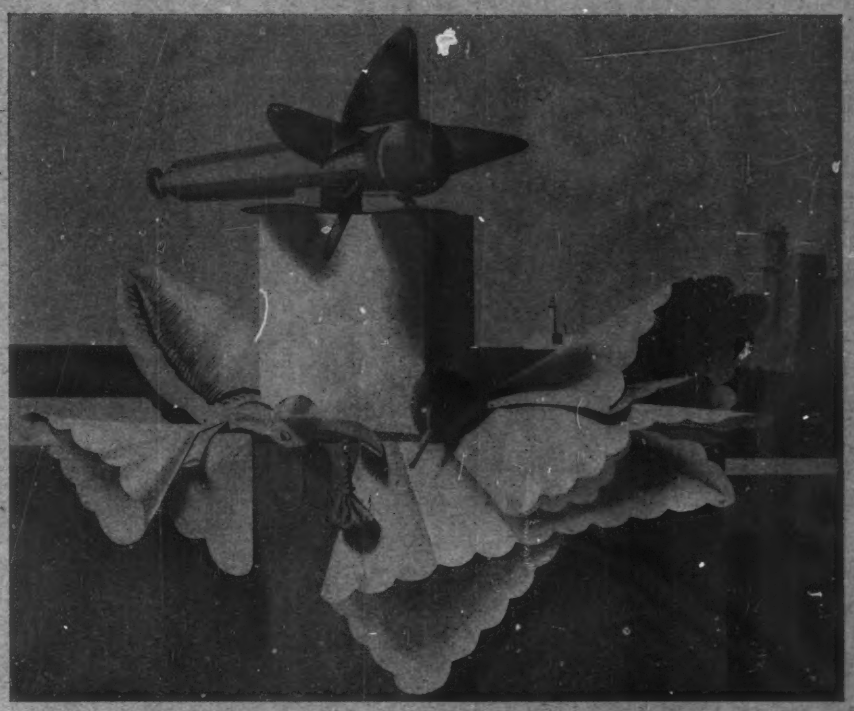
THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW

A Magazine of Architecture & Decoration



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THE
ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW
A Magazine of Architecture & Decoration

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Plate I. July 1929.

THE UNION MILL,
CRANBROOK, KENT.

Designed by
Henry Dobell in 1814

Reproduced by permission of Dexter Morand, Esq.

The Voices.

By Edward Carrick.

ONE day in Bologna, in the year 1704, Signor Ferdinando Bibiena, chief architect of the theatres of that city, and instructor of perspective at the Collegio di S. Clementino, came out of his house in the Via San Vitate and, keeping under the cool porticos, at last emerged into the scorching sun that baked the piazza Nettuno. He lingered by the fountain because it was cool and refreshing, and looked up at Gian Bologna's mighty statue in whose shadow he stood :

"Corpo di Bacco !" he said, almost aloud, "those ancients, what artists they were ! And what craftsmen, too ! to think of Gian Bologna creating a masterpiece like that. Ah ! give me the good old days when one man had the power to command and . . ."

At this moment the jingle of bells, rather too close at hand, and the angry shout of "Aree-ee !" awoke him to the fact that if he thought too much on that question the string of mules crossing the piazza would pass over him. He jumped to the side and hurried down another street, followed the curves and bends of a third, and at last entered the Teatro Malvezzi, where in the shadow of the porch he took off his wig for a moment to mop his head ; for it was a hot day—the hottest day since 1690 his wife had told him, and she had heard it from the priest ; then remembering what he had come out for, he went down a corridor and up three steps in the dark and found himself on the stage. It was lovely and cool, and there was old Pietro Nanni just coming down from a ladder, having given a last touch to the scene that was set on the stage. A couple of Cremonese painters sat on a trestle near by looking at their handiwork. "Che bellezza !" said one to the other ; "and if we had mixed half the quantity of white with the other colours as silly old Nanni told us to, it could not have looked half so bright and beautiful as it does now. Ah ! Girolamo, if only these artists would let us painters say what we liked and make a few suggestions we should make masterpieces together. But old Nanni thinks he knows more than his master and more than his assistants, and only because he can write and we can't."

Ferdinando did not hear this speech, for he was putting on his spectacles because of his extreme blindness. He fixed them, and then stepped back to the edge of the footlights and looked at the scene ; then he took off his hat and wig again and mopped his head. He looked round and called "Nanni ! Where are you ?"

"Here I am, signore," said that gentleman, who was standing a little behind him ; "and what do you think of your beautiful scene ?"

"That is just what I was going to speak about," said Ferdinando, turning and looking down at his fat little friend. "Tell me, for my mind gets weak on these hot days, which scene is this that we have before us ? I thought you told me you would have up the scene for Act II ?"

"So it is, signore mio, and with the two thousand candles it will be superbo !"

"But," said Ferdinando, fumbling in his sketchbook for the original design, "I designed three small arches across the back, and there was a fountain with a Venus and Cupids on the left and a very tall iron gate on the right."

"Ah ! signore mio padrone, so you did, and so we had arranged, except for slight modifications in the model, but when I came to cut the backcloth I found that we were slightly short of material, so I turned your three small arches into two a bit larger, and added two wings of trees on either side to make it up. Ah, and the fountain ! Well, yesterday, Signor Malvezzi came in all flustered from seeing old Isacco, the moneylender, and said : 'Nanni, we cannot spend much on this production, so take care,' and went out again. Therefore I thought of the lovely little fountains of Bacchus that your brother Francesco used in last year's baletto, so I repainted them and put in place of a new one ; and then, of course, the gate—well, we purposely made it smaller to rhyme with the fountain."

"But, caro mio," cried Bibiena, "can't you see that you have ruined my design, and that you will ruin my reputation in the eyes of my fellow-artists ?"

"Oh, signore mio, I do not think you can say that. We have worked all day and night for you, and the alterations are very slight, and Signor Malvezzi is sure to be pleased."

Signor Ferdinando looked at Nanni—Nanni smiled, happy with himself and life.

Five minutes later Ferdinando was walking towards home with a worried look on his face. In the Piazza Nettuno he stopped once more in front of the fountain and gazed at it a long time—then he questioned himself : "Surely there was not compromise between artist and patron in making that statue ! No, no, it is too beautiful, and yet, I wonder if that is exactly as Bologna designed it, or did his assistants change it, like my assistant alters my work ?" He wagged his head and wandered home, and the sun began to set ; the piazza turned from gold to crimson and green and then to purple, and gradually night came and all was lighted up again in a silvery light.

From the spray of the still running fountain silvery forms took shape and collected together. They had strange rustling voices, like the sound of leaves. Four spoke in German, one spoke French, and the rest spoke in strange Italian dialects—all seemed to be waiting the arrival of someone, and as the great bell in the castle pealed one, a small silvery being took shape at the fountain's edge and, coming down the steps, joined the waiting throng. At his arrival all grew happy. Some slapped him on the back, others began to sing, and all moved across the piazza and sat round a long table that was loaded with tankards, flasks, and jugs of beer and wine. These were the spirits of Gian Bologna and his workmen come to their usual meeting-place to enjoy each other's company.

They drank and sang and talked, and Bologna, looking across the table at a great German worker, cried :

"To your health, Hans, for had it not been for your suggestion I should never have thought to put those four boys round old Neptune's feet ; and here is to you, Paolo, for you designed me that beautiful basin—here's to you all,

my best friends"; and they all drank and cheered again. Then they talked together and praised each other's work, laughed at the mistakes and miscalculations that some had made, and as the night advanced the merrier they grew, until the morning broke again when they all disappeared—table, drinks, and all.

Years passed, and one evening, in 1929 (it had been a very hot day), a man took a seat under the shady awning of a café in the same piazza. From the shape of his head and hands it was obvious that he was an artist. He ordered coffee and sat looking at some illustrations in a theatrical magazine. After some time he looked up and noticed that a rather big and strong-looking man was sitting at his table. When this man saw him look up he said:

"Buon giorno, signore, it is a very hot day." The artist replied "Yes," and looked back at his magazine.

"Are you an artist?" asked the big man.

"Yes," he replied. "I am a painter, and I make scenes for theatres and produce plays."

"I am an artist, too," said the other. "I am a metal founder, and I work for a great man in the Via San Paolo. We are making a statue; at least, he is, and twenty-five of us are helping, and it is a masterpiece; when it is finished it will surpass everything, even the Nettuno over there."

The artist opened his eyes and smiled. "It is refreshing to hear such things nowadays," he said in a sad tone, "when art is getting so bad. But when your masterpiece is finished, if it is a true work of art, the public is sure not to understand it. Look at these reproductions here of scenes for the stage and the film—some of them I grant you are appreciated by the public, but the majority of the really artistic scenes and productions are rejected by them. Yes, the public nowadays have depraved tastes; all they understand and ask for is vulgarity and sex; if you show them anything produced by a genius they cannot understand it. Whereas in the eighteenth century . . ."

At this point the founder called for some wine, and the artist, seeing that he was interrupted, stopped short.

"Do not be offended, sir," said the founder, "but I can see plainly that you are depressed, and I feel sure that some good wine will make you see things as they are, and not as one or two individuals make you see them. While they bring the wine I will show you how absolutely mistaken you are. You say that Art is deteriorating, that the public is to blame because they cannot appreciate a work of art when they get it, and that all they ask for in the theatre is Vulgarity and Sex Appeal, and they cannot understand genius.

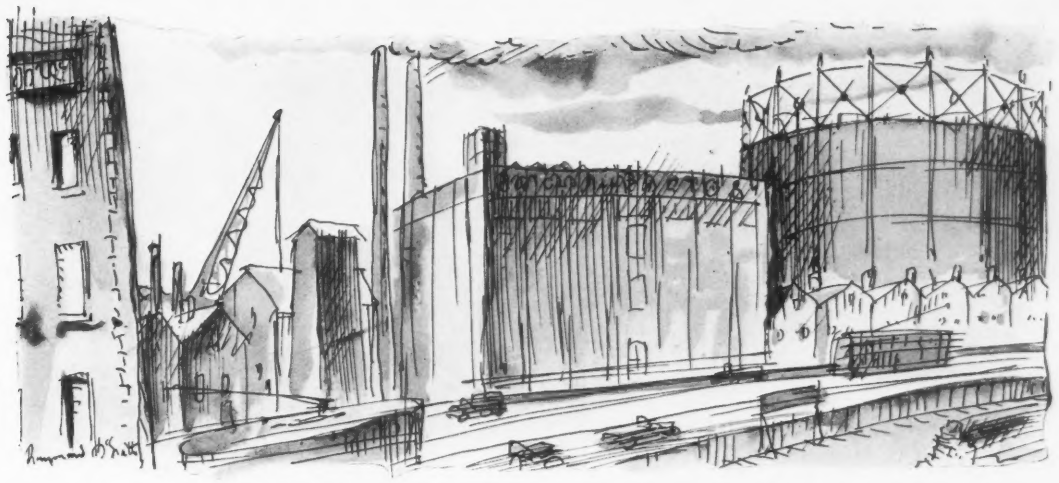
"Well, the fault is with the artists alone. The public today is almost the same as it was years ago. You say it cannot appreciate Art, and yet, all here in Bologna, and all who come, admire the beautiful buildings and statues and paintings, and so it is in all other parts of the world. Wherever you go you will find works of art of the past preserved, appreciated, studied, and admired. That means to say that there must be something wrong with modern art, and I will tell you what I think it is.

"The word artist has a different meaning now to a little while ago, though in some countries the old meaning still exists, which is that an artist is a craftsman who is perfect in his craft. In the pampered eighteenth century, artists allowed themselves to be petted and became courtiers. They then began to be separated from the people, their assistants, and workmen, and since then they have never recovered. Now most artists think that they are something special—different—apart from the multitude. They have decided that "a work of art" is the expression in some medium of an "individuality"; consequently, the majority seclude themselves from all except two or three friends, and sometimes even from them, and the output is the result of a mind obsessed with itself; and the public quite rightly does not understand it.

"Now, as to Vulgarity and what you call Sex Appeal. Well, sex appeal is the greatest appeal of all, and has been used in art of every kind since humanity began; that the public like it is only a sign that they are still sane. The reason why vulgarity appeals to them is that we are all supplied with a certain amount of the vulgar sense; and if you give the people six hundred shows that are vulgar in their appeal, and only vary them by giving one hundred shows that are expressions of an egotistical individual, you will find that only the six hundred shows will succeed. If you were to make the expressionistic (individual) shows in the majority, the public would still give preference to the vulgar ones if nothing else were available.

"And nothing else will be available until artists in every branch of every art become as my master is in the Via San Paolo. He has twenty-five men working with him like myself; he pays us by the week, not by the hour. We are working on a great statue, and whenever one of us has an idea, which is often the case as we are all enthusiastic about the success of this work, we call out to him, and he comes and we tell him our idea; if he thinks it good he says so, and we use it; if not, we reject it; he uses 30 per cent. of the ideas we suggest. We all eat together, and when we stop work, which is generally at sundown, we go and drink together, and our wives come, too, and we discuss our art with all who care to talk about it. At different times he will go out and bring in a newly-made friend, such as a priest, a shopkeeper, a beggar, a countess, all kinds of people, and get their opinions of his work. He appreciates all criticism. He studies the life and times he is living in; he never forgets the past but it is not his study. He believes that the greatest works of art are farthest away from realism, but he knows that the public cannot appreciate forms which they have never seen before, and therefore he always tries to represent imaginary subjects with realistic symbols and . . . I am afraid that it is very near morning, and I am forced to leave you," said the founder, and his voice sounded as though at the end of an empty passage. The artist looked up and saw his big friend move slowly away across the piazza; when he got to the great fountain of Nettuno he waved and disappeared. The artist shuddered, because it was cold, and looked around. . . Morning was just breaking. Suddenly the bells of the different churches calling people to Mass awoke him—but had he been asleep? He rose and decided to find the foundry in the Via San Paolo. Life was just beginning to stir. He found the right street and asked a man who was beginning to open his shop—No, he never knew of a foundry in that part. He asked more people, and then he stopped a priest and asked again.

"Ah, signore, I see you are interested in the ancient arts of the city," he answered. "Well, well, now I think I can show you. There! You see the low wall between my church and the house where Countess Palerrini lives? Well, that is your foundry, or, rather, was the foundry where Gian Bologna cast his Neptune. But I cannot stop, for I must attend the wants of my people in church. Addio!"



"The London of Charles Lamb was incongruous, but had not lost its soul. There was a London spirit and a London accent, and a London patriotism. Men came in from the country to London, as from one air to another. In less than a hundred years all that was gone; the place had run to extravagant shapelessness and enormity, and of any unified soul inhabiting it and informing it there was no trace left. No one can draw London, no one can symbolize London, no one can call up a single atmosphere for London any more. What was once a city has become a mere welter of building stretching a whole day's walk from side to side, and with no pretence left to a common spirit."

The Importance of Exact Boundaries to Towns.

By Hilaire Belloc.

With Drawings by RAYMOND McGRATH.

ONE of the chief differences between the town as it has existed through the greater part of European history and the town of today is the modern absence of a boundary; a visible and actual frontier between urban and not urban; a limitation. Such a *limes*, such a containing skin and outline, is proper to a town. Its lack is a weakness: a "spilling out of virtue." The town without such a boundary is less civic; the fields outside it are less free. It is a visible symbol and reminder of the deep spiritual difference between town and country; it is also a cause and a confirmation of the sharp, physical difference between them.

For between town and country there is, and must always be, a contrast of soul and of physical circumstance. In the town, man works inwards; lives by the minds of his fellow-citizens. In the country he works outwards, living, for most part of him, by the life of living things other than men, and by the wind and the sky, landscape, and the changes of the air. To mix two complementary and sharply different sides of life is a confusion, warping both.

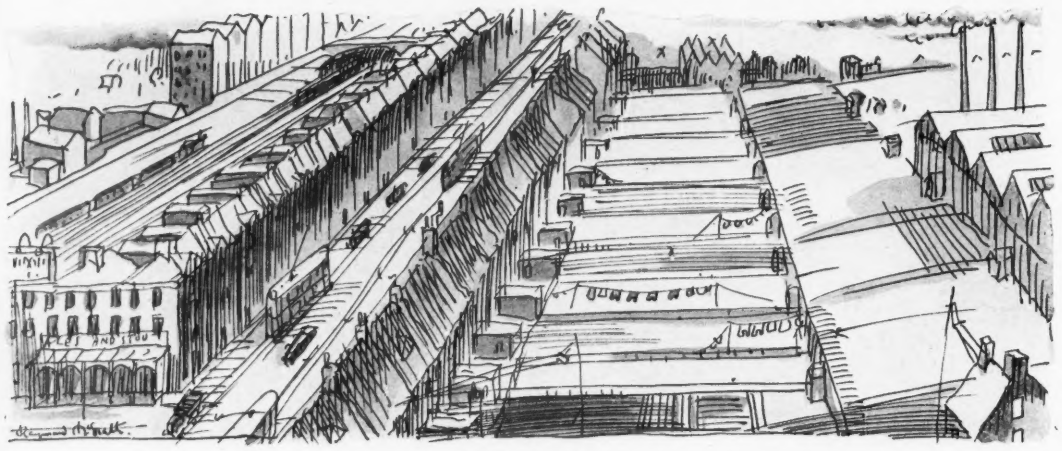
This our fathers knew and gave the city a sacred bound.

The city was one thing. It had a personality. One was proud of belonging to it as one is proud of belonging to a nation today, and, indeed, that character in a city, that it promotes a local patriotism, is not lost even now. It is in the nature of things it must continue. You will find it strongly surviving in such a difficult air as that of Manchester and that of Birmingham. You will find it surviving in even less likely surroundings, for it is inevitable that men thrown upon themselves should breed this common spirit. Even in the modern rapid manufacturing growths which have not, as Manchester and Birmingham have, a long history behind them, the necessary unity appears, and with it a local patriotism.

The town has always felt itself to be the normal unit of human society; the unit which was large enough to bear civic matters discussed from man to man and to co-ordinate opinion, but not so large as to lose contact between citizens. The town has always been the focus in which the social temperature was just at the right measure for the most vigorous social growth. The village did not create the full citizen; the province, too large a unit, drowned him. In the town he came to his political perfection; and it has been the towns which have given us, in each great civic period, the Greek of the fifth, fourth, and third centuries B.C., the Italians of the late Middle Ages, the Netherland merchant cities of the seventeenth century, strong individual art, philosophy, and a second soul: the civic soul superimposed on our own. That is why men have deified towns, and why, when you know that a poet belongs to a particular town, you at once see him more clearly. Towns also, from this character in them of being our normal social unit, have all the complexity of a full personality coupled with its unity. A village is too small and simple; a country will be either standardized or its provinces highly differentiated; but a town is a whole little world.

"Things are because they are one," said the philosopher, and he spoke truly; but there is no unity without a limit, a frontier, a skin, a wall. Whatever is vague in such delimitation is the less itself, and it is a degradation of the town, a loss of personality in it when its delimitation is vague.

The sharper the contrast between that which is of the town and that which is of the country outside, the more does the individual pride and strength of the city enliven it; the more confused that contrast, and the more mixed the two characters, the worse for both. In neither (when they are confused together) does a man feel at home. In the



OUTSKIRTS.

city he suffers from isolation, which in the country is normal. In the country he feels the face of the earth disfigured by urban architecture and associations.

They were certainly wrong who imagined (in the old-fashioned materialism of the nineteenth century) that the walls of ancient towns arose from a crude necessity for defence. Defence was sometimes one of their functions, though there were long periods when no such obstacle was needed; but their main function was that of the *limes*. The city was not sanctified until it had its boundary. And most cities, remember, were *founded*: they did not grow. They did not develop haphazard. They were the conscious creation of man. The limit set to a city (as that which Constantine, guided, he said, by an angel, solemnly traced for his new Byzantium) gave it form and meaning and distinction, plainly setting forth what was of the city and was without; thus cities have walls as gardens have, not only to make intrusion difficult, but to secure separation and self-being.

That the modern evil of confusion between town and country is remediable we are assured by the fact that it has been known in the past and has been cured.

It was not unknown, even when walls were most sacred, that a city should outgrow its walls. Great increase, especially coming suddenly, sometimes desired, more often not checked, poured out the town in waste as it were, breaking its containing rim.

The first mighty example we know of such a thing was in Rome. For the very old square town seems to have annexed villages on the hills immediately without and thus to have spread into a general mass over these hills. It was contained, however, after that expansion by the sacred boundary associated with the kings and their Etruscan mysteries. It broke out again and made confusion as the wealth of the world's capital grew. It was contained a third time by the walls of Aurelian. It did not thus build for itself another wall for centuries upon centuries after the first, but there was always this tendency to restore a strict limit.

Paris is another instance: its walls round the island had been exceeded in the last generation of the Empire; its early medieval ring, three miles round, was exceeded again in the thirteenth century and the fourteenth century, and the suburbs continued to grow outwards and to be re-included up to the nineteenth century, but the visible limit was always aimed at and, in each phase, long maintained. The modern spirit which broke down the sanctity of a city limit was the same spirit which broke down all other sanctities. You see the confusion first showing itself in the seventeenth century and particularly in this country. The kings wisely tried to check the growth of London, but the kings were growing weak, and the increasing power of individual rich men was too much for them. At last, in the eighteenth century, all effort at limitation was abandoned. The towns of Western Europe, and particularly the towns of Britain, began to sprawl with the coming of the Industrial Revolution. They increased out of all knowledge, but at the same time out of

THE UNTENANTABLE TENEMENT.

all form, and we have just lived through a time when the evil reached its culminating point. There must now be a reaction, and the more conscious we are of that reaction the more carefully we control it, the more we manage it and create its forces instead of suffering them, the better for the future of society.

There must come (there has come already in those who can appreciate the beginnings of new things) a demand for the delimitation of the town. With a hundred other false materialist dogmas of the immediate past, the dogma that man could not control his fate in this, as in any other matter, has gone by the board.

Foreign example, especially that of Italy, has begun to show that the town can be limited, for, indeed, anything in human society can be limited if the law be enforced.

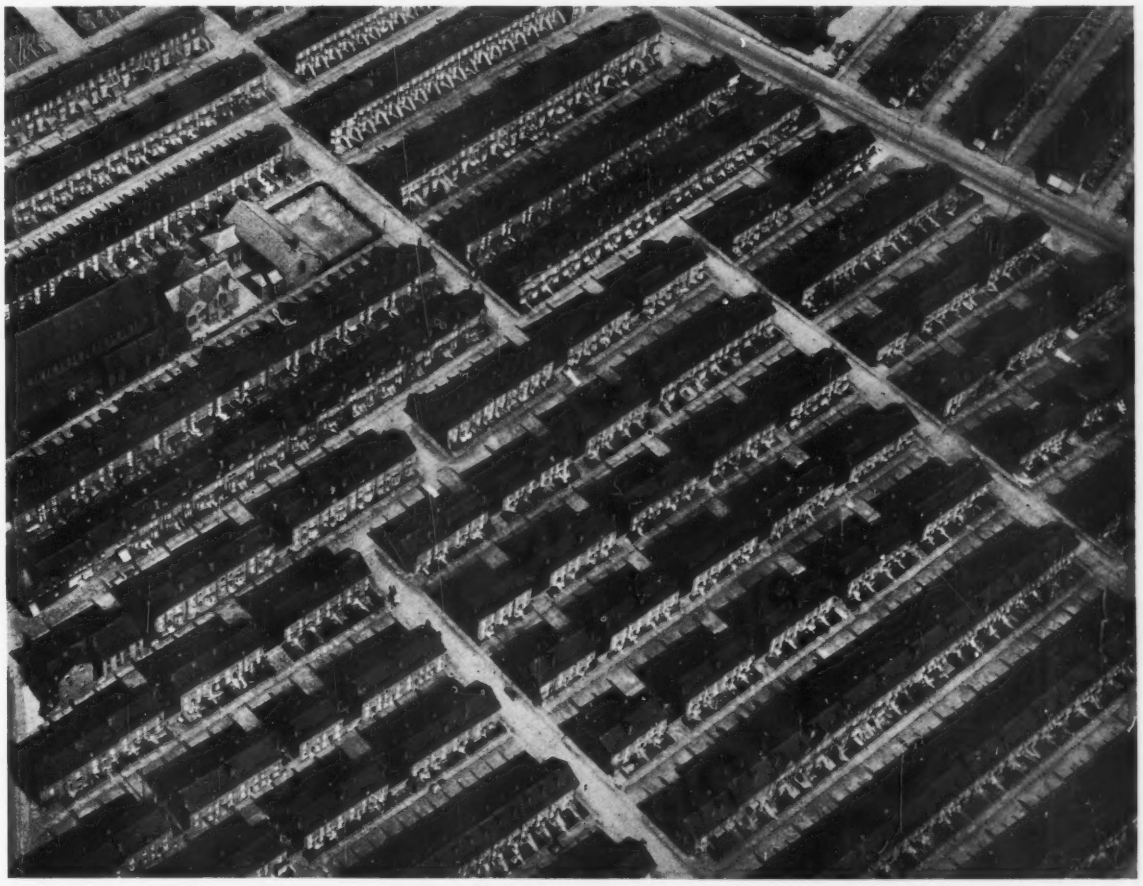
If there be a law that beyond such and such a visible symbolizing line there shall be, for a certain zone, no building, save under exceptional licence and for a necessary cause, or if there be a law that within this line certain urban privileges exist which do not exist outside, then that law can be enforced like any other law, and, being enforced, bears its fruit and effect.

Where this idea of limitation has been wholly neglected, the city ceases to be. That is what happened to London during the nineteenth century, and that is what is happening to Paris in these earlier years of the twentieth century.

The London of Charles Lamb was incongruous, but had not lost its soul. There was a London spirit and a London accent, and a London patriotism. Men came in from the country to London, as from one air to another. In less than a hundred years all that was gone; the place had run to extravagant shapelessness and enormity, and of any unified soul inhabiting it and informing it there was no trace left. No one can draw London, no one can symbolize London, no one can call up a single atmosphere for London any more. What was once a city has become a mere welter of building stretching a whole day's walk from side to side, and with no pretence left to a common spirit.

With Paris the thing is worse, for there both landscape and history had imposed a sense of limit which lasted to our own time. Paris was visibly marked out for unity, for spiritual habitation, for personality which could be represented in figure of marble and in song. Within the last thirty years this historic sense has grown weaker and has failed. There is now a ring of chaos all round Paris, flooding over what used to be the market gardens of the western plain, deluging in factories the flat miles round St. Denis, and even corroding and defiling the western woods on the heights. Already Paris can no longer act with one will after the fashion which was distinctly hers through two thousand years Nor is this loss a mere matter of numbers, though these are bad enough; it is a matter of spiritual decay; the loss of self through the loss of restriction; through the abandonment of that strengthening discipline which containment affords. The rapid disappearance of the old fortifications has a high meaning; it means that Paris is losing its outline, its feature and habit, its right to be called one thing.

I, for my part, have thought during the last years since the war as the pace of the evil rapidly increased, that this new loss of character in Paris would be discovered in the



VILLADOM, LEEDS. *Photo : Aerofilms.*

next civil tumult when the clean division of the old civil wars would disappear and self-destruction would succeed them; an attack on the centre from the chaos of the outer ring.

If we ask ourselves what are the reasons, permanent and ephemeral, general and peculiar to our own time, which make this policy of delimitation for the modern city not only wise but necessary (if we are to preserve our inheritance of cities or some fragments of it), the answer would seem to be that they are three: first, the necessity for beauty—the conformity of that which is within mankind to that which is without; secondly, the necessity for government; and, thirdly, the necessities of communication and supply.

That the need for beauty is met by limitation is self-evident. Whether as a wall (which is the best form) or merely as a sharp cessation of building (giving something of the effect of a wall) delimitation harmonizes to the eye the city and the aspect of the city. A city thus properly limited is a city consonant to itself like a man properly clothed; it becomes something we can personify and therefore worship. Who, approaching a town, does not feel this? Come upon a town through miles of unchecked suburbs, you do not really come upon the town at all, you have drifted into it as into a disaster. But come upon a hill-town like Laon or Orvieto, where the conditions of ground have made the expansion of the place impossible, and you feel that you are coming to the ramparts of a strong and enduring personality, and that beauty has been served. The hill-town is the crown of its landscape.

That is the first motive leading us to new limitation, and it is the best and the most important: beauty.

By the second need for limitation, the need arising from necessities of government, I do not mean that a city is more easily ordered, or that there is less fear of popular tumult if it be limited than if it be unlimited, for, in point of fact, I think that it is rather the other way. But I mean that the city without limits cannot be appealed to as a city, and that authority therein cannot repose upon a real consent of the governed and their recognition of advantage in authority: which conditions have always been, and must always be, the foundations of secure rule.

There cannot be *authority* in a city without limits; there can be precarious order through force, but there cannot be founded order through justice. For in the city without limits a man does not form one member of something corporate, since that cannot be corporate which has not its mark of differentiation from external things.

I suppose it is by the third necessity, being wholly material, that our time will be most impressed; a city without limits has become something into which you can only crawl, in which your communications are clotted, and for the future of which one can but expect an increase of such evils. It is perhaps through this sheer necessity for approach and circulation that we shall at last impose a clearly admitted ideal of unity and limit upon the civic mind. Today vested interests prevent the piercing of new ways. With the city made one again, they would be over-ridden. Again, we are beginning to build, and we must continually increase by-pass roads. Now, when we build by-pass roads we shall have at last to insist that they remain without buildings in their neighbourhood, otherwise their purpose will be self-defeated. And here is the prospect of something most effective to our end. The by-pass road will lead everywhere to the circular way, going to left and right outside the town, and making passage by it practicable from every side. Now, a circular road, beyond which building is forbidden, forms at once a true boundary. Then, when we find ingress even more hopelessly jammed than it is today, we shall issue our first order against unchecked increase. Seeing that the unexpected is what happens (and this applies to the good as well as the evil in this world), let us hope that the necessary change will come through a decline into more secure and more humane conditions.

When there are spaces falling empty in London itself, ruins which it is worth no man's while to put up again, then we may be fairly certain that the unity of the city through limitation is returning.

The town with a boundary has the advantages of beauty and unity; it has also ease of entry and exit—two highly important practical considerations; again it gives to those who really need it—the town-dwellers—quick access to the country-side. After a preliminary flutter with gasworks and slums our modern towns spread themselves without any sort of plan or limitation in acres of suburbs and miles of small detached villas interspersed with allotments, thereby destroying at a blow the amenities both of town and country life. One day the public will realize how silly this is, and bring pressure to bear on the authorities to stop indiscriminate "development" (so called).

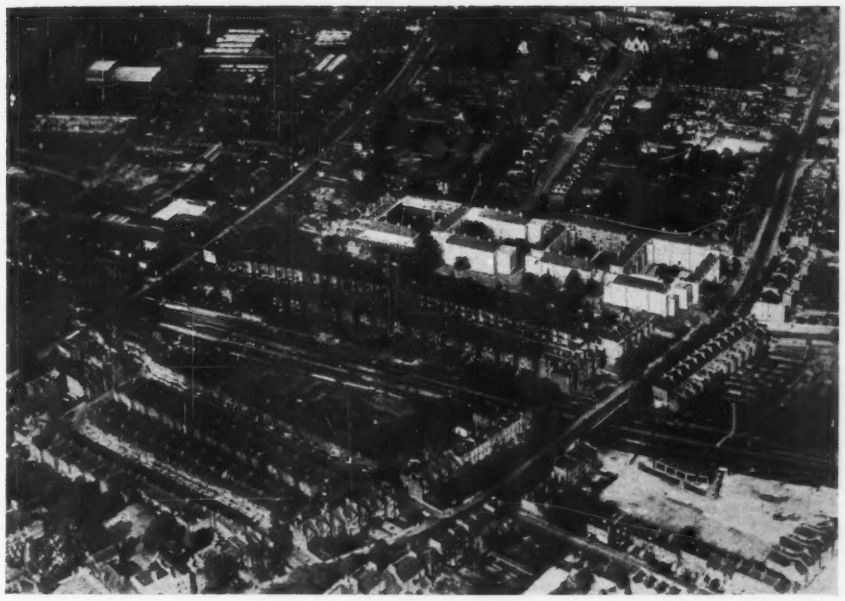


Photo: Aerofilms.

In the foregoing article Mr. Belloc pleads for the sensible limitation of towns. To those who agree with his argument yet see no way of circumscribing our overflowing populations, the experiment at Larkhall may provide food for thought. In a series of charming flats built round quadrangles of trees and grass, Sir Theodore Chambers and his architects have succeeded in housing a population three times as great as that which previously occupied the same area. The scene is Clapham, one of the most unprepossessing and overcrowded parts of London. Yet far from making the place appear more congested, the new enterprise, as the air view shows, provides an effect of spaciousness which the surrounding villas are entirely unable to emulate, although they actually house fewer people to the acre than the Larkhall flats.

The Larkhall Estate.

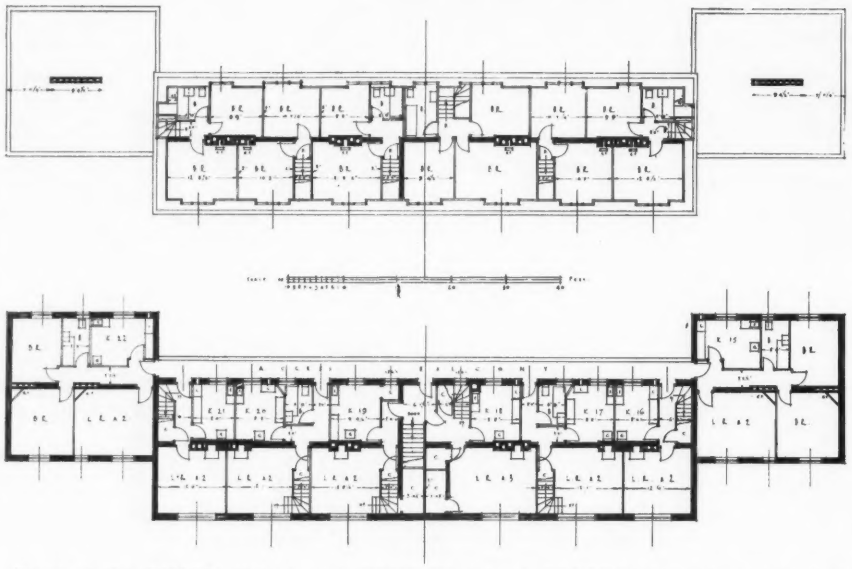
By Sir Theodore Chambers.

Architects: *L. de Soissons & G. G. Wornum.*

LARKHALL, which forms the subject of this article, has an area of nearly thirty acres. It is possible in the imagination to reconstruct the property as consisting, in the early part of the eighteenth century, of a large country house standing in its own grounds, surrounded by orchards and meadows on the edge of the escarpment or cliff which formed the ancient Surrey bank of the River Thames. Below, between it and the new bed of the Thames, lay meadows and marshes across which, in the distance, could be seen the wharves of Vauxhall, and beyond, the City of Westminster. With the outward spread of London the property, like many others of the same character, was gradually surrounded by a flood of inferior, untidy buildings. Fortunately the Larkhall property remained intact and came into hands that dealt with it not too harshly. It appears to have been "developed" early in the nineteenth century, at a time when owners of land too often cared for little else than the creation of ground rents without regard to social conditions or architecture. The estate was dealt with on lines which were unusually enlightened. The roads that were made were broad for those times, and the houses which were erected were not crowded together. Though not too well built, according to modern standards, they were somewhat attractive, and they were provided with uncommonly large gardens. It is probable that the owners were, to some extent, induced to adopt this method of treatment by reason of the fine timber and fruit trees. Whatever may have been the reason, the standard of development was much higher than that which was adopted over the wide area between Larkhall and the river.

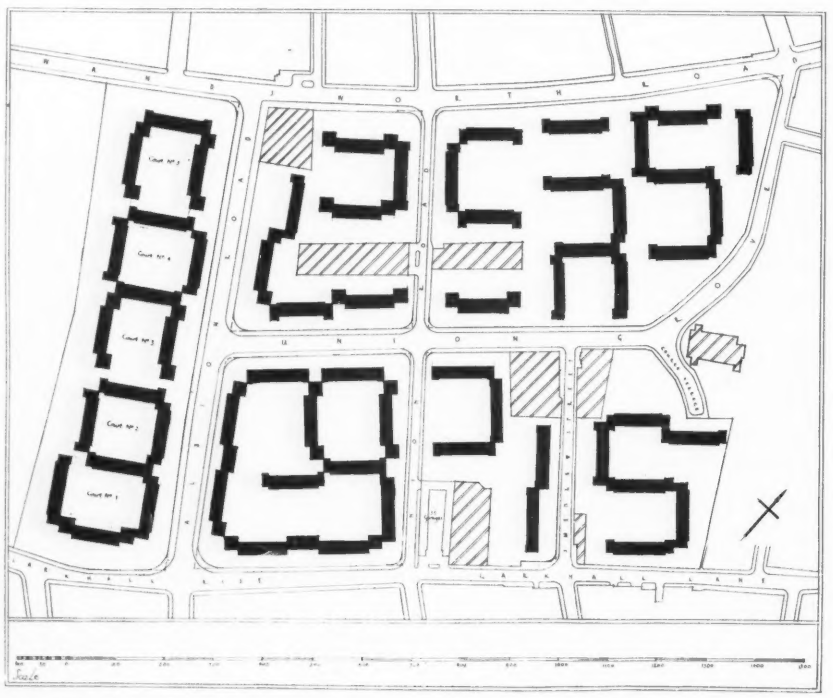
Shortly after the war the leases on the greater part of the property expired. Although the property still retained character the buildings were worn out and reconstruction was unavoidable. Owing to the unity of control it was possible to conceive of a policy of planning, taking the whole area as the unit. Nevertheless, the problem of reconstruction was a difficult one. Geographically, the estate has substantial advantages. Both by road and rail it is very accessible. Vauxhall Bridge is within a mile and Westminster Bridge within two miles. Two railway stations are close to the estate. From these all parts of London can be quickly reached. The difficulty that had to be faced was that of the environment. As everyone who knows London well is aware, on the north bank of the river there are to be found certain indications of town planning. Owing to the position of the Royal parks and the methods of development adopted on some of the great ancestral estates, we find there what have long been the best residential areas—Mayfair, Belgravia, Bloomsbury, Paddington, Kensington, and others. London on the south side of the Thames, on the other hand, is almost entirely planless. One has to go far to find a recognized residential area of any size. Larkhall lay on the edge of a district without plan or motive of any kind. Wandsworth Road, the principal approach to London, is one of those streets which tends to accumulate public-houses, fried fish, and old clothes shops. Frankly, it is a street without amenities or attractions. To the north, between the Wandsworth Road and the Thames, there exists an extraordinary medley of railway sidings, goods yards, gasworks, contractors' yards and wharves, intermingled, without reason, with rows upon rows of tiny, uninteresting-looking houses, dreary and inferior. Acres of grimy wilderness. The property immediately to the south has little against it from the point of view of the type of houses or streets. The adjoining property was well laid out according to the ideals of the time, but it has the appearance of not being quite what it was. Throughout the district, in fact throughout the South London area, will be found oases of property well planned and well constructed, often individually beautiful, but

intermingled with them will be streets of mean, dilapidated houses. There is no consistency about South London. The same may be said of very large areas north, east, and west of Central London, but it is peculiarly true of the south. Just as the strength of a chain lies in its weakest link, so the social status of any urban area tends towards that of its more inferior parts. Given an acre or two within the vast muddle of South London, any attempt at uplifting would only be doomed to failure. Larkhall was in this perilous position. The only chance to raise its status lay in its relatively large acreage. It is possible to do with thirty what is quite impossible with two or three acres.



Plans of the *THIRD* (*below*) and *FOURTH* (*above*) *FLOORS* of the largest typical block. Provision is made for a self-contained flat at each end and six self-contained two-story flats in the centre. The approach to all the residences is by way of a central staircase and an outside balcony.

In 1925 the proprietors decided to deal with the whole of the thirty acres upon a consistent plan, and L. de Soissons and G. G. Wornum designed a "lay-out" of a most attractive character, consisting of blocks of flats and maisonettes, surrounding large quadrangles having some of the character of the old inns of London or the college courts of Oxford and Cambridge. The design provided a handsome measure of open land. It allowed for the covering of not more than five acres out of the thirty with building, leaving four acres for roads and nearly twenty-one acres for gardens and open spaces. The population on the estate was approximately 1,600 persons. The new plan provided 1,300 flats of three to four rooms, in five-storied blocks, giving accommodation for something like 4,500 persons, as against the original 1,600. It is noteworthy that here, so near the very centre of London, there should have been an area so sparsely populated that, with the broadest and most lavish treatment of open space in relation to building, nearly three times the old population could be housed with ease and comfort. In 1926 a start was made upon the first area of nearly six acres to the west of the estate. This site was selected mainly because it was the least densely populated portion. It should be pointed out that, in spite of the leases having expired, the whole of the property was subject to the Rent Restriction Acts, those statutory war measures which, extending already ten years beyond the Armistice, have divorced ownership from control and have done more to prevent development and reconstruction than is generally appreciated. It was anticipated that one of the most serious difficulties might be that of the owners getting possession of their own property. By the exercise of persuasion and tact possession of all the houses but one was, in fact, obtained by negotiation during the process of development. In one case possession was obtained by application to the Court under a section of the Rent Restriction Act of 1923, which enables possession to be obtained if the land is required for works of public importance, subject to alternative accommodation being found for the tenant. Fortunately the Court took the view that the scheme was of sufficient public importance to warrant the application of the section, and thus the thirty-seven houses on the area of six acres were vacated and demolished without any serious loss of time. The development was undertaken through the medium of a Public Utility Society, registered under the Industrial and Provident Societies Acts, with dividends limited to 6 per cent. per annum. Arrangements were made with the



The *SKETCH PLAN* for laying out the thirty acres of land which comprise the estate. The roads shown already exist, and the hatched portions indicate sites not available for development.

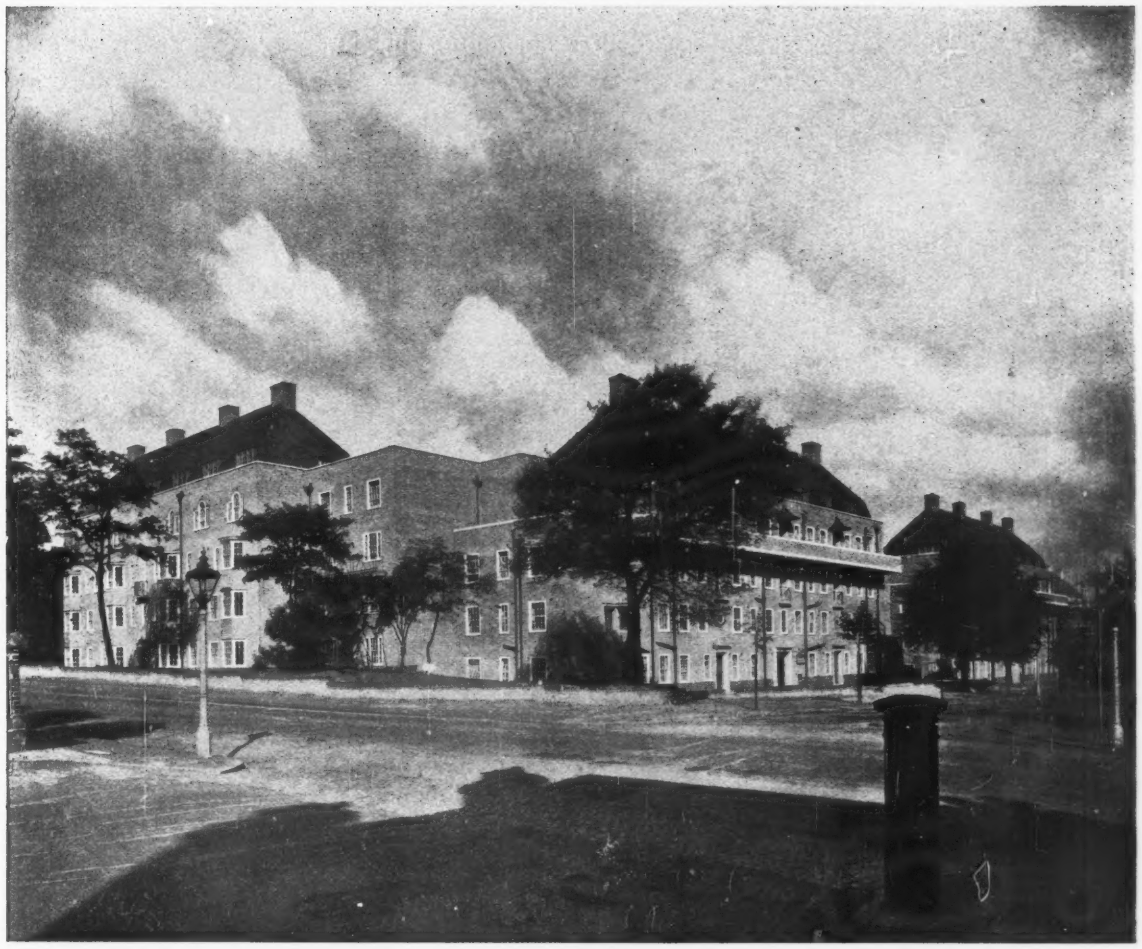
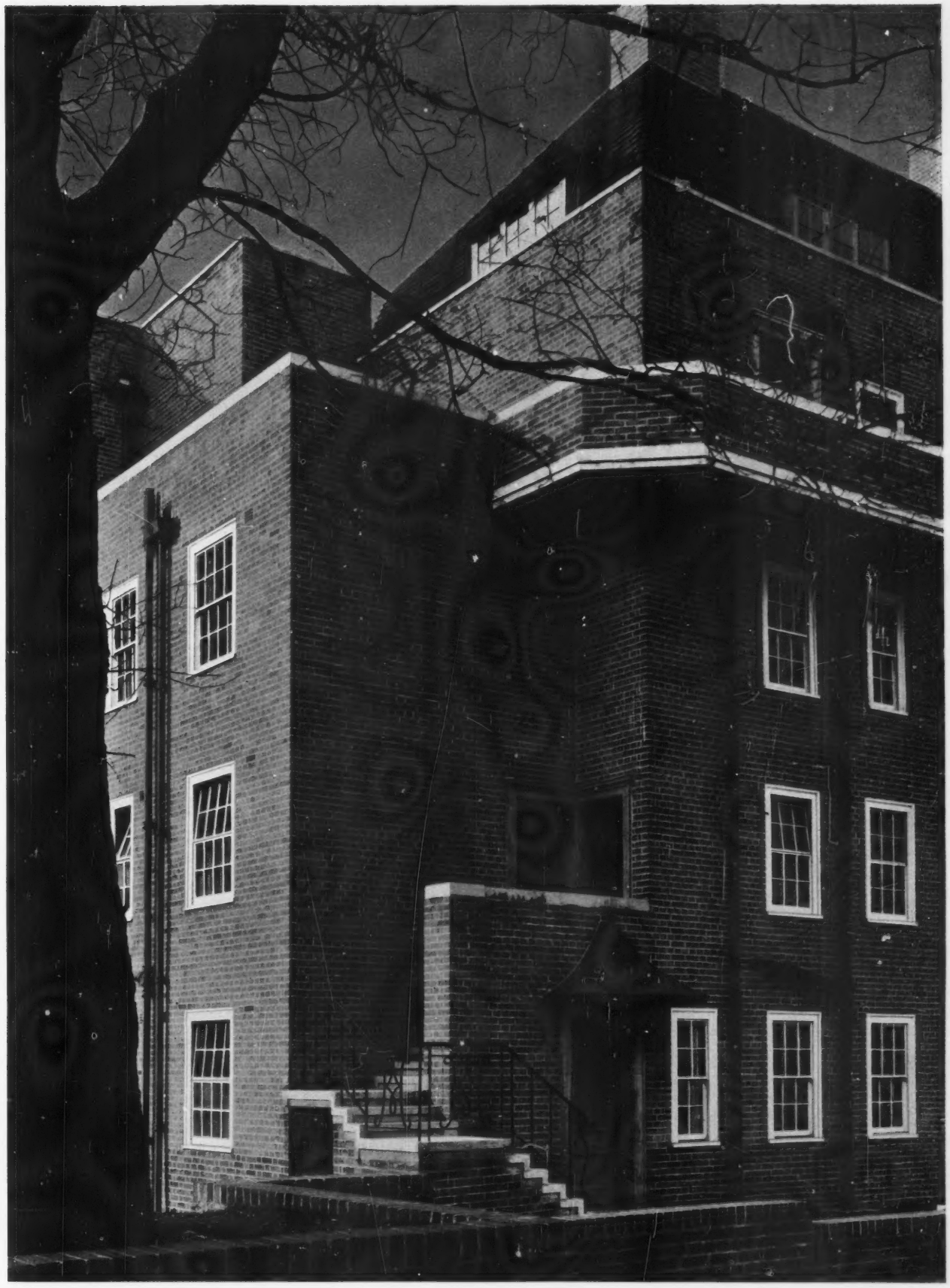


Plate II. July 1929.

FROM THE SOUTH.

L. de Soissons and G. G. Wornum, *Architects.*

The first completed section, facing Larkhall Rise, of the six acres which are to be covered by 1930. The present intention of the proprietors is subsequently, and as the demand arises, to continue the scheme over the whole of the thirty acres which comprise the estate.

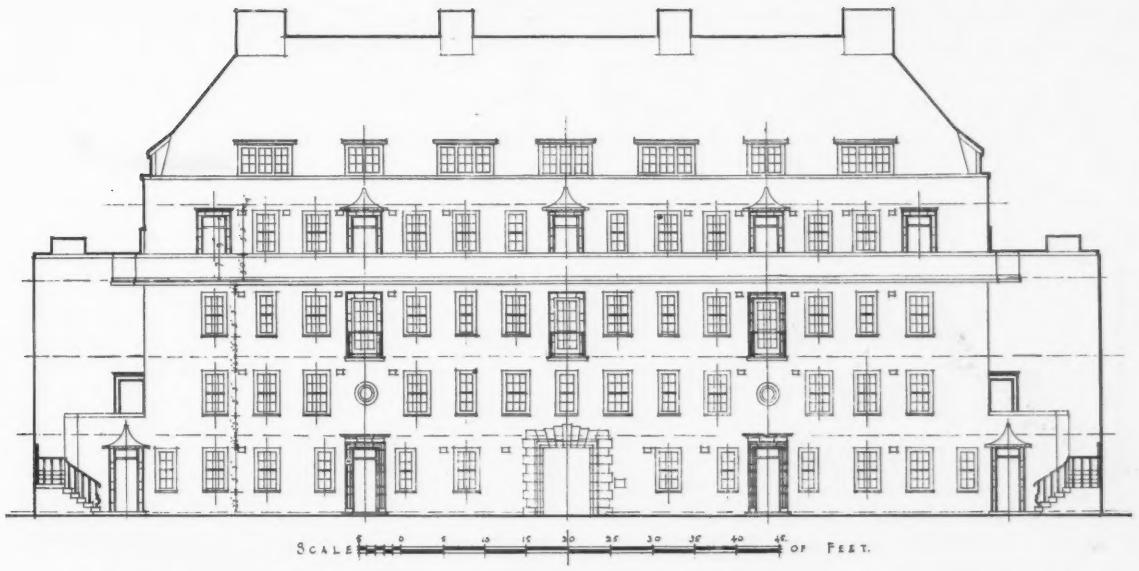


The *ENTRANCE* at the corner of
a typical block facing
Albion Road.

London County Council for financial assistance by way of loans on each block of flats for forty years, equal to 90 per cent. of the value of the flats. Neither the London County Council nor the State provided any subsidy. The whole undertaking has therefore had to stand on its own merits as an economic proposition. In spite of this there is every indication at the present date that the scheme will be financially successful. The flats have been specifically designed and arranged for people of moderate means. The

FROM ALBION ROAD, facing north-east. The three entrances to the flats and maisonettes are by the main central stairs and by exterior staircases at either end of the block. The central windows on the first and second floors light fully equipped electric laundries for the use of tenants. The projecting balcony at the third floor level, which is cantilevered out from the main floor construction, serves the maisonettes on the top floor. The railings outside the dormer windows afford a means of escape from fire.

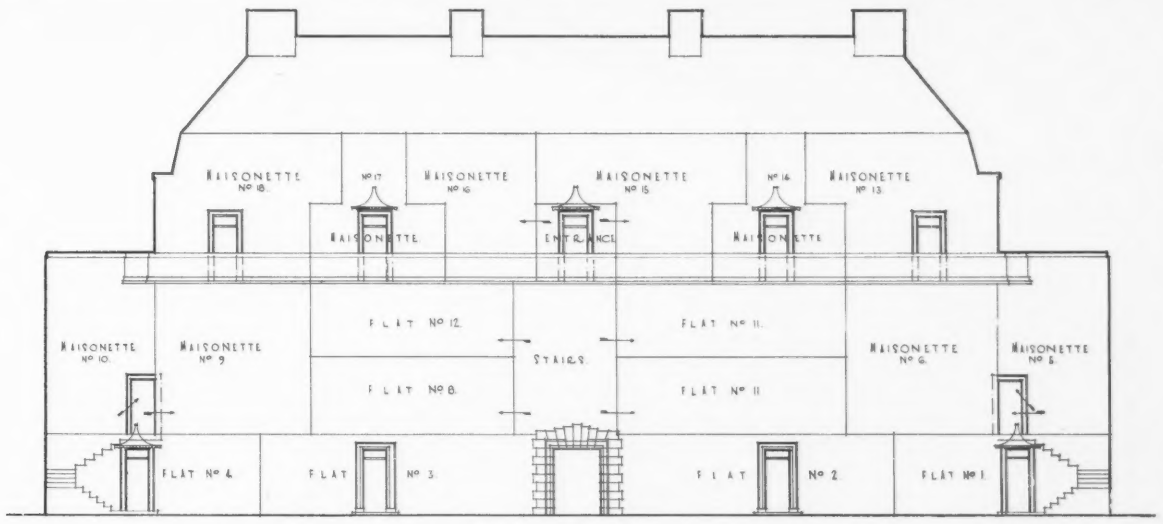
architecture and lay-out and the garden effects are extremely attractive. The general status of the property may best be judged from the fact that it is estimated that the total cost, including the building, fencing, garden work, central hot-water system, and all miscellaneous expenditure will be approximately £240,000, or in the neighbourhood of £800 on the average for each self-contained dwelling. The land was leased to the society for 999 years at a ground rent of £1,750 per annum. The rents, not including rates, range from £70 to £100 a year for sitting-room, kitchen, bathroom, and from one to three bedrooms. The rents, which have been fixed with a view to putting the scheme on a sound financial basis, are within the range of a very large class of people in London for whom little or nothing has been done in the way of houses since the war, and consequently the demand is very keen. The rents cover a good deal more than mere housing accommodation. They are inclusive of all such services as cleaning and lighting of a central staircase and balconies, a constant hot-water supply, garden upkeep, and porters. While speaking of the gardens, it may be mentioned that the greatest care was taken to keep the old timber and fruit trees. All the trees that could be preserved were carefully protected during building operations, and as the courts were left by the builders they were laid out with paved walks, spaces of turf, and flower-beds. The old timber trees and fruit trees were left just where they were and have given the gardens an interesting matured effect, which no new planting could have done. Owing to the large area at the disposal of the architects they were able to carry out their work, concentrating upon function and utility, unhampered by any restrictions of space. All the flats are so arranged that their principal living-rooms have a south or west aspect, the kitchen and bathrooms being to the north and east. From two-thirds of the flats it is possible to look out, back and front, over gardens. A number of the flats have roof gardens which should form a great attraction in the years to come. Owing to the relatively high ground on which the buildings stand extensive views across London are obtained from some of these roof gardens. The blocks of flats which are five-storied are all of a modernized Georgian design, faced in red brick and wide and light-coloured mortar joints, producing a pink rather than a red effect. They have pantiled



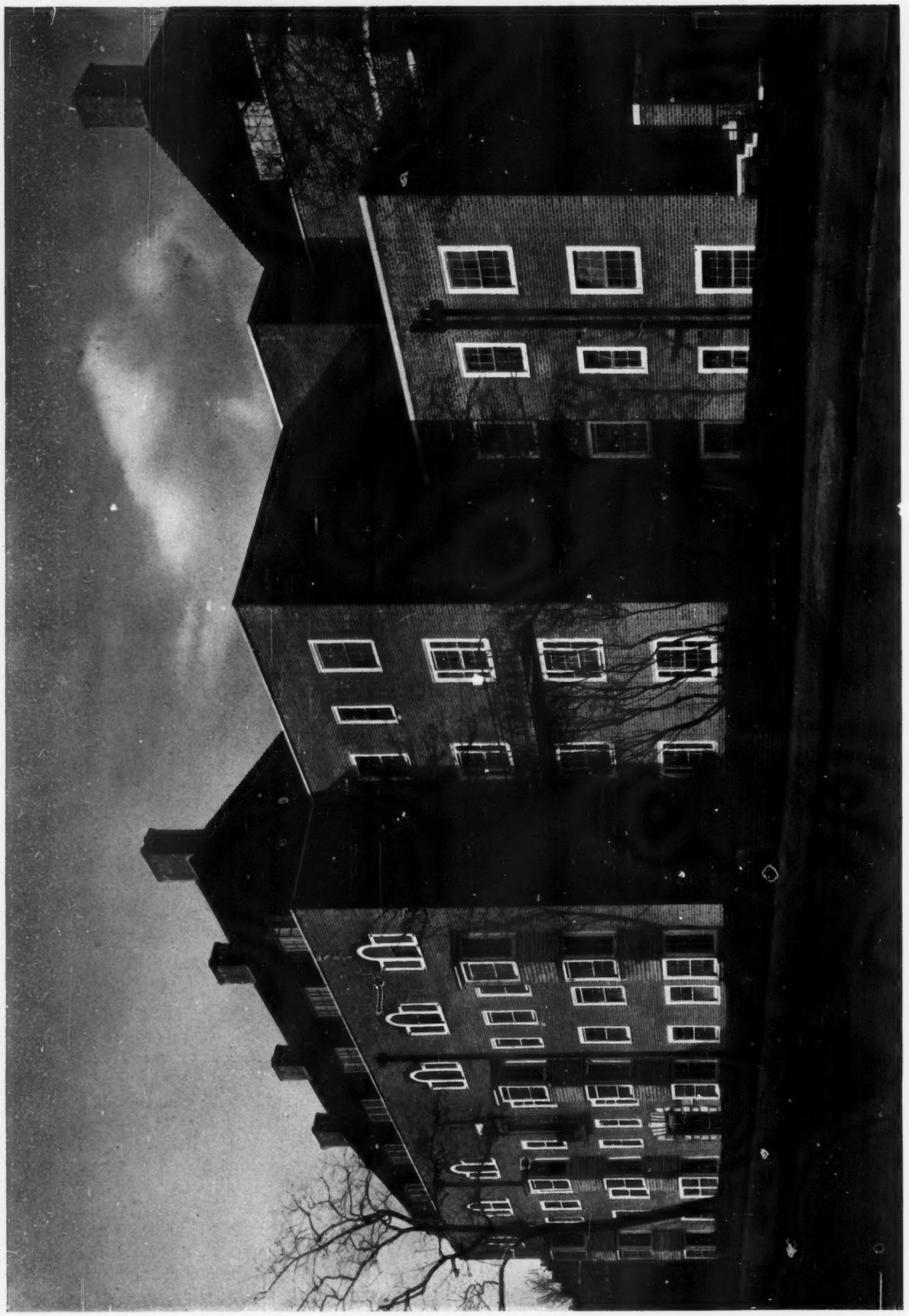
The *ELEVATION* of the Albion Road front showing, with the *SECTION* below, the system of vertical planning by means of interlocking the flats and maisonettes, and also the approach to each residence.

roofs and square, simple chimneys. The difficulty created by the somewhat steep gradient of the land was overcome by linking up the individual blocks by flat-roofed wings. In this way the difference of level was taken up without the obvious inconvenience of having roofs intersecting at different levels. In order to avoid the normal "tenement" effect usually associated with small flats approached off a central staircase, much ingenuity was exercised and each flat or maisonette was given its own independent front door. A few of the flats have their doors on the central staircase, but the majority have doors opening on to the balconies or directly on to the ground level. By careful planning within the main walls a very large variety of internal treatment, as well as variety of approach, was obtained, and the uniformity and sameness usually associated with small flats was avoided. There is nothing "institutional" about the building. The intermixture of flats and maisonettes is shown in the plans.

The present intention of the proprietors, on the completion of the building on the six acres in 1930, and, as demand arises, is to continue the scheme over the whole thirty acres. Judging by the speed of letting and the class of tenants who are occupying the flats, there is little doubt that success may be claimed for the scheme from all points of view, architectural, social, as well as financial. It is a striking example in support of the view that in the re-development of urban areas it is imperative to deal with large areas, and it is a strong argument for the suggestion that, where there is not the accident of single ownership, schemes of voluntary or compulsory pooling are essential to the production of good results. The development that has already been carried out at Larkhall has undoubtedly already raised the value of land over a considerable area in the vicinity. It is certain that within the next ten or fifteen years, as the whole question of town planning of built-up areas comes under review, the potentially high values of districts south of the Thames within the range of a mile and a-half or two miles of Westminster Bridge will be realized by suitable replanning. With the inevitable improvement of the Thames shores from Westminster to Battersea Bridge, proximity and transport



SECTION of the Albion Road front.



FROM LARKHALL RISE, showing the "building up" necessary to conform with the ground levels. The small blank tower on the right contains an access staircase to the adjoining flat roof, and affords both a means of escape in case of fire and a roof garden for the use of the tenants.

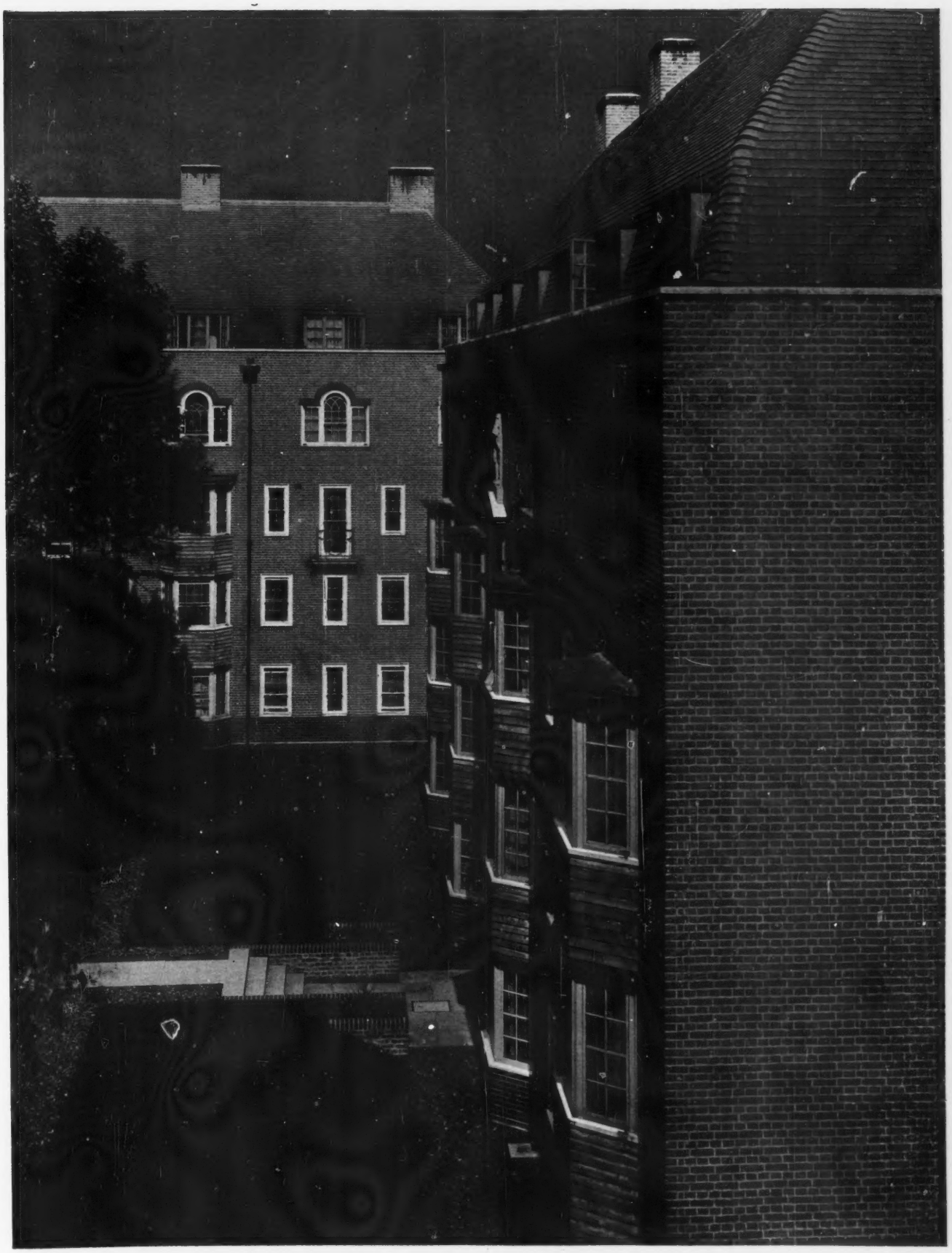
The blocks facing Larkhall Rise and Albion Road from the *FIRST COURT* The walls are built of Dutch bricks of a light shade, pointed with white cement and sand; the stone dressings are of artificial stone. The ornamental panels above the central staircase windows are in cast cement and were modelled by Gilbert Ledward. Weather-boarding of oak was used for the facing of the bay windows. The woodwork to windows generally is painted cream and the dormers a very light blue grey. The roofs are covered with hand-made sand faced tiles. The entrance doors are painted a bright blue and the door frames a bright emerald green. An electric transformer is housed in the small pavilion in the centre of the Court.

THE SECOND COURT from the balcony on the third floor level showing the blocks facing north-east and north-west; an illustration of the free access from block to block. The planning has been so arranged that no exterior balconies pass living-room or bedroom windows, thus ensuring the privacy of the tenants.

facilities will tend to raise the tone and level of the depressed area on the banks of the river, and the Larkhall estate, although at present somewhat "cut off" from the best residential parts of London, is likely to be linked up with them by better approaches through reconstructed and improved districts.

Larkhall today stands as an object-lesson, showing what can be done by wide area control. One of the most serious results of our land system is to be found in the domination of the accident of the site. The problem with which the owner and his architect are often faced is how to make the best of a small plot of land with fixed dimensions. They cannot alter its size or shape. They have no control over the environment. The problem is an individual economic problem unrelated to the needs of the community. Professor Pigou has put the matter well when he says: "It is as idle to expect a well-planned town to result from the independent activities of isolated speculations as it would be to expect a satisfactory picture to result if each separate square inch were painted by an independent artist." Town planning, when applied to built-up areas, will force attention to broader considerations. It will be realized that the real economic unit is not that of the individually owned plot, but nothing less than the whole town. This will inevitably lead to the demand for the adoption of systems of pooling and mergers of interests with a view to the more advantageous laying-out of considerable areas. Systems of pooling have had legal sanction in Germany for half a century, and have been advantageously applied on a large scale.

Unrestricted and uncontrolled individualism in urban land development has led to the chaotic conditions of the modern city, to expense, inefficiency, and ugliness. London can be made throughout all its parts a beautiful town with wide roads, parks and open spaces without diminishing its present population. Much of London is under-developed. The density of population is not excessive in spite of the fact that 16 per cent. of its population is living in what is technically known as overcrowded conditions. Overcrowding is a matter of rooms and houses and is quite independent of density of population per acre. There are many areas similar to Larkhall where the population per acre can be multiplied threefold without the slightest overcrowding, with a high proportion of open space. But these conditions cannot be brought about until the doctrine of large area treatment is accepted. It is not a political question, but one of pure economics. Just as our industries are being rationalized and combinations and mergers are being accepted as inevitable if we are to hold our own in industry, so the rationalization of urban development must be squarely faced and pooling and combination accepted if our cities are to be made what we should all like them to be—places of beauty to be thought of with pride in all their parts. When this day comes the architect will be given his opportunity.



The façades facing south-east and south-west from the top of the *FIRST COURT*.

THE SECOND COURT, showing the façade of the block facing north-east and the approach balconies and entrances to its flats and maisonettes.

Looking across the *THIRD COURT*.

THE GOODS TRAIN of the Wood Age, which superseded pack-horses and was succeeded by the railways.
From Pyne's *Picturesque Groups for the Embellishment of Landscape.*

The Wood Age.

VI.[1]—The Vertigo of Wood.

By P. M. Stratton.

MAN is perfectly defined as an animal that makes tools. The first industrial revolution, of which the others are but echoes, begins when Adam shapes his spade. The integrity and oneness of man has not at that time been disturbed, or dissolved into this, that, and the other; art coheres with the other elements of man's nature, so that the spade is shaped by Adam the artist, as well as by Adam the gardener. It is shaped in the likeness of his own limb; it is a work of art.

The origin of art in the first industrial revolution creates the tradition that art and industry are bound together. Eve follows Adam with her spinning-wheel like a revolving arm set up on shaped and carved legs. Tradition remains, approving that hard and servile work be dignified by beautiful implements. "Whilst Adam delved and Eve spun," the only gentleman of independent means is the Devil, who has his being in alternate periods of haughty poverty and brave cattle lifting, until the middle of the eighteenth century. Then he ceases to be a rural devil living on the surplus of rustics; he becomes an urban devil and lives on the wealth of the wheel. He divides the artist in man from the worker in man, with money as wedge. He divides and rules.

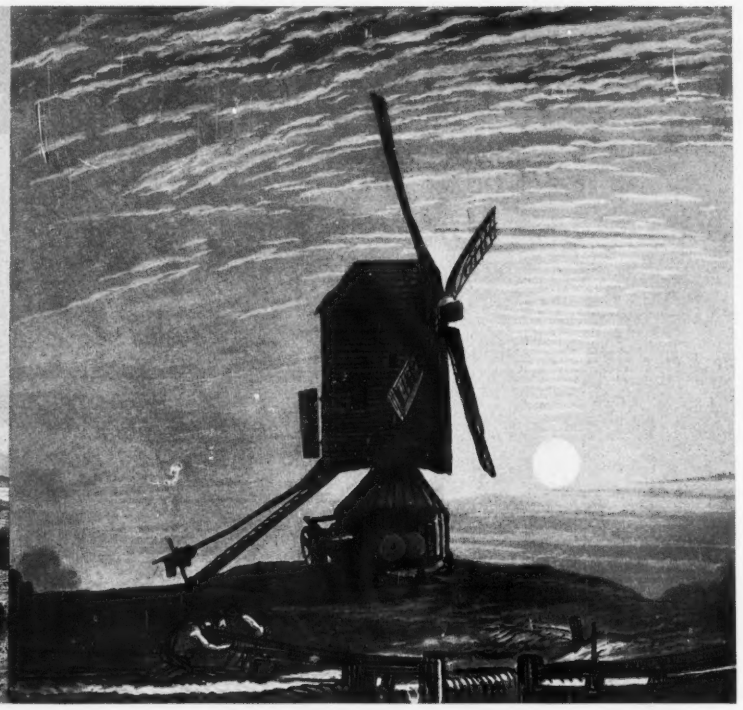
"Time is money," say the coach contractors, driving the "Manchester Telegraph" from London to Manchester in eighteen hours. "Time is money," says Arkwright, making his improvement on the spinning jenny; and so repeats Andrew Geikie, when he perfects the fantail of the windmill to automatically turn the sweeps to the wind whilst the miller does not cease to watch his sacks. The velocity of the wheel increases everywhere; and in pours money, a useful commodity for the patronage of war, the Church, and art in former times, but used now for the purpose of collecting and attracting more money; the Brass Age begins.

The velocity of the wheel increases and Adam suffers from a kind of vertigo; art flies off at a tangent, for the artist part of him is divorced from the working part.

Next comes the ruling idea of the nineteenth century, that of individual liberty, which, however excellent as a political dogma, takes the divorce of art from industry a step farther by sterilizing art. For architecture and the crafts depend on tradition and the breeding of old ideas with new ones. Individual liberty means contempt for tradition; therefore it is said that an artist must be himself alone, so unique that his ancestry cannot be traced, and that his artistic followers cannot be claimed. It is an architecture of mules.

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

A *WINDMILL*, near Dol, Brittany, published in *Coast Scenery*.
From an engraving by Clarkson Stanfield.



THE LOCK, from the *Liber Studorium*.
From an engraving by Turner.

From Ruskin's *Modern Painters*.

A selection of Ruskin's extremely pertinent, though perhaps rather unnecessarily moral remarks on the distinction between Stanfield's windmill (left) and Turner's (right) are printed on page 53.

The great creative minds turn away from architecture and the crafts, once this divorce is brought about, and seek expression in two separate things—words and works; they become poets or engineers. Though poetry has sense, it is comparatively free from a strain of use; though machines must be useful they are not controlled by an æsthetic conscience. So, on the one hand, there is the typical meditative beauty of Tennyson's *Lotus Eaters*, and on the other those strictly practical deeds, the railway train and H.M.S. *Dreadnought*.

The divorce between art and industry is not the only unnatural cleavage of the time. The philosophers teach in

THE WATER MILL.
From a painting by
M. Hobbema in the Rijks Museum,
Amsterdam.

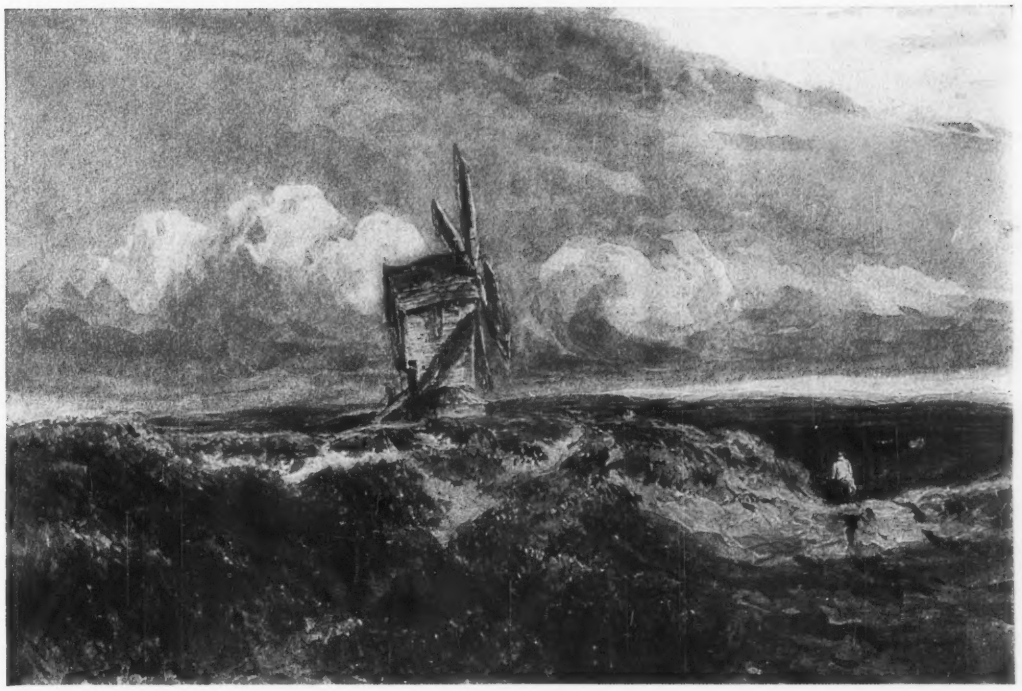
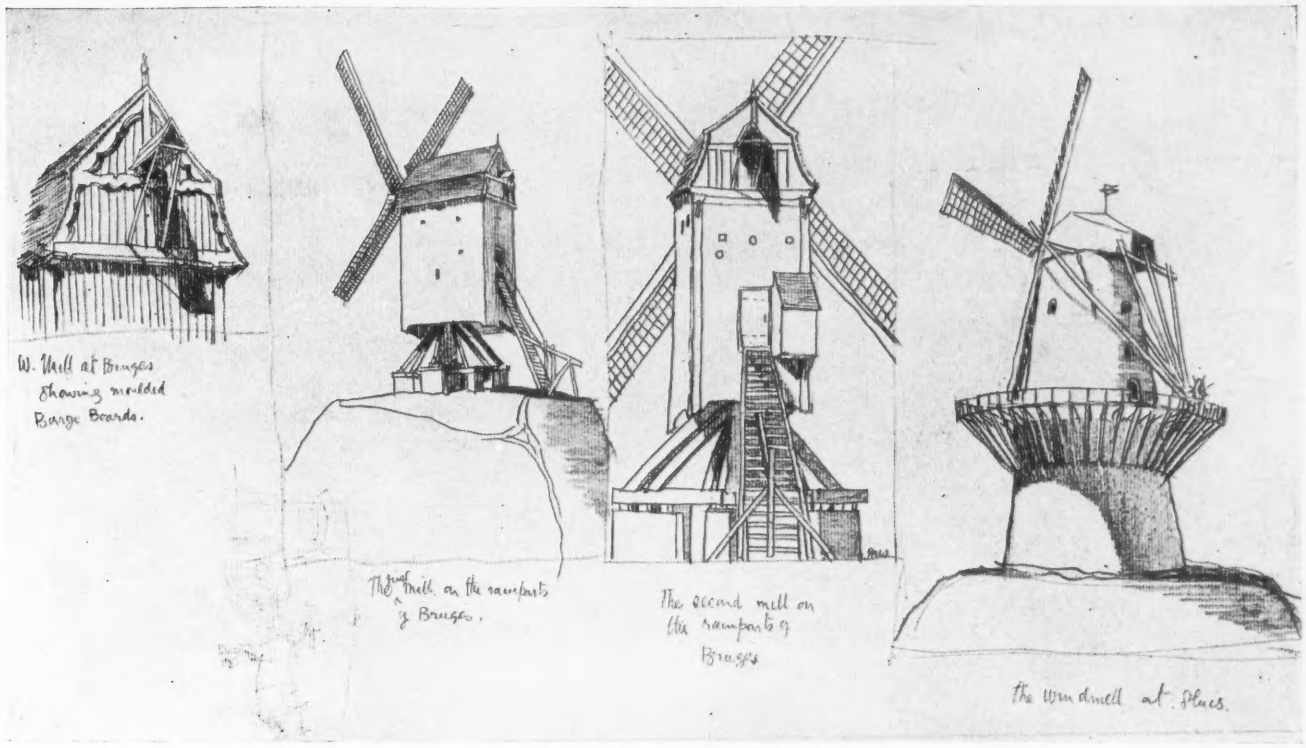


Plate III. July 1929.

A WINDMILL ON A HEATH.

From a watercolour drawing by David Cox.

Reproduced from *A History of British Water Colour Painting* by H. M. Cundall. *By permission of* Messrs. Batsford.

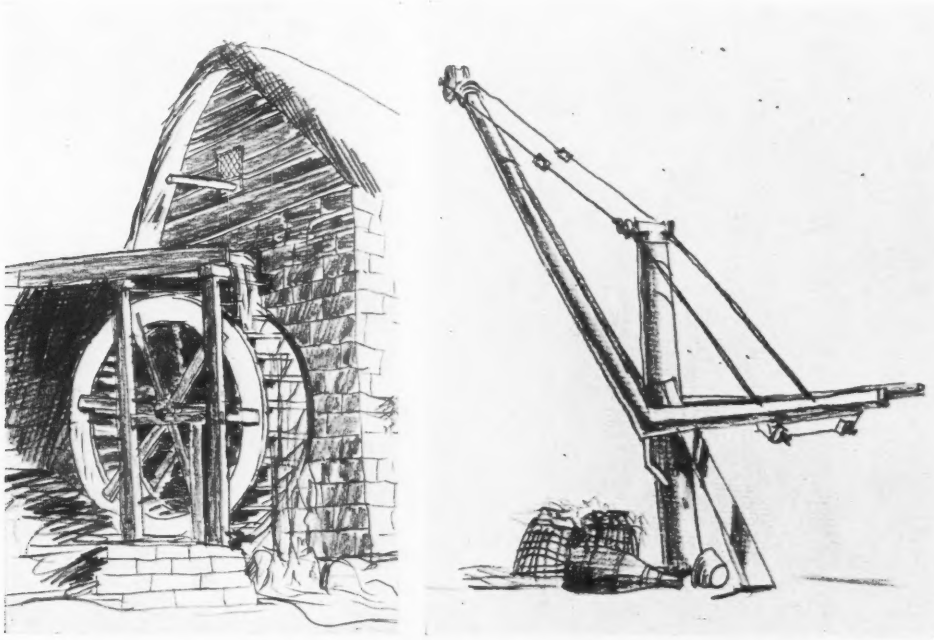


From Left to Right: A *WINDMILL* at Bruges, showing moulded barge boards. *THE FIRST WINDMILL* on the ramparts of Bruges. *THE SECOND WINDMILL* on the ramparts of Bruges. *THE WINDMILL* at Sluis.

From a drawing by the Author.

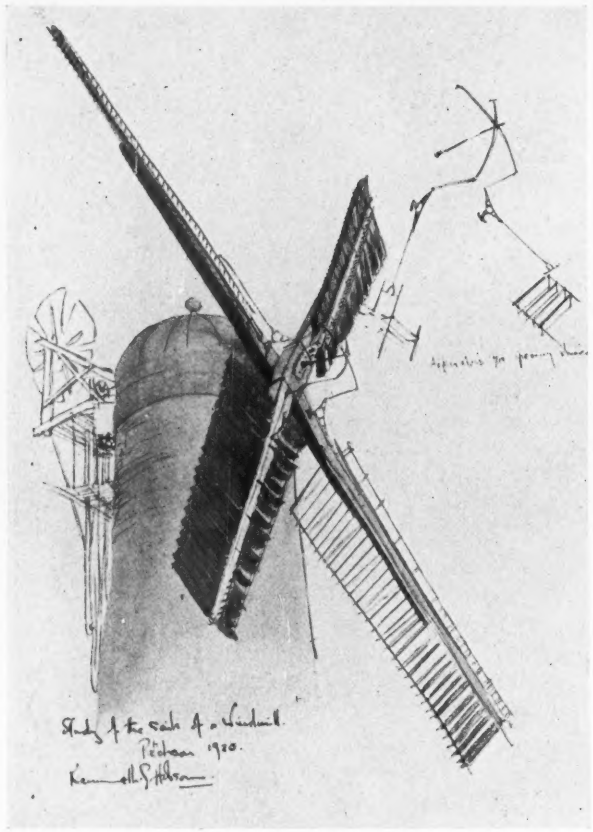
turn that architecture must be separated (*a*) from all except structural motifs, or (*b*) those derived from function, or (*c*) from classic temples; another with galled tongue demands that art exist not for use, but for its own sake. In all these sectarian statements there is truth made into error by one-sided points of view. To patch together the divided pieces of casuistry seems impossible; to forget them is better; to revert to that old vision of art and industry as integral is best of all.

Happily, the very years before the divorce are richest in great industrial art. Windmills, for example, are perfected between 1750 and 1800. These buildings are merely the

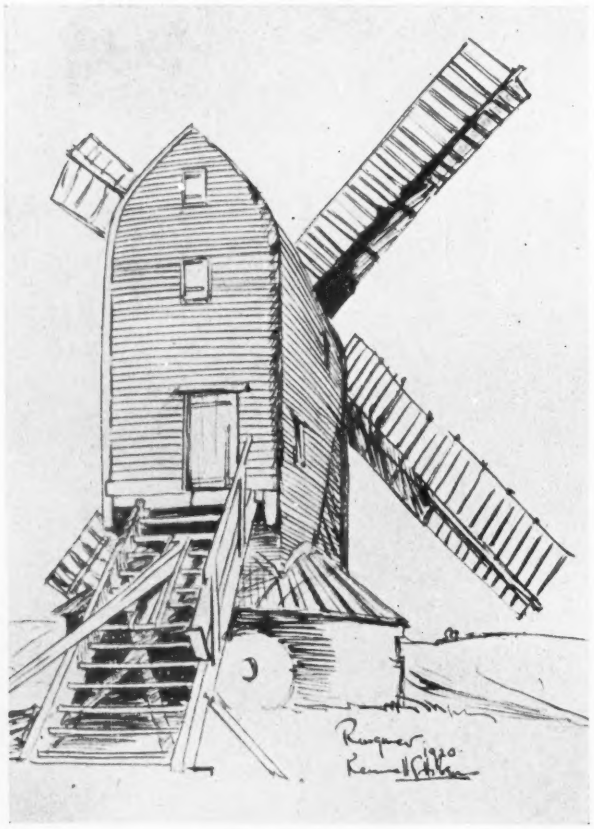


Left: THE WHEEL OF THE WATER MILL. Water flows from the mill pool through the trough and falls on the wheel. *Right:* An old *CRANE* with timber for the members in compression, and iron for the strings.

From drawings by the Author.



A *SMOCK WINDMILL.*
From a drawing by Kenneth Hobson.



A *POST WINDMILL.*
From a drawing by Kenneth Hobson.

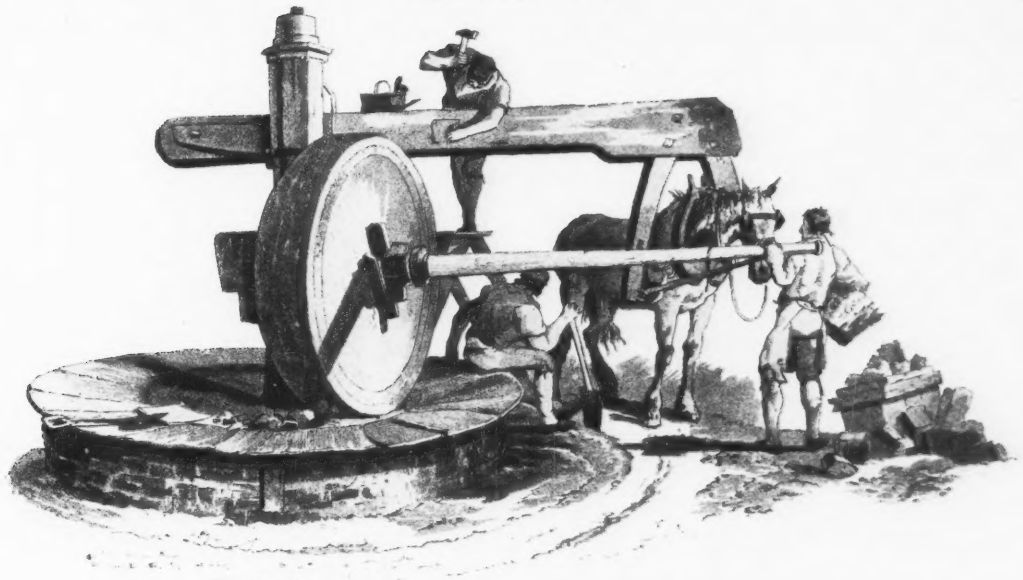
typical industrial erections of their time. They are, as it were, the gasometers and petrol-filling stations of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries; though to be sure another Crome is still awaited to paint the gasometer of Norwich, nor do a hundred artists leap forward to show how the petrol pump adds just that touch of wildness to the quiet and almost too domestic scenery of England.

The men of the Middle Ages either invent the windmill or borrow it from the Arabs, those very knowledgeable people, and fit it with similar machinery to that already used in the watermill. The sails turn a wind-shaft, to which they are attached, and this shaft must be at an angle of 8 to 15 deg. with the horizontal, so that the sails may pass the lower portion of the mill. The length of each sail or sweep is between 20 and 40 ft., and it is made with a twist like a steamer's paddle. In the first windmills the sails are said to be in

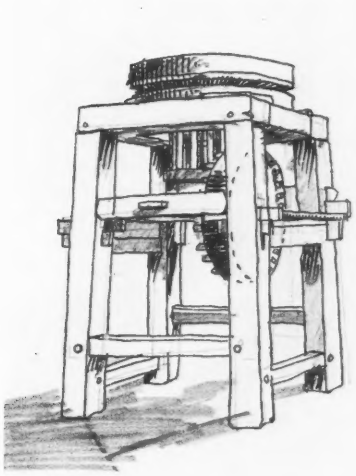
A *FANTAIL WINDMILL* at Upminster.
From a drawing by the Author.

one position only, i.e. to suit the prevalent wind, so that often they are idle; but no examples remain. In the latter Middle Ages the "post" is invented; it is a huge balk of timber, on which sails and wind-shaft and, indeed, the whole mill are suspended and move round on it as a base, so that the sails can be brought into position for any wind; the making of such an instrument is no mean achievement; the making of it to be a decoration of the landscape is a thing to humble many men of science.

To the Dutch in their flat country, with water to pump as well as corn to grind, the windmill is as necessary as a cart to a gipsy. And they are credited with the third type of mill, called the bonnet mill, of which the upper part alone revolves. The bonnet, made of thin slats of wood and covered with tarred hide, turns round on a toothed wheel which gears into a circular rack on the top of the tower. For the bodies of the mills are now clothed in brick or stone and become towers. A light, but widely projecting balcony,

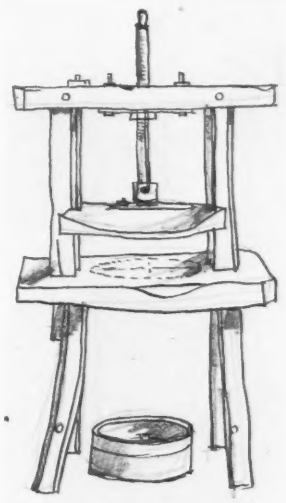


CRUSHING FLINT FOR GLASS. It was largely the adaptability of wood for machinery which made easy the introduction of mechanical processes. Wood is still the most popular material used by model makers.



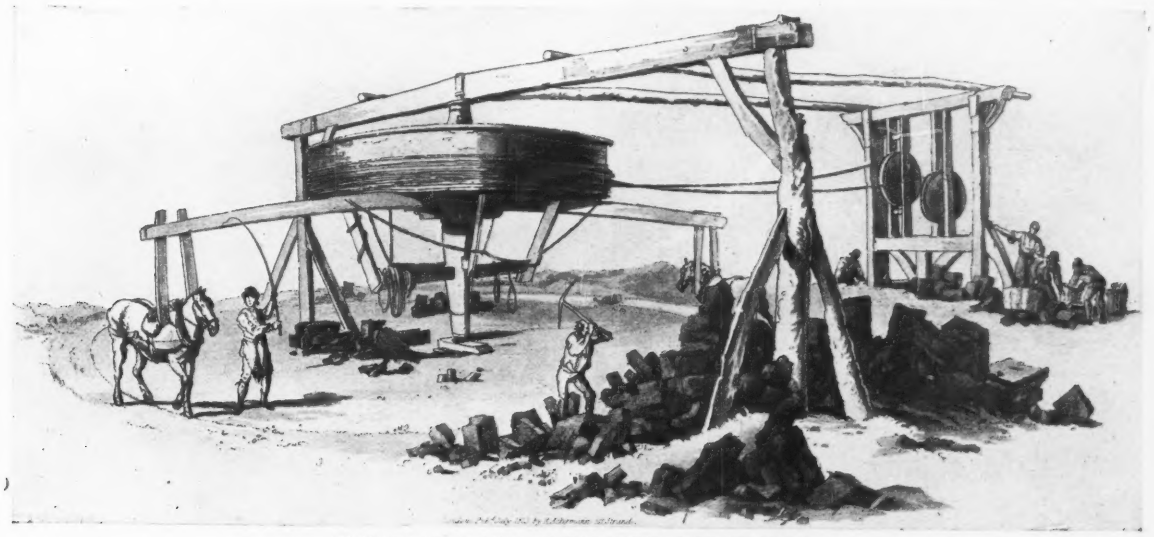
An eighteenth-century hand-power *CORN MILL* at Fyfield Hall, Ongar. All the machinery is of elm and oak.

From a sketch by the Author.



A *CHEESE PRESS* of wood, with a rod of iron.

From a sketch by the Author.



BRINGING COAL FROM THE PIT MOUTH.

From Pyne's *Picturesque Groups for the Embellishment of Landscape.*

throwing a grand shadow, gives the miller an access to the long handle with its stays by which he pushes the bonnet and sails round to the wind. From this balcony also he reefs the sails, climbing up their racking and rigging during the high winds. For if left to the full valour of the tempest the sweeps may be blown away. Brakes are fitted to lessen the velocity of the sails, and improvements are made through the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, but slowly and keeping intact the unity of use and beauty. Thus cloth sails are fixed on two arms only for light breezes, easily furled for fresher gales, when the adjustable wood shutters on the other two sweeps alone are used; each shutter is pivoted.

At last, in 1797, comes the final invention in perfecting the fantail on the bonnet mill which gives a rough symmetry to the mill from whatever place it is seen, and also causes the bonnet and sails to move round automatically to the wind, Of such a kind is the mill at Upminster, built about 1800. The mill stones are at the base, the lower one fixed to the floor, the upper rotating on it, with a hole in the stone's centre, through which the grain is fed. The "stone" shaft, of oak, from the upper stone, has a small pinion at its head, which moves into a large gear wheel on the "drive," or vertical shaft. The latter has another small pinion called a wallower, which meshes into a large gear wheel of the round beam or wind-shaft carrying the sails. The gear wheels are all of wood, the cogs of heart of apple, which is reputed the hardest of English woods. There are four floors reached by steps worn by more than a century, and at each story is an ancient trolley, narrow at the base, broad to the hands. A miller, then, must have a knowledge of corn, of machinery, and of the wind which is a horse capable of gigantic power, at his finger's ends; no mean qualifications.

The watermill is more ancient than its brother of the wind. It is the stock mechanical factory of Roman civilization. It is known all round the Mediterranean lands where there is running water. A man cannot wander through the cork forest of Andalucia but he will cross a Roman bridge to Cobré, which means the copper mine worked by Phœnicians, and there he will find a watermill, founded before Mercury, made intricate with channels by the Moors, and turning for Spaniards. Nor can an Englishman, thinking there of this thing, refrain from memory of his own lush pastures round such a mill as Flatford, that Constable painted, or Iffley, by Oxford towers. Even their noises of running tackle and water are near to music and the human voice.

The water-wheel in the Wood Age is made of elm, or of teak. It is arranged in either of two ways — overshot, by which the water is led down a wooden channel from the pool, falls into a series of buckets or troughs on the wheel, and by its weight and force turns the wheel and its shaft; undershot, by which the water drops on the wheel flaps at the back, but being released at a lower level in the pool is forced out with more violence. At the door of the mill house the wife sits spinning, but her implement is so pleasant to the eye that it is not only common folk who use it. For when an artist of the Wood Age wishes to portray his sitter in her moment of ideal beauty he shows her engaged at this usual machine of the time, as Romney drew Lady Hamilton. It is as though Mrs. Langtry had been painted in a glove factory, or Millicent, Duchess of Sutherland, as a typist.

These three implements, the watermill, the windmill, and the spinning-wheel, are the best examples of that close union between industry and art which is as old as Adam and a normal thing in the life of mankind.

There is another range of utensils which are quaint and intricate, but not so beautiful, such as the eighteenth-century cheese press, derived from an earlier and simpler pattern, and the hand corn mill; and many another little implement of household use.

The illustrations of crushing flint for glass and of raising coal from the pit show both Adam and his horse in danger of vertigo, as they walk wearily round their circus. Wood, by its amenableness, lends itself to these naïve inventions, by which surely Mr. Heath Robinson was inspired; and they have some of his quaintness. A certain fascination lingers also about the first implements in which wood was joined with iron. On some deserted quay of an old fishing village a man may still see a crane with timber for the members in compression, and iron for the strings, looking like a very old heron; or in some derelict warehouse down a city lane he will find stout beams and purlins and rafters held by a web of steel rods, and find it all softened by a patina of dirt and rust, and a film of cobwebs, and, so, flattered into the likeness of antique architecture. Or wandering farther, he will be drawn, not only to the military architecture of Europe, castles now lonely like eagles over rivers, or to the slender arches that draw down eternity to an altar, but equally to the old industrial cities, Bruges and Bradford-on-Avon, the cloth makers, one bestriding her canals, the other resting on the terraces of her hills, and to Toledo, the sword maker, poised above the rusty Tagus. These are the loveliest of cities, made as implements of shelter for industrial peoples and their machines. In the Wood Age a man makes his implement an extension of himself; in the Brass Age he suffers himself to be an extension of the machine. The son of the shepherd has no longer a "handy" thing like a crook, but is himself a "machine hand"; and the carter's boy, turned chauffeur, laughs his father's concertina out of court, himself winding up the gramophone very perfectly.

LADY HAMILTON AT THE SPINNING WHEEL.
From a painting by Romney in the Iveagh Bequest at Ken Wood.

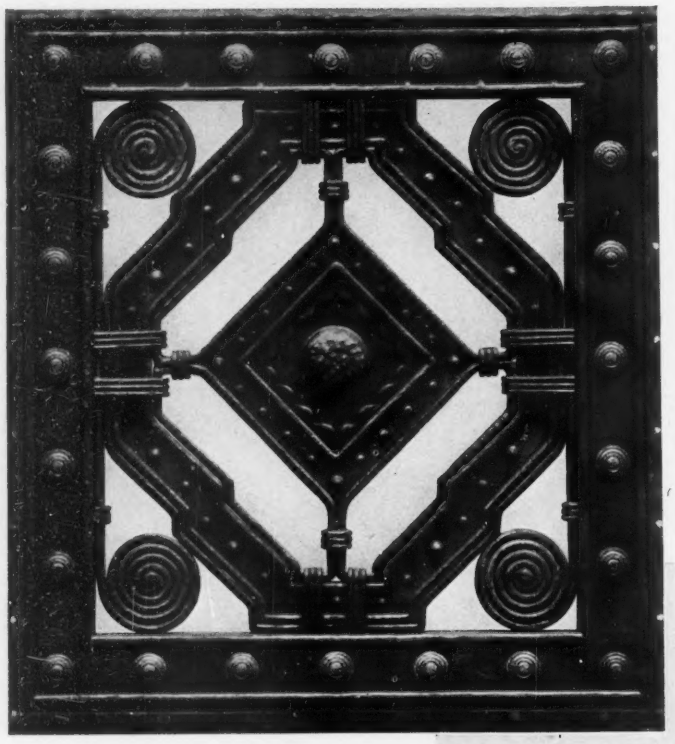
THE END.

The Almemar

In the Central Synagogue, London.

Designed by R. W. Symonds. *With* Notes by Arthur J. Davis.

AN Almemar (sometimes called a Beema) is a structure with a raised platform for the Rabbi and the Kantor, and with separate space for the Wardens. It is set in the centre of the main aisle of a synagogue and faces the Ark, in which reposes the sacred Scrolls. Few examples remain of ancient Almemars; the oldest of which there is an authentic record is in the Chinese synagogue at Kai Fung Fu.



A panel from one of the wrought-iron gates to the *WARDENS' PEW*, showing the spiral coil motif.

The new Almemar in the Central Synagogue was built a few months ago as a memorial to the late Viscount and Viscountess Bearsted by their children and grandchildren. Mr. Symonds is to be congratulated on his design, because he has produced a memorial which not only meets the requirements of the ritual, but is also satisfactory from the æsthetic point of view. The designer has taken account of the fact that the Jewish religion is based on ancient tradition by the introduction of archaic reminiscences which suggest the associations linking that tradition with the history of the Hebrew race.

The base of the Almemar is of Swedish green marble. The plinth and mouldings are of Port-Or black and gold marble, and the steps are of Belgian black marble. The upright piers which carry the wrought-iron standards are surmounted by white alabaster dishes, which serve the purpose of illumination. The walls of the platform, and the newels and balustrades to the steps, are of gilded wrought iron. The wardens' pew, which is situated in front of the Almemar, is enclosed by dwarf walls of green marble; the plinth and coping are of black and gold marble. Two wrought-iron gates, set diagonally at the corners, give access to the pew.

The handrail of the *STAIRCASE*, showing the motif of Menorah.

Plate IV. July 1929.

FROM THE GALLERY.

Designed by R. W. Symonds.

The design is original in conception; none of the motifs used has been copied from any known models with the exception of the balustrade to the staircase, which introduces the well-known seven-branch candlestick from the Temple of Menorah. The choice of decorative features was necessarily restricted to geometrical forms because, in the Semitic religions, any representation of human beings or other living creatures is prohibited.

The *CHILDREN'S ENTRANCE.*

The Public Central Library, Los Angeles.

Designed by Bertram Grosvenor Goodhue.

With Notes by L. Marnus.

BERTRAM Grosvenor Goodhue won a great popular success with his designs for the San Diego Exposition, and it was because of his achievements there that the planning and designing of the Public Central Library at Los Angeles, one of the most intriguing of modern American buildings, was entrusted to him.

Unhappily, Goodhue only lived long enough to complete his design, the constructional work being carried out by his successor, Carleton Monroe Winslow, of Los Angeles, in co-operation with the Goodhue Associates of New York. It is gratifying to know, however, that they took infinite pains in building to preserve the character of Goodhue's design, and the result is entirely as he would have had it himself.

LEONARDO DA VINCI (Art).
Lee Lawrie, *Sculptor.*

The exterior walls of the Library are finished in hard, smooth stucco according in colour with the Bedford limestone which is built into the walls and upon which the sculptures have been carved. The rather quiet tone of the wall surface is relieved by the highly-coloured tiles of the upper part of the tower, the sculptured bronzework of the entrance doors, and the pools and fountains.

The sculptural decorations were carved by the American sculptor, Lee Lawrie. Their theme, and that of the inscriptions which adorn the buildings, is the Light of Learning. Knowledge *is fashioned as a Lamp;* Wisdom *as a Guiding Star; and the conscious* Tradition of Mankind *as a Torch passed from generation to generation.*

The key to the sculptures is the ray-encircled book set above the terrace entrance on the south front, upon which is inscribed in Latin, from Psalm 119, *verse* 105, *" . . . A lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path." Flanking the book on either side of the lintel of the doorway are two figures: that on the left representing* Reflection, *and that on the right* Expression. *Six figures above the entrance terminate the buttresses and serve as actual buttresses to the building while symbolizing the buttresses of Civilization. The figures represent Herodotus (History), the poet Virgil (Letters), Socrates (Philosophy), Justinian (Statecraft), Leonardo da Vinci (Art), and Copernicus (Science).*

Emblematically the west entrance is the most significant, for here the image of Light is given its fullest symbolism below the central tower by the great images of Phosphor, *the Star of the East, and* Hesper, *the Star of the West, rising above the panel of the* Torch Race *which signifies the passing of the Torch of Learning from the East to the West. The inscrutable mysteries of life are symbolized in two sphinxes, carved in black marble, which have been placed within the entrance doorway.*

SOCRATES (Philosophy).
Lee Lawrie, *Sculptor.*

THE PUBLIC CENTRAL LIBRARY, LOS ANGELES.

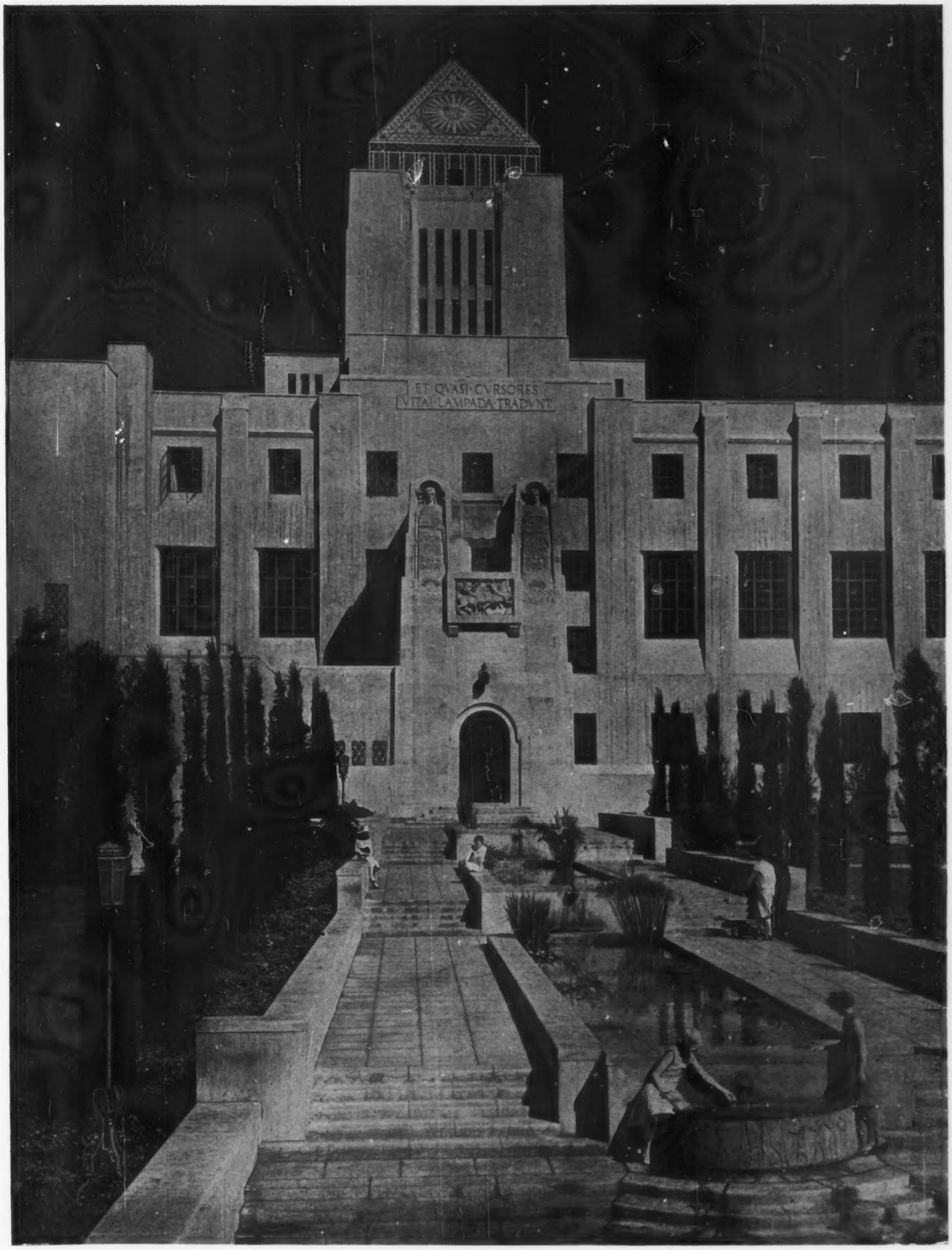
Plate V. July 1929.

FROM THE NORTH-EAST.

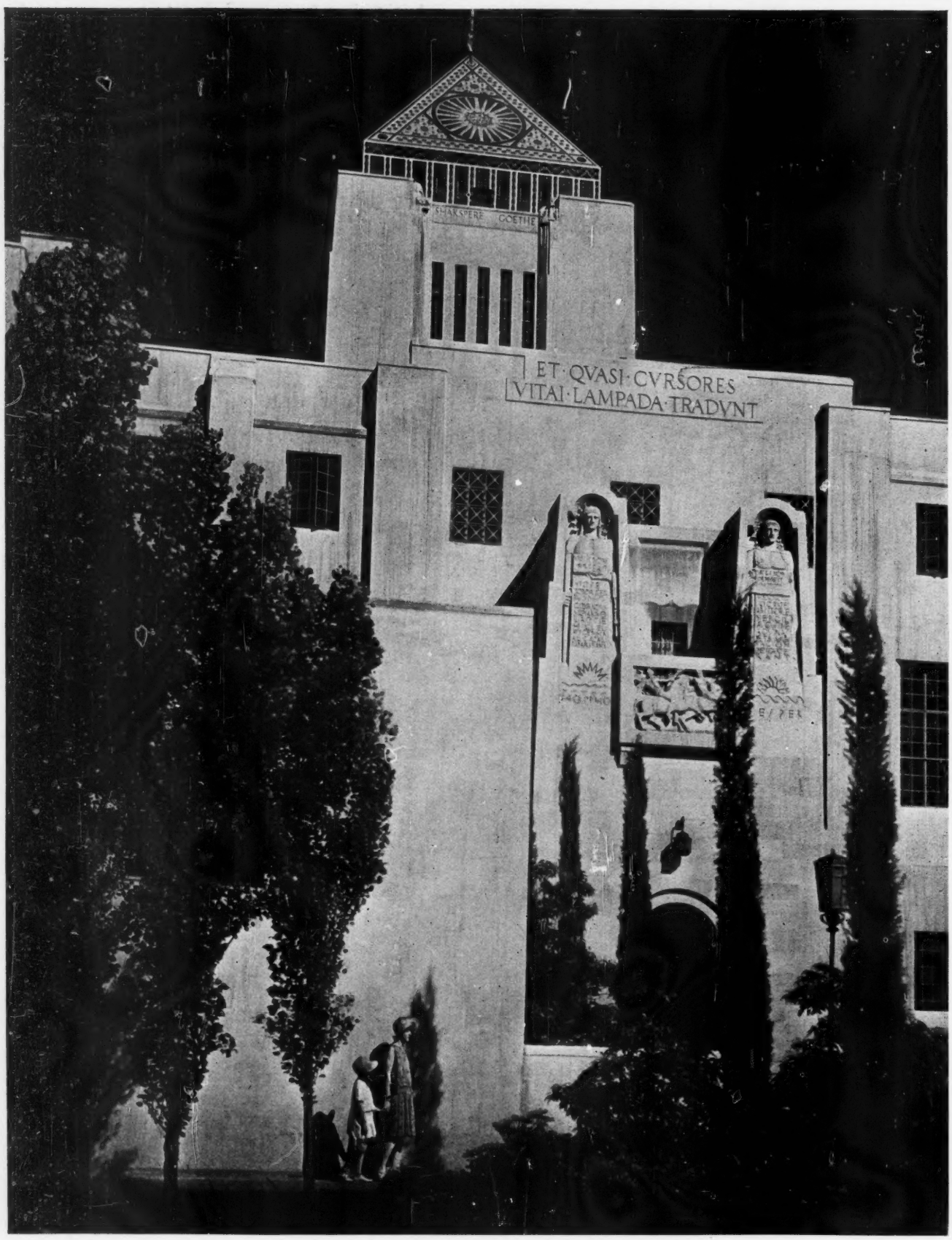
Bertram Grosvenor Goodhue, *Architect.*

A study of mass and proportion in concrete.

THE PUBLIC CENTRAL LIBRARY, LOS ANGELES.

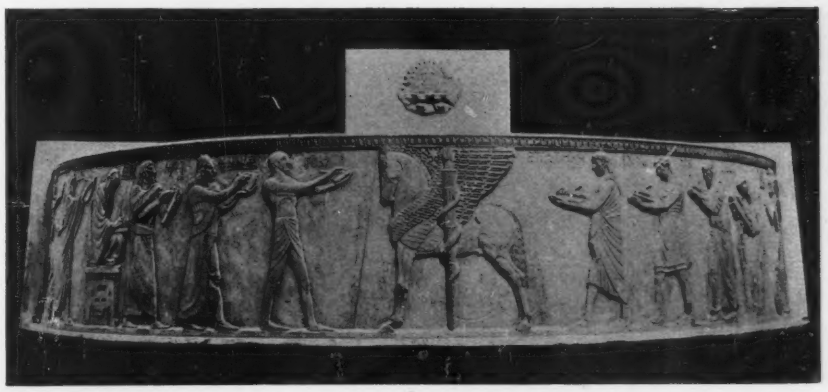


THE WEST FRONT. The charm of the approach to the Flower Street Doorway is enhanced by the steps and terraces on each side of the cascade-like pools, and the fountains which are flanked by walls and rows of Italian cypress-trees. The pond-lilies bloom from April until November. In the foreground is the fountain of The Well of the Scribes, *of which an enlarged view of the sculpture and a description are given on page 29.*



The FLOWER STREET DOORWAY
on the
West front.

The Well of the Scribes *represents by its bronze figures the writers of all races and ages inscribing the records of their nations. In the centre is Pegasus, with the Torch, Serpent, and Stars, the symbols of Knowledge, Wisdom, and Inspiration. To the right is the Greek, the Roman, the Hebrew, and the Monastic Clerk, followed by two American figures—the Aztec and the North American Indian. To the left is the Egyptian, the Chaldæan, the Phœnician, the Chinese, the Arab, and, finally, the Paleolithic artist.*

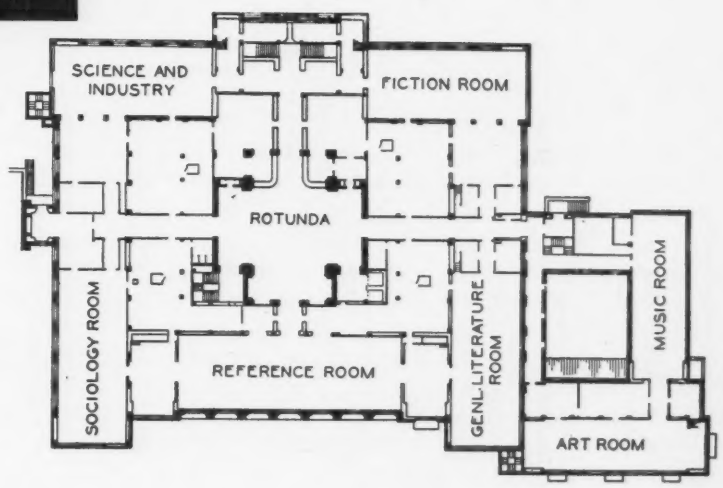


THE WELL OF THE SCRIBES.
Lee Lawrie, *Sculptor.*

Left: PHOSPHOR, the Star of the East.
Right: HESPER, the Star of the West.
Lee Lawrie, *Sculptor.*

On entering the Library the visitor comes, first, to the Rotunda, which is the nerve centre of the building. Beneath the Rotunda on the first floor is a lobby from which corridors lead to reading and other rooms, including the Children's Room and the Lecture and Exhibition Room. On the third floor are situated the Board Rooms, and offices of the librarians, building superintendent, staff assembly rooms, dining-room, etc. Between the second and third floors are mezzanines which are divided into study and committee rooms for the use of the public. The total floor space in the building is 250,000 sq. ft.

The Painted ceiling decoration is rather unique in that it is done directly upon the concrete ceilings, and must be regarded as an integral part of the building, not as something applied. The ornamental scheme for each room has been designed to emphasize the construction of the surface to which it belongs. The Rotunda, for instance, is decorated with radial elements which reinforce the upward thrust of the dome. Circular borders and interlaces bind it together at the spring line and, in the pendentives, full circles hold apart the converging arches. In the various beamed ceilings the relations between larger and smaller bearing members have been indicated by the relative strength of the ornament applied to them, and focal points are marked with appropriate spots such as shields.



The Principal (SECOND FLOOR) Plan.

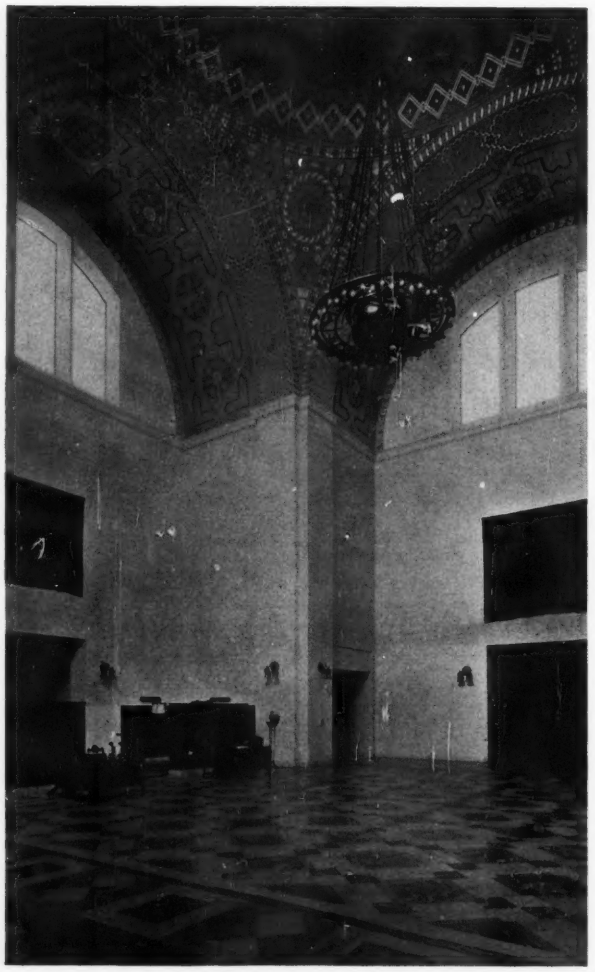
The *REFERENCE ROOM.*

Colour has been used in a way to assist the ornament in emphasizing the construction. Strong accents are placed at important points, and warm colours act as supports to cool ones. Each room has a dominant colour scheme, not too readily apparent, and yet it is felt as one passes from one room to another. The North Stair Hall is in porphyry red and ultramarine blue; the Reference Room is in red, green, and old gold; the General Literature Room is in Venetian red and old gold.

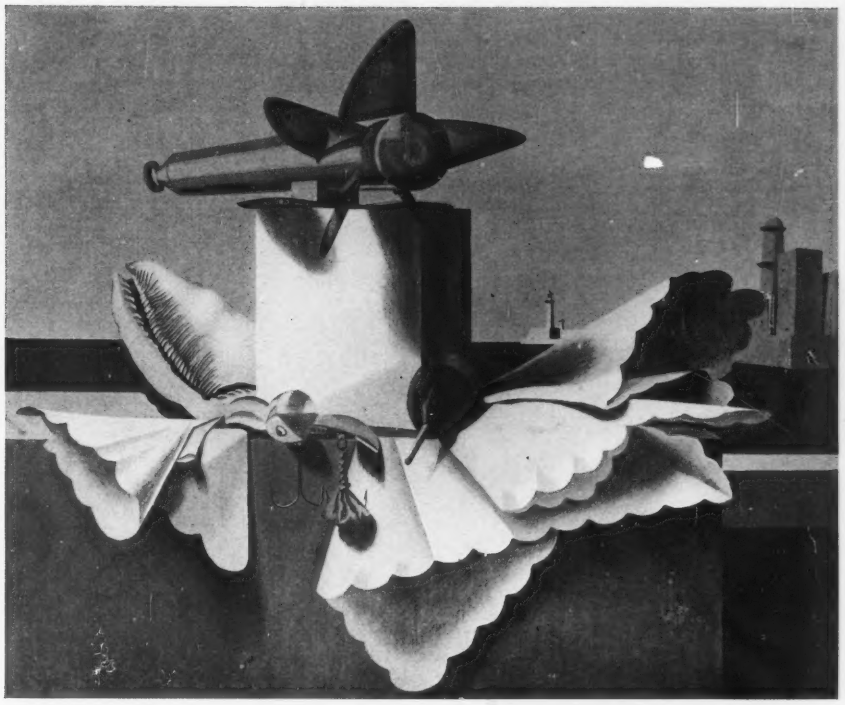
The varying richness of decoration is based on the plan of the Library. The Rotunda has the most elaborate treatment. The central dome, which must soar above the rest, is kept in a cool blue-green-violet, while the transepts, which support the dome, are in tones whose warmth emphasizes the height of the dome. The walls have not yet been treated but will, in time, receive the supreme decoration of the building in the form of murals.

The Children's Room presents a decorative treatment different to that of the more formal rooms. Here the wall surfaces represent a land which belongs to the children alone. Ten paintings of subjects from Sir Walter Scott's Ivanhoe *give them a delightful opportunity to point out, in life-size, their favourite characters and incidents from the book.*

The Los Angeles Public Central Library is a wonderful expression of vision and of practical handling. Here and there perhaps a firmer hand would have produced greater balance and harmony; but the building has qualities which lift it far above the ordinary and place it amongst the best examples of honest and simple modern structures.



The *ROTUNDA.*



WINGS OF THE MORNING.
From a tempera painting by Edward Wadsworth in the Van Duser Collection.

PAINTING.

Edward Wadsworth and Kees Van Dongen.

TO what extent does a preface to the catalogue of an exhibition of an artist's work help or hinder it from being understood by the general public? If it is written by the artist himself, and is an exposition of his creed, it will probably be of great interest, because even if the relationship of the creed to the paintings seems to be obscure, the reader will know that by persistence he may succeed in discovering the connection.

But when the preface is written by someone else, we know how apt a writer is to read into a painter's work things of which he had perhaps never thought, and to praise them for what Whistler called "virtues we would blush to possess."

* * *

In a manner, Edward Wadsworth suffers from the "Notes" in the catalogue of his exhibition of tempera paintings at the Tooth Gallery in Bond Street; though I am aware that Wadsworth believes himself to be in full agreement with them and that they exactly describe his motives.

But the author has been apparently more interested in seizing the opportunity that Wadsworth's paintings have given him of making clever aphorisms (not all of which are by any means original) than in studying the paintings themselves. If you forget these aphorisms Wadsworth's paintings are not at all difficult to understand, and I think he under-estimates the general appeal of his work: I have seldom seen modern work less difficult to understand.

It is fairly obvious that Wadsworth has a dread of sentimentality, and so introduces into his paintings objects which will not by an association of ideas evoke that emotion: the human figure is never used.

But one does not necessarily avoid sentimentality by this means; might not the float introduced into *Wings of the Morning* (22) suggest to one person happy days angling from the river bank and his first meeting with Mary Brown? And might not an atomizer remind another of pleasant days spent at the hairdressers?

Wadsworth may say that a kettle and a pair of tongs are as pictorially interesting as a mother and child; but can you dissociate the former, any more than the latter, from human associations?

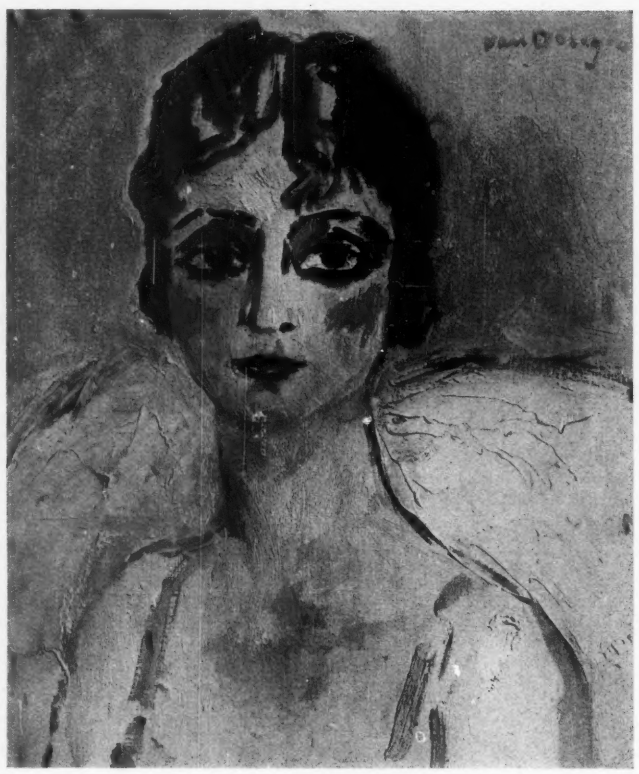
The difficulty is that although you use things for picture-making from which sentimentality may be detached, if any object is introduced with the use of which we are familiar, it is impossible to detach it from the uses to which we are accustomed to put it, and though an auger (Wadsworth is very fond of augers) may be used as a spiral shape for the necessities of the composition, it will be difficult to dissociate it from the practical purpose of boring holes.

There is nothing in Wadsworth's pictures that is not easily recognizable; he does not (perhaps wisely) try to invent shapes; but does he not perhaps forget that things which have been designed for a definite purpose have behind them the driving power of that purpose; and by introducing these ready-made shapes he is utilizing that power which will be unconsciously absorbed with the artistic uses to which he puts them?

* * *

We may safely deduce that Wadsworth is at heart a sentimentalist; and that he, perhaps instinctively recognizing this, steers as wide as he can to avoid its implications. Perhaps he uses this surplus of sentimentality on the titles of his pictures *Happy Ending*, *Lamentations*, *Faithful Servants*, and so on, much in the same way that a vegetarian will find an outlet for what remains of his unregenerate meat-eating desires by calling his fried beans "cutlets."

But there is nothing specially controversial about Wadsworth's paintings, and if it were not for the provocative "Notes"



From oil paintings by Kees Van Dongen.

to the catalogue there would be few difficulties to prevent anyone who can appreciate good workmanship from thoroughly enjoying the pictures. There is no theory involved; apart from the fact that Wadsworth introduces into his pictures things which are not usually assembled for picture-making, the most ardent naturalist could find no fault with him as a representationist; in fact he is intensely realistic, and if clearness of definition denotes clear thinking, then he is a clear thinker.

Seen in monochrome, the paintings look somewhat harsh; and though the edges are hard and definite the dividing line is usually made with a colour that harmonizes with the colours of the spaces which they define and separate.

* * *

. . . . . .

Although Wadsworth for his own purposes uses all kinds of objects which have no congruity with one another, they are never put in positions which in nature it would be impossible for them to sustain; he does not put a brick house floating on the sea, or mansions in the sky, or figures reclining in the atmosphere as certain French painters do—with sometimes, to be sure, delightful results. Everything in Wadsworth's compositions has to be properly and truly laid upon foundations that will bear its weight; this gives his paintings stability and strength, and one obtains from them a certain amount of satisfaction, because they conform to laws of construction, and they obey implicitly the law of gravitation.

Thus, though they are purified renderings of familiar things, they are not imaginative in the sense of liberating us from what are called natural laws; our imaginations are not allowed to roam freely but are securely bound by the conventions of the terrestrial world.

* * *

In Kees Van Dongen (who had an exhibition at the St. George's Gallery, George Street, Hanover Square) it would be difficult to find a greater contrast to Wadsworth.

It has been observed that Wadsworth refrains from introducing the human figure into his compositions, whereas Van Dongen, as it were, subsists almost entirely upon the human figure.

Van Dongen is direct and spontaneous, taking advantage of combinations of effects which shape under the range of his vision, and it is the character of the marks he makes on canvas or paper under this impulsion which is the stimulating factor in his work. Wadsworth relies on none of these things, but upon deliberate calculation, yet both painters are distinctly of their own age: one recording with precision the mechanism of man-made inventions, the other the type of woman who has been evolved from the age which has produced such things; she is, in a manner, as standardized as they.

* * *

Van Dongen expresses his impatience with the factor of time by the manner in which he produces his work, and he is obviously in sympathy with the restlessness and haste of the pleasure seekers at Deauville.

Relying upon fleeting glimpses of persons in attitudes of movement, his style is in accord with the demands made upon it; he has trained himself to instantly respond and to place upon record the quick movements of the world of fashion.

Though his work may be pondered over in the intervals of leisure, its actual production (I am referring to his watercolours) may be the work of a few moments, epitomizing perhaps things which have been thought over for years. But during the production of the work the critical faculty is held in suspension though it is very active during the intervals. Thus, the way having been cleared, the work follows freely, being unobstructed by the restrictions of criticism.

The present exhibition consists of watercolours treated with the utmost freedom and put down with that air of finality which artistic assurance and convinced artistic faith alone can give.

It is to the credit of the fashionables of France that they should have supported Van Dongen by their agreement with his interpretations of their ideals.

The two paintings of women's heads which are reproduced on this page are in oils, and are not included in the exhibition under review. They give an excellent idea, however, of the more solid work of which he is capable.

RAYMOND MCINTYRE.

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH;

The Byzantine Contribution.

By Vernon Blake.

The Byzantine Achievement. A.D. 330-1453. By ROBERT BYRON. Pp. xiii + 346, 16 plates, and 6 maps. 8½ ins. × 5½ ins. London: Routledge. Price 15s. net.

UPON the jacket of *The Byzantine Achievement* is imprinted the statement that the peculiar significance of the book to English readers is that it opens to them a province of history hitherto accessible only in the medium of abuse. This must be taken as more than a mere advertising declamation, for Mr. Byron is careful to insist upon the thesis in many places scattered through the text. Yet as I read that text it seemed to me that I wandered through familiar country, that I found myself once more learning of familiar things. I rose and took from the shelves a not inaccessible work upon the subject: *The British Museum Guide to the Early Christian and Byzantine Antiquities*, printed in 1903, twenty-six years ago. What does Mr. O. M. Dalton say? "Few words employed in the history of art have been more abused than the term 'Byzantine.' It is frequently used in the disparaging sense made popular by famous men of letters, like Voltaire and Gibbon, the latter of whom condemned the history of the Eastern Empire as 'a tedious and uniform tale of weakness and misery.' In art it still suggests an invariable monotony of style or a deliberate distortion of the laws of natural beauty in the interest of a gloomy monastic ideal. These notions are even now so widely disseminated, and involve so much exaggeration, that the attempt must be made to explain very briefly in what respect they are erroneous." In the matter of art, at least, Mr. Byron's crusade was started, indeed, far upon its way, even before his own birth. It was already sponsored by that severe and very formidable institution, the British Museum.

And then, once again, I delighted in the rhythmic periods of the *Decline and Fall*.

Curiously enough, in a book not yet published, I have recently praised the balanced judgment of Gibbon and suggested a cause of its existence. I have seemingly, then, at least two opponents—Mr. Dalton and Mr. Byron. To the human being nothing is more natural than taking sides; nothing is more usual than enhancing the value of his chosen party to the detriment of the adversary; nothing is more difficult for the truly eclectic—enemy of all—than to obtain even an understanding; he is himself amazed at the opinions fathered upon him. I seem to think that even Gibbon recognized the service that Byzance rendered to the coming world.

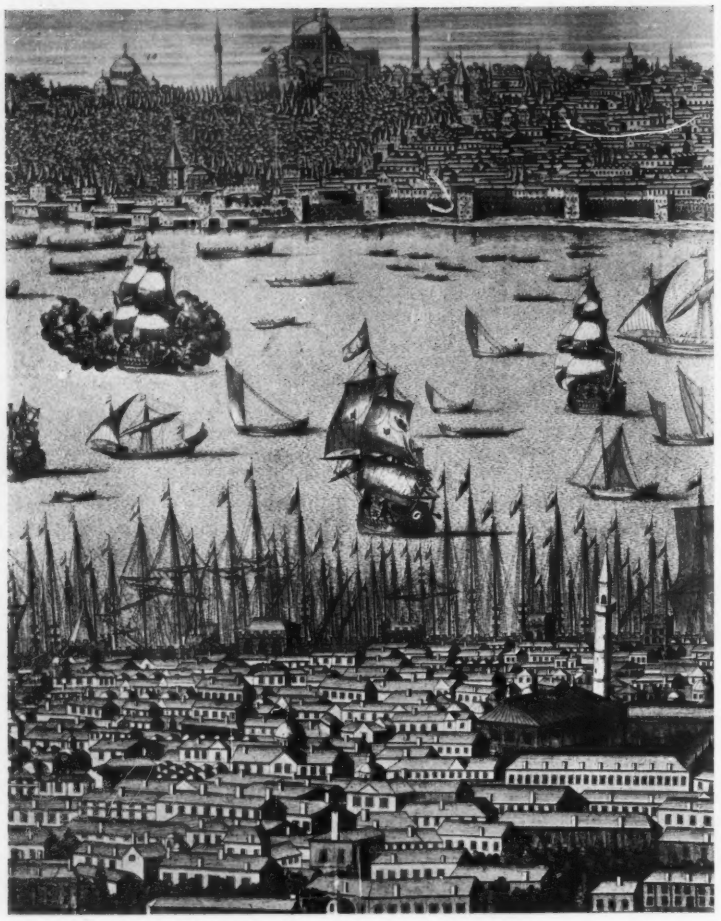
So having read Mr. Byron's book, I go once again through the pages of the *Decline and Fall*, and fact after fact adduced by the later writer I find figuring in the pages of the earlier work; it would not be uneasy to compose a new *Byzantine Achievement*, wholly and entirely relying upon the *Decline and Fall* for one's matter. Why, then, creeps in the trouble? Simply because Gibbon was writing of the fall of Rome, while Mr. Byron writes of the founding of later things; the one of disintegration, the other of upbuilding. The processes were coeval, the same phenomena caused and were caused in either case. A book or any other work of art is an aspect of Nature from a point of view. The unrivalled quality of the *Decline and Fall* is the way in which its enormous mass of matter is marshalled into shape, steadily moulded to its end through nigh on twenty years of Gibbon's life. That end: the story of the fall of Rome.

The world is a terribly complex thing, and when we try to straighten out the tangle, to trace some evident and coherent line of march that events have followed, we may be certain that our work will result in mere approximation. One of the most marked discoveries of recent science is the failure of those frank laws which formerly were thought to govern fact. Yet to grasp in some slight way the sense of things we are forced to schematize, to reduce momentarily to some simple thesis. What is Mr. Byron's thesis? It may, I think, be stated in a curt yet quite sufficient form as follows: The Byzantine achievement lay principally in what he terms "the triple fusion." Mr. Byron writes: "In Constantinople he (Constantine) coalesced, with conscious purpose, the political machinery of Rome and the spiritual galvanism of the East with the great cohesive substructure of Hellenic culture." There is, I think, little doubt of the truth of this. Discussion might be raised concerning the "conscious purpose" of Constantine—Gibbon would certainly attribute to him less abstract motives—but the discussion would only interest the reputation of the Emperor. From this triple fusion arose the modern world of practice, art, and thought.

In these columns to examine the economic and political aspects of the thesis would obviously be out of place. At most, and even then poorly, for the subject is vast, can some attention be paid to the art which owed its beginnings, if not wholly, at least in great measure, to the Byzantine fusion.

First, we are again told on the jacket that "the author throws down the glove to classicism and all its works." It is perhaps necessary to make a clearer distinction than I have been able to find in his words between that classicism imagined by Rabelais's *Sorbonnistes* and by Gibbon's *Monks of Oxford* and the real Hellenism of vital ancient Greece. It is still not fully realized how wide they are apart. To the real and earlier thing does he throw down the glove? He includes it in his triple fusion; he strives to show that the modern Greek is direct inheritor of the spirit of the past; and it is to him that was due both conservation through the "Dark Ages" of "the great cohesive substructure of Hellenism," and also its fusion with Rome and the bringings of the East. I gather that the intended attack is only upon that artificial "classicism" which it is in all our interests to overthrow.

From far-off days of the Hellenism which really was comes the faint pity of: "They know not, unhappy ones, by how much the half is preferable to the whole, and what riches lie in the mallow and the asphodel." It seems to me that both Mr. Byron and the Byzantine city of his love have overlooked that element of ancient Hellenism, that μηδὲν ἄγαν, nothing too much, which raised the works of ancient Greece to a standard known, perhaps, otherwise alone to China, thanks to the curbing of her "Middle Way." To Mr. Byron's eyes this delicate feeling of measure was an "overwhelming sense of balance and proportion" by which



COMMERCE IN THE GOLDEN HORN.
An extract from a panorama by Gerard Hofsted van Essen in the British Museum; size about 7 ft. by 18 in., printed in sections in 1713.
From *The Byzantine Achievement.*

"the Greeks were obsessed, atrophied." It is but natural that a champion of Byzance, an Englishman at that, should miss the importance of this subtle point. He does not want it. To him art is complete without it. It corresponds to no desire of his nature. It is overlooked, or it is even deplored. And yet neither the British point of view nor that which would for a modern moment, a fashionable interval, place El Greco on the highest pinnacle of art, is that from which world-wide æsthetic judgment without appeal may lawfully be made. That I am not imagining this void in Mr. Byron's apprehension is clear from his own statement: "The Hellenic genius lay in two qualities: a capacity for material representation; and a sense of composition"; a reduction of the thing to British terms of thought in which find no place those qualities of reticent form which were precisely the great achievement of Greece. Material representation, composition, emotion, excellence of well-wrought execution, these are and always have been the components of British art. More is neither asked for nor appreciated.

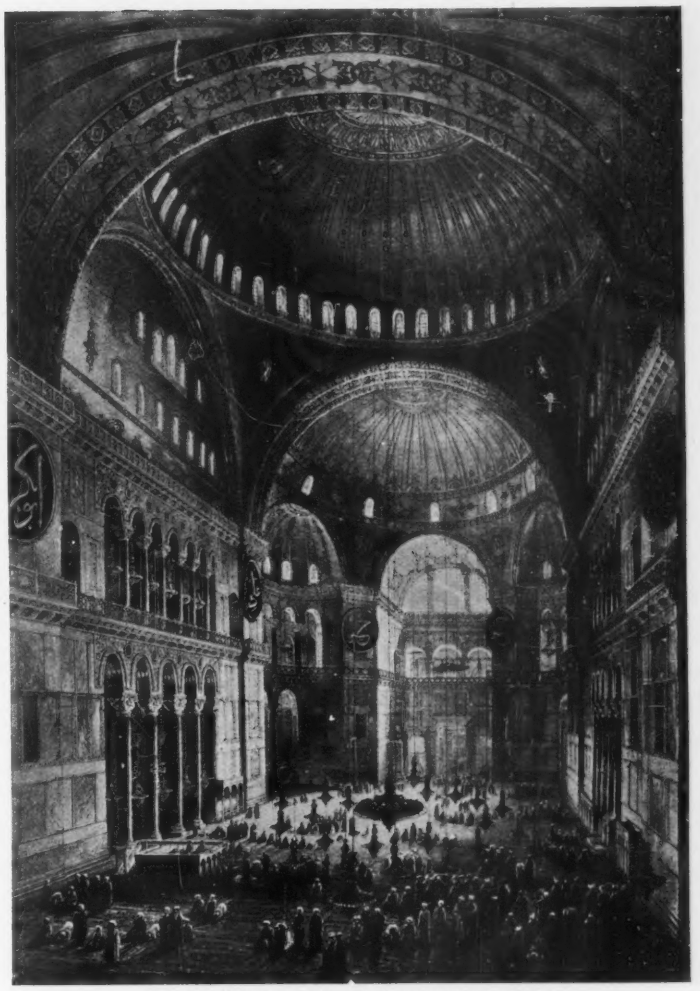
"Pardon me," I can fancy Mr. Byron objecting; "on page 68 I say: that 'art translates inward meaning into visible form' was unknown to the classical world as it is unknown to the classicists of today. From the East came the discovery of it." Here there are several remarks to make. First, the statement about 'inward meaning and visible form' is made in such general terms that it is universally applicable. Indeed, it is only mere photographic reproduction of appearance which lies without its pale. Even that gift of composition which Mr. Byron accords to ancient Greece is fraught with inward meaning. The composition of a Greek is how different from that of a Chinaman, and how well each expresses the psychology of its origin. That an early Greek sculptor did not bother his head about the æsthetic discussions which trouble an opening twentieth century in Montparnasse is another affair. Æsthetics are all very well, but production of valid art is even better, and the two rarely go together. In that sense of the phrase our early Greek did not make the discovery. It was fully made and brought to a high pitch of perfection, both in detailed reasoning and in fervent application, in the earliest centuries of our era (or perhaps even before) in China. In this meaning "From the East came the discovery of it" is exact. What leads Mr. Byron astray is precisely that the "inward meaning" translated into Greek form is one whose existence he does not recognize. Perhaps had he himself worked long years from the nude and living model he would more fully realize how very far from "material representation" was the art of Greece.

I know quite well that what Mr. Byron contrasts with his "material representation" are mystico-religious emotions in Byzantine times, and in our own day those vague, rapidly varying—and too often, I fear, imaginary—mind states, said to be produced by the aspect of Nature. But there are other imponderables, other "inward meanings" than these. I cannot once more describe, for example, those of China here nor those of early Greece. These latter were not alone transmitted through Constantinople to, say, medieval or to modern France. Nor, perhaps, was France entirely indebted to her classic heritage for certain feelings of restraint which sprang up so early in the north and prompted the reticence of Gothic things in spite of their

THE LATER BYZANTINE COURT.
From a bas-relief on the doors of St. Peter's, Rome. Reproduced from Lazzaroni and Muñoz's *Filarete, scultore e architetto del secolo XV*, Rome 1908.
Sculptor: Filarete.
From *The Byzantine Achievement.*

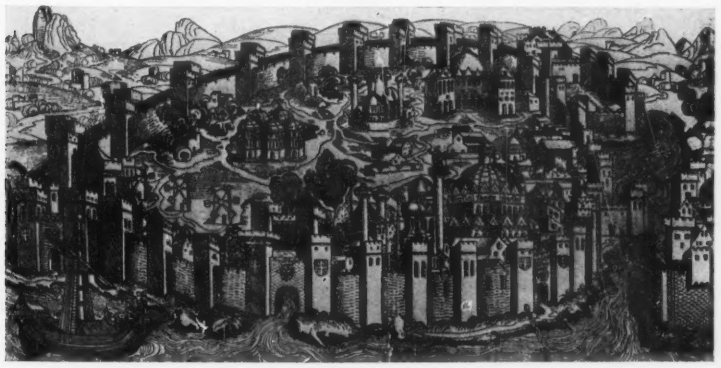
religious emotion. Constantinople's contact with the nearer East, the passing of the earlier Grecian measure effectively barred from her art a similar reserve. It is only here that I would openly quarrel with Mr. Byron when he says that the Byzantine craftsman produced the most meaning, the most restrained, and at the same time the richest decorative ornament that the world has enjoyed. Surely the fervour of his own descriptions belie the use of the word "restrained," or should do if terms are to retain their values.

The more I study the world's art, the more I fall back upon that most difficult of all arts to comprehend, that of the Chinese monochromists, as combining in the happiest dosing the fundamental elements of art, elements which are so often essentially at war one with the other, which exclude one another mutually. It is impossible to bind into one technical representation unbridled rapture of emotion and the calm splendour of ultimate abstraction. No one will deny that Byzantine art attained to a high degree of excellence in rendering one type of "inner significance"; but that type, about which so much imprecise modern writing turns, is not the most esoteric of its kind; it is indeed one very much understanded of the people, one which loses in interest as we become more fastidious, better trained to note yet more subtle rhythmic significance than Byzance dreamt of in passionate moments of early Christianity, when Religious Truth was thought to be the one Reality. Reality and Reason seem to be antitheses to Mr. Byron, and the latter he terms a "portentous, Roman-nosed goddess"—why, in the name of all Greek rationalism, I cannot understand, unless by "reason" he means a kind of Anglo-Saxon sense of "reasonable conduct" in view of practical results; but then that should approach perilously near to an aspect of "reality," at least in intention. I fear there is some hazy thinking hereabouts. In view of this difficulty it is a pity that he has not defined in any way his meaning of the phrase "the great cohesive substructure of Hellenism," one of his own three ingredients of the Byzantine integration. Indeed, the more one tries to grasp a clearness of his theme the more elusive it becomes, the more it hides itself within the intricacies of metaphoric style. "In the feverish dawn of mechanical discovery . . . they were still sucking the breasts of Reason." Then, a few lines farther on: "With science we have left our suckling." What can I understand



ST. SOPHIA FACING THE WEST DOOR.
From a drawing by C. Fossati, reproduced from *Aya Sofia, Constantinople.* London, 1852.
From *The Byzantine Achievement.*

but that science is irrational? It is from no wayward wish to quibble that I place these extracts side by side. I am at the moment sincerely seeking to grasp the author's meaning, the more so that I am myself reflecting at this time upon the nature of future thought. In which Mr. Byron does not help me, for he ends on the question mark of "What do we await?" The thought-form of the future and future art will be of necessity allied. He is right in saying that "we, in our present age, turning a point in the world's history induct, if we can, an enlarged quest of Reality." It is not want of suggestions, want of matter which make me cease to pursue this fascinating theme, but the mere fact that I am writing for a non-philosophical review and in inefficient article form. I am hostile to all book-reviewing for this very reason; for want of space it is foredoomed to be inadequate. The real or seeming chance-censure in a line or two of a whole book's contents! Of what use to dispute the phrases of Mr. Byron unless I am prepared to replace them by better notions of my own? Constructive criticism is the only form that's worth a moment's heed.



A WOODCUT OF CONSTANTINOPLE.
Reproduced from
Hartmann Schedel's *Weltchronik*,
Nuremberg, 1493.
From *The Byzantine Achievement.*

One point upon which I am curious. In a discussion with a Greek philosophic friend he told me that he had, in his reading, come across

SIR ROGER PRATT. From a painting by Sir Peter Lely.
From *The Architecture of Sir Roger Pratt.*

indications of a wilful return from Hellenistic art to a pseudo-archaism, a return prompted by fatigue of the too perfect and empty naturalism of the skilful decadence of Greece, a return not unlike that which we have recently seen. Mr. Byron does not speak of this. I should be glad to come across further information.

But let me not be thought to wish either to belittle the work that Constantinople did in constructing the bases of new art for Christendom, one fitted to accompany the new forms of Christian thought; I am far from contesting the truth of a very obvious fact—how could I with Mr. Dalton's two sumptuous volumes lying beside me at this moment?—and was I not once more in Venice and Ravenna only a few months ago? Nor do I not realize that Mr. Byron has produced a very convenient setting forth of the story of Constantinople, of her life, of her ideals, up to the Mohammedan conquest. It may be that he has over-estimated the value of what she has brought to the making of modern Europe for the reason which he himself gives: "The proportion of emphasis in every book must vary with the measure of misapprehension in the popular imagination concerning the subject with which it deals." That Byzantine achievement of having preserved for us the literary relics of older Greece would be enough in itself to call upon great praise? Perhaps we owe to her even the conservation of those words: "By how much the half is preferable to the whole," though she herself knew not how to use that wisdom. I am ignorant of the story of the vicissitudes of the manuscripts of Hesiod.

Sir Roger Pratt.

The Architecture of Sir Roger Pratt. Edited by R. T. GUNTHER, M.A., Hon. LL.D. Oxford: Printed by John Johnson for the Author at the University Press. Price 31s. 6d. net.

SIR ROGER PRATT is quite a recent discovery of the historians of English architecture. Mr. Avray Tipping was the first to call attention, some ten years ago, to his connection with Coleshill and the existence of the MSS. at Ryston, and Mr. Gotch has also given some account of him, but this edition by Mr. Gunther of the Note Books is the first opportunity we have been given of any real estimate of his work. The Note Books give us the following list of works: Coleshill (so long attributed to Inigo Jones, completed 1664; Horseheath, 1662–5; Kingston Lacy, 1663–5; Clarendon House, Piccadilly, 1664–6; and Ryston, 1669–73. There are also hints of work done in London, and some tantalizingly incomplete evidence of a connection with Raynham, Norfolk; mention is made of a design for Greenwich, the palace for Charles II presumably, and a few particulars are given of a scheme for a palace "for the Prince." Mr. Gunther suggests the Duke of York, afterwards James II. Of these buildings, Coleshill alone survives in any completeness; Kingston was much altered by Sir Charles Barry; and Ryston, Pratt's own house, was quite obliterated as a design by Sir John Soane. Horseheath and Clarendon House are known only from engravings. In addition to his actual building work, Pratt also served on the commissions for the repair of St. Paul's and the rebuilding of London after the Fire. He died in 1684. The reasons why he did not continue his architectural career, after the remarkable outburst of activity in the years 1663–6, are probably to be found in the fall of his patron Clarendon, the rising fortunes of Sir Christopher Wren, and, probably most important of all, his inheritance of the family estates in Norfolk in 1667. His later years were passed as a country gentleman, and the other extant Note Books, not reprinted here, are filled with details of estate management and agricultural matters.

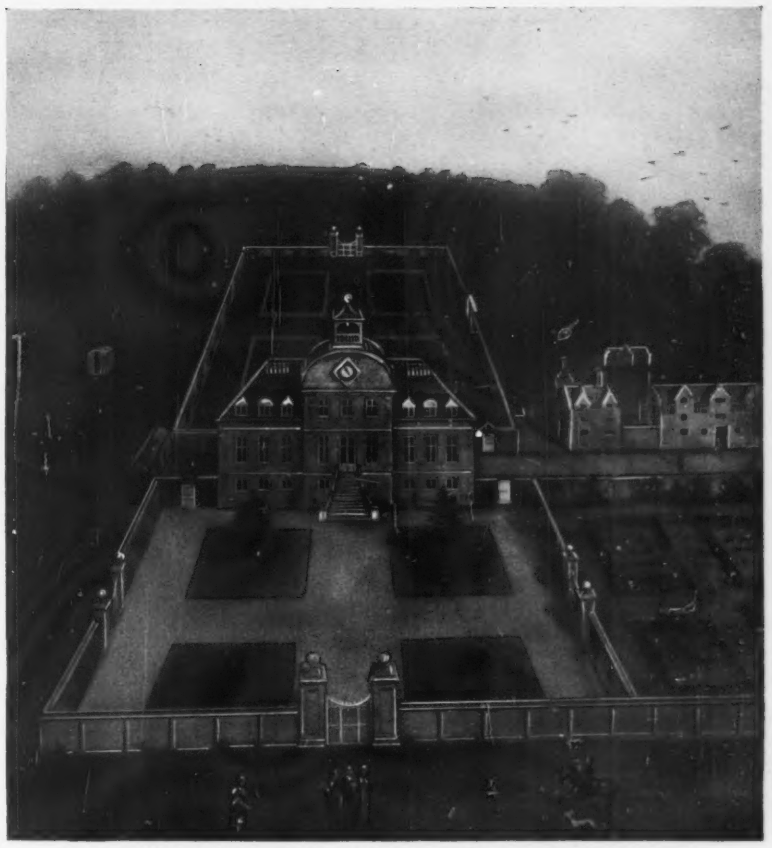
All Pratt's houses, with the exception of Ryston, belong to the recognized late-seventeenth-century type, which eschews columns or pilasters, and relies on good fenestration and a rich and important cornice (the horizontal line is always uninterrupted), with, above, a hipped roof, terminating in a balustraded platform and forming with its cupola, chimneys and dormer windows, the liveliest part of the composition. Coleshill and Belton are perhaps the classic examples, but the type continued until roofs went out of fashion in the eighteenth century. As to its origin, Coleshill has some claim to be considered the archetype, unless we accept the early (*circa* 1630) date for Chevening, though Wimborne St. Giles (possibly John Webb) dates from the same year. Webb's one authenticated example of the type, Belvoir, is a little later, and his other houses as Lamport, Amesbury, and Gunnersbury are definitely more Italianate. Of the last, Pratt says in these notes: "(we ought) by no means to procede to a rash and foolish imitation, without first maturely weighing the condition of the severall climes, the different manner of living, etc., and the exact dimensions and other circumstances of the building, especially the lights, etc., in all which thinges the Hall and Portico at Gunnersbury are verry faulty." A comment that gathers weight as we consider that Pratt had travelled and studied abroad for six and a-half years, a good part of which was spent in Italy.

The contents of the Note Books is very varied. There are considerable indications of the beginning of a book on architecture, with especial reference to country houses, and several long, connected passages of description and comment on French and Italian houses, particularly the palaces of Genoa. There is, curiously, no reference to Holland, where he himself says that he travelled. The main part of the book is made up of miscellaneous measurements, tradesmen's bills, instructions to tradesmen, including an amusing list of "General Frauds of the Joiners," and general notes on construction and decoration. All these Mr. Gunther has arranged partly under the particular houses to which they refer, and partly under sections according to materials. It is among these that one finds reference to work by contemporary

English architects, as the statement that Hugh May was the author of Eltham Lodge, and two copies of contracts, one between Sir John Denham, Wren's predecessor as surveyor, and the carpenter's for structural work at "The Friary St. Jameses," and another between Hugh May and a carpenter relating to old Berkley House, a work of May's on the site of Devonshire House. To many people, however, the most interesting section will be that devoted to the problems relating to the replanning of London after the Fire, and the design of St. Paul's. Some of these belong to the years 1672–3, and include a little tract on Renaissance architecture as applied to churches with special reference to domes, and a short section headed: "Objections against the Model of St. Paul's standing in the Convocation house there, as its now designed by Dr. Renne. July 12, 1673, according as it offered itself unto me upon the shorte and confused vewe of ¼ of an hour onely." This wants looking into, for neither the date nor the criticism tallies with the existing model, though some of the comments would seem to refer to features which do appear in what is called the "favourite" design.

Enough has been said to show the interest and importance of this book, and the extent of our debt to Mr. Gunther for having had the enterprise to bring it to light. From it we can get a really comprehensive view of the state of architecture and the building trades at what must be considered one of the most crucial moments in their history. The only criticism that can be made of the work as a whole is that a fuller and more accurate index would have greatly increased its usefulness as a book of reference.

GEOFFREY WEBB.



RYSTON. From an early painting at Ryston Hall.
From *The Architecture of Sir Roger Pratt.*

The spire at *NONAN COURT (EURE).*
From *French Church Architecture.*

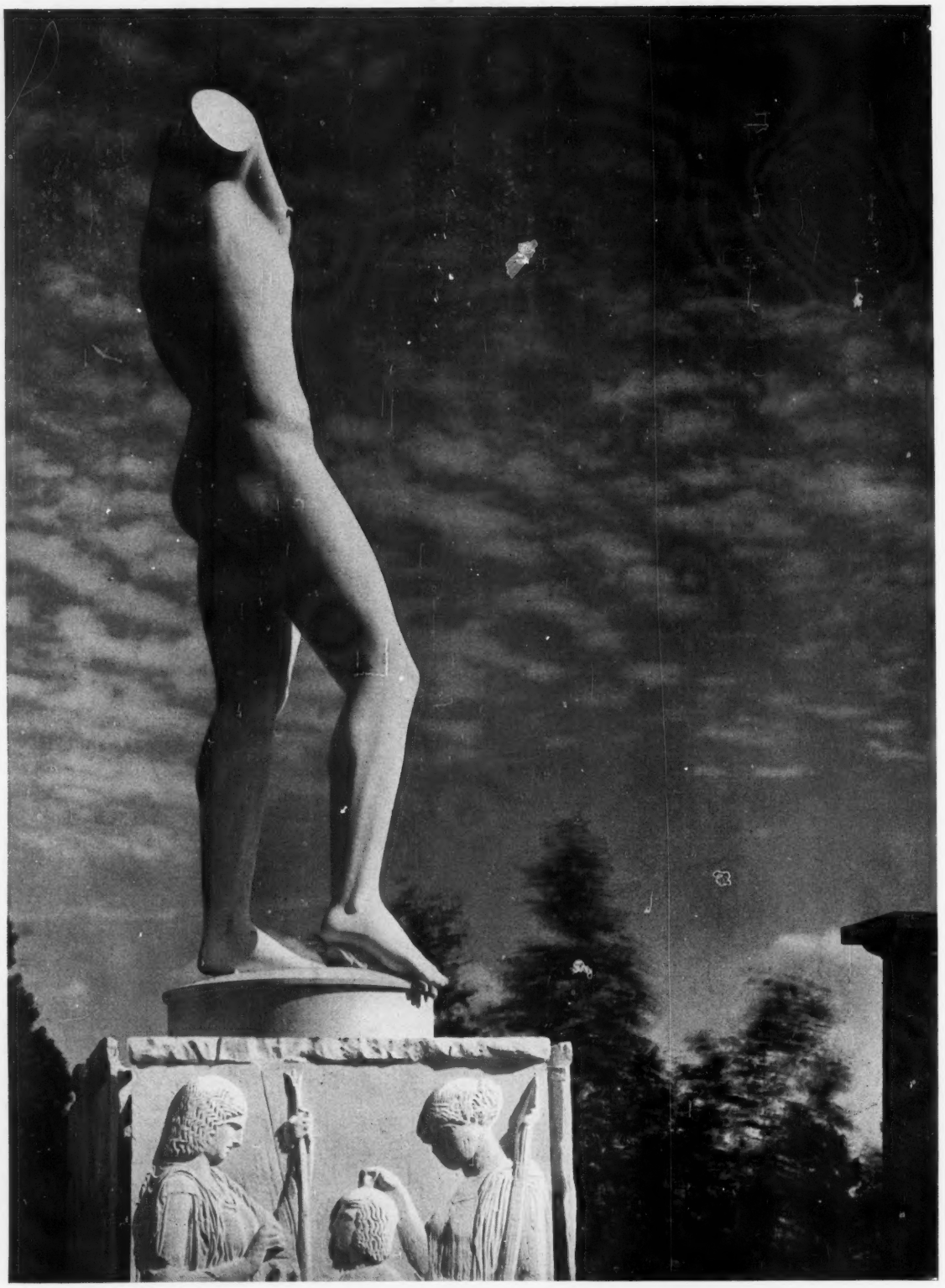
The Poetry of Pillared Aisles.

French Church Architecture. By E. TYRRELL-GREEN. London: The Sheldon Press. Price 10s. 6d. net.

MR. TYRRELL-GREEN loves France, and his *French Church Architecture* shows that he knows it well. In addition to providing a guide to the traveller, the book is intended to engender a better understanding and appreciation of French ecclesiastical architecture. While an exceptional number of examples are cited to illustrate the various phases in the development of church building, the author's aim in dealing with the outstanding features of his subject has obviously been to draw the attention of the layman to certain general characteristics and not to make a detailed architectural analysis. Hence it is the "poetry of the pillared aisles . . . and perspectives varying at every step" to which the mind of the observer is directed. There is, perhaps, a tendency to dwell on the more romantic aspect of the subject, on the "appeal of gloom" and on accidental effects which are not necessarily attributes of fine architecture. At the same time the reader is urged to view these churches in the light of their purpose and as the outcome of man's religious aspirations.

When the author comes to Gothic he is inclined to allow his enthusiasm for this style to lead him into writing passages which are contentious. For example: "Structure and ornament appear in their true relation, or, rather, structure is ornament and ornament structure" . . . French Gothic "stands naked and unashamed, a glorious form resplendent in its purity" . . . "for a Gothic church could not be stripped." Other architecture, it is claimed, needs clothing with ornament, but "Gothic needs no clothes." The point the author wishes to make is Ruskin's old one, and is bound up with the fallacy that architecture other than Gothic is merely building plus decoration. But Mr. Green is not entirely consistent, for he refers later on to "the elaboration and multiplication of canopies and tabernacle work," which might be regarded, in the light of the passages previously quoted, as an arbitrary affair unrelated to the particular purpose of the design, which is certainly not the impression the author wishes to create.

H. C. B.



THE SUN SINGER, in bronze. Set in the sculptor's garden at Lidingo, near Stockholm.
Sculptor : CARL MILLES.

FORMA. In rose marble.
Sculptor: MATEO INURRIA.

Torso.

THE torso is sculptors' sculpture; it is an exercise in pure form. The purity of form of the torso is achieved by the representation of the trunk alone. When a head or limbs are added, considerations other than those of the expression of ideal beauty are introduced.

* * *

The torsos in ancient sculpture are probably truncations. *Athena Lemnia* may have been modelled without arms, but in any case a true torso was not produced. There are many Greek works which more nearly approach the torso form, and most of them, I think, are dismembered. There is the further supposition that the torso was carved from a main block, that head and limbs, carved from smaller pieces, were added, and that the various disintegrating agencies have disposed of the fragments while the trunk has survived. Neither the Greeks nor the Romans, were unduly given to research; they were innovators and spontaneously and instinctively knew and produced the forms of their intuitions. The new learning and spirit of research of the Renaissance did not take this form of plastic and glyptic inquiry, and it has remained for a more sophisticated age and more complicated conditions to produce, indirectly, this beautiful form of sculpture in its purity and lack of ulterior intention.

* * *

The men of today, however, have to own to torsos which are fragments and not of the first instance. There is a torso extant of Onslow Ford's *Folly* and of Derwent Wood's *Atalanta*. The known torso by Joseph Bernard is the trunk of his beautiful bronze figure of *La Jeune Fille à la Cruche*. The magnificent torso cast in lead, by Aristide Maillol is the trunk of his great figure known as *The Striding Woman*. The torso may have a head but no limbs; limbs but no head; no arms, but legs; no legs, but arms; but the pure torso needs neither head nor limbs, and it must not be a fragment of a statue, but an independent work; a complete entity, with no references.

But take the torso known as *Forma* with its obvious suggestion, by Mateo Inurria, the Spanish artist. This is the trunk of his famous and exquisite statue *La Parra*, in rose marble, in the Museo Nacional at Madrid. It is delightful in itself, but it has not the repose of the true torso. The statue is seen through the torso; the body is drawn up as far as may be by the vertical thrust of invisible arms, throwing out the planes in strong projection, and revealing the muscular structure, as well as suggesting the strong and supple bony and cartilaginous framework.

* * *

Inurria's *Forma* is not static, but it has not the energetic action of Ercole Drei, the Florence sculptor's, *Breeze*. This work is faulty in two respects: that it includes the head and that it indicates action. The action is possible only because of the head, for it is by the expression of the face and the backward blown hair that the action of a breeze is indicated; there is no forward thrust in the trunk itself which would have conveyed the idea, but which in any case I should deplore. This work proves the futility of the torso form when tried out for the expression of any sentiment other than that of pure form.

Maillol recognizes this, for he has made a torso of a young woman which is perfectly static, and in this, in strong contrast with the fragment of *The Striding Woman*; in contrast, too, to the vigorous realism of that work, for it is in the artist's most classically naturalistic style. No one of the greater living men has made more extensive research than Maillol, and in this passive three-quarter figure, with the head used for emphasis, quite unnecessarily, he reveals, not only his appreciation of classical form when allied with naturalism, but the secret that the Greeks possessed of the flowing line. *The Sun Singer* made by Carl Milles and erected on a high pedestal on high ground in his Lidingo garden near Stockholm, aims at the same ideal beauty, and has undoubted majesty seen in outline against the sky.

MYRAS

In bronze.
Sculptor: ARISTIDE MAILLOL.

THE BREEZE. In marble.
Sculptor: ERCOLE DREI.

"... a balanced pattern is made by the diagonal band of white, formed by the white cloth, Nina's white dress, and the white doors and curtains, between the darkness of the diagonally opposite corners. The light is connected with the dark by the vase and the ensign's epaulette, the dark is carried into the white by the shadow of the flowers and the shadows of Nina's hair..."

Pictures in the "Pictures"

THE WONDERFUL DECEPTION OF NINA PETROVNA.

Producing Firm GAUMONT-UFA.

Photography	.. ..	MR. CARL HOFFMANN.
Architecture	.. ..	MESSRS. ROBERT HERLTH AND WALTER ROHRIG.
Art Direction	.. ..	MR. ALEXANDER ARNSTAM.
Costumes ..	.. ..	MR. RENÉE HUBERT.
Nina Petrovna	.. ..	MISS BRIGETTE HELM.
The Ensign	.. ..	MR. FRANZ LEDERER.
The Colonel	.. ..	MR. WARWICK WARD.
Production	.. ..	MR. ERIC POMMER.

". . . the attractive pattern made by the disposition of objects, and by lights and shades, contains a heavy drooping line suggested by the white plate on the shelf, the white bowl below, the black bowl, and the large bowl on Nina's knees . . ."

THE pictorial character of the "pictures" may seem to be a self-evident implication. But it is a character which can be given only by a trained artistic skill, consciously exerted. The camera isolates a certain space. Within the limits of that space the people and objects which go to make a scene must be harmoniously disposed. They must be designed to form, in their relation to each other, an harmonious entity. The irrelevant must be omitted, the relevant must be arranged with regard to its importance. Lesser interest will support and direct attention to the central interest. And this must be accomplished with apparent ease, without apparent striving for effect. In the literal meaning of the word, the scene must be "composed." This is one essential quality of the picture.

But, further than this, the picture, balanced and harmonious within its limits, must bear an intimate relation between its *form* and *content*. The *form* of the picture, decided by the premeditated disposition of human figures and inanimate objects, revealed by light, must reflect, or insist on and emphasize, the significance of the scene—the *content* of the picture thus presented. In other words, the interest of the abstract pattern, the "compositional" aspect of the picture, must be in direct relation to the dramatic interest of the scene.

* * *

This relation between the form and content of the picture may be illustrated by a few references to a recent Gaumont-Ufa film which will be presently shown in this country, *The Wonderful Deception of Nina Petrovna*.

The story is of a woman, once the mistress of a colonel, who finds true happiness in her love for an ensign. She prefers a life of poverty with love, to the splendours of a loveless luxury. Forced by trickery to return to the colonel's villa, she escapes disloyalty by death.

". . . the diagonal line of the figures is happily contrasted with the rectilinear forms of the door and curtains . . ."

Each of the four "stills" reproduced here is a pleasing composition of form and light. In the first illustration a balanced pattern is made by the diagonal band of white, formed by the white cloth, Nina's white dress, and the white doors and curtains, between the darkness of the diagonally opposite corners. The light is connected with the dark by the vase and the ensign's epaulette, the dark is carried into the white by the shadow of the flowers and the shadows of Nina's hair. The central interest of this picture, the point at which attention stays, is Nina's happy face. The secondary line indicated by the epaulette, Nina's hand and the vase, cuts across the primary band of light at just this point of interest. The form of the picture, pleasing in itself, insists on and emphasizes its content.

In the second illustration the attractive pattern made by the disposition of objects, and by lights and shades, contains a heavy drooping line suggested by the white plate on the shelf, the white bowl below, the black bowl, and the large bowl on Nina's knees. It forms, as it were, a line symbolical of Nina's sinking fortunes. Again, form and content are related.

In the third illustration the diagonal line of the figures is happily contrasted with the rectilinear forms of the door and curtains. In this scene occurs a moment precious to the man and woman. Its preciousness, like a gem enhanced by its setting, is emphasized by the frame formed by the doorway and the draperies.

There is a satisfactory balance of parts in the picture of the ensign standing alone. His isolation is echoed by the single column; the severity of the composition suggests the hardness of his lot. Form, pleasing in itself, insists on and illuminates the content.

"There is a satisfactory balance of parts in the picture of the ensign standing alone. His isolation is echoed by the single column; the severity of the composition suggests the hardness of his lot . . ."

* * *

But the art of the film is an art of movement. Static reproductions of film pictures cannot adequately present the pictorial element of cinematic art. The real art of pictorial composition in the film is the maintenance of a balanced and harmonious pictorial composition in a state of constant movement and in constant relation to the changing content of the scene.

MERCURIUS.

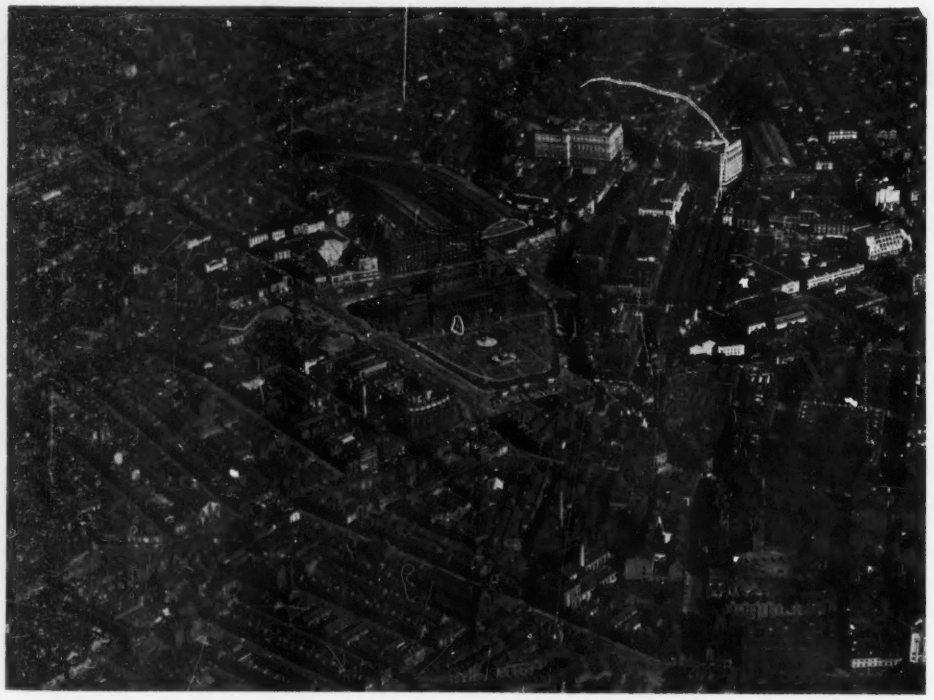


Photo : Aerofilms.

CHAOS UNLIMITED.

THOUGH it was then a town of manageable proportions, the speed with which London was growing perturbed Horace Walpole a hundred and fifty years ago. London was then an admirable city, but the industrial age in making our towns inconceivably and inexcusably vast, also made them incredibly disagreeable and dirty so that today, although their size renders them difficult to get in and out of, thousands of their inhabitants prefer to live outside, with the result that their already swollen proportions are yearly increased by miles of amorphous villa colonies. Every day the speculative builder takes away another field from the country and adds another street of desirable bijou residences to the town.

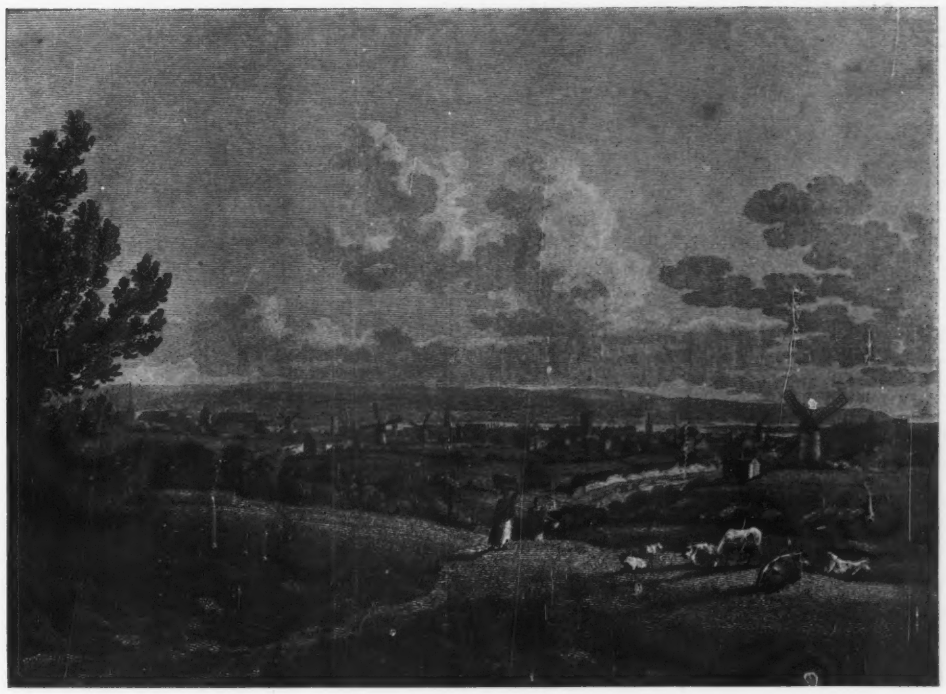
When is this senseless exploitation to end? Are we to wait another hundred years before the principles of regional and town planning are generally accepted?

If, as Mr. Belloc suggests earlier in this issue, our towns were given limits beyond which they must not expand, and if all new building works, whatever their nature, were subordinated to intelligent regional plans, the work of reconstruction could begin, and both the towns and the countryside could be saved. At the present moment we are merely adding to the chaos of the great Victorian confusion, and it is pitiful to think of what another century's abuse of common sense may do. A century is not a long time, but a hundred years ago Liverpool was the charming town illustrated on the opposite page. Today neither those Northerners to whom it belongs, nor those Southerners who year by year make the arduous journey to Aintree, can feel anything but intolerable dejection on entering what, with its river, hills, and prospects, ought to be one of the most stirring cities in England.

For the sake of those who are anxious to help, but ignorant of how to do so, the names of societies interested in the work of reorganization is given on p. 52.

Photo : Aerofilms.

Two views of LIVERPOOL *from the air. The upper one shows the centre of the city and the lower one modern outskirts.*



LIVERPOOL. From an engraving by E. Dayes, reproduced from *A Description of the Country from Thirty to Forty Miles round Manchester.* By J. AIKIN. Published in 1795.

JULY *1929.*

Craftsmanship

The
Architectural
Review
Supplement

AT CLOSE RANGE:

THE PATTERN OF THE CITY.

If its pattern is to be regarded at close range the city must be seen, by virtue of the usual paradox of the wood and the trees, from afar. Preston, seen as a pattern is a carpet of broad stripes, not altogether unprepossessing in the abstract, but from a more human point of view inexpressibly sinister. This is the home of the Robot, and of Gradgrind's facts.

Photo: Aerofilms.

PRESTON, LANCASHIRE, FROM THE AIR.

CLOSE RANGE.

A description of this view is given on page 43.

Store, Buyer, Maker.

By R. Gordon Stark.

[*Recent articles entitled* Arnold Bennett, H. G. Wells, Bernard Shaw and Harrods *and* Harrods and Sweden *have dealt with the problem of the great stores and their curious distaste either for employing, or for selling the work of, the artist. Here Mr. Gordon Stark who is intimately acquainted with the workings of stores, carries the investigations a step farther with a discussion of the activities of the trade buyer and the manufacturer.*—ED.]

HOW much pleasanter (wrote a contributor to the June REVIEW) to shop at many of our big stores were it possible for them to follow the lead which has been taken by the enterprising directors of similar houses abroad, particularly in Sweden. Let us devoutly wish that the advent of the "designer-selector" as an intimate and important member of their staffs in sections such as Furniture, Fabrics, China and Glass, which has been evident in one or two interesting cases in London, may, in time, be consummated. There can be no doubts entertained by any reader of the REVIEW who wanders at random through our large stores, in mood the most mildly critical, that there is something far from well in the quality of design offered us. The manufacturers and retailers play into each other's hands. We are ridden to death by the common-or-garden manufacturer-designed stuff—and by this, though there are exceptions, everyone must know what I mean who has seen anything better.

It has often been said—somewhat loosely, I think—that the buying public gets on the whole what it deserves; meaning that the supply is governed by the demand, and that in the long run the style of goods manufactured is determined by the taste of the people that buy them, who, in their turn, are, to a more or less degree influenced by that somewhat vague minority which is supposed to set the standard of taste.

Without wishing to enter too deeply into the discussion which such a generalization tempts, I would like to suggest another point of view, which is that a large share of praise or blame—and this article deals chiefly with the latter aspect—must be meted out to the manufacturers and their aiders and abettors, the trade buyer class, who force their productions upon a public in various degrees of revolt or assent. I suggest that a cause of the comparative failure in several of our industries is due to the lamentable lack of enterprise and far-sightedness among our friends at the factory in the matter of design, and that through this die-hard conservatism we are year by year yielding up more and more trade to the foreigner which might, with a little more courage and adaptation to modern tendencies, be not only kept at home but even developed beyond our own insular confines. In other words, the weakness is to be traced directly to two sources: (1) to the manufacturers, who dare not experiment boldly, but prefer to amble (safely, as they imagine) along the old, well-trodden paths; (2) to the buyers in the shops who, finding the majority of their customers docile and apparently contented, have no interest, even if they had the talent, to improve the standard of design, "turnover" being their ONLY consideration. And, indeed, in so much that is made today—furniture, for instance—such a clean sweep would have to be made and so much obstruction offered by the manufacturers in the way of price that it would need a man with rather more than the average of ideals and conviction to tackle the question. In general, people are very comfortable and unwilling to be jogged so long as they are making money to a fairly satisfactory extent. It is only when the keen edge of competition begins to be felt, when the foreigner begins, so to speak, to walk about on them, that they begin lazily to turn over, stretch, yawn, and in a bored way to take notice.

As regards the statement that the only object of the average buyer is turnover, one must admit that this is his job, and that a buyer who cannot show a healthy annual increase under normal trade conditions will rightly be considered unsuitable to his post. But cannot two qualities—those of clever buying and good taste—be combined in one man? I am convinced they can, and that if the importance of the combination were more widely recognized the right men would be forthcoming. The Editor of one of the best-known English art publications has written to me on this subject:

> "The trade buyer is generally a very ignorant and ill-informed person. The china department at —— [naming a well-known Chelsea business] shows what happens when a cultured and educated taste is put in charge. Does not this suggest the desirability, from a business point of view, of introducing into positions of influence and authority in the big retail firms people of a different stamp altogether from the standard type? The average buyer may know his business well enough from certain points of view, but if his activities were supplemented, and in some degree controlled, by a higher authority, one might see very different results. I am wondering whether the system which operates successfully in some of the Paris stores would work here, i.e. the appointment of a first-class man as art director. It would be his business to watch the productions of the wholesale firms supplying the various departments and to give them ideas to carry out. He would thus secure distinctive designs which would give to his establishment an individuality which is at present totally lacking."

The public for a time takes what these manufacturers offer—there is nothing else to be had at anything like a reasonable price; but later, when from an extraneous source something new and better comes along, it transfers its allegiance. Be they Free Traders or Protectionists, most of them will buy what they like so long as it's not too dear, and sometimes even when it's much dearer. This is what is largely happening today in some of our industries—fabrics, for instance, and glass and electrical fittings. We are even importing Continental furniture, a most unnecessary procedure, except on a small scale as a matter of interest, and possibly inspiration, to show people what is being done abroad. But we are to blame in that we have not ere this established a decent, self-respecting school of modern English furniture, etc., to replace the Victorian horrors and the stylist nonentities.

A great part of our trouble has been, no doubt, due to mass production, or, rather, the regrettable spirit to which the possibilities of mass production have given rise. The operatives have been trained to turn out hundreds at a time of a few[1] stock kinds, each man having only part of one job to do, and any deviation from this, cut as it all is to a very fine price, is going to upset the machinery of production. So that if an enterprising man comes along with a new design he is usually met with hopeless opposition unless he can give an order on the spot for a quantity far in excess of his immediate requirements. As a rule the manufacturers will not be bothered; they keep their own pet designers, trained perhaps at a technical school to make working drawings, and soaked in the atmosphere

[1] Incidentally in things like, for instance, furniture for house doors, one would like to see far fewer patterns and much simpler and less fussy designs. Can there really be such a variety of inferior tastes to be provided for as would appear from a study of a builders' merchant's catalogue? A few standard designs (including the necessary-vulgar) would surely help to bring down the cost?

A description of this view is given on page 43.

of old models from which they have not enough innate imagination or ambition to free themselves; or if they do feel an urge in that direction the result is characterless—neither one thing nor the other. This type of man has little creative skill in general, and in designing "upon traditional lines" the resulting vulgarity will, I fear, be found to be directly proportional to the extent of his departure from the original. The simplifications necessary to suit the machine and to bring down the selling price are, as a rule, unsuitable to the style or period they are supposed to represent.

In Sweden, on the contrary, they have with much success employed men of culture and ideas—artists or "architects"—to study the economical side of production (pottery, china, glass, furniture, metalwork, etc.) and to suggest designs which, although a great improvement on the common run of mass-produced goods, with their plebeian origin, yet will cost no more because they can still be made in quantities and as economically. This is bringing æsthetics down to brass tacks. And these designs have been made good use of by our more go-ahead Scandinavian cousins who are consequently reaping the harvest they deserve.

At this time we are importing a great deal of modern foreign glass into England. Much of it is Czecho-Slovakian, and very good it is. For years some of our more advanced spirits have been trying to impress upon our own glass manufacturers the need of keeping abreast of the times and trying to produce designs a little less archaic than most of them are in fact doing. But to little purpose. They proudly point to their factory production of seven tons of glass a week (or whatever it is) as if weight were all that mattered; and if they are asked to contribute to some of our grandmotherly arts and crafts exhibitions (in truth the old gentlemen responsible for these shows deserve an article all to themselves!) they will submit year by year the same pattern which was the latest thing at the exhibition of 1851. Well, at that date they did at least produce something that was new in its day. This determination of our present age in certain departments at all costs to stand still, i.e. to copy other men's work, is of comparatively recent date and seems to have resulted, through a misinterpretation, from the teachings of William Morris and his school.

Now these same English manufacturers[1] are just beginning to realize that they are actually losing some of the trade which they thought so secure. They do not chivalrously accept the challenge, however, but leave their work and go crying to the Prime Minister or Chancellor of the Exchequer to put on a protective tariff against the foreigner, instead of getting down to the job they ought to have been at long ago and making Protection unnecessary. Perhaps the most enterprising thing they will do, when someone points out the seriousness of increasing competition, is to say: "Well, let's have a look at the stuff and we'll see if we can copy it." They send for some samples, fail to produce as good at the price, and fall back on the old!

Such a generalization, as is usual with generalizations, may not be just to everybody.

There is another, a more go-ahead type, that will go to the Paris Exhibition for ideas and return with his head stuffed full of the latest French tricks and fashions which certainly are clever and original. He thinks: This will create a stir! *The very* latest thing *dans le monde chic*. He foists them on to a half-incredulous public in a cheapened form devoid of all virtue, and then wonders why the "modern movement" is a failure.

I think our manufacturers of what should be works of art might employ some good young designer. I dare say there are many such budding among the A.A. students who would be able and glad to take up the profession of interior decoration—glass, pottery, metalwork, and furniture design. But in what school, alas! are they to learn anything but the purely conventional and traditional, excellent as it is as a grounding? Let them discover a young designer of ideas and sound training; and (let them) allow him, during a reasonably long time, to pick up the technical knowledge of the trade concerned *without expecting immediate results*. After he has gained his practical knowledge and has tried his hand in a tentative way at designing, he should go abroad and study what is being done there; then come back with a fresh but not denationalized mind, and get to work. If there is anything in him he will before long well repay his keep; but he should not be hurried. How many British manufacturers, however, will look so far ahead? As a rule they will not risk the outlay and be content to wait for results. It is all one with their disinclination to employ a really good man for their advertisement matter—to spend a little more on appearance such as the quality of their notepaper and its heading, on the furniture and decoration of their offices, which usually show such lamentably dull taste.

Until the British manufacturer wakes up to the fact that good artistic work is, from the business point of view, worth paying for, it will still be the few enterprising souls, usually without enough capital to keep going, who will have to strive to lead the way. And when these have failed financially and, perchance, left something permanent behind which men have praised, then comes along the cautious commercial scenting, somewhat late, a possible *coup*, and plays clumsily upon a theme which he soon spoils with inappropriate variations.

It is perhaps unnecessary in this magazine to add a lament over the excellent English designers of printed and woven fabrics who have had to wait a quarter of a century and more for recognition, and of the resultant yielding up of the market to the Frenchman. Nor to call attention to the poor pieces of furniture that the owner of a gramophone or a wireless set has to be content with to house his apparatus in, and of the incredible difficulty (owing to deliberate obstruction) that anyone will have who wishes to build a cabinet of his own design to hold the machinery of a standard make. Nor is there need to enlarge on the pathetic inability of our firms to cater for the modern public in matters of fittings of all kinds--especially electric—for their new houses. All this is well known and deplored by people who are helpless in the matter.

There are a few shops who are beginning to see, or to half-see, the trend of public taste, and are doing their best to give scope for the young modern designer and man of ideas; and as these have met with distinct success already, others are almost bound to follow, and the public will get in time what it wants and what perhaps, on the whole, it deserves.

In these days the shop with a wise and far-sighted policy will attempt to produce something individual—something which other people have not got, and by which it may achieve a certain reputation. Those conservative business men who continue in the old ruts, who rely entirely on extraneous sources for their supplies—I mean by making selections from the stock patterns of manufacturers without trying to evolve something of their own—have to meet with strong competition. It is a cut-throat business, whereas the bold adventurer into new waters may discover a veritable treasure island; and anyway, if the object of his search is considered sufficiently praiseworthy, he will be talked about and his name be in men's mouths. Also, to put it bluntly, if he has a special line which no one else has, he can of course make a bigger profit. There is today such a strong current in the direction of the demand for rational, well-made modern furniture (in the broad sense of the word, which includes fittings and fabrics, glass and china and carpets) that both manufacturers and retailers would do well to consider the fact and how they are going to meet it.

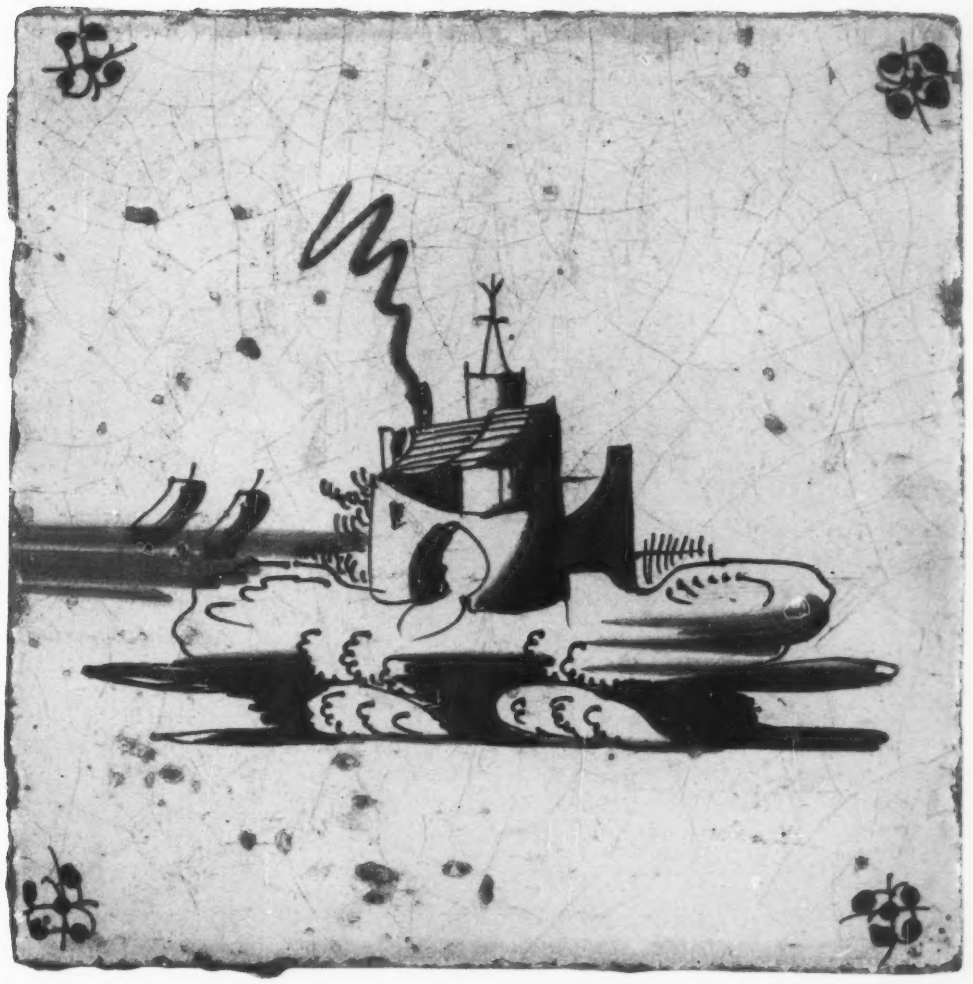
[1] English glass manufacturers are apparently not quick enough to follow modern trends, particularly in the way of coloured glass which is so popular today. As far as table glass is concerned, the modern English is better, at any rate for our purpose, than the foreign, but still leaves much to be desired in the way of design; so that one would, on the whole, rather fall back on copies of the Jacobean and Georgian patterns. The *quality* of the best English glass, particularly of cut-glass, is unbeaten; but it is in modern fancy glass that we do not hold our own. We are far behind the foreigner in adaptability and enterprise. I am told that there are one or two notable exceptions—may be; but I have been shown many examples of modern drawing-room designs, and, delightful as they are, I must confess that so far from being modern and original they reminded one strongly of ancient Roman patterns; some of the big bowls, of whose exact purpose I am not very clear, brought one back very forcibly to the Romano-British Department of the British Museum where this particular designer must surely have gone for inspiration—to that corner where are seen the cinerary urns into which the burned mortal remains of the people of that period were crammed. The English modern designs of cottage china are, many of them, excellent, and we need not fear competition in this direction. On fine foreign porcelain, which is equivalent to our bone china, there is an import duty of 33⅓ per cent. On fancy pottery there is no duty. The foreigner, in particular the Italian and Frenchman, can beat us in this department for originality and price.

A *Craftsman's* Portfolio :

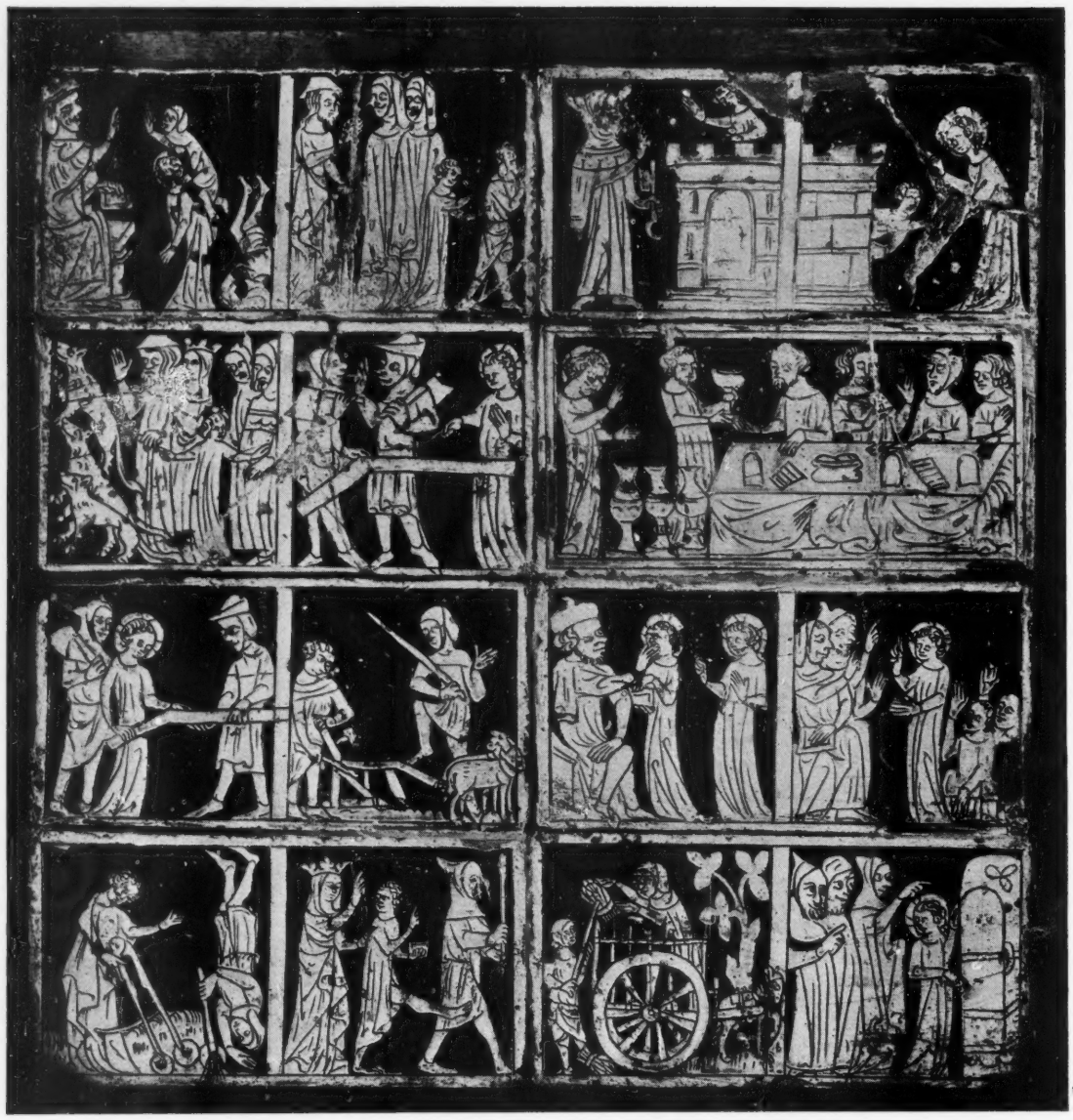
XXXVIII— Tiles, Old and New.

A Belgian tile of concrete with a cold glaze in cream, shaded with pink and pale green.

Designers and Craftsmen :
THE GENERAL TILE COMPANY.



An old *DUTCH* tile, *circa* 1700, made by the Blastic process, now in the possession of Martin van Straaten and Company. Originally plain white tiles were used in Holland, but later they were decorated with figures and scenery typical of the period. Generally the painting was carried out in blue. Occasionally, however, the tiles were painted in polychrome, although nowadays very few polychrome tiles are to be seen.



Above.

A panel of eight medieval English *PICTURE TILES.* The tiles were probably made in the thirteenth or fourteenth centuries, and consist of red clay with figures in white slip. The design is formed by sgraffitto lines, and the whole is covered with yellow glaze. Seven of the tiles are divided vertically into two portions, each of which illustrates a scene from the Apocryphal Gospels.

The eighth, and undivided, tile represents *The Miracle at Cana.*

Below.

OLAMBRILLA. A modern Spanish tile used at intervals in a red-tiled pavement. The colours of the tile are wine purple on cream.

Designers and Craftsmen :

MENSAQUE RODRIGUEZ.

Above.

BACCHUS. A modern Italian tile made of hard paste, painted in colours under glaze.

Designer :
GIO PONTI.

Craftsmen:
RICHARD-GINORI WORKS.

Below.

Left.—FISHING. A hand-painted tile forming one of a set of six sporting subjects. The ring is in yellow, the trees and grass in dark green, the fish is red, and the water is blue.

Designer :
EDWARD BAWDEN.

Craftsmen :
CARTERS.

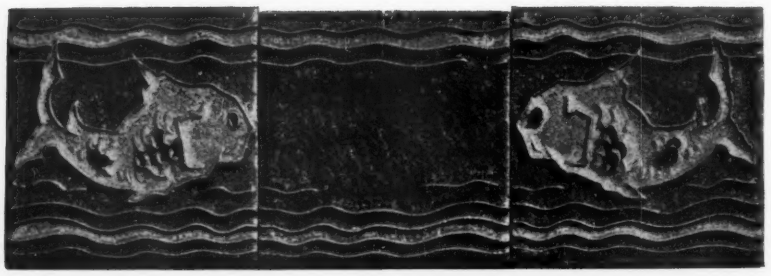
Below.

Right. — OLAMBRILLA. A modern Spanish tile used at intervals in a red-tiled pavement. The ring is blue; the bull is outlined in brown and washed in with bright biscuit yellow; there are also touches of pale blue and pink.

Designers and *Craftsmen :*
MENSAQUE RODRIGUEZ.

RIDE A'COCK HORSE. A hand-painted tile forming one of a set of Nursery Rhyme subjects. The ground is cream. The horse is also cream with touches of yellow, brown, and black. The woman's hat is black with brown and yellow feathers ; the coat is blue and yellow and the dress is cream with a yellow border. The corner motifs are in blue with a mauve lining.

Designer : DORA M. BATTY.
Craftsmen : CARTERS.



An ornamental Dutch *FRIEZE TILING* with a dark green crystallized ground and bands at top and bottom of a lighter shade of green. The fish are white, with red fins and eyes.

Designers and *Craftsmen :*
THE ROYAL DELFTWARE MANUFACTORY.

On the corner of Maddox Street and George Street, Hanover Square—just across Maddox Street from St. George's Church, finished in 1724—a then-fashionable residence was built. From that eighteenth-century dwelling-house has been developed a modern office building for the firm of Healey and Baker, surveyors and estate agents. The architect in charge of the transformation, Mr. A. J. Healey, retained or adapted several interesting features of the original interior, thus preserving some of the eighteenth-century architectural design. For the exterior finish of the premises, the address of which is 29 George Street, Hanover Square, "Atlas White" stucco was chosen. The above illustration, showing the effective treatment given the front elevation, is from a drawing in this year's Royal Academy. George Street, Hanover Square, is so centrally located that an inspection of this building is easy. It illustrates why "Atlas White"—with the score-odd years' experience of its makers—is so often termed "the standard by which all other makes are measured." Write for my "Atlas White Stucco Specifications" and take advantage of my service department, for whose assistance no charge is made. Its co-operation, with long years of experience upon which to base its advice as to the most suitable methods of operation under varying circumstances, is at the disposal of every user of "Atlas White" who asks for it. Its guidance is often worth more than the total cost of the stucco.

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

Frederick Coleman

"Atlas White" work: E. J. & A. T. Bradford.

IT was a town of red brick, or of brick that would have been red if the smoke and ashes had allowed it; but as matters stood it was a town of unnatural red and black like the painted face of a savage. It was a town of machinery and tall chimneys, out of which interminable serpents of smoke trailed themselves for ever and ever, and never got uncoiled. It had a black canal in it, and a river that ran purple with ill-smelling dye, and vast piles of building full of windows where there was a rattling and a trembling all day long, and where the piston of the steam-engine worked monotonously up and down, like the head of an elephant in a state of melancholy madness. It contained several large streets all very like one another, and many small streets still more like one another, inhabited by people equally like one another, who all went in and out at the same hours, with the same sound upon the same pavements, to do the same work, and to whom every day was the same as yesterday and tomorrow, and every year the counterpart of the last and the next.

These attributes of Coketown were in the main inseparable from the work by which it was sustained; against them were to be set off, comforts of life which found their way all over the world, and elegancies of life which made, we will not ask how much of the fine lady, who could scarcely bear to hear of the place mentioned. The rest of its features were voluntary, and they were these:

You saw nothing in Coketown but what was severely workful. If the members of a religious persuasion built a chapel there—as members of eighteen religious persuasions had done—they made it a pious warehouse of red brick, with sometimes (but this is only in highly-ornamented examples) a bell in a birdcage on the top of it. The solitary exception was the New Church; a stuccoed edifice with a square steeple over the door, terminating in four short pinnacles like florid wooden legs. All the public inscriptions in the town were painted alike, in severe characters of black and white. The jail might have been the infirmary, the infirmary might have been the jail, the town-hall might have been either, or both, or anything else, for anything that appeared to the contrary in the graces of their construction. Fact, fact, fact, everywhere in the material aspect of the town; fact, fact, fact, everywhere in the immaterial. The M'Choakumchild school was all fact, and the school of design was all fact, and the relations between master and man were all fact, and everything was fact between the lying-in hospital and the cemetery, and what you couldn't state in figures, or show to be purchasable in the cheapest market and saleable in the dearest, was not, and never should be, world without end.—Amen.

Charles Dickens:
HARD TIMES.

Causerie.

Horace Walpole's London.

London, as De Wit's above engraving shows, had outgrown her walls in 1650. A hundred years later her phenomenal size was beginning to excite the intelligentsia. Horace Walpole sounds a note of secret perturbation in 1791 when he says:—

" . . . There will soon be one street from London to Brentford; ay, and from London to every village ten miles round! Lord Camden has just let ground at Kentish Town for building fourteen hundred houses—nor do I wonder; London is, I am certain, much fuller than ever I saw it. I have twice this spring been going to stop my coach in Piccadilly to inquire what was the matter, thinking there was a mob—not at all; it was only passengers. Nor is there any complaint of depopulation from the country; Bath shoots out into new crescents, circuses, and squares every year; Birmingham, Manchester, Hull, and Liverpool would serve any King in Europe for a capital, and would make the Empress of Russia's mouth water . . . "

LONDON IN 1650.
From an engraving by F. de Wit.
The inscription reads: *London formerly called Londonia a City of great Trafick the Chiefest in great brittain the throne of the Kingdom is situated on the River thames and founded of Brutius Constantius the great compassed it with walls beautified with 120 Churches St. Paul the Cathedrall and a Stately Exchange Tower and other Stately buildings being by the great fire almost consumed together with the most part of the City but now through the great wealth of the Citizens built again.*

* * *

In another letter Walpole writes:—

" . . . I remember when my father went out of place, and was to return visits, which Ministers are excused from doing, he could not guess where he was, finding himself in so many new streets and squares. This was thirty years ago. They have been building ever since, and one would think had imported two or three capitals. London could put Florence into his fob-pocket; but as they build so slightly, if they did not rebuild, it would be just the reverse of Rome a vast circumference of city surrounding an area of ruins. As its present progress is chiefly north, and Southwark marches south, the metropolis promises to be as broad as long. Rows of houses shoot out every way like a polypus; and, so great is the rage of building everywhere, that, if I stay here a fortnight, without going to town, I look about to see if no new house is built since I went last. . . . America and France must tell us how long this exuberance of opulence is to last! The East Indies, I believe, will not contribute to it much longer. Babylon and Memphis and Rome, probably, stared at their own downfall. Empires did not use to philosophize, nor thought much but of themselves. Such revolutions are better known now, and we ought to expect them—I do not say we do. This little island will be ridiculously proud some ages hence of its former brave days, and swear its capital was once as big again as Paris, or—what is to be the name of the city that will then give laws to Europe—perhaps New York or Philadelphia."

London, 1791.

* * *

The age of Dickens succeeded the age of Voltaire. And still they built. In London South Kensington went up and Bloomsbury went down; in the provinces Coketown superseded Bath. Today, after a few spasmodic garden-suburban-town-planned-State-controlled miscarriages, the jerry-builder is once more at his work of procreation, spawning over what is left of the countryside between garage and petrol station, so that to come into a city today, as Mr. Belloc justly says on an earlier page, is like coming into a disaster.

* * *

Everybody minds—even the people who catch electric trains. The disaster of London might serve a purpose if it would act as a warning; but people simply will not learn by experience.

Every other town in England, far from profiting by the grisly example of London, does its level best to proliferate in the same disconsolate, dissolute, purposeless way. The Royal Institute of British Architects recently held at York their annual conference. Those who attended it had the opportunity to see what the guide-books describe as one of England's most antiquated centres of historical interest and old-world charm. But the old-world charm has departed from York, and York, most historic of English cities, has yielded to the industrial devil.

* * *

The R.I.B.A. Conference at York.

Yorkshiremen ought to be told, if they don't already know, that to foreigners—that is to all those who are not natives, including Londoners—the name York distils a peculiar magic, such as that which is unloosed by the name Venice. In the innocence of his heart your Sussex man will imagine that York can hold its own with any Continental show place. Judge, therefore, of his feelings when, on arriving, he finds York as a whole neither historic nor old-world, nor even successfully modern. The men of York ought to be told that they have sold their birthright. What is more, they ought to be told by the President of the Royal Institute of British Architects at their official banquet in York. Under such circumstances—unique in a lifetime—it is nothing less than his duty to tell the truth, for the presence of the Lord Mayor, and the Sheriff, and the Dean, and the G.O.C. Northern Command, and prominent landowners like Mr. Geoffrey Howard, of Castle Howard, and Sir William Worsley, of Hovingham Hall, not to mention the more enlightened sections of the town—the presence of these desirable people suitably mellowed by a good dinner makes the occasion ideal for a responsible judgment by the President, speaking not only for architects, but as the mouth-piece of educated opinion. If he is not in a position to tell them the truth, nobody on earth is, and from no possible point of view can it be considered fortunate that an occasion so vital should echo to the time-worn sentiments that begin : "Your city is an object of reverent appreciation to people all over the civilized world," and end with a powerful entreaty to the people of York "to jealously guard this great heritage and to hand it on to posterity unsoiled."

* * *

Cant at a Banquet.

Presumably at an R.I.B.A. banquet the bigwigs of the place are genuinely eager to know what the architects think of it; or at the worst, if they are not willing to be instructed they are willing to be amused. The "ancient heritage" stuff is neither instructive nor amusing. It is just cant. Unfortunately, this dreadful air of platitude runs right through the R.I.B.A. conferences. Every time a man rises to speak, buckets of mutual admiration are emptied over the R.I.B.A., the local society, the president of each, the members, architects in general, and the laity. At York it was particularly painful. Not very serious, perhaps, but a pity when one considers how instructive and piquant these conferences might be. Incidentally, nothing keeps people away more certainly than the knowledge that all transactions are going to be insufferably drawn out by the inept throwing of grotesque bouquets. There were hardly half a dozen London architects at the York Conference, and possibly two members of the R.I.B.A. Council.

* * *

Desolation at York.

As for York, the town, it has been badly mis-handled, and there is no reason on earth why the President should not have said so. How the tradesman and manufacturer is to know where he goes wrong if nobody tells him must be explained by a more able pen than this. York was once a marvellous, a magnificent town of fine buildings surrounded by a thick wall. It is to the credit of the men of York that they have kept the wall, but they have made no good use of it. Expansion beyond the wall was inevitable, and the Victorian railway station—a fine piece of architecture in its way, which is more than can be said of the Station Hotel—acclaimed the industrial invaders, if it did not actually bring them before the walls of the town. For long the walls kept them out, but at last they built a Trojan horse in the guise of a council tram, and the people of the town immediately made a hole through the walls and pulled it in. More trams followed, filled with big black invaders, and on that day York fell. But to the last the walls kept the factories out, and there you may see them to this day, the tents of the invaders, encamped about the fortifications of the city in dingy menace.

* * *

Nothing could strike a more pathetic, a more painful note than this once great town, commercialized within and hemmed about by the mad elephants of Coketown. From the station, with its innumerable lines and shops, you pass round the walls under an intricate network of tram standards and cables, past generating plants, flour factories, Adam's hydraulics, hygienic laundries, hoardings, chocolate factories, deserted cattle markets and gasworks. And onwards through villadom. Why this amazing muddle ?

* * *

Lost Opportunities.

It is not for a Southerner to say how York can be put right, but it is not difficult to see where it went wrong. An Italian critic, speaking of Rome, explains in the June issue of the *Town Planning Review* that had all the modern developments been kept on one side of the city, Rome would be today at once more practical and more beautiful. This applies essentially to York. There is nothing wrong with the factories in their proper place, but why should they not have been grouped together, even if it meant that one end of the river had to be given up to them ? With the exercise of a little forethought all the remaining sides of the town might have been kept open. There are public parks and playing-fields belonging to the great industries; there is the Yorkshire Gentlemen's cricket ground, and the racecourse. Had these essential spaces been laid out round the walls in such a way that they made a chain of green about the city, York would have been preserved as perhaps our most characteristic English town. The suburbs could have been developed beyond, but again as far as possible on one side of the place. However awful, they would, at any rate, have been cut off from the original town. As for the interior, that is a simple matter ! Most of the harm is done by a few buildings like the Southlands Wesleyan Methodist Church, the Theatre Royal, the Station Hotel Garage, the Tower Picture Theatre, the Yorkshire Penny Bank, the Law Courts, and the York Institute of Art. These could be scrapped. The rest is only a matter of pulling down lettering and replacing decent shop windows, like those of Messrs. W. F. Greenwood & Sons, Ltd., of Stonegate. Years ago Mr. Greenwood refused to allow the front of his shop to be gutted, and today it is one of the sights of York, both inside and out. Mr. Greenwood has taste; he is also a good business man; he knows that really nice things attract publicity. Even in this rough sketch we cannot allow Mr. Greenwood to go unmentioned, or his beautiful antique shop. Rich visitors ought to make a point of visiting it, and of supporting the one shopkeeper in York who has had the character to stand out against the cheapness of the day.

* * *

If any layman wants to go farther into these matters of sensible planning, there are several societies which can help him. For his benefit they are given below :—

Town Planning Societies.

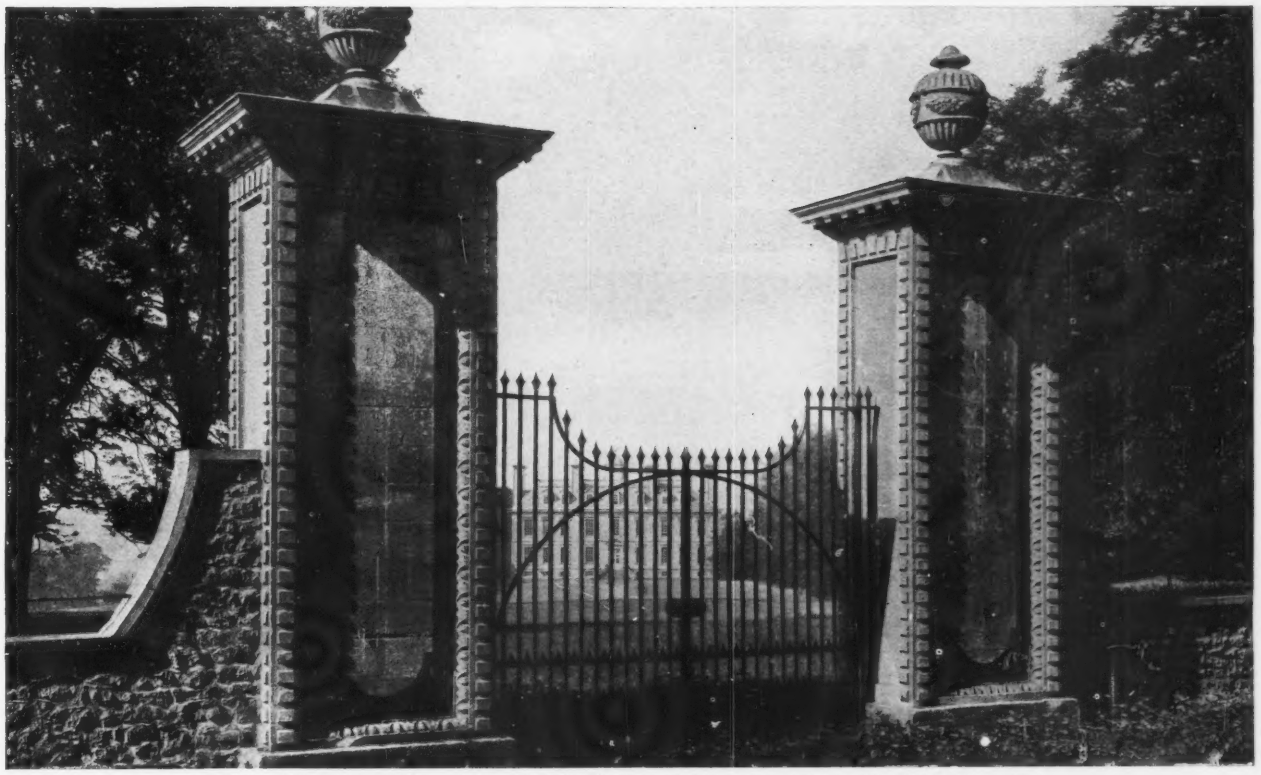
The Town Planning Institute, 11 Arundel Street, W.C.— *Gives technical advice on town planning and housing.*

The Garden Cities and Town Planning Association, 3 Gray's Inn Place, W.C.—*Chiefly engaged in education and propaganda, but also advisory.*

The National Housing and Town Planning Council, 41 Russell Square, W.C.—*Propaganda and education only.*

The International Federation for Housing and Town Planning, 25 Bedford Row, W.C.—*World federation of all bodies interested in housing and town planning. It is holding a conference in Rome, opening on September* 12.

* * *



PIERS AT COLESHILL. From *The Architecture of Sir Roger Pratt*, by R. T. Gunther, M.A.

Ruskin and Criticism.

Ruskin's moral complex led him into many strange arguments, and to many strange conclusions which today we are inclined to feel were entirely false. They were often, however, not false at all, the only mistake he made being the fact that he was discussing one thing when he thought that he was discussing another. His remarks on the windmills by Stanfield and Turner illustrated on page 18, do not, it is true, hold water as arguments for or against either man as an artist, and in so far as he thought that he was discussing them in that light, Ruskin was undoubtedly off the rails, but in so far as he was contrasting the psychology of the two men his remarks were exceedingly pertinent. There is not space here to give the whole of his argument, but his description of the drawings is given, and the rest can be found in Chapter 1, Part v, of *Modern Painters*.

* * *

A comparison of Stanfield and Turner.

". . . The reader will only be convinced of the broad scope of this law by careful thought, and comparison of picture with picture; but a single example will make the principle of it clear to him.

"On the whole, the first master of the lower picturesque, among our living artists, is Clarkson Stanfield; his range of art being, indeed, limited by his pursuit of this character. I take, therefore, a windmill, forming the principal subject in his drawing of Brittany, near Dol (engraved in the coast scenery), Fig. 1, plate 19, and beside it I place a windmill, which forms also the principal subject in Turner's study of the 'Lock,' in the Liber Studiorum. At first sight I dare say the reader may like Stanfield's best; and there is, indeed, a great deal more in it to attract liking. Its roof is nearly as interesting in its ruggedness as a piece of the stony peak of a mountain, with a chalet built on its side; and it is exquisitely varied in swell and curve. Turner's roof, on the contrary, is a plain, ugly gable—a windmill roof, and nothing more. Stanfield's sails are twisted into most effective wrecks, as beautiful as pine bridges over Alpine streams; only they do not look as if they had ever been serviceable windmill sails, they are bent about in cross and awkward ways, as if they were warped or cramped; and their timbers look heavier than necessary. Turner's sails have no beauty about them like that of Alpine bridges; but they have the exact switchy sway of the sail that is always straining against the wind—and the timbers form clearly the lightest possible framework for the canvas—thus showing the essence of windmill sail. Then the clay wall of Stanfield's mill is as beautiful as a piece of chalk cliff, all worn into furrows by the rain, coated with mosses, and rooted to the ground by a heap of crumbled stone, embroidered with grass and creeping plants. But this is not a serviceable state for a mill to be in. The essence of a windmill, as distinguished from all other mills, is, that it should turn round, and be a spinning thing, ready always to face the wind; as light, therefore, as possible, and as vibratory; so that it is in no wise good for it to approximate itself to the nature of chalk cliffs.

The essence of a Windmill.

"Now observe how completely Turner has chosen his mill so as to mark this great fact of windmill nature; how high he has set it; how slenderly he has supported it; how he has built it all of wood; how he has bent the lower planks so as to give the idea of the building lapping over the pivot on which it rests inside; and how, finally, he has insisted on the great leverage of the beam behind it, while Stanfield's lever looks more like a prop than a thing to turn the roof with. And he has done all this fearlessly, though none of these elements of form are pleasant ones in themselves, but tend, on the whole, to give a somewhat mean and spider-like look to the principal feature in his picture; and then, finally, because he could not get the windmill dissected, and show us the real heart and centre of the whole, behold, he has put a pair of old millstones, *lying outside*, at the bottom of it. These—the first cause and motive of all the fabric—laid at its foundation; and beside them the cart which is to fulfil the end of the fabric's being, and take home the sacks of flour. . . ."

* * *

To the Editor of THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW

A letter from Mr. Buckmaster.

SIR,—Will you allow me space for a reply to some of the letters from head masters which have appeared in recent issues of your REVIEW.

My own chief, Mr. H. N. P. Sloman, who writes most considerately, with great astuteness rapidly switches off the subject to music, a branch of Art not once mentioned in my address. Music I am aware is satisfactorily treated in most of our public schools, receiving by far the greatest consideration of all the Arts (we have five professors of music at Tonbridge), because it is an absolute necessity for chapel services and concerts, both excellent school advertisements. Not so with the other Arts, for which I am pleading—they are silent and therefore, as a rule, neglected.

Art in the Public Schools.

In my address I tilted at the plaster-cast habit among school masters only on account of it being, in some cases, the only form of Art inspiration that the non-travelling head master indulged in. My chief—a great traveller—would, I believe, agree with me when I state that twenty-five years ago hardly 20 per cent. of the public-school masters had ever crossed the channel, and those that did went chiefly for climbing, winter sports, or golf, admirable holidays indeed but not providing much in the way of Art inspiration.

I have no wish, as suggested by my chief, "to enslave my subject to examinations," but I do desire Art, expecially Architecture, to have some share in university honours. Classics, and other subjects are "enslaved" and have been so for generations, and I would willingly submit to similar enslavement for Art on the same terms. With regard to an "artificial stimulus," not so with most boys for all subjects, classics in particular, which is studied by the majority not because they like it but as a means to an end, the best scholarships, and the highest honours in after-life being usually awarded to classical scholars who display so little interest in their subject that they seldom open a classical book after they have secured their well-paid jobs? If ever a subject was "enslaved to examinations" classics certainly is so more than any other.

My chief also contests the remarks I made about the conservatism of head masters regarding tree-calf bindings for prize books, he states in his letter that "he has not seen them amongst his own prizes" at Tonbridge in the last seven years, this is true but only because with the late head master's help I abolished them ten years ago, otherwise he would still find them at every prize-giving. Such bindings are still the common choice of most schools as a visit to any school bookseller in town will prove by the stock of literally hundreds of tree-calf bindings ready for the next prize day.

Mr. Nathaniel Lloyd, the great authority on architectural methods and styles, evidently feels the lack of practical art instruction in our public schools. I did not touch on this side as all systems of training were outside the scope of my address which was a plea for Art thinking and not for Art tuition; but it is well that such deficiencies should be pointed out. Mr. Lloyd would, however, find that most boys in the upper drawing school at Tonbridge could do all that he requires.

Mr. Gordon sees this subject from a wide angle and in a practical manner. I must deny that I was "preaching to the converted" as he states, a few possibly have some vision but the majority are Philistines still. I see with Mr. Gordon it is no use insisting on more time for instruction in Art in a crowded time-table therefore I suggested other ways of stimulating Art education which I need not repeat.

Mr. Spenser Leeson in the June number sees very clearly what I am out for, and has shown much sympathy giving me encouragement to go on. He states that I am preaching to the converted and that my proposals "have been already translated into fact," possibly by a very few enlightened head masters, but they can almost be counted on the fingers of one hand. The general ugliness of our school premises, class-rooms, corridors, etc., and, indeed, many of the head masters' and house masters' houses is deplorable and contradicts Mr. Spenser Leeson's rosy point of view. The "pitch-pine" habit is still the vogue and most are quite satisfied with it, I am hoping for the conversion of this large majority who are at present in abysmal darkness.

I am told that many head masters are serious about this matter and I have received most encouraging letters showing interest, if this is really the case here is a suggestion for them all which will not disturb in the least the present curriculum in their schools.

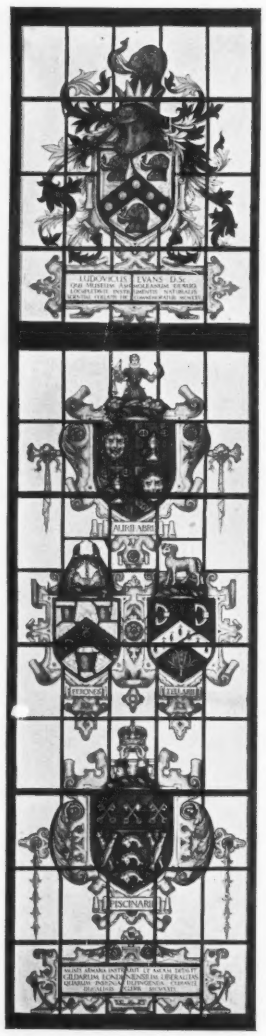
This is the scheme I suggest: offer once a year a prize of ten pounds, or more, for an essay on Architecture or some other Art subject at choice, wide in its outlook, graduated to forms or ages, so that most of the school could compete. Such a prize would attract voluntary study in the holidays, in leisure time during the term, and in no manner interrupt general school work. Such study could be well guided by a lecture each term on Architecture, or Painting, or any other branch of Art at choice. If the head masters are in earnest, as they appear to be on paper, we shall see at the next head masters' conference if a serious effort is to be made in any way to promote an Art-thinking sense in our public schools.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,
MARTIN A. BUCKMASTER.

* * *

New windows at the Old Ashmolean.

Lord Birkenhead, as High Steward of Oxford University, on May 11, unveiled the two armorial stained-glass windows presented to the Old Ashmolean. The Society of Friends of the Old Ashmolean presented one window to commemorate Dr. Lewis Evans's original gift to the museum of his collection of scientific instruments. The other was presented by Sir Dugald Clerk on behalf of four of the large City Companies: the Goldsmiths, the Fishmongers, and the Clothworkers, as a sign of their interest in the museum and their recognition of the work done by it in preserving valuable scientific instruments. The several arms of the companies form the design of this window. The Old Ashmolean, since its foundation in 1683 by Elias Ashmole, has preserved the inventions of many famous men including Sir Christopher Wren. The illustration shows the two windows which were designed by Messrs. Powell and Sons under the direction of Dr. R. T. Gunther, the upper one being the Lewis Evans window, and the lower the City Companies window.



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A drawing of St. Paul's Cathedral.

Mr. R. B. Brook-Greaves' isometric drawing of St. Paul's Cathedral is probably the largest and most remarkable drawing that has ever been made of any building in the world. It measures approximately 12 ft. by 8 ft., and more than four years' work were devoted to it before it was finally completed at the beginning of last year.

Mr. Walter Tapper, A.R.A., P.R.I.B.A., writing of the drawing, says:

> This splendid isometric drawing, by Mr. R. B. Brook-Greaves, assisted by Mr. W. Godfrey Allen, shows the construction of St. Paul's Cathedral from the foundation to the summit. It is the result of years of labour spent in investigating the exact methods of constructing the building, and in demonstrating these in a manner that the architect and layman can appreciate, although only experts can realize the patience and perseverance that such a work has involved. Mr. Brook-Greaves has produced a unique drawing which should last for all time, both as a study in the construction of a great design, and as an example of masterly architectural draughtsmanship for students to follow. It may be confidently assumed that copies of this drawing will be found in every architectural school and technical library in the world, and in the possession of everyone interested in constructive architecture and fine draughtsmanship.

The task of reproducing this drawing so that architects all over the world might possess copies of it for their own use was entrusted by Mr. Macartney to The Architectural Press, and after many months the difficulties inherent in the reproduction of so large a drawing have at last been successfully overcome. At the time of going to press the work is almost finished, and copies will shortly be on sale. The reproductions have been made by the collotype process to a size of about 50 in. by 36 in. on a fine cartridge paper mounted on cloth, and are offered for sale at the price of 30s. per print. There will also be a small edition de luxe, printed on hand-made paper and limited to fifty copies, each of which will be numbered and signed by Mr. Mervyn E. Macartney, Surveyor to the Fabric of St. Paul's Cathedral. The price of this edition is £3 3s.

The Royal Gold Medal Award.

The Royal Gold Medal for the promotion of architecture, which was instituted by Queen Victoria in 1848, was conferred upon Monsieur Victor Frédéric Laloux, of Paris, at a general meeting of the Royal Institute of British Architects on Monday, June 24 last.

Monsieur Laloux is the last of a long line of famous French architects who have received this unique honour in the last eighty years. Hittorff, Viollet-le-Duc, Charles Garnier, Daumet Pascal, Nénot, and Charles Girault are familiar names among those so honoured.

* * *

A panelled room in pinewood.

A panelled room of the period of James I was recently purchased and presented to the Victoria and Albert Museum by a body of subscribers with the assistance of a grant from the National Art-Collections Fund and has been erected in the Octagon Court.

The room is of interest on account of its historical associations, but also remarkable on account of its construction. It is of pine, and of unusual and lofty proportions. Except for the convex sections of the cornice which are painted blue to harmonize with the blue pigeons upon the ceiling, it shows no sign of having been painted, as was almost the invariable practice with pine panelling in England; and the present panelling is probably the earliest complete untouched pine room extant. The absence of paint and the three centuries of exposure have given the wood a beautiful mellow amber tone.

Among the peculiar features of the design are the tall fluted pilasters with their boldly carved capitals and the arrangement of detached pedimented columns to flank the windows and form niches at either end of the room. Above the mantelpiece, which is also flanked by columns, a Latin verse is carved upon the panelling; while upon the moulded plaster ceiling is a design of pigeons represented in flight, their feathers picked out in blue, their feet and bills in red.

The panelling was found twenty years ago in a farmhouse in Bedfordshire, known as Haynes Grange, from which it was moved to a house in London and set up in a room built to receive it. Recent investigation, however, has proved that it had been taken to Haynes Grange in 1794 from elsewhere. The date of its removal, its dimensions and the style of the woodwork make it extremely probable that it formed part of the fittings of a neighbouring mansion, Houghton House, a few miles from Bedford. This house was built about 1615 by the celebrated Mary Sidney, Countess of Pembroke, Sir Philip Sidney's sister. Lady Pembroke is said to have employed Inigo Jones to add on two sides of the house the stone loggias, which are carved with the Herbert and Sidney badges. It may be presumed that the panelling was made for her at the same time, though any definite evidence of its association with the hand of Inigo Jones is wanting. The mansion subsequently passed into the possession of the Dukes of Bedford, was dismantled in 1794, and has since become a ruin.

* * *

To the Editor of THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW.

Old Trees at Ashridge.

SIR,—Everyone interested in forestry or in the beauty of our English parks will have either seen or heard of the famous beech and ash trees at Ashridge Park.

There were three specially fine specimens, which are referred to in *Trees of Great Britain and Ireland*, by Elwes and Henry. These were known as the King Beech, the Queen Beech, which was slightly smaller, and the King Ash.

Of these, the two latter were standing when the trustees of the will of the late Lord Bronlow sold the mansion of Ashridge and the surrounding park land to Mr. Thomas Place, who is developing the land.

It was arranged that all possible care should be taken of these valuable specimen trees. Although felling has been considerable on the estate (which has greatly improved the park in many instances by opening up vistas, so that some beautiful clumps of trees are now visible) none has been done near either of these trees.

Elwes and Henry, in volume 1, pages 20 and 21, and on plate 3, refer to the beech of Ashridge, and describe the King Beech, which was blown down about 1891, as "The largest and finest beech at Ashridge, from the timber point of view. Loudon says that this tree, in 1844, was 114 ft. high, with a clear trunk of 75 ft." This same authority refers to the Queen Beech as being measured in 1903. It is stated that the probable height was 135 ft., with a girth of 12 ft. 3 in., having a straight bole, branchless, for about 80 ft. Mr. Elwes says, that to his knowledge, this

is the greatest height attained by any deciduous tree, excepting the elm, in Great Britain. This tree was blown down in the great gale of November 14, 1928, and its measurements were 72 ft. to the first branch and just over a 110 ft. over all. Its quarter girth at 4 ft. 3 in. from the ground being 3 ft. 6 in. It was found to be hollow for a distance of 15 ft. at the base.

The King Ash, which is referred to by Elwes and Henry in volume 4, page 873, and illustrated on plate 241, was measured in 1906, and thought to be some 125 ft. to 130 ft. high. Its straight stem being 75 ft. in height and 11 ft. 10 in. in girth. This tree was struck by lightning and completely shattered on May 27, 1929. It was found to have 72 ft. of clear bole, the branches down to 6 in. measuring 30 ft. more, giving a timber height of 102 ft. As near as can be discovered the annual rings number 132. The butt was found to be hollow for a distance of 9 ft. The quarter girth at 4 ft. 3 in. was 3 ft. 6 in.

It is regrettable that these two well known and valuable specimens should have been naturally destroyed, especially as it had been hoped, by taking precautionary measures, to ensure their safety.

Yours faithfully,
G. LANGLEY TAYLOR.

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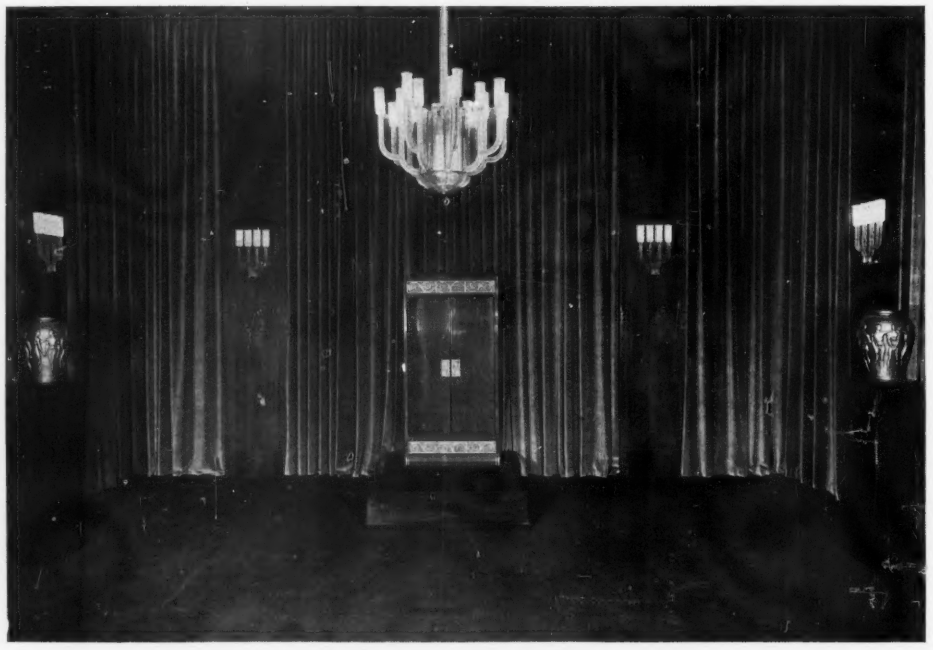
In the May issue of the REVIEW the article on "Films," which dealt with *Settings*, included a reference to "The Devil's Maze," which was described by the writer as a "Gaumont-Ufa production." We understand from the Gaumont (British) Company, however, that the production of this film was entirely British and should have been referred to as a "Gaumont (British) production." We have pleasure in publishing this correction.

Trade and Craft.

At the Salon in Paris last autumn there was to be seen a modern interior designed entirely by René Lalique. This room has now been exactly reconstructed at the Breves Galleries, in Basil Street, Knightsbridge, and is open to the public. René Lalique is, of course, well known as the designer of glass, and he has designed this room as a setting for some unique specimens of his art. The room is modern in its simplicity and interesting in material as well as in its treatment, for the walls are hung with velvet curtains of a golden brown between columns of paroba wood, which they match in tone. On these columns are fixed



Larkhall Estate, S.W.8.

Architects: L. de Soissons and G. G. Wornum, FF.R.I.B.A.
Consulting Engineer: W. W. Nobbs, M.I. Mech. E.

Domestic hot water supply in the 20th century.

The first example of oil firing applied to communal hot water services in this country.

The completed section of the Larkhall Estate consists of 16 blocks, each block containing 18 to 22 flats or maisonettes. The hot water service to each block is treated as a separate installation, comprising an oil fired boiler and hot water storage cylinder on the ground floor and additional top hot water storage in the roof. Distributing and circulating mains between top and bottom storage are carried through all Kitchens and Bathrooms and provide constant hot water to the baths, basins and sinks. Owing to the close collaboration between Architects and Engineer the circuit mains have been arranged in the shortest possible runs, resulting in a highly efficient and extremely economical installation. Each boiler is served by a fully automatic thermostatically controlled oil burner which is fed by an adjacent local storage tank in a fireproof compartment. The local storage tanks are in turn served by a distributing system of pipes from a main oil storage tank fixed under ground in a position easily accessible for re-fuelling.

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branching wall lights of the same design as the hanging central light. Round the walls, standing on high plinths covered with similar velvet, are large vases with figures of athletes or nymphs in low-relief. A square pedestal table in paroba wood stands in the centre of the room. A glass case containing more than twenty pieces, a cocktail cabinet also in paroba wood, and a pile carpet of a deeper shade of brown complete the room. This cabinet, which might be termed a modern version of a tallboy, is decorated on the outside above and below the doors with a band of inlaid moulded glass, and the lock has been ornamented with a square inlaid panel on either door of similar design. The inner sides of the doors have panels with embossed cherubs in varying designs. The cabinet contains, among other examples of René Lalique's work, one which proves his versatility and the adaptability of his glass Cocktail shakers, which are of an apparent delicacy and yet great strength. In the glass case are examples of bowls, vases, jewellery, ashtrays and toilet sets. Each is absolutely unique, and cannot be repeated as the moulds of these special exhibits have been broken.

The most striking feature of René Lalique's art is, perhaps, its versatility. Not only are the designs extremely varied, but also their styles, so that were some of his work unsigned one might be tempted to believe it was by a totally different artist. The original, numerous uses which he has found for glass, and its wonderful adaptation, are a revelation of its possibilities.

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The general contractors for the Larkhall Estate were C. W. Miskin & Sons, who were also responsible for the demolition, excavation, foundations, joinery and mantels. Among the artists, craftsmen and sub-contractors were the following: Val de Travers (asphalt); R. G. Ward & Co. (bricks); Enfield Stone Co. (artificial stone); Standard Steel Co. (structural steel); Stirling & Johnson (tiles); Truckle & Co. (partitions); Goldstein & Co. (glass); Matthew Hall & Co. (cast lead and plumbing); G. N. Haden & Sons (hot water supply); the Welwyn Stores, Ltd. (stoves, grates, sanitary fittings, door furniture, and window furniture); the County of London Electric Supply, Ltd. (electric wiring, electric light fixtures and electric heating); the General Post Office (telephones); Palmer & Co. (rolling shutters and fireproof doors); W. G. Capewell (plastering); Cashmore, Ltd. (metalwork); the General Tile Co. (wall and floor tiling); Digswell Nurseries, Ltd. (shrubs and trees); Cutbush, Ltd. (shrubs and trees); and the Metropolitan Water Board (water supply). Mr. W. W. Nobbs, M.I.M.E., was the consulting engineer, and Mr. C. W. Jenkin acted as clerk of the works.

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The decorative ironwork for the Almemar in the Central Synagogue was carried out in all its stages under the superintendence of Mr. P. Guieu, of Messrs. Bagues, Ltd., in collaboration with Mr. R. W. Symonds. The contract for the marblework was entrusted to Messrs. J. Samuel and Son, and the marble was supplied to them by Messrs. Anselm Odling and Sons, Ltd.

* * *

A very original catalogue has been issued by Messrs. Hadfields (Merton), Ltd., who are manufacturers of enamel and paint of all descriptions. It is intended to be of practical service to architects in decoration, preservation, and in every case in which paint or enamel may be used. It is divided into indexed sections which are again subdivided under various headings so as to state clearly the most suitable material for each type of work, and the method of its application. The final section is composed of colour cards of the many stock shades in the actual material, so that a selection is not a difficult matter. It is also printed on good paper in clear type. Apparently no trouble or expense has been spared to make it a complete and useful reference book for those who have decided to employ Messrs. Hadfields' materials.

* * *

A small brochure has been issued by Messrs. Bessant's on interior decoration, and especially on their own work in that sphere in its various branches. It is illustrated with photographs of interiors which they have carried out and furniture which they have made, in some cases to the design of architects, as for example a room designed by Sir Edwin Lutyens, R.A., and a carved and veneered walnut desk designed by Walter Tapper, A.R.A., P.R.I.B.A., and Michael Tapper, A.R.I.B.A. Messrs. Bessant will gladly send a copy to anyone who applies to them for one at 17 Soho Square, W. 1.

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MONDAY, **JULY 1**—

Records of Babylon and Assyria I.	12 *noon.*	BRITISH MUSEUM
Arts and Customs of Ancient Egypt—I.	12 *noon.*	,,
Monuments ofEgypt—I	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Monuments of Assyria—I	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Early Costumes	12 *noon.*	V. AND A. MUSEUM
Miniatures	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Costumes of Seventeenth Century.	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Salt-glazed Stoneware ..	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Dutch Genre	11 *a.m.*	NATIONAL GALLERY
,, ,, ...	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Some Victorian Poets ..	3 *p.m.*	NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY
Dutch Genre	3 *p.m.*	WALLACE COLLECTION
Some Recent Painting ..	11 *a.m.*	TATE GALLERY
,, ,, ,, ..	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
New Sculpture by Maurice Lambert. Throughout month.	9–6 *Sat.* 9–1	THE TOOTH GALLERY, 155 NEW BOND ST., W.1
Summer Exhibition .. Throughout month.	10–6 *Sat.* 10–1	THE GOUPIL GALLERY, LTD., 5 REGENT ST., S.W.1
Early English Watercolours: 25th Annual Exhibitions.	10–6 *Sat.* 10–1	WALKER'S GALLERIES, 118 NEW BOND ST., W.1
Paintings by Count Michael Torby. Until 13th.	10–6 *Sat.* 10–1	WALKER'S GALLERIES, 118 NEW BOND ST., W.1
Paintings in Oil, Landscapes and Portraits by Flora Lion. Until the 20th.	10–6 *Sat.* 10–1	BARBIZON HOUSE, 9 HENRIETTA ST., CAVENDISH SQ., W.1
Paintings and Pastels by Dora Wilson. Until the 6th.	10–6 *Sat.* 10–1	THE BEAUX ARTS GALLERY, BRUTON PLACE, W.1
Memorial Exhibition of Watercolours by the late George Alexander. Until the 6th.	10–6 *Sat.* 10–1	THE BEAUX ARTS GALLERY, BRUTON PLACE, W.1
Paintings by Old Masters. Throughout month.	10–6 *Sat.* 10–1	MESSRS. P. AND D. COLNAGHI, 144–146 NEW BOND ST.
French Contemporary Art. Throughout month.	10–6 *Sat.* 10–1	THE LEICESTER GALLERIES, LEICESTER SQ., W.C.
Paintings by Geoffrey Nelson. Until the 13th.	10–6 *Sat.* 10–1	THE WM. B. PATERSON GALLERY, 5 OLD BOND STREET, W.

TUESDAY, **JULY 2**—

Arts and Customs of Ancient Egypt—I.	12 *noon.*	BRITISH MUSEUM
Monuments of Egypt—I	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Monuments of Assyria—I	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Arts and Customs of Ancient Egypt—II.	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Costumes of Eighteenth Century.	12 *noon.*	V. AND A. MUSEUM
Costumes of Nineteenth Century.	3 *p.m.*	,,
Van Eyck	11.50 *a.m.*	NATIONAL GALLERY
Masterpieces—I: Early Netherlands.	1 *p.m.*	NATIONAL GALLERY
Lely	3 *p.m.*	NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY
Watteau	3 *p.m.*	WALLACE COLLECTION
General Visit	11 *a.m.*	TATE GALLERY
,, ,, ...	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Racehorses, by H. Colmore	10–6 *Sat.* 10–1	THE GIEVES ART GALLERY, 22 OLD BOND ST., W.1

WEDNESDAY, **JULY 3**—

Final and Special Examinations to 11th July.		R.I.B.A., 9, CONDUIT STREET, W.1.
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.*	,, ,,
Oriental Rugs	12 *noon.*	V. AND A. MUSEUM
Ivories	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Indian Section: Cave Paintings.	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
English Portraits —I: Hogarth, Reynolds, Gainsborough.	11 *a.m.*	NATIONAL GALLERY
English Portraits — I: Hogarth, Reynolds, Gainsborough.	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Lely's English Contemporaries.	3 *p.m.*	NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY
Turner and Landscape ..	11 *a.m.*	TATE GALLERY
,, ,, ,, ..	12 *noon.*	,, ,,

THURSDAY, **JULY 4**—

European Architecture—I Greek.	12 *noon.*	BRITISH MUSEUM
Early Age of Italy ..	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Early Britain—I ..	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
A Selected Subject ..	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Jade and Lacquer ..	12 *noon.*	V. AND A. MUSEUM
Goldwork and Jewellery	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Precious Stones	7 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Evolution of the Panel ..	7 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Italians — I: Duccio, Sienese, and Umbrians.	11 *a.m.*	NATIONAL GALLERY
Italians — I: Duccio, Sienese, and Umbrians.	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
The Lancastrian Kings ..	3 *p.m.*	NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY
Selected Pictures ..	3 *p.m.*	WALLACE COLLECTION
French Painting ..	11 *a.m.*	TATE GALLERY
,, ,, ..	12 *noon.*	,, ,,

FRIDAY, **JULY 5**—

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—I ..	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Musical Instruments ..	12 *noon.*	V. AND A. MUSEUM
Early English Woodwork	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
English Primitives ..	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Some Altarpieces ..	11 *a.m.*	NATIONAL GALLERY
,, ,, ...	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
The Wars of the Roses ..	3 *p.m.*	NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY
Miniatures	3 *p.m.*	WALLACE COLLECTION
Hogarth—Pre-Raphaelite	11 *a.m.*	TATE GALLERY
,, ,,	12 *noon.*	,, ,,

SATURDAY, **JULY 6**—

Early Britain—II ..	12 *noon.*	BRITISH MUSEUM
Early Christian Period ..	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
A Sectional Tour ..	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
A Tour of Several Sections	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Bayeux Tapestry (1) ..	12 *noon.*	V. AND A. MUSEUM
,, ,, (2) ..	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Indian Section: Sculpture	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Raphael Cartoons ..	7 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Stained Glass	7 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Representation and Invention.	11 *a.m.*	NATIONAL GALLERY
Representation and Invention.	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
English Portraits ..	12 *noon.*	WALLACE COLLECTION
Reynolds; Gainsborough	11 *a.m.*	TATE GALLERY
,, ,,	12 *noon.*	,, ,,

MONDAY, **JULY 8**—

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 ..	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Domestic Glass	12 *noon.*	V. AND A. MUSEUM
English Paintings ..	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Chinese Porcelain ..	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Architecture	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Dutch Portraits	11 *a.m.*	NATIONAL GALLERY
,, ,, ...	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Actors and Actresses—I	3 *p.m.*	NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY
Rubens, Poussin, and Velazquez.	3 *p.m.*	WALLACE COLLECTION
Turner	11 *a.m.*	TATE GALLERY
,, ...	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Watercolours by M. M. Sankey. Until the 13th.	10–6 *Sat.* 10–1	WALKER'S GALLERIES, 118 NEW BOND ST., W.1

TUESDAY, **JULY 9**—

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—II	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Byzantine Art	12 *noon.*	V. AND A. MUSEUM
Enamels	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Botticelli	11.50 *a.m.*	NATIONAL GALLERY
Masterpieces—II: Florentine.	1 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Costume—I	3 *p.m.*	NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY
Le Moyne, Boucher, Fragonard.	3 *p.m.*	WALLACE COLLECTION

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TUESDAY **JULY 9**—*(continued).*

General Visit	11 *a.m.*	TATE GALLERY
,, ,, ...	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Modern Japanese Pottery, Kanjiro Kawai.	10–6 *Sat.* 10–1	THE BEAUX ARTS GALLERY, 1 BRUTON PLACE, W.1

WEDNESDAY, **JULY 10**—

Greek Vases—I	12 *noon.*	BRITISH MUSEUM
Early Britain—I ..	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Early Britain—IV ..	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
A Selected Subject ..	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Tapestries	12 *noon.*	V. AND A. MUSEUM
Indian Section: Mogul Art.	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Jones Collection	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
English Portraits — II: Nineteenth Century.	11 *a.m.*	NATIONAL GALLERY
English Portraits — II: Nineteenth Century.	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Kneller and Michael Dahl	3 *p.m.*	NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY
Blake and Watts ..	11 *a.m.*	TATE GALLERY
,, ,, ,, ...	12 *noon.*	,, ,,

THURSDAY, **JULY 11**—

Greek and Roman Bronzes	12 *noon.*	BRITISH MUSEUM
Greek and Roman Life—I	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
The Romans in Britain—I	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Early Britain—II ..	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Ivories	12 *noon.*	V. AND A. MUSEUM
Romanesque Art ..	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Lacquer	7 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Celtic Art	7 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Italians — II: Pisanello and North Italians.	11 *a.m.*	TATE GALLERY
Italians — II: Pisanello and North Italians.	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
The End of the Middle Ages.	3 *p.m.*	NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY
Selected Pictures ..	3 *p.m.*	WALLACE COLLECTION
Hogarth and Illustration	11 *a.m.*	TATE GALLERY
,, ,, ,,	12 *noon.*	,, ,,

FRIDAY, **JULY 12**—

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.*	,, ,,
Tudor and Jacobean Furniture.	12 *noon.*	V. AND A. MUSEUM
Donatello	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Mural Decoration ..	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Netherlands and Italy Compared.	11 *a.m.*	NATIONAL GALLERY
Netherlands and Italy Compared.	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Actors and Acresses—II	3 *p.m.*	NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY
History of the Collection	3 *p.m.*	WALLACE COLLECTION
French Painting	11 *a.m.*	TATE GALLERY
,, ,, ...	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
The Romans in Britain—II	12 *noon.*	BRITISH MUSEUM

SATURDAY, **JULY 13**—

Early Britain—III ..	12 *noon.*	BRITISH MUSEUM.
Tour of Several Sections	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
A Sectional Tour ..	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Ionides Collection ..	12 *noon.*	V. AND A. MUSEUM
Indian Section: Pottery	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Museum Masterpieces ..	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Chippendale	7 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Della Robbia	7 *p.m.*	,, ,,
General Survey—I ..	11 *a.m.*	NATIONAL GALLERY
,, ,, ...	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
French Furniture ..	12 *noon.*	WALLACE COLLECTION
Pre-Raphaelites	11 *a.m.*	TATE GALLERY
,, ...	12 *noon.*	,, ,,

MONDAY, **JULY 15**—

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.*	,, ,,
Lace	12 *noon.*	V. AND A. MUSEUM
Ecclesiastical Metalwork	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
English Porcelain ..	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Vestments	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Dutch, Flemish, and Italian Landscape.	11 *a.m.*	NATIONAL GALLERY
Dutch, Flemish, and Italian Landscape.	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Costumes	3 *p.m.*	NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY
Early Nineteenth-century French Painting.	3 *p.m.*	WALLACE COLLECTION
Blake; Rossetti	11 *a.m.*	TATE GALLERY
,, ,, ..	12 *noon.*	,, ,,

TUESDAY, **JULY 16**—

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.*	,, ,,
Stained Glass (1) ..	12 *noon.*	V. AND A. MUSEUM
Gothic Art	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Bellini	11.50 *a.m.*	NATIONAL GALLERY
Masterpieces—III: Venetian.	1 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Highmore and Jonathan Richardson.	3 *p.m.*	NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY
Dutch Landscape ..	3 *p.m.*	WALLACE COLLECTION
Turner	11 *a.m.*	TATE GALLERY
,, ...	12 *noon.*	,, ,,

WEDNESDAY, **JULY 17**—

Tite Final "en loge" Competition.		R.I.B.A., 9 CONDUIT STREET, W.1.
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.*	,, ,,
Rodin	12 *noon.*	V. AND A. MUSEUM

WEDNESDAY **JULY 17**—*(continued).*

Indian Section: Woodwork	3 *p.m.*	V. AND A. MUSEUM.
Ironwork	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Landscape — I: Claude, Wilson, and Turner.	11 *a.m.*	NATIONAL GALLERY
Landscape — I: Claude, Wilson, and Turner.	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Hogarth	3 *p.m.*	NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY
General Visit	11 *a.m.*	TATE GALLERY
,, ,, ...	12 *noon.*	,, ,,

THURSDAY, **JULY 18**—

Soane Final "en loge" Competition.		R.I.B.A., 9 CONDUIT STREET, W.1.
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.*	,, ,,
English Medieval Sculpture.	12 *noon.*	V. AND A. MUSEUM
English Primitives ..	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Italian Sculpture ..	7 *p.m.*	,, ,,
English Embroideries ..	7 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Italians—III: Masaccio Uccello, Francesca.	11 *a.m.*	NATIONAL GALLERY
Italians—III: Masaccio Uccello, Francesca.	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
The Tudors: Henry VII	3 *p.m.*	NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY
Rembrandt	3 *p.m.*	WALLACE COLLECTION
Watts; Stevens ..	11 *a.m.*	TATE GALLERY
,, ,, ...	12 *noon.*	,, ,,

FRIDAY, **JULY 19**—

Greek and Roman Life—II	12 *noon.*	BRITISH MUSEUM
Greek and Roman Bronzes	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Between the Old Testament and New.	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
The Romans in Britain—II	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
French Woodwork ..	12 *noon.*	V. AND A. MUSEUM
Illuminated MSS. ..	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Seventeenth-century Wall Decoration.	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Germany, Early France, and Netherlands.	11 *a.m.*	NATIONAL GALLERY
Germany, Early France, and Netherlands.	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Henry VIII—I	3 *p.m.*	NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY
History of the Collection	3 *p.m.*	WALLACE COLLECTION
Some Recent Painting ..	11 *a.m.*	TATE GALLERY
,, ,, ,, ..	12 *noon.*	,, ,,

SATURDAY, **JULY 20**—

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.*	,, ,,
Italian Furniture ..	12 *noon.*	V. AND A. MUSEUM
Indian Section: Mogul Paintings.	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,