr. Johnson and his Friends.	3 *p.m.*	NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY
French Painting—I ..	3 *p.m.*	WALLACE COLLECTION
Richard Sickert, A.R.A.	10–6 *Sat.* 10–1	THE LEICESTER GALLERIES

TUESDAY, **JUNE 4**—

Arts and Customs of Ancient Egypt—I.	12 *noon.*	BRITISH MUSEUM
Monuments of Egypt—I	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Monuments of Assyria—I	3 *p.m.*	BRITISH MUSEUM
Arts and Customs of Ancient Egypt—II	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Watteau, Chardin, etc. ..	11.50 *a.m.*	NATIONAL GALLERY
Gainsborough	1 *p.m.*	,, ,,
French Renaissance Furniture.	12 *noon.*	V. AND A. MUSEUM
French Eighteenth-century Furniture.	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Blake. Rossetti.. ..	11 *a.m.*	TATE GALLERY
,, ,, ...	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
A Survey of English Portraiture—I.	3 *p.m.*	NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY
French Painting—II ..	3 *p.m.*	WALLACE COLLECTION
Do We Want a National Theatre? Lecture and Counter-Lecture. Sir Nigel Playfair and Sir Gerald du Maurier. Tickets 5s., 3s.6d., 2s.6d. for King Edward's Hospital Fund.	5.30 *p.m.*	LONDON SCHOOL OF ECONOMICS

WEDNESDAY, **JUNE 5**—

A Selected Subject ..	12 *noon.*	BRITISH MUSEUM
Early Greece	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Early Age of Italy ..	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Life and Arts of the Dark Races—I.	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Early Netherlands and Italy.	11 *a.m.*	NATIONAL GALLERY
Early Netherlands and Italy.	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Miniatures	12 *noon.*	V. AND A. MUSEUM
Oriental Pottery ..	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Indian Section: Sculpture	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
General Visit	11 *a.m.*	TATE GALLERY
,, ,, ..	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
A Survey of English Portraiture—II.	3 *p.m.*	NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY
Paintings by Michele Cascella.	10–5.30 *Sat.* 10–1	THE BEAUX ARTS GALLERY, 1 BRUTON PLACE, W.1
Engravings and Etchings. Until June 22.	10–5.30 *Sat.* 10–1	THE BEAUX ARTS GALLERY, 1 BRUTON PLACE, W.1

THURSDAY, **JUNE 6**—

European Architecture—I	12 *noon.*	BRITISH MUSEUM
Early Age of Italy ..	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Early Britain—I ..	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
A Selected Subject ..	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Landscape—I. Flemish and Dutch.	11 *a.m.*	NATIONAL GALLERY
Landscape—I. Flemish and Dutch.	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Maiolica	12 *noon.*	V. AND A. MUSEUM
English Pottery	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Precious Stones	7 *p.m.*	,, ,,
English Landscape ..	7 *p.m.*	,, ,,

THURSDAY, **JUNE 6**—*(continued)*.

Some Recent Painting ..	11 *a.m.*	TATE GALLERY
,, ,, ,, ..	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
George IV	3 *p.m.*	NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY
French Painting—III ..	3 *p.m.*	WALLACE COLLECTION
Paintings by Winifred Brunton, R.M.S.; Alyn Williams, P.R.M.S.; Janet Haughton, R.M.S.; Cecil Thomas, R.M.S.; Natalie Hays Hammond, A.R.M.S. Until June 28.	10–6 *Sat.* 10–4	THE GIEVES GALLERY, 22 OLD BOND ST., W.1

FRIDAY, **JUNE 7**—

Early Greece	12 *noon.*	BRITISH MUSEUM
How the Bible Came Down to Us.	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Greek and Roman Life—I	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Greek Sculpture	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Italian Primitives ..	11 *a.m.*	NATIONAL GALLERY
,, ,, ..	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Chinese Porcelain (1) ..	12 *noon.*	V. AND A. MUSEUM
Early English Woodwork	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
English Primitives ..	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Reynolds and his Circle	11 *a.m.*	TATE GALLERY
,, ,, ,, ,,	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
William IV and Reform	3 *p.m.*	NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY
French Painting—IV ..	3 *p.m.*	WALLACE COLLECTION

SATURDAY, **JUNE 8**—

Early Britain—II ..	12 *noon.*	BRITISH MUSEUM
Early Christian Period ..	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
A Sectional Tour ..	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Tour of Several Sections	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Representation and Invention.	11 *a.m.*	NATIONAL GALLERY
Representation and Invention.	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Chinese Porcelain (2) ..	12 *noon.*	V. AND A. MUSEUM
Chinese Porcelain (3) ..	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Indian Section: Pottery	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Ivories	7 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Chippendale	7 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Watts and Sculpture ..	11 *a.m.*	TATE GALLERY
,, ,, ...	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Selected Pictures ..	12 *noon.*	WALLACE COLLECTION
International Exhibition of Modern Commercial Architecture closes.	10–5 *Sat.* 10–1	R.I.B.A., 9 CONDUIT ST., W.1

MONDAY, **JUNE 10**—

Arts and Customs of Ancient Egypt—II.	12 *noon.*	BRITISH MUSEUM
Records of Babylon and Assyria—I.	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Greek Sculpture—I ..	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Monuments of Egypt—II	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,

MONDAY, **JUNE 10**—(*continued*).

Brueghel, Rubens, and Van Dyck.	11 *a.m.*	TATE GALLERY
Brueghel, Rubens, and Van Dyck.	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Continental Porcelain ..	12 *noon.*	V. AND A. MUSEUM
Medieval Ivories ..	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
French Porcelain ..	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Far-Eastern Pottery ..	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Hogarth. Turner ..	11 *a.m.*	TATE GALLERY
,, ,, ...	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
The Romantic Movement	3 *p.m.*	NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY
French Painting—V ..	3 *p.m.*	WALLACE COLLECTION
Business General Meeting	8 *p.m.*	R.I.B.A., 9 CONDUIT STREET, W.1

TUESDAY, **JUNE 11**—

Early Britain—III ..	12 *noon.*	BRITISH MUSEUM
Life and Arts of the Dark Races—II.	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Greek Sculpture—II ..	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Monuments of Assyria ..	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Giorgione and Titian ..	11.50 *a.m.*	NATIONAL GALLERY
,, ,, ,, ..	1 *p.m.*	,, ,,
English Porcelain (1) ..	12 *noon.*	V. AND A. MUSEUM
English Porcelain (2) ..	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Pre-Raphaelites ..	11 *a.m.*	TATE GALLERY
,, ...	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
English Painting before Holbein.	3 *p.m.*	NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY
French Painting—VI ..	3 *p.m.*	WALLACE COLLECTION

WEDNESDAY, **JUNE 12**—

Greek Vases—I	12 *noon.*	BRITISH MUSEUM
Early Britain—I ..	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Early Britain—IV ..	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
A Selected Subject ..	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Francesca, Bellini, Botticelli.	11 *a.m.*	NATIONAL GALLERY
Francesca, Bellini, Botticelli.	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Illuminated MSS. ..	12 *noon.*	V. AND A. MUSEUM
Early Costumes	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Indian Section: Mogul Designs.	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Rossetti. Watts ..	11 *a.m.*	TATE GALLERY
,, ,, ...	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Holbein	3 *p.m.*	NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY
Statuary by Maurice Lambert. Until June 29.	9–6 *Sat.* 9–1	ARTHUR TOOTH AND SONS, LTD., 155 NEW BOND ST., W.1
Works of Alfred Ward. Until June 21.	10–6 *Sat.* 10–4	THE ARLINGTON GALLERY, 22 OLD BOND ST., W.
Annual Conference of the R.I.B.A. and Allied Societies. Until June 15.	—	YORK

THURSDAY, **JUNE 13**—

Greek and Roman Bronzes, etc.	12 *noon.*	BRITISH MUSEUM
Greek and Roman Life ..	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
The Romans in Britain—I	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Early Britain—II ..	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Landscape—II. Wilson, Gainsborough, and Crome.	11 *a.m.*	NATIONAL GALLERY
Landscape—II. Wilson, Gainsborough, and Crome.	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Costumes of Seventeenth Century.	12 *noon.*	V. AND A. MUSEUM
Costumes of Eighteenth Century.	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Jade and Lacquer ..	7 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Stained Glass	7 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Reynolds. Wilson ..	11 *a.m.*	TATE GALLERY
,, ,, ..	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
The Prince Consort ..	3 *p.m.*	NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY
Italian Painting—I ..	3 *p.m.*	WALLACE COLLECTION

FRIDAY, **JUNE 14**—

How the Bible Came Down to Us.	12 *noon.*	BRITISH MUSEUM
Illuminated Manuscripts	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Monuments of Assyria—II	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Greek Sculpture—II ..	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Early Venetian and North Italian.	11 *a.m.*	NATIONAL GALLERY
Early Venetian and North Italian.	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Costumes of Nineteenth Century.	12 *noon.*	V. AND A. MUSEUM
Tudor and Jacobean Furniture.	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Mural Decoration ..	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Some Recent Painting ..	11 *a.m.*	TATE GALLERY
,, ,, ,, ..	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Palmerston	3 *p.m.*	NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY
English Portraits ..	3 *p.m.*	WALLACE COLLECTION
Intermediate Examination. Until June 20.	—	R.I.B.A., 9 CONDUIT ST.

SATURDAY, **JUNE 15**—

The Romans in Britain—II.	12 *noon.*	BRITISH MUSEUM
Early Britain—III ..	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Tour of Several Sections	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
A Sectional Tour ..	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
General Survey—I ..	11 *a.m.*	NATIONAL GALLERY
,, ,, ..	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Bayeux Tapestry (1) ..	12 *noon.*	V. AND A. MUSEUM
Bayeux Tapestry (2) ..	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Indian Section: Jade ..	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Early Renaissance Sculpture.	7 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Rodin	7 *p.m.*	,, ,,

SATURDAY, **JUNE 15**—(*continued*).

Blake and Figure Composition.	11 *a.m.*	TATE GALLERY
Blake and Figure Composition.	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Dutch Portraits	12 *noon.*	WALLACE COLLECTION

MONDAY, **JUNE 17**—

Records of Babylon and Assyria—II.	12 *noon.*	BRITISH MUSEUM
Arts and Customs of Ancient Egypt—III.	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Monuments of Egypt—II	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Greek Sculpture—II ..	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
El Greco, Velazquez, and Goya.	11 *a.m.*	NATIONAL GALLERY
El Greco, Velazquez, and Goya.	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Carpets	12 *noon.*	V. AND A. MUSEUM
English Porcelain ..	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Tape Tires	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Maiolica	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Blake, Rossetti, Watts ..	11 *a.m.*	TATE GALLERY
,, ,, ,, ..	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Some Eighteenth-century Novelists.	3 *p.m.*	NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY
Selected Pictures ..	3 *p.m.*	WALLACE COLLECTION

TUESDAY, **JUNE 18**—

The Greek Vases—II ..	12 *noon.*	BRITISH MUSEUM
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.*	,, ,,
Rembrandt	11.50 *a.m.*	NATIONAL GALLERY
,, ...	1 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Vestments (1)	12 *noon.*	V. AND A. MUSEUM
Vestments (2)	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
General Visit	11 *a.m.*	TATE GALLERY
,, ,, ..	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
The Painters of Elizabeth and her Court.	3 *p.m.*	NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY
Italian Painting—III ..	3 *p.m.*	WALLACE COLLECTION

WEDNESDAY, **JUNE 19**—

A Selected Subject ..	12 *noon.*	BRITISH MUSEUM
Early Britain—IV ..	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Anglo-Saxon Period—I	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Life and Arts of the Dark Races—III.	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Masaccio to Michelangelo	11 *a.m.*	NATIONAL GALLERY
,, ,,	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Rug Knotting and Weaving.	12 *noon.*	V. AND A. MUSEUM
Lace	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Indian Section: Woodwork.	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Millais. Madox Brown ..	11 *a.m.*	TATE GALLERY
,, ,, ,, ..	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Jacobean Portrait-painters.	3 *p.m.*	NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY

THURSDAY, **JUNE 20**—

European Architecture—II	12 *noon.*	BRITISH MUSEUM
The Romans in Britain—I	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Monuments of Egypt—III	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Greek Sculpture—III ..	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Landscape—III. Turner. Constable.	11 *a.m.*	NATIONAL GALLERY
Landscape—III. Turner. Constable.	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Oriental Armour ..	12 *noon.*	V. AND A. MUSEUM
European Armour ..	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Donatello	7 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Japanese Prints ..	7 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Some Recent Painting ..	11 *a.m.*	TATE GALLERY
,, ,, ,,	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Disraeli	3 *p.m.*	NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY
French Furniture ..	3 *p.m.*	WALLACE COLLECTION
Paintings by Geoffrey Nelson. Until July 13.	10–6 *Sat.* 10–1	WM. B. PATERSON'S GALLERY, 5 OLD BOND ST.

FRIDAY, **JUNE 21**—

Greek and Roman Life—II	12 *noon.*	BRITISH MUSEUM
Greek and Roman Bronzes, etc.	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Between the Old Testament and New.	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
The Romans in Britain—II	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Italian Masterpieces ..	11 *a.m.*	NATIONAL GALLERY
,, ,, ..	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
General Tour	12 *noon.*	V. AND A. MUSEUM
Eighteenth-century Furniture.	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Seventeenth-century Wall Decoration.	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Hogarth. Reynolds ..	11 *a.m.*	TATE GALLERY
,, ,, ..	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Gladstone	3 *p.m.*	NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY
Dutch Landscape ..	3 *p.m.*	WALLACE COLLECTION

SATURDAY, **JUNE 22**—

Historical and Literary MSS.	12 *noon.*	BRITISH MUSEUM
Origins of Writing and Materials.	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
A Sectional Tour ..	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Tour of Several Sections	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
General Survey—II ..	11 *a.m.*	NATIONAL GALLERY
,, ,, ..	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Ecclesiastical Metalwork	12 *noon.*	V. AND A. MUSEUM
English Plate	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Indian Section: Architecture.	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Michelangelo	7 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Symbolism in Design ..	7 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Turner	11 *a.m.*	TATE GALLERY
,, ...	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Titian, Van Dyck, and Gainsborough.	12 *noon.*	WALLACE COLLECTION

MONDAY, **JUNE 24**—

Arts and Customs of Ancient Egypt—IV.	12 *noon.*	BRITISH MUSEUM
Hittite and Hebrew Collections.	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
The Early Christian Period	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Monuments of Egypt—III	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Dutch Genre	11 *a.m.*	NATIONAL GALLERY
,, ,, ..	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Continental Plate ..	12 *noon.*	V. AND A. MUSEUM
Chinese Porcelain ..	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Goldwork and Jewellery	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Salt Glazed Stoneware ..	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Pre-Raphaelites	11 *a.m.*	TATE GALLERY
,, ,, ..	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Some Nineteenth-century Novelists.	3 *p.m.*	NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY
Selected Pictures ..	3 *p.m.*	WALLACE COLLECTION
Ordinary General Meeting. Presentation of the Royal Gold Medal to M. Victor Laloux.	8.30 *p.m.*	R.I.B.A., 9 CONDUIT ST., W.1

TUESDAY, **JUNE 25**—

Early Christian Period—II	12 *noon.*	BRITISH MUSEUM
Anglo-Saxon Period—I	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Greek Sculpture—III ..	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Monuments of Assyria—III	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
French Nineteenth Century.	11.50 *a.m.*	NATIONAL GALLERY
French Nineteenth Century.	1 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Precious Stones	12 *noon.*	V. AND A. MUSEUM
Jade and Lacquer ..	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Hogarth. Turner ..	11 *a.m.*	TATE GALLERY
,, ,, ..	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Inigo Jones	3 *p.m.*	NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY
Rubens	3 *p.m.*	WALLACE COLLECTION

WEDNESDAY, **JUNE 26**—

Anglo-Saxon Period—II	12 *noon.*	BRITISH MUSEUM
Life and Arts of the Dark Races—IV.	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Greek Sculpture	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
A Selected Subject ..	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Leonardo, Raphael, Correggio.	11 *a.m.*	NATIONAL GALLERY
Leonardo, Raphael, Correggio.	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Persian Metalwork ..	12 *noon.*	V. AND A. MUSEUM
General Tour	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Indian Section: Metalwork.	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
General Visit	11 *a.m.*	TATE GALLERY
,, ,, ...	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Van Dyck	3 *p.m.*	NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY
Town Planning Examination. Until July 1.	—	R.I.B.A., 9 CONDUIT ST. W.1

THURSDAY, **JUNE 27**—

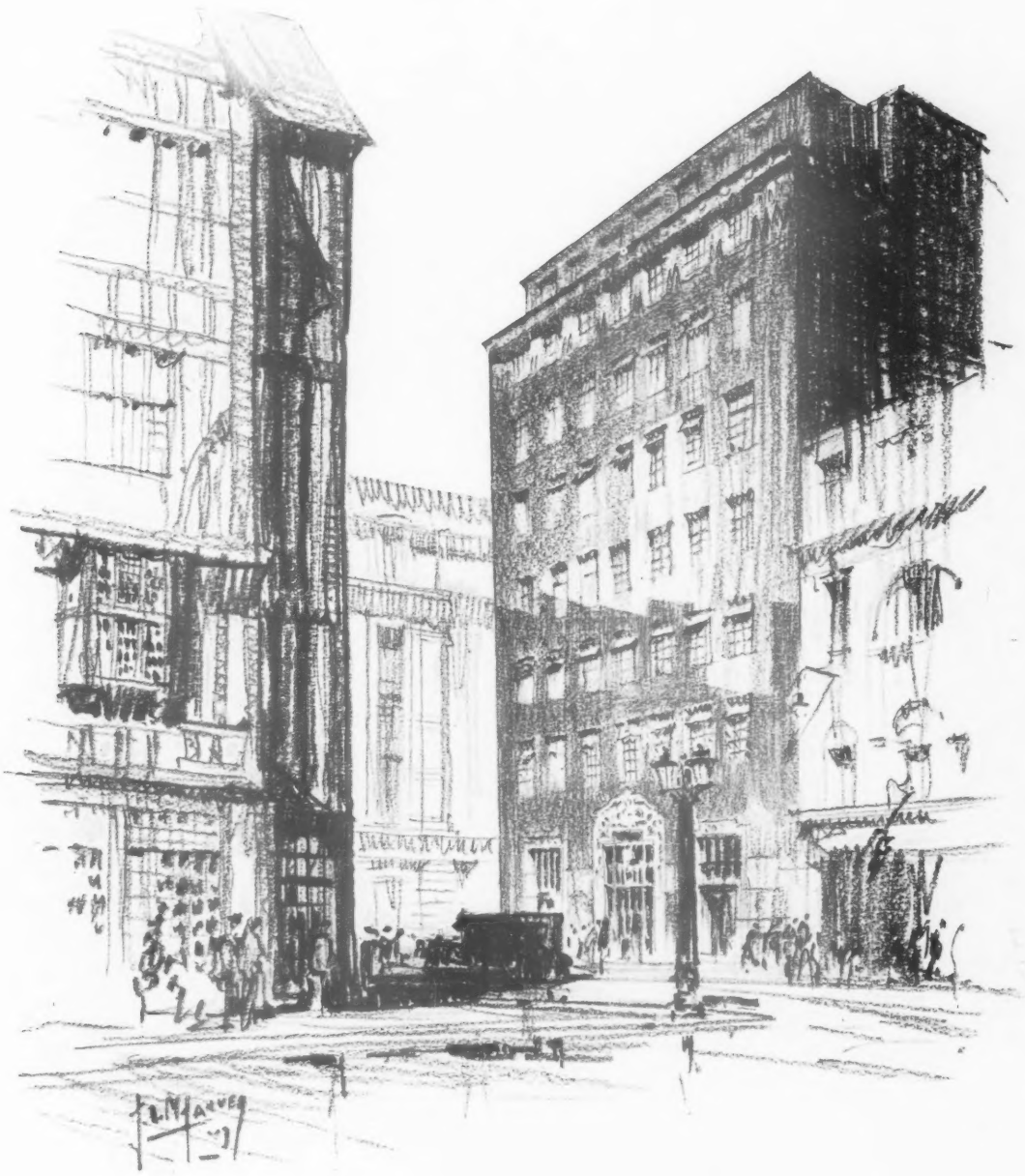
How the Bible Came Down to Us—II.	12 *noon.*	BRITISH MUSEUM
Arts and Customs of Ancient Egypt—IV.	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Life and Arts of the Middle Ages.	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Greek Sculpture—IV ..	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Landscape IV—French	11 *a.m.*	NATIONAL GALLERY
,, ,,	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Architecture (1)	12 *noon.*	V. AND A. MUSEUM
Architecture (2)	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Rodin	7 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Chinese Sculpture ..	7 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Watts. Stevens.. ..	11 *a.m.*	TATE GALLERY
,, ,, ...	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Ireland from the Sixteenth to Eighteenth Centuries.	3 *p.m.*	NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY
Rembrandt	3 *p.m.*	WALLACE COLLECTION

FRIDAY, **JUNE 28**—

Illuminated MSS. ..	12 *noon.*	BRITISH MUSEUM
Historical and Literary MSS.	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Origins of Writings and Materials.	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Anglo-Saxon Period—II	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Tintoretto and Veronese	11 *a.m.*	NATIONAL GALLERY
,, ,, ,,	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Illuminated MSS. ..	12 *noon.*	V. AND A. MUSEUM
Evolution of the Chair ..	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Eighteenth-century Wall Decoration.	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Blake. Rossetti	11 *a.m.*	TATE GALLERY
,, ,, ...	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Ireland in the Nineteenth Century.	3 *p.m.*	NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY
Miniatures	3 *p.m.*	WALLACE COLLECTION

SATURDAY, **JUNE 29**—

The Romans and their Arts.	12 *noon.*	BRITISH MUSEUM
Life and Arts of the Middle Ages.	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Tour of Several Sections	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
A Sectional Tour ..	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
General Survey—III ..	11 *a.m.*	NATIONAL GALLERY
,, ,, ..	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Oil Paintings	12 *noon.*	V. AND A. MUSEUM
Watercolours	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Indian Section: General Tour.	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Raphael Cartoons ..	7 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Oriental Rugs	7 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Constable and Landscape	11 *a.m.*	TATE GALLERY
,, ,, ,,	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
French Furniture ..	12 *noon.*	WALLACE COLLECTION



IDEAL HOUSE—
Great Marlborough Street
an impression by
J. D. M. Harvey

Contractors :
The Western Construction Co., Ltd.

Architects :
Gordon Jeeves, F.R.I.B.A., and
Raymond M. Hood.

Ideal House

London, W.1

Architects :—
Gordon Jeeves, F.R.I.B.A.
and Raymond Hood.

Twentieth-Century Architecture

If six years ago one had set out to find some typical example of twentieth-century architecture one would have searched the streets of London in vain. New buildings were plentiful, they were to be found at every turn; whole thoroughfares were being demolished and rebuilt, but the Kodak building in Kingsway, a splendid conception, was almost the only example of modern architecture then existent. The last few years, however, have seen the beginning of important developments, and there is promise that after all our age will not leave behind it achievements less individual than preceding periods.

. . . . . .

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