THE
ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW
A Magazine of Architecture & Decoration

Vol. LXVI, No. 393 *August* 1929

CONTENTS

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Plate I. August 1929.

VIEW NORTH FROM THE ORIGINAL PORTICO, RODE HALL.

To Mrs. Bootle, this drawing done by H. Repton is most respectfully inscribed, 1790.

Today most gentlemen would probably consider themselves lucky if their house looked out upon a scene like the one depicted above; but our ancestors, having some pretences to civilization, were no less careful of their environment than of their clothes, and Humphrey Repton was shocked to think that Wilbraham Bootle, Esq., could tolerate a scene which was "more consistent with the view from a cottage or farmhouse than from the portico of a gentleman's seat." So he removed the flap and showed what in his estimation a gentleman should look upon. More upon this entertaining theme will be found on p. 100, but it should be noted here with what admirable tact Repton inscribed the sketch, not to his client, but to his client's wife.

Some Impressions of an English Architect in Germany.

By Hope Bagenal.

I

FROM the railway carriage window the landscape, after many hours, has not changed. There are no oak trees, no neat hedges, no pastures. I look in vain for the manor house—that old medium-sized building which in England faithfully records geological changes and the styles of old builders. Instead, an enormous monotony of estuarine soil, low fir-covered hills, tall modern brick houses, tall plaster houses. Here "space" is formidable: the electric standards that cross our path and march to the horizon serve only to emphasize this. The scale of the country is not discerned at once; the ploughed landscape, like an unfigured ground-bass, slowly, softly impresses itself upon the mind. Compared to this, England is a park, France an orchard, Italy a vineyard. Thus, when a town is reached it appears to be isolated. The mind does not willingly retrace the journey; there are no links with the last town. After a solitude we arrive at Hanover.

But in that solitude I had seen a building as old as European culture itself—the old German bauernhaus (Fig. 2). I saluted it, much moved; hitherto on my travels I had only met its children—the temple, the basilica, the church. Here was, indeed, a parent building. All that the manor house stands for in England socially and architecturally was absent, but there is a patriarchy of the land compared to which the oldest aristocracies are upstarts. The bauernhaus is evidence of it. There it stood with all its features instantly recognizable—the timber bay construction at the width of a yoke of oxen, the roof pitched higher than 45 deg., the large doorway at the end, the chimney marking the hearth within that divides the dwelling-house from the farm stock. Many of these buildings were comparatively new; the thatch had given way to tiles, but the pitch was still high. There was one with pigsties along the flank where later the side chapel developed. I felt in the presence of the age-long seminal force behind all renaissance. As a building-form it was still active. This is much more important artistically than archæologically. One would look naturally in Germany for an art of the roof—that strong moulder and modifier of building forms; but would it be consciously held to in all periods for an artistic purpose as in France or only vaguely and intermittently as in England?

II

Other landscapes in Germany presented, later, other facts and induced other moods, but everywhere I seemed in the presence of a larger and more significant sky, and the gaps were wider between one earth-feature and another. The climate, too, showed its sleeve. The brown rivers in flood swept ice away to the sea; the half-melted snow still lay in the woods, and when the sun shone the shadows were pale with snow. In England our climate disciplines us by disappointment. Here, too, Nature was withholding her gifts to the last possible moment. There is not anywhere a bud to be seen. How well I recognize in German as in English faces in the streets that *fatigue du nord*, the hatred of March and longing for light and warmth. (Was there not a German knight who made a ballad out of his hatred of March?) In England we preserve the open hearth as much for the sight of the fire as for warmth. Our hearth is an altar to the veiled sun; in despite of all economic and scientific arguments we adhere to it. It compensates us. In Germany that light has gone out. But the reaction of a race to classic forms is part and parcel of its privation of light. In March, Italy and Greece are liable, against all political convictions, to become a *desire* in the mind. And from this grey battlefield of the elements how many great Germans from Celtes to Dorpfeld have gone south in spirit and drawn with them the hearts of their countrymen?

Looking out of the carriage window I could not help recalling that it was very far from here beyond France, beyond Italy, in Greece itself and in Olympia that I had met for the first time the German classical spirit. It had stood beside me then (in the buildings of Adler), luminous, penetrating, yet unobtrusive.

When I shall reach Berlin, what tale will the German classic tell?

III

But before Berlin let me survey first a hundred other things. The building art of a European capital is not the art of the country in which it is situated. It is that art modified. The capitals have always acted upon each other and led a culture life of their own. They are as much European as national. But they have drawn upon rich national sources, and those sources to be understood must be studied in the provinces.

In Germany window design resembles neither French nor

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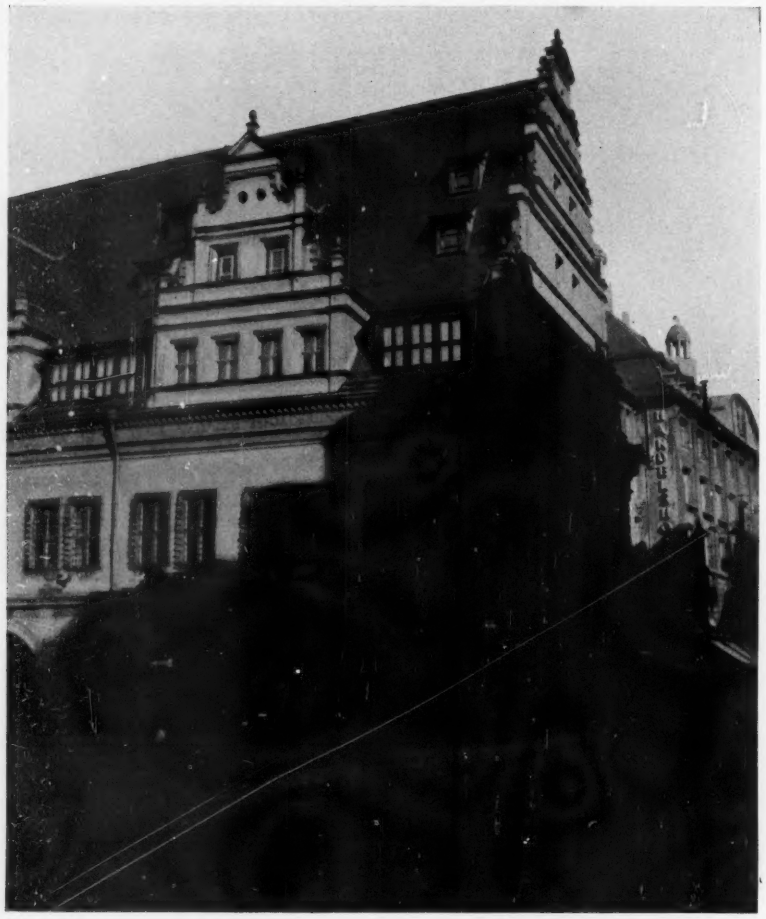


FIG. 1.

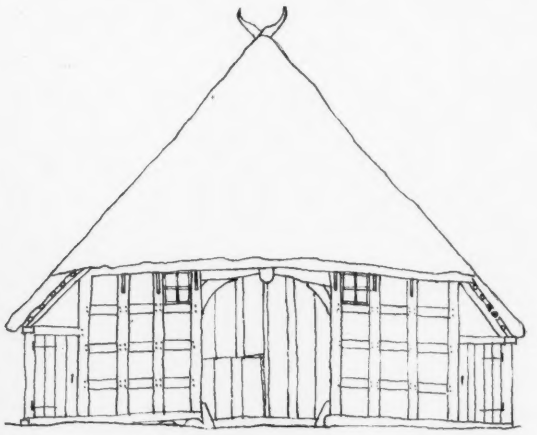


FIG. 2.

FIG. 3.

English; the window has not obstinately remained the door, as in France, or become the Dutch sash, as in England; it remains a true casement and gives greater freedom to designers; coupled windows are common.

The German door-frame has become three-panelled, probably following France in the eighteenth century; this is a loss. In England we have preserved the two-panel principle in which the lock is placed firmly on the wide centre rail and in which the bottom rail is the widest of the three. The strength of a door-frame depends on the rigidity of its joints, which is in proportion, not to their number, but to their width (Fig. 6). The old form resembling the English, however, is still to be seen in Germany, notably in the old door of the bedroom in Weimar, where Goethe died. Roofs in Germany are greatly influenced by the small, light slates found on the Devonian formations between Marsberg and Cologne. These could replace wood shingles or thatch on a very high-pitched roof without tearing from their battens. In Cologne they are seen on old houses at a pitch of 60 deg. In England our Yorkshire stone slates are thick and heavy, and, together with the long lintels of carboniferous sandstone, have produced a natural low-pitched classic form. In Germany the slate has not lowered the roof-pitch. The small German diamond slate, varying in surface texture and giving a fish-scale appearance, undoubtedly makes for a roof-joy not seen in England, where the large uniform Welsh slate has caused the stereotyping of design all over the country. All the way from Marsberg to Cologne beautiful silky slate designs can be studied. At Barmen a slate-hung classic house exists—it is slate-hung all over and has painted wood cornice and bright shutters against the dark slate. Gable ends are slate panelled, and, owing to the small sizes of slates, "swept valleys" are found; these can be well seen at the junction of dormers in Goethe's house in Weimar (see Fig. 11). In the Thüringerwald in remote places a unique roof can be seen; the gable end to windwards has a coping from which tiles extend along the roof, lapping sideways as well as downwards; at the opposite gable end the tiles are tied down by a batten.

German masonry is a fine-grained sandstone art; limestones are rare and do not appear to have influenced forms; but the sandstones have often been brought long distances and, before railway transport, used economically.

The fineness of grain of German sandstone has influenced Berlin much in the way Craigleith stone has influenced Edinburgh; it has made possible a progressive refinement of form; but its lack of surface brightness is a serious drawback. Its large dimensions have had another effect. Hoffmann has used a sandstone resembling

FIG. 4.

FIG. 5.

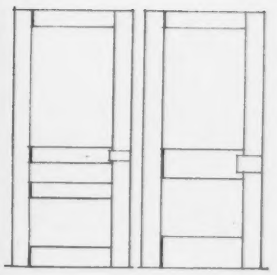


FIG. 6.

pietra forte to produce magnificent rustication resembling the true Florentine with unequal courses and irregular joints. In addition a travertine exists in many river valleys—it can be seen in the valley of the Ilm at Weimar. It was used as an orthostat wall in old houses in Weimar (as Schiller's house), and in modern work is now used in slabs, oiled to resist the weather, and in this form influences design.

Wherever I looked in town or country a rich various building talent was to be seen.

IV

Leipzig presents an interesting town study. I found a city in which red sandstone of long dimensions and great durability had both carried forward an earlier timber tradition and produced new characteristic masonry forms.

In the Alte Waage and Altes Rathaus (Fig. 1) the stone can be seen imitating timber forms; in the Alte Gewandhaus, now the Stadtbibliothek, it can be seen as distinctive refined masonry (Fig. 3). In buildings of all periods in Leipzig the coupling of windows is a timber tradition unaltered owing to the nature of the stone supplanting it. Between the stone framing the plaster surfaces have been painted in one manner or another for centuries. On the Thüringerhof the old technique can still be seen though partly restored. Today the colour is enhanced by the gilding of lines and points. The advantage of a plaster tradition is that it promotes the painting and repainting of walls and therefore the renewal of surface brightness; this means that buildings are more often seen, therefore more appreciated, therefore improved. Thus each new age can add to or evoke something new out of its heritage of old architecture, increasing and enriching a tradition.[1]

FIG. 7.

FIG. 8.

The Alte Rathaus (Fig. 1) sums up and renders luminous the old Leipzig tradition. Every day as I studied it, it grew larger and more beautiful, responding to different lights, slowly communicating itself. It embodies supremely the art of the roof—that is to say the art of modelled mass, but in addition it has lovely surface tones and emphasized lines upon the surface. Three designs, one of mass, one of surface, one of line, interact. No photograph can convey it. The pleasure it gave was that given by an art of enormous individuality new to me; looking at it often, I understood why the word "*art*" in German means race character.[1] Also beside power it had a humanism of its own by all the infallible signs—restraint, pattern-intelligence, unity. I felt grateful to those who in restoring it had preserved and enriched it.

The plaster tradition has developed some fine ornament, well seen in the flat, strong modelling of the garlands on the

[1] An excellent description of Leipzig and its buildings in the early eighteenth century is given in chapter vii of Dr. Sanford Terry's recently published *J. S. Bach, A Biography*. Oxford University Press.

[1] In German the equivalent term for the French and English *art* is *kunst*, a word obviously connected with *kennan*, to know, old German *kunnan*. The two words *art* and *kunst* are often used together.

FIG. 9.

old Bourse (Fig. 4) behind the Alte Rathaus. This building shows the value of the coloured plaster tradition. It has brightness of surface, and its gilded lines partly compensate for the lack of upward-striking, mediterranean light. In northern countries the gilding of the under-sides of cornices and strings should be part of all classic design.

Leipzig also showed to me an interesting German building-form with its ancestry behind it. In many European cities that have preserved their past a second plastic development can be observed dating from the time (about the seventeenth century) when suburbs increased and when the country-house types take their place in the streets beside the old town houses. In England this development can be seen clearly in the placing of new houses with their flank to the street rather than the gable end, and in the building of a Renaissance façade across several old town gables (Figs. 7 and 8). In Germany the process seems to have been to place the flank of a new house on the street as in the English example, but add to it the small traditional gable (same figure). The gable then becomes the pediment (Fig. 5), and sometimes the centre pediment-portion is projected slightly on plan. The result is a finely modelled adaptable Renaissance form lasting down to modern times; it is indeed more suited to a large block than to a small; the large Rathaus at Augsburg obviously of this type might in broad outline be a modern hotel.

V

The interaction of commerce and art can be well studied in Leipzig as in Venice. Both towns have something of the monumental warehouse about them. The housing of the Fair in all its branches has presented an age-long problem. Formerly it covered the whole town. Today the great halls stand facing each other down a wide avenue. It is interesting to rest on one of the fine refreshment terraces within one of these halls (Fig. 10) with the flags of the nations round the walls and reflect on all the strands from east and west that have joined here and their infinite possibilities of style.

Actually, however, Leipzig is not only a Fair but also a University and a Court of Law. A strong intellectual life has existed beside the commercial. Goethe in *Dichtung und Wahrheit* gives a remarkable description of Leipzig and of its "exclusive" inhabitants. "No greater good fortune can befall a city than when a number of cultivated men of like mind in what is good and right, live together in it. Leipzig had this advantage." In Leipzig Goethe altered the cut of his clothes and also gave up his Upper

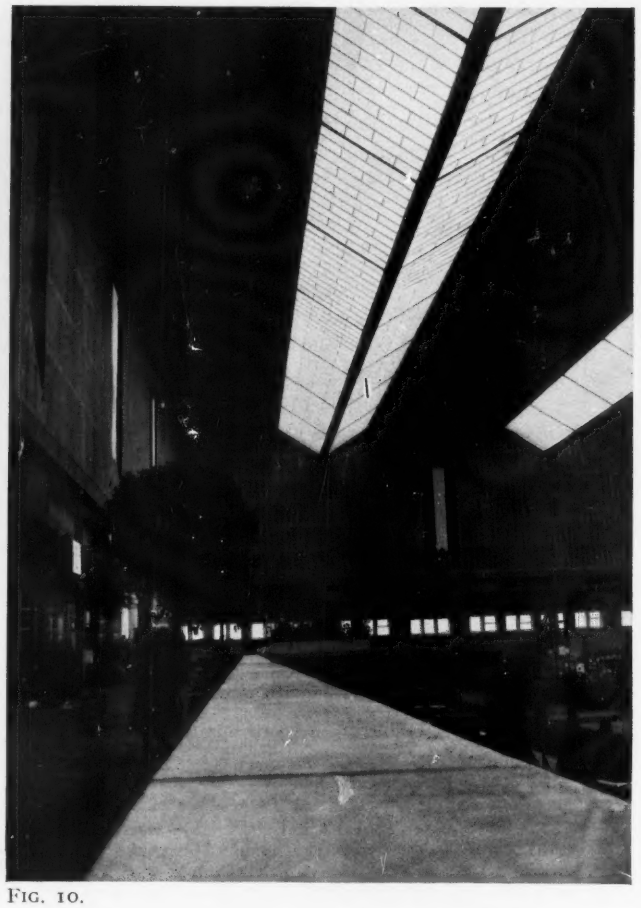


FIG. 10.

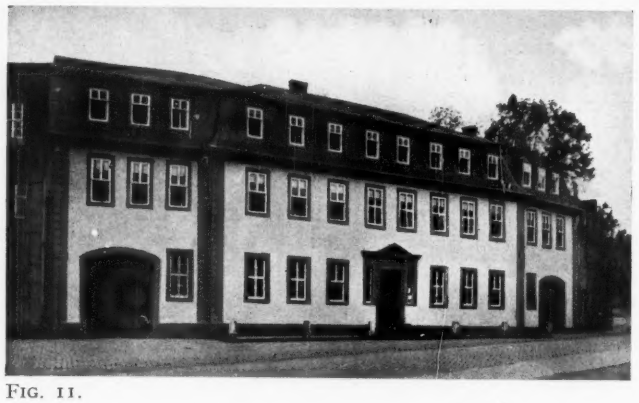


FIG. 11.

German dialect with its naïve proverbs, and suffered much in this civilizing process. But it was in Leipzig about 1768 that he came under the influence of Oeser and learned first a taste for simplicity in design. The Leipzig academy of design, of which Oeser was director, was then located in the old Pleissenburg. "The first injunction he gave us, to which he constantly recurred, was simplicity in everything that art and manual labour in conjunction are called upon to produce. As a sworn foe of the scroll and shell style and of the whole rococo tendency, he showed us examples of it in old-fashioned engravings and drawings, contrasting them with better decorations and simpler forms as applied to a room and its furniture." (*Dichtung und Wahrheit.* Book VIII.) Goethe, with characteristic critical sense, does not recall Oeser as a great artist but as a great influence in art. Goethe speaks of himself and of his fellow-students as filling

FIG. 12.

FIG. 13.

their pitchers at the spring at which Winckelmann first quenched his thirst. They read the writings of Winckelmann, sent from Rome to Oeser in Leipzig, and "we found in them many views which seemed to have originated with Oeser."

Thus, I found myself in Leipzig at the contemplative point where certain tendencies called modern reappear in history. The new Pleissenburg (now the modern Rathaus) in the gigantesque style of the nineteenth century does not express anything of these tendencies; but inside, in the offices of the Stadtbaurat, like honey in a cave, the fine plans and visions of Herr Ritter can be seen. A certain structural severity of outline is visible in the new Leipzig, both in completed buildings and in the new regional designs. The use of brick largely distinguishes their character. One feels that Leipzig after centuries had discovered brickwork. But there is also a recognition that refinement does not mean weakness, a sense that the richer a national talent the keener it can be sharpened. Thus there is a humanism about the new slaughterhouse and an "intimate charm" about the new elephant house at the Zoo (Fig. 9).

FIG. 14.

VI

In Weimar, where the country presses sweetly in upon the town, one could spend many months studying that basis of craftsmanship and design-sense that lies—veiled by utter familiarity—behind the fine arts of a people. I had not been told in any book how significant an image Goethe had left in his house, not built, but modified, by himself and made his own. It is not a large house or a small house (Fig. 11). The front is severe, but with a slight æsthetic tension due to a centre solid over the entrance door. The building is moulded and made three-dimensional by the fine roof which makes use of the specially German slate technique—a technique which enhances the dormers and welds them into the general mass. Inside it has a Palladian staircase designed by Goethe himself, the "tread" of which could almost bring to the ear his leisured steps; it has beautifully proportioned interconnecting rooms; it has in the Gelbersaal a bold plaster ceiling of an earlier craft; and the house is filled with furniture in that "simple" taste he had first learned from Oeser in Leipzig. But more important still—the house is a unity, the expression of a mind that has used all possible racial strands in a new compound. The richer a breed, he seems to suggest, the more productive cross fertilization can be. He had reached refinement, not by excluding, but by absorbing and simplifying. From this point of view the Renaissance is not a thing of the past, it must be experienced by each new generation. In Goethe's house I—a foreigner—felt intensely at home. His message seemed to be, "We Europeans are not different kinds, but different mixtures."

After Leipzig, Berlin seemed like a creation from the void. One felt that there must be somewhere at its heart a sphinx with an inscription on it—"Destroy this city and in three days I will build it again out of my brain." But, instead, one

found a number of little sphinxes—the statues of the philosophers. They were inescapable. One recalls especially the brow of Hegel. As in Rome the faces of the emperors gradually become familiar from their statues, so in Berlin the faces of the philosophers. After a time one nods to them. Now, an important function of architecture is to provide homes for philosophers, and there are certain streets and houses in Berlin that seem to belong to them as certainly as the Athenian stoa belonged to the Stoics. These streets present neat, calm blocks of houses in plaster or stone (Fig. 13), beautifully proportioned and with the most delicate ornament. One might place in a special category of reality the homes of philosophers that enable them to think in comfort; and certainly these pre-Bismarck buildings seemed more real than the modern phantasmagoria surrounding them. More real, but more lonely. Oberwall Street is a good example (Fig. 12). Here was an old plaster tradition: early examples can be seen in the Judenstrasse. The bright expanses caught the light and asked for colour. The more I came in contact with them the more beautiful they seemed. Many are obviously the work of commercial builders rather than architects, but a refinement can be seen going back to the Opera House of 1749. They seemed to develop naturally from some native source into a true Greek style and link up with the scholarship of Schinkel. They got their effect by giving significance to simple building elements—windows like holes, a gutter line, a door that looked an entrance. The emotions were at first-hand like the Greek, not at second-hand like the Italian. And the refinement was more effective for that reason. There was, indeed, a considerable freedom from "the Italian" in these German houses. Elsewhere only in Athens had I found that freedom, and as I looked the clearer the likeness became. The modern houses in Athens have the same significance of feature, the same clean mouldings (Fig. 15). In Berlin you can also see the broken eaves line characteristic of the Greek and the use of the metope for its original purpose, namely a window (see Fig. 13). In stone buildings there is also an articulation of the masonry which is in essence Greek. In Fig. 14 can be seen a good example of true lintel art. After noting these things it is interesting to analyse a stone building of Schinkel's (Fig. 16). In the Altes Museum the architraves over the columns are real beams of great length. The Ionic columns are in antis and do not attempt to turn corners. The art character of the Ionic order involves a single axis and requires this in antis treatment. Schinkel gets the full value out of that character and bases his whole composition upon it. The necking of the caps is not deep enough to destroy the essential bracket character of the Ionic abacus. There are no pilasters to break up the portico wall—the portico is a true *pinakotheka*. The eagles act as acroteria and break the skyline. On the flank of this building the vertical members are logical antæ, or wall-ends emphasized, not illogical pilasters stuck unnecessarily on to the wall. Throughout the whole building the stone joints are an integral part of the design though they are not emphasized unnecessarily.

Schinkel had obviously reached this excellence by acute intellectual analysis of lintel art. His revivalism was reincarnation: it was not imitative, but creative. True analysis of structure and the use of it to define an artistic problem is the Greek gift. The art of the *spetticolo* is the Roman and Italian gift. Here the analytical German mind has penetrated behind the whole Renaissance tradition.

These Berlin buildings showed me that Winckelmann was not an isolated phenomenon. It was his great achievement to penetrate through Rome to Athens. Here also had Schinkel, and before him other humbler builders in this city. Winckelmann came, it seems, from a Dorian field in the north.

And the importance of Greek plastic study today, not as "archæology," but as a forward movement in the Renaissance itself, cannot be overestimated. It bears directly on modern design. In modern Berlin the analytical spirit can be seen healthily at work. But there seems a lack of the desire for beauty, and where there is intellect and talent that desire is all-important. Greek building art is not only structure expressed, but structure humanized and dreamed upon. There can only come out of a building that which is put into it. Each new generation can put in new thought; but in architecture the new beauty, if it is enduring, is liable by all the evidence to be of a piece with the old. In Germany, if profound analysis could be matched by a desire for beauty as profound, what might we not look for in the building art of the future?

FIG. 15.

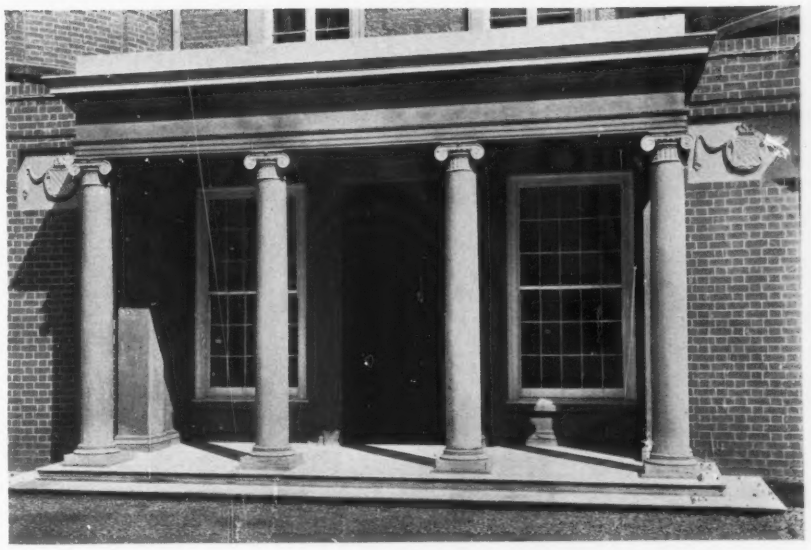
FIG. 16.

Rode Hall, Cheshire.

The Residence of Sir Philip Baker-Wilbraham.

By Darcy Braddell.

ANYONE who is familiar with Cheshire knows that the county is full of fine and comparatively little-known houses. A very large number of these were built in the eighteenth century. Some, not many, are pretentious, heavy with Corinthian-columned porticoes, rusticated basement storeys, and the like; others are merely comfortable, solid, and eminently English. Rode, the subject of this article, is in the latter class. It is situated about nine miles from Crewe, not far from the country town of Congleton, and stands overlooking a fine sheet of water, the chief ornament of its own ample park. In the distance the hills of Staffordshire and Derbyshire make a grim background to an otherwise undulating and rustic landscape. The house dates from about the year 1750 and owes its inception to one Randle Wilbraham, a distinguished lawyer of his day and a member of the ancient and honourable Cheshire family of that name. He made for himself a plain red-brick house with a delightful group of servants' quarters to one side of the main block and a jolly stable building at right angles to round off the whole design. It was just such a place as Randolph Caldcott (who was himself a Cheshire man) would have loved to draw. Compared with the château he would have built had he been a French nobleman instead of an English gentleman, Randle Wilbraham's house is, from a purely architectural point of view, barely worth discussing. It has no elaborate terraced gardens, no sculptured fountains, no vistas through carefully prepared axial lines, no domed halls, not even a fine cornice—in fact, no elegance whatever. In spite of all these delinquencies, however, it has its own undeniable merit—like very good roast beef.



The new *ENTRANCE PORCH* on the south-west front, carried out in cement stucco.
Darcy Braddell and Humphrey Deane, *Architects.*

The house, however, was not allowed to remain in its pristine simplicity, for, on Randle Wilbraham's death, it was inherited by his son Richard, who married a Miss Bootle. This lady brought a fortune with her and enabled her husband to carry out what he no doubt fondly imagined were vast improvements to his father's house. Dissatisfied with owning a brick house when all the rest of the smart world were building in the grander substance of stone, he began his work by covering the whole of the main block with cement stucco, contenting himself with "washing" over the red-brick servants' quarters and stables. His next step was to remove the comparatively modest bay windows in the principal living-rooms and replace them with very much larger ones. Lastly, he made considerable alterations to the interior of the house, to understand which one must turn to the two plans.

It will be seen that the principal entrance of Randle Wilbraham's house was on the north-west side and that the servants' quarters were separated from the main block by an arcaded courtyard. Richard Wilbraham altered the approach, making it on the south-west side, and by so doing changed the whole axis of the plan. The original entrance hall became an ante-room between the drawing-room on one side and the old dining-room on the other, which he made into his library. He enlarged the old library and made the present beautiful dining-room out of it. His father's nobly conceived main staircase he wisely kept, but he moved the family one which was alongside it and shifted it into another part of the house, utilizing the space he thus obtained to increase the area of the breakfast parlour which now became his entrance hall. The new south-west front would thus have been lopsided, but he got over this difficulty by creating a new room, a study, with a large circular bay window which exactly matched the one he had made for the library. Of what shape his new entrance originally took there are no traces left to tell the tale, for a large conservatory was added later between and in front of the two bays, and the house was entered directly from it. He completely reorganized the servants' quarters, glazing in the arcaded courtyard. The original outer doors and windows are still there, and very sturdy, pleasant things they are to look upon. While all these building changes went on, naturally the opportunity of redecorating all the principal living-rooms was too good to be missed; and so this was done. Rode had now become quite a different house, both from within and without.

After Richard Wilbraham's death, the estate passed to

his son and grandsons, and then (in default of male heirs) to Katharine Lady Baker - Wilbraham, the mother of the present baronet. Her husband, the late Sir George Baker-Wilbraham, was descended from Sir George Baker, an eminent physician who had attended George III during his long illnesses. Among many other treasures there is a very amusing letter kept at Rode from the Princess Augusta Sophia (George III's daughter) to Sir George Baker, in which she begs him in "mamma's" name not to let "papa" know that he (Sir George) had been sent for at their wish; an extraordinarily moving and human little document in its exquisite faded writing.

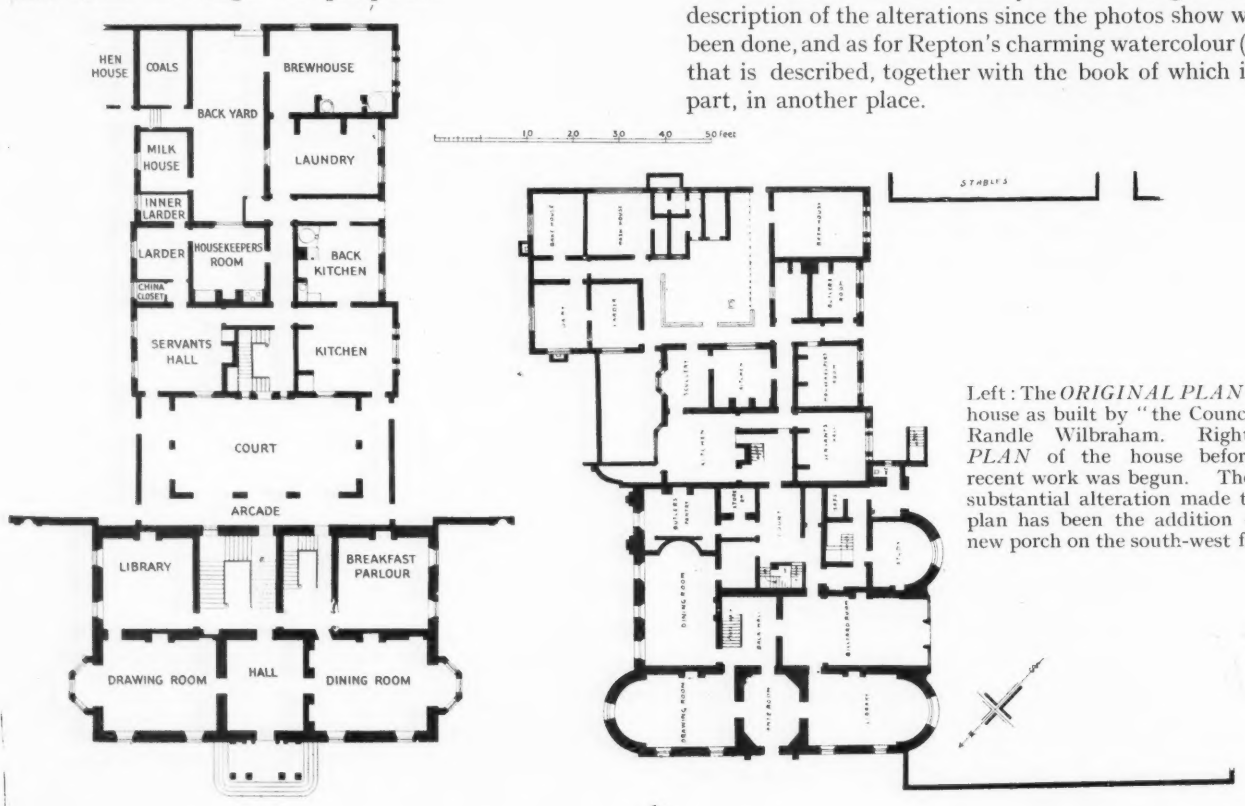
The *SOUTH-WEST FRONT*.

However, to continue the story of Rode, no important alterations in the structure of the house itself appear to have been made after the early years of the nineteenth century. The large conservatory on the south-west side was removed, except for part of it in front of the entrance door which was converted into a *porte-cochère*, in later days irreverently referred to as "St. Pancras." However useful this may once have been for sheltering a carriage and pair, it could hardly be regarded as a thing of beauty.

Apart from this, the exterior of the house remained practically untouched by the hand of man for very many years until, a short while ago, the present owner, Sir Philip Baker-Wilbraham, was forced to take a decision that could no longer be postponed.

The cement stucco had become very dingy and had fallen into a state of decay. Large pieces of it were falling off, and what had not already peeled was cracked in all directions. Furthermore, the principal entrance, which was, in fact, only the glass door of the aforementioned conservatory, was quite inadequate for its purpose and unworthy of the rest of the building. Sir Philip called in the writer for advice, and it was decided to hack off all the stucco and see in what condition the bricks were beneath. At the same time it was settled to pull down "St. Pancras" and build a new porch and entrance door. The work of stripping the stucco was begun on the south-west front and the brick was found to be a beautiful colour, but its face rather badly chipped in places. However, the general effect was so pleasing that it was determined not to replace the stucco. When the work on the north-west front was begun, and the bricks found to be not only the same good colour but quite undamaged, and some beautifully fashioned straight-gauged arches in rubbed brick over the windows were revealed, the decision was acclaimed on all sides with the greatest approval.

With the decoration of the rooms, the hanging of new curtains, the rearrangement of pictures, of which, incidentally, there are some good specimens of the work of the eighteenth-century English portrait painters—notably a lovely Reynolds of Lady Baker—came the end of Sir Philip's work at Rode. There is really no need to give a written description of the alterations since the photos show what has been done, and as for Repton's charming watercolour (Plate I) that is described, together with the book of which it forms part, in another place.



Left: The *ORIGINAL PLAN* of the house as built by "the Councillor," Randle Wilbraham. Right: A *PLAN* of the house before the recent work was begun. The only substantial alteration made to this plan has been the addition of the new porch on the south-west front.

RODE HALL, CHESHIRE.

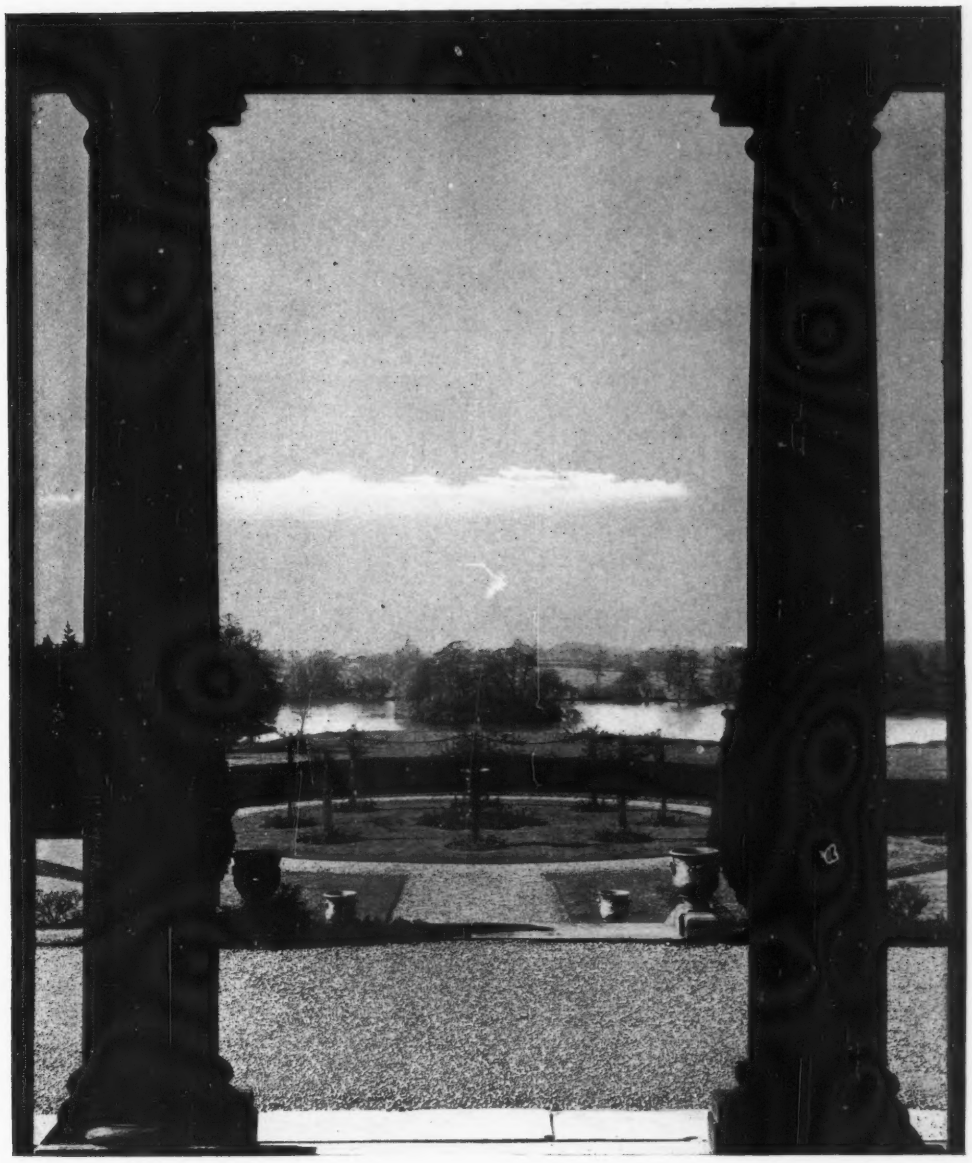


Plate II. August 1929.

THE LAKE AND ISLAND FROM THE PORCH
ON THE NORTH-WEST FRONT.

From the *NORTH*. The brickwork, which is part of the original eighteenth-century fabric, was revealed by the removal of its cement covering. The bricks are red.

The *NORTH-WEST FRONT*. The colonnaded porch was formerly used as the main entrance to the house.

The *MAIN STAIRCASE*, carried out in figured oak. An unusual feature of the handrail is that the top member only is made of Spanish mahogany laid on to oak. The walls are painted a dove grey, and the ornamental plasterwork has been slightly "wiped." The armorial panel at the top of the illustration is in needlework of heraldic colouring.

Above: The *LIBRARY*. The walls and ceiling are painted in various tones of parchment, black, and gold.

Below: The *BILLIARD ROOM*, looking towards the new Entrance Porch on the south-west front. The walls and ceiling are painted cream.

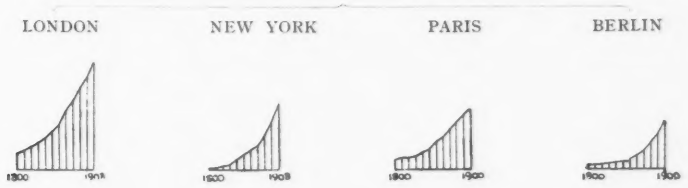
The *ANTE-ROOM*. A study in primrose yellow, grey, black, and gold. This room was once the entrance hall to the house.

The *DINING-ROOM*. The columns are built of green scagliola marble and their caps and bases are gilt. The walls are painted green and all the woodwork is black. The portrait over the fireplace is of Randle Wilbraham, the builder of Rode Hall.

Corbusierthology.

The article by Hilaire Belloc in the July issue of the REVIEW, *entitled* The Importance of Exact Boundaries to Towns, *was synchronical with the publication of Frederick Etchell's English translation of le Corbusier's book,* Urbanisme. *Le Corbusier's arguments are in some cases identical with those of Mr. Belloc, and in view of the subject's interest the publishers of the book have agreed to allow the* REVIEW *to reprint the greater part of the chapter entitled* The Great City. *It will be found that le Corbusier takes up Mr. Belloc's arguments and develops them. But while the article shows how he boils down the problems of modern town planning to four definite requirements, we are not able, in the space available, to print his own constructive suggestions for creating a modern town. These, however, will be dealt with by Trystan Edwards in the next issue of the* REVIEW. *Our thanks are due to M. le Corbusier, to Mr. Frederick Etchells, whose translation is used here, and to Mr. John Rodker, the English publisher of* Urbanisme, *which goes by the English title of* The City of Tomorrow.—ED.

GROWTH OF POPULATION.



The GREAT CITY is a *recent* event with devastating consequences !

The menace of tomorrow.

	1800	1880	1910
PARIS . . .	647,000	2,200,000	3,000,000
LONDON . . .	800,000	3,800,000	7,200,000
BERLIN . . .	182,000	1,840,000	3,400,000
NEW YORK . .	60,000	2,800,000	4,500,000

The Great City.

The Great City is a Recent Event and Dates back barely Fifty Years.

The growth of every great city has exceeded all prevision.

This growth has been a mad one, with disturbing possibilities.

The industrial life and the commercial life which are adjusting themselves to it are new phenomena on an overwhelming scale.

Means of transport are the basis of all modern activity.

The security of the dwelling is the condition of social equilibrium.

The new phenomenon of the great city has arisen within the framework of the old city.

The disproportion is such that an intense crisis has been brought about.

THIS CRISIS IS ONLY AT ITS BEGINNING. It is a constant source of disorder.

Such cities as do not adapt themselves quickly to the new conditions of modern life will be stifled and will perish. Other and better adapted cities will take their place.

The anachronistic persistence of the original skeleton of the city paralyses its growth.

Industrial and commercial life will be stifled in towns which do not develop.

The conservative forces at work in great cities obstruct the development of transport, congest and devitalize activity, kill progress and discourage initiative.

The decayed state of these old towns and the intensity of modern toil lead to physical and nervous sickness. Modern life requires the recuperation of the forces which are used up in pursuit of it. Hygiene and moral health depend on the layout of cities. Without hygiene and moral health, the social cell becomes atrophied.

A country's worth can be measured by the vigour of its inhabitants.

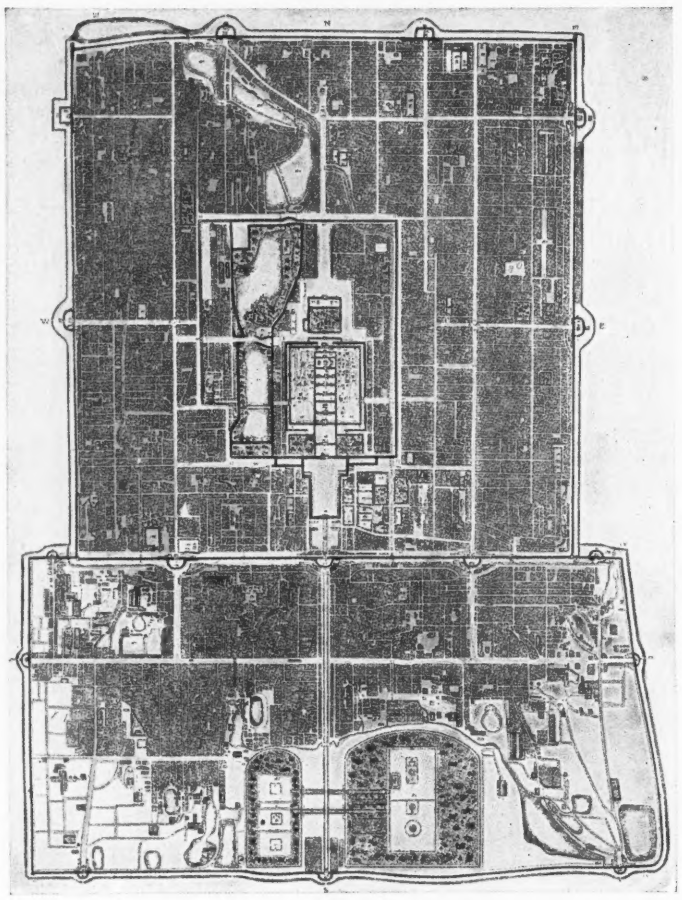
The cities of today cannot respond to the demands of the life of today unless they are adapted to the new conditions.

The great cities determine the life of a country. If the great city is stifled, the country goes under.

In order to transform our cities we must discover the fundamental principles of modern town planning.

(*From a Manifesto accompanying the Diorama of a Contemporary City : Salon d'Automne,* 1922.)

LET us get down to facts: countries are composed of millions of individuals engaged on definite tasks; the daily events of life are enough to preoccupy the restricted field of the day's thought. So it seems to us that we work as we do because this has always been the case. Yet history can show us alternations of famine and abundance, waves of happiness or of depression; it shows us the rise of nations and hegemonies, and at the same time their decline and fall: it attributes different coefficients to different races as indications of their worth. The whole of history is an evolutionary movement. Born in the first place in the scattered tents of pastoral peoples, as mankind developed a social life so its field of action was transferred to villages and towns, and finally to the great capitals. These are now its home, and they affect profoundly the ordering of every other great city. Right away in the provinces, in factories or in ships at sea, in workshops and stores, in field and in wold, the work carried on is dictated by the great city: the conditions of this work, its quality, its price, its quantity and destination; the demand and the means of execution all come from the great city.



PEKIN: "Compare this plan with that of Paris . . . . And we Westerners felt called on to invade China in the cause of *civilization*."

Now that the machine age has let loose the consequences attaching to it, *progress has seized on a new set of implements with which to quicken its rhythm;* this it has done with such an intensification of speed and output that events have moved beyond our capacity to appreciate them; and whereas mind has hitherto generally been in advance of accomplished fact, it is now, on the contrary, left behind by new facts whose acceleration continues without cease; only similes can adequately describe the situation; submersion, cataclysm, invasion. This rhythm has been accelerated to such a point that man—(who has after all created it with his small individual inventions, just as an immense conflagration can be started with a few pints of petrol and one little match)—man lives in a perpetual state of instability, insecurity, fatigue and accumulating delusions. Our physical and nervous organization is brutalized and battered by this torrent; it makes its protest, of course, but it will soon give way unless some energetic decision, far-sighted and not too long delayed, brings order once more to a situation which is rapidly getting out of hand.

* * *

The great city expresses man's power and might; the houses which shelter such an active ardour should follow a noteworthy plan. At least, this seems to my mind the logical conclusion of a quite simple reasoning.

Antiquity has left us, in its various remains, a demonstration of this fact. There have been golden moments when the power of the mind dominated the rabble. We have already seen it clearly in regard to Babylon and Peking, and they are but examples among many; great cities and smaller ones, even quite small ones, which during certain noble periods were illumined by talent, science and experience. Everywhere there are remains, or units still intact, which provide us with a model: Egyptian temples, the rectilinear cities of North Africa (*e.g.* Kairouan), the sacred cities of India, the Roman cities of the Empire, or those built in the great tradition: Pompeii, Aigues-Mortes, Monpazier.

* * *

The structure of cities reveals two possibilities; a progressive growth, subject to chance, with resultant characteristics of slow accumulation and a gradual rise; once it has acquired its gravitational pull it becomes a centrifugal force of immense power, bringing the rush and the mob. Such was Rome; such are now Paris, London or Berlin.

Or on the other hand, the construction of a city as the expression of a preconceived and predetermined plan embodying the then known principles of the science; such is Peking and such are the fortified cities of the Renaissance (*e.g.* Palmanova), or the colonial cities set by the Romans amongst their barbarian subjects.

Our Western world, when Rome had been brought down exhausted by an effort too far-reaching, found itself left with the most rudimentary equipment; centuries passed before, little by little, out of the entrenched camp (which was a reminiscence of the savage surrounding his bivouac with his wagons) there began to emerge an intention, a clear idea, with a sufficiency of technical means to hand and with the necessary provision in regard to financial resources. Men's minds, under great kings, formed their conception and strove to realize it; there were magnificent attempts, rays of light amidst the barbaric stirring; such are the Place des Vosges, under Louis XIII; Versailles, and the Ile Saint-Louis, under Louis XIV; the Champ de Mars, under Louis XV; l'Étoile and the main roads leading to Paris under Napoleon. And finally, that magnificent legacy left by a monarch to his people: the work of Haussmann under Napoleon III.

We struggle against chance, against disorder, against a

policy of drift and against the idleness which brings death; we strive for order, which can be achieved only by appealing to what is the fundamental basis on which our minds can work: geometry. In the general confusion there appear crystallizations of pure forms which bring strength and reassurance and give to beauty the material support it must have. At such moments, man has reflected well, he has employed the means proper to him and has produced works of a human order. So proud are we of his achievements that they form all our precedents. We surround these historic manifestations with such a veneration that it completely absorbs us. This pride is fully justified, but nevertheless we are apt to forget that we ourselves have so far done nothing. That living force, which inspired these noble creations, would be hated by us if by chance we met it today in the persons of men animated by similar passions.

. . . . So we may say that confusion is woven into the very texture of our modern cities. Built along the "Pack-Donkey's Ways," the childlike configuration of their beginnings has persisted without change in the very heart of the immense cities of today; they are strangled in this fatal and disorderly network. This evil state of things grew worse from the tenth to the nineteenth century; the Donkey's Ways have become institutions and the main arteries of the city. In those days death gave you a good run for your money. *But the age of machinery arose, and death knocks constantly at the door.*

In a mere hundred years the population of the great city has increased at an incredible rate . . . And when, after the war, the resources of our modern equipment were at last appreciated and more fully developed, then we began to feel choked. And this sense of suffocation is a real thing. We have had our warning.

All over the world the problem of the great city is one of tragic importance. Men of *business* have at last settled what environment best suits their affairs: they have now definitely concentrated in the centres of towns. The rhythm which actuates business is obvious; it is speed and the struggle for speed. It is important to be housed close together and to be in touch; important also to be able to act easily and quickly. Alas, we have become like the rusty engine of some out-of-date motor-car; the chassis, the body, the seats (the peripheries of our cities) can carry on still, but the motor (the centre) is *seized!* This means complete breakdown. *The centres of the great cities are like an engine which is seized.* Here we have the very first problem of town planning.

A city which has come to a dead stop means a country which does the same. We hesitate to admit the truth to ourselves; we have not the courage to diagnose the disease and recognize it, and to take the necessary bold measures to deal with it. Nevertheless, some forcible solution must be found.

But as against this there stand the following barriers:

The law of least resistance.
Lack of responsibility.
Respect for the past.

The curve of progress is quite clear: it is a matter of cause and effect, of deductions which are quite simple, consecutive and exact. But the dull and heavy mass of narrow interests, of acquired facts, of laziness, and of the sickly fog of a criminal sentimentality, raise up a giant obstacle. Boldly to confront this state of mind with the real facts is precisely the problem of town planning; to animate with one common impulse the overwhelming complexity of the present social phenomenon and to maintain movement where paralysis has begun to set in.

* * *

Right up to the twentieth century, towns were laid out with a view to military defence. The boundary of a town was a definite thing, a clear organization of walls, gates with streets leading to them and from them to the centre.

Moreover, up to the nineteenth century a town was entered from the outside. Today the city's gates are in its *centre*. For its real gates are the railway stations.

The city of today can no longer put up a military defence; its boundaries have become a confused and stifling zone comparable only to a camp of roving gipsies, who may have plumped their overcrowded caravans down anywhere. The result is that the city can only extend through this formidable obstruction.

The new factor of suburbs immediately adjoining a town did not exist in the period of fortified towns whose sharply defined limits dictated the precise ordering of the town itself.

The centres of our towns are in a state of mortal sickness, their boundaries are gnawed at as though by vermin.

How to create a zone free for development is the second problem of town planning.

ROMAN CIVILIZATION.
An aerial view of Timgad.

Therefore my settled opinion, which is quite a dispassionate one, is that the centres of our great cities must be pulled down and rebuilt, and that the wretched existing belts of suburbs must be abolished and carried farther out; on their sites we must constitute, stage by stage, a protected and open zone, which when the day comes will give us absolute liberty of action, and in the meantime will furnish us with a cheap investment, whose value will increase tenfold, nay, a hundredfold. If the centres of our cities have become a sort of intensely active form of capital for the

mad speculation of private enterprise (New York is a typical instance), this projected zone would represent a formidable financial reserve among the resources of municipalities.

Already in various countries municipalities are redeeming the suburban zones by expropriation. Actually it is a way of making sure of a "lung" for their city.

* * *

It is almost impossible to say everything and say it in a reasonable number of words. The theme is so new and its conclusions are so grave that, at the risk of repeating myself, it will perhaps be salutary to go into yet other aspects of the problem. Here, then, is an extract from a report made to the Town Planning Congress of Strasbourg in 1923.

Municipalities and the rulers of our great cities are busily engaged on the problems of the large suburbs, and are trying to provide housing farther out for the populations which have descended on our capital cities like an invasion; their efforts are praiseworthy but incomplete. They ignore the heart of the problem, which is that of the *centres of our great cities*. It is as though we were to concentrate on an athlete's muscles and blind ourselves to the fact that his heart was weak and his life in danger. If it is a good thing to take the overcrowded populations of the boroughs farther out, it must also be remembered that every day, and at the same hour, those very same crowds which are better housed in the garden suburbs must return to the centre of the city. To improve housing conditions by the creation of garden cities is to leave entirely on one side the question of the city's *centre*.

We shall find it salutary to try and visualize exactly what is the phenomenon of the great city. The great city means simply four or five million individuals gathered together by chance in a definite spot. The great city has its *raison d'être*. In the biology of a country it is the vital organ; the whole national organization depends on it, and national organizations involve an international organization. The great city is the heart, the active centre of the cardiac system; it is the brain, the directing centre of the nervous system, and all its country's activities, all international events, are born in, and come from, the great city. Economics, sociology, politics, all are centred in the great city, and any modification it may bring about has its repercussion in the remotest corners of the provinces. The great city is the place where active "world elements" come together. This contact must be *immediate*, hand to hand; the decisions which arise from it are the result of hasty conferences and involve activities affecting all countries. The telegraph, the railway, the airplane have in less than fifty years so accelerated the speed at which international contacts can take place that a complete revolution has taken place in work. The march of ideas takes place all within the narrow area of the centres of great cities; these centres are, indeed, the vital cells of the world.

Now, the centres of our great cities today are, as it were, implements or tools which can only be utilized with the greatest difficulty; punctuality in keeping vital appointments is nearly impossible because of the crowded streets. More than that, the occupants of the offices in which all this business is done, these offices with their narrow corridors and dark rooms, suffer a real handicap, a real exhaustion as a result of so much congestion.

So the first conclusion we come to is that a harmful process of wear and tear—quite outside the conditions of their actual work—is rapidly affecting the very people who ought to be preserving all their mental alertness and powers of clear thinking; and that, furthermore, a country which had the centres of its towns well organized would have everything in its favour for gaining superiority over the others; an exactly similar superiority to that of the manufacturer who has an up-to-date plant. The results, good or bad, would be felt by the national purse.

It is necessary, therefore, to investigate with particular attention the present bad conditions in our great cities; it is a matter indeed of the greatest possible urgency. The layout of our great cities as we see them today shows that, as a result of their modest beginnings (the ancient small town or village) and the extraordinary developments of the last century, their centres are made up of short narrow lanes, and that only the periphery possesses anything like main arteries. Yet it is in the centre that the great and overwhelming circulation of traffic takes place, while the outskirts remain relatively empty, being given up to family life.

And if one compares the state of the streets of the great city with the state of its traffic, they will be seen to be wholly opposed to each other. The streets represent an old and out-of-date state of affairs; whilst traffic represents an existing state of affairs. Here is the crisis (there is no need for me to enlarge on this point; every great city is undergoing its disastrous effects). But if we look at the curve of the temperature chart in this crisis we must realize *that it is climbing madly;* we are getting into a blind alley.

Figures prove that the great city is a recent event, dating only some fifty years back; and that the increase in population has surpassed all anticipation. Between 1800 and 1910, that is to say, in one hundred years, Paris grew from 600,000 to 3,000,000 people; London from 800,000 to 7,000,000; Berlin from 180,000 to 3,500,000; New York from 60,000 to 4,500,000: yet these cities are still living on their old buildings and layouts, which date from far before the astounding growth of population and of traffic (see the graphs above, whose curves show the increase of traffic from 1885 to 1905, both for ordinary traffic and transport of goods). The confusion is such that a growing anxiety is manifesting itself. The term "town planning" is of fairly recent date, and shows the germ of an idea. Quite naturally, the first efforts were directed to the least difficult problem—that of the suburb. A still more important point arises here; our present need is to reinvestigate the fundamental problems of the "dwelling" so that it can be made to answer the needs of a family life which has been entirely transformed by mechanism; the garden-city dwelling enables us to isolate the problem and experiment with it. Again, the law of least resistance, and the hardships entailed by the only possible remedies, lead us to ignore steadfastly the dreadful spectacle of the centres of our cities and the difficulty of doing anything with them; and strong-minded people tell us that we must move the centre somewhere else, we must build a new city, a new centre, far away, right beyond the suburbs; where it can be done comfortably, with no constraint and no pre-existing state of things. This is a pure fallacy. A centre is determined, it exists only because of what surrounds it; *its position is determined from a long way off* by innumerable convergings of every kind which it would be impossible to change; to shift the axle of a wheel means that you must move the whole wheel. As regards one of our great towns, you might as well set out to shift everything fifteen or twenty miles round about, which is altogether impossible. . . .

* * *

We are now in a position, therefore, to lay the foundations of modern town planning, based on four direct and concise requirements which are capable of meeting effectively the dangers which threaten us:

1. *We must de-congest the centres of cities* in order to provide for the demands of traffic.

2. *We must increase the density of the centres of cities* in order to bring about the close contact demanded by business.

3. *We must increase the means whereby traffic can circulate*, i.e. we must completely modify the present-day conception of the street, which has shown itself useless in regard to the new phenomenon of modern means of transport; tubes, motors, trams and airplanes.

4. *We must increase the area of green and open spaces:* this is the only way to ensure the necessary degree of health and peace to enable men to meet the anxieties of work occasioned by the new speed at which business is carried on.

These four demands seem irreconcilable. Yet it would be well to realize how important they are, and how urgently necessary. And once the problem has been stated, town planning must find an answer. This it can do despite appearances. The technical apparatus and the organization of this age are such as to offer a satisfactory solution; it is at this stage that the whole question becomes exciting, and that we can envisage the advent of a new age of grandeur and majesty. Architecture in the course of any particular evolution of a period marks its culminating point; it is a consequence which is created by a whole mental outlook. Town planning is a support to architecture. A new architecture, *that can find its own full expression and no longer depends upon fancies*, is at hand. We are waiting for a form of town planning that will g. e us freedom.

ST. ALBANS. *From the Mezzotint by Percival Gaskell.*

Verulam Revisited

Even Butchers Weep.

—The Beggar's Opera.

THOSE who approach at night are generally in a mood to comprehend the significance of the word town. *A crowd of roofs upon a hill will call up in the traveller images of the friendly street, the market-place, the inn at the corner. He will savour in anticipation the fire-light, the drained tankard, and the propinquity of his own race, banded together to uphold the rituals of man.*

So climbing the hill to the first outskirts of the place and skirting the railway station and the allotment, he will enter—between the workhouse and the gasworks—those deep serenes of bijou residences and Baptist chapels which encircle the inner core of the town; where, in the market-place, inviting as its own sign-writing, lies ready to welcome him Ye Antique Tea Parlour and Cyclists' Rest, flanked on one side as you know by Ye Olde Petrol Pump-house, on the other by Bug Morpe's Stores.

Not long ago the Design and Industries Association approached St. Albans, that ancient English borough, in just such a spirit of faith. Their first batch of impressions are published in the following pages, and we understand that more are to follow between the covers of a guide-book. As Verulam, St. Albans was an early British capital; as Verulamium, a Roman centre. Boadicea sacked it; Julius Cæsar honoured it. Its Abbey, founded in the sixth century, is built from remains of the Roman wall.

Chosen for pilgrimage (as York might equally well have been), because as an English country town it is typical, old-established, and great in name, St. Albans proves once again with what generous abandon we English of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries have spread our noble commercial culture over the land which our forefathers made human with comely towns.

On arriving at St. Albans the visitor is met at one station by several

noble examples of architecture, or at the other by

a cheerful display of Pictorial Art, with a glimpse of the City's

Public Works. If, on the other hand, he arrives by road this noble gateway tempts him to enter.

But having entered, the visitor will find that

there are still
" undeveloped " streets

and doorways,

which, happily, are rapidly making
way for the plate-glass windows

of the multiple stores. This is Woolworth's
in St. Peter's Street. Indeed

in the shop-front architecture
of this country town

he will find much to astonish
and delight him.

Unfortunately everybody is not so progressive. This kind of stuff

seems to please the reactionaries, the Council appears to be satisfied with the new

Council House, and there are strange people who prefer to live

here, where the houses are set back from the road behind trees that have not been pulled down

than here. Nevertheless the ubiquitous

bungalow is almost as well patronized

as the salubrious communal rubbish heap.

Returning to the centre, the visitor will find himself so overwhelmed with hospitality

in the shape of sprightly lettering

such as adorns Ye Olde Dining Parlour

and the confectioner-tobacconists with their busy enamel signs, not to mention

the educational establishments which assert their culture by gilt lettering of the picturesque kind,

that as he leaves he will surely find it wellnigh impossible to resist the delightful invitations repeated at intervals along the London Road. Why not indeed ?

The Council House, Nottingham.

By Frank Granger.

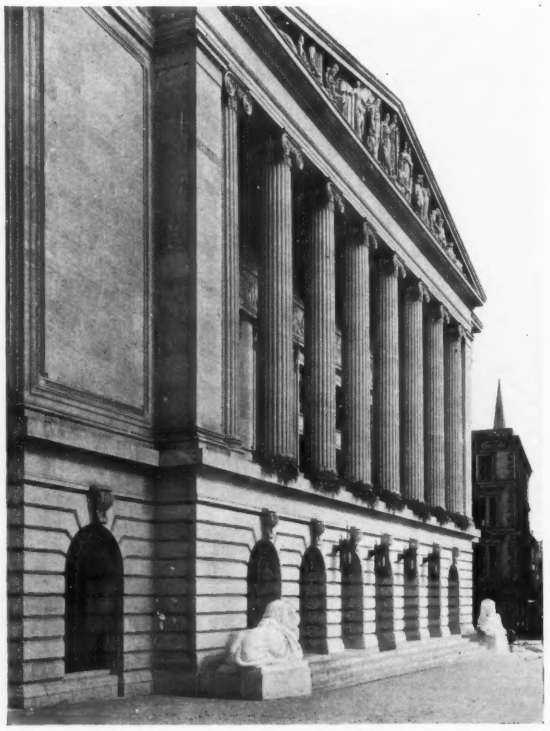
THE rivalry of cities is a good thing when it provokes to good works. And I trace in the fine block of buildings which now overlooks the ancient market-place of Nottingham an outcome of the desire to make good, in comparison, that is, with other places. The Council House is, in the exact sense of the term, an advertisement; it advertises or notifies the general public, and not merely the inhabitants, of the magnitude and importance of the works which a modern city undertakes on behalf of the Corporation, the chief magistrate, the council, the citizens. The building is the body, of which the representatives of the citizens and their officers, as they perform their various functions, are the soul.

When, therefore, the Council House is compared with other civic centres, it is almost unique in one respect. It is devoted to the Council Chamber with its setting and to the apartments of the Lord Mayor, the reception hall, the dining-room and other needs of hospitality. (The great municipal departments are housed elsewhere: the town clerk, the city treasurer, the engineers, etc.) Hence, the interior amenities of the building are rightly elaborated beyond the point required in the usual municipal offices. The severe yet brilliant dignity of the decoration and furniture is intended to reinforce the vocation to public service by appealing to the sense of civic pride. If it were not for the risk of confusing the Council House with one of the neighbouring cinemas, I should call it a palace, not because of its splendour, but because of the hospitable intention which is expressed in the general scheme. It is literally true to say in the language of the inscription round the frieze of the dome: "The Corporation of Nottingham erected this building for counsel and welcome, and to show merchandise and crafts." The latter half of this inscription marks another characteristic feature. The city, like its compeers of some centuries back in Flanders and Italy, depends upon its crafts and merchandise, and announces the fact. For the Council House is also the frontispiece of something else. Like its predecessor, built two hundred years ago, it is backed by business premises. This conjunction of counsel and commerce, so far from detracting from the scheme, gives a human touch. The spirit of the city is not ashamed of its workaday life. The old open-air market with the canvas-covered stalls is gone indeed, and something of picturesqueness is gone with it too. The ancient scheme, however, with the stucco-fronted Exchange was like the chrysalis out of which the image of the new has burst.

It is scarcely needful to say that the old inhabitants have wagged their heads and prophesied misfortune in their best style, as the centre of the city has been transformed.

Yet, in place of the open-air market, a great square has taken the two-fold office of furnishing ample routes for traffic on all four sides and of introducing amid the broad marble pavements and steps the greenness of trees and turf and the springing water of a couple of fountains. Let us suppose our critic looking along the "Processional Walk" from the far end and casting his judicial eye on the architectural scene. He is already furnished with an indication of some of the main ideas which floated about in the general mind. As with the criminal in the good old days, the architect still is presumed guilty, and at any rate receives his condemnation—I find extenuating circumstances. If we view the work of Mr. T. Cecil Howitt, we shall find it has risen out of and expresses the terms of his commission, in which the general ideas, already sketched, have got something of that definiteness which is required before they can pass into the actual.

Of that actualness I know no better representation than the photograph of the Market Place with the Council House. And with that open picture before us for everybody to see, we can be thankful for architecture which deals with the visible, whereas biography and certain other arts are matters of hearsay, and sound as if they were practised by listening at keyholes (at least, such would be the explanation of some of the most admired productions of the moment). And that is why when this task was laid upon me I determined to be above board, as becomes one who would write about the visible. By the kindness of Alderman Herbert Bowles, who formed the first notion of a great commercial building to be dignified by good, in this case classical, architecture, and of Alderman Edmund Huntsman, who had regard to the utmost possibilities of the ancient site, looking out as it did, and does, upon so fair a prospect, we can estimate the architect's work by the intentions of his clients, the citizens of Nottingham, through their representatives.



The main front from the north.

The last words in architecture, as in all fine human things, are the most characteristic, and from them we get to work here. They are the skyline and the backyard. And first as to the skyline. One should not be over-curious

THE COUNCIL HOUSE, NOTTINGHAM.

Plate III. August 1929.

THE MAIN FRONT.

T. Cecil Howitt, *Architect.*

Seen from Long Row, Market Square, the front has, on ground level, an arcaded loggia preserving the local tradition of covered ways, and on the first floor a colonnaded terrace, accommodating 400 persons, with a speaker's balcony in the centre.

about the reasons for a dome. The best modern domes, I imagine, are those of St. Peter's at Rome and St. Paul's at London, although they offend some tastes. Their beauty, as seen against the sky, is their sufficient justification. To paraphrase a fine passage from Mrs. Meynell. They lift the world, they raise the horizon. "It is like the scene in the Vatican when a cardinal with his dramatic Italian hands bids the kneeling groups to arise. He does more than bid them. He lifts them, he gathers them up far and near, with the upward gesture of both arms." No single picture can show how this office of the dome is discernible all about Nottingham, especially from the higher ground where the view brings back to mind the dome of St. Peter's as seen from the Pincian Gardens. Lest, however, Mr. Howitt should become unduly encouraged by these sentimental praises, I beg to say that other critics regard his dome as combining the faults of quite a company of domes.

The main front facing the square.

When, however, we regard the front of the Council House, the dome enters curiously into a five-storied elevation. Rising from the foundations there is a rusticated arcade. This carries on the old rule of the colonnaded ground-floor of the Long Row on the north of the Market-place, and Timber Hill (recently misnamed South Parade) on the south. The arcaded portico gives the utmost value to the somewhat narrow width of the front, and suggests eighteenth-century solidity.

At this point, I confess, I begin to have my doubts. There is a technique already indicated in Vitruvius and elaborated by the great Renaissance masters who followed him, precisely in order to meet this case, the blending of the Greek tradition with the Roman use of the arch. To put it in a word: the column must be sparingly used in order to give effect to the solidity of the arcade. I should have preferred six columns instead of eight on the main story, and the use of Roman (rather than Greek) Doric with an increased diameter of the column. Nor do I think that the pediment would have suffered by a corresponding simplification of its theme and the more vigorous sculpture which such a simplification would have rendered possible. The arch beneath the dome, on the same principle, would have suggested that the columns round the dome should have given partial place to solid and windowed sections after the fashion rather of St. Peter's than of St. Paul's. Borromini's dome of St. Agnes in the Piazza Navona comes to mind. But the public would not have liked it. I live in a perpetual breathless state trying to defend Mr. Morley Horder's University College against visitors who want to know where the ornament is. Mr. Howitt has not proceeded on these unfamiliar lines, nor do I blame him under the circumstances. But to proceed with his building.

The main story centres about a Greek octastyled and pedimented front of the Ionic order. Mr. Else's suave and scholarly sculpture of the pediment is rather reminiscent of Aegina and Olympia than of the Parthenon: the archaic Greek note appeals to the memory. For my own part, I should like to see more of the influence of the passionate and throbbing Altar of Zeus which has been removed from Pergamus to be the glory of the Berlin Museum. Even the Parthenon sculptures seem static in comparison. Here as below, the width of the front is aided; this time by the unbroken masses at the ends.

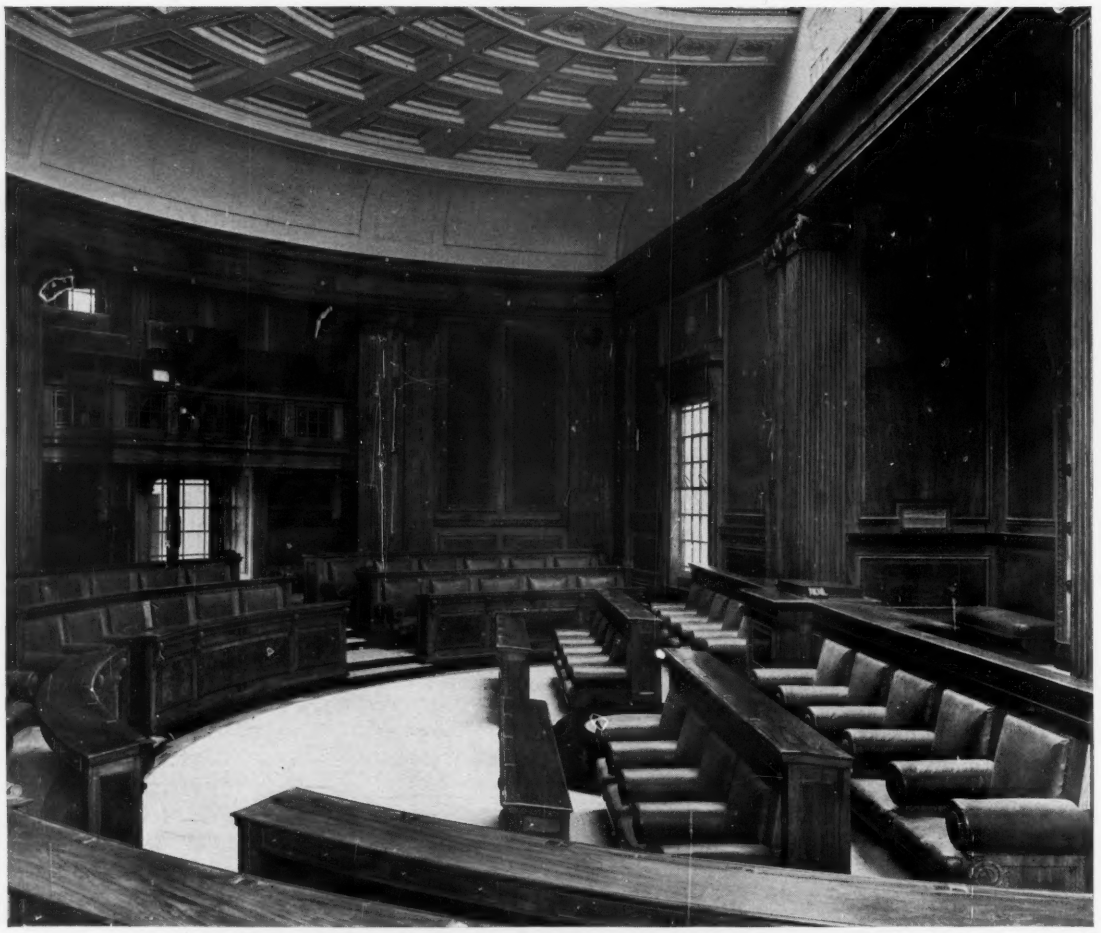
The loggia on the main front.

I was going to say that the next story (the lowest of the dome) was a return to the Renaissance; the semicircle with the two stiles is a motif which is used with rather more elaboration in the Church of the Salute at Venice, of which the design has not been without influence upon Mr. Howitt. But Palladianism and its successors usually rest upon precedents furnished by the early Roman Empire. The semicircle, too, follows Roman precedents.

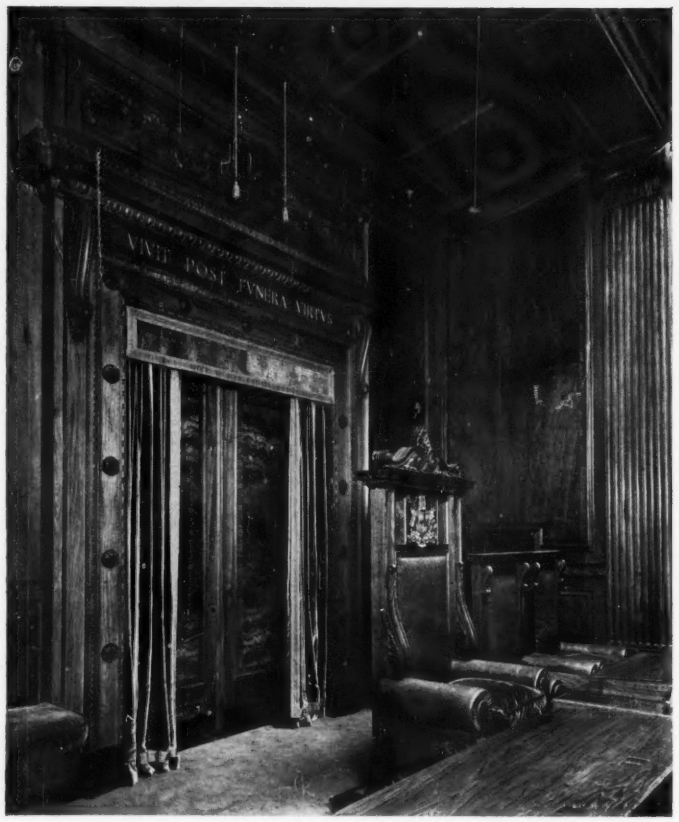
The main story of the dome repeats the Greek Ionic of the front and is crowned by a roof which also reminds us of the Renaissance.

The transition from the octagon to the dome is happily covered by four pieces of sculpture carried out by old students of the School of Art. They seem to grow out of the structure in which they have a symbolic office to perform.

THE COUNCIL HOUSE, NOTTINGHAM.



The interior of the semicircular Council Chamber on the third floor. Behind the Lord Mayor's State chair, on the right, are ceremonial sliding doors. The upholstery of the seating is in pastel blue leather, the walls being panelled in waxed walnut and oak. Lit from above, and with a coffered ceiling, the room has two galleries, for Press and public.



The Council Chamber. The Lord Mayor's ceremonial doorway showing the suspended clock with plate-glass dial.

Such is the filling in of the skyline about which something has been said. Mr. Howitt may be charged with blending styles and ages of architecture. Shall we urge in his defence that the arcade, the semicircle, and the dome severally are parts of a living development, and are not dated? Even that plea would not involve his justification. We are driven away from any consideration of detail, although in that respect the eye can rest with satisfaction upon the whole of the stonework.

We are left with the proportion and congruity of the composition as a whole. As one who started with a proper equipment of watchful suspicion, I finish, on acquaintance, with a distinct liking *for the dome and the front*, regarded as an architectural composition. Further contemplation discloses the adequate solution of an unusually difficult problem.

Let us turn now to the commercial buildings. If I were a poet, I should like to take the *backyard* as a theme. The most charming architectural effect of old, secular Nottingham is the tiny brick quadrangle of the two-century-old almshouses in Friar Lane. Two golden opportunities for

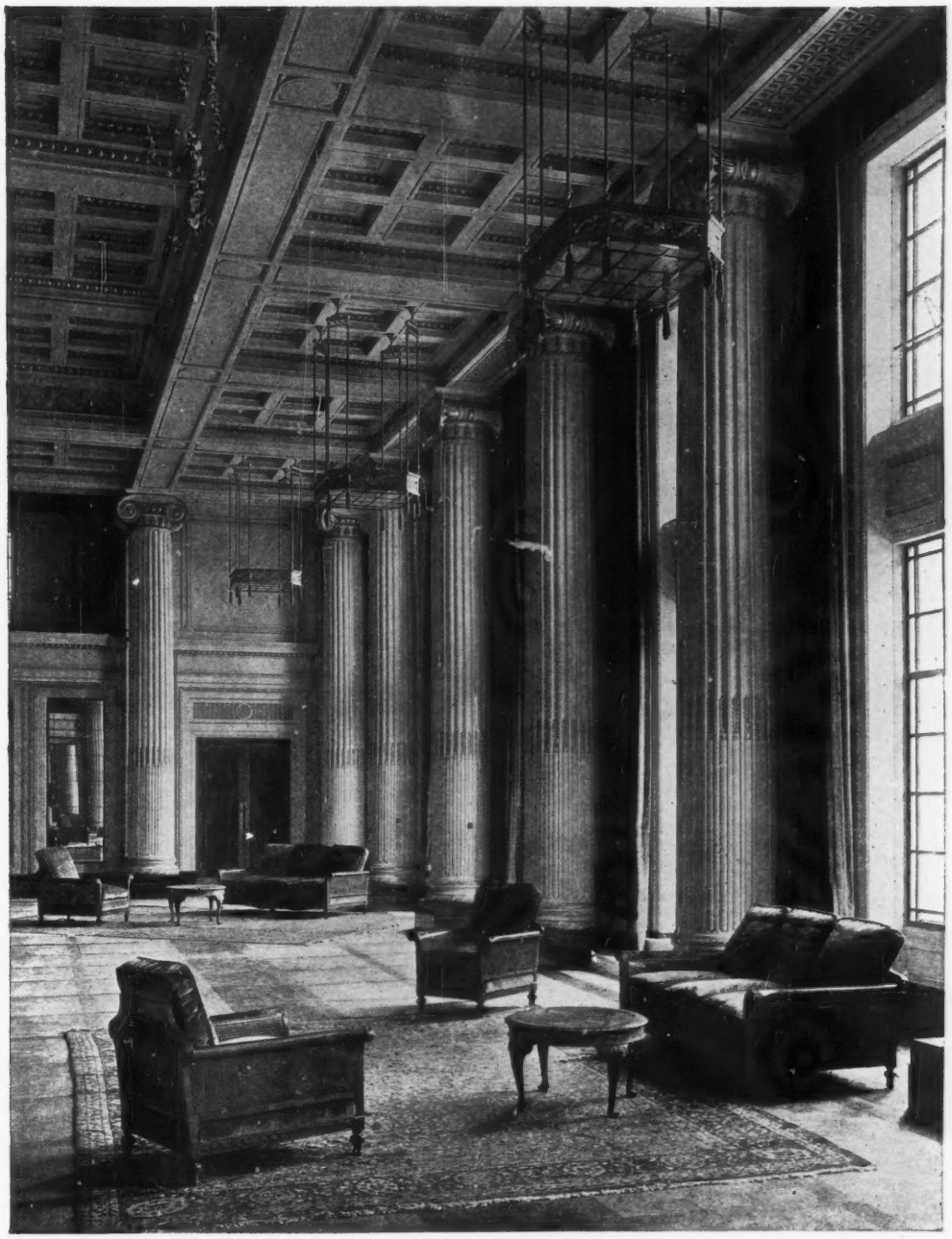
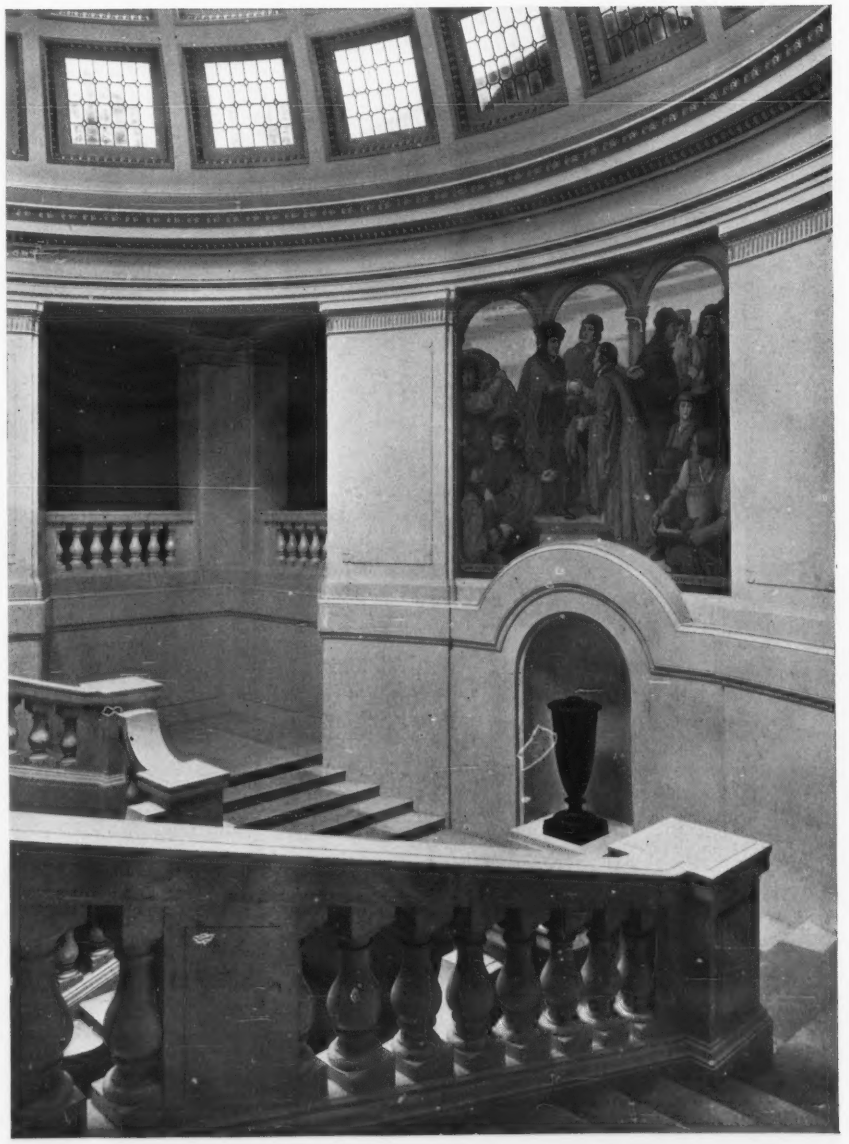


Plate IV. August 1929.

THE RECEPTION HALL.

T. Cecil Howitt, *Architect.*

The walls are biscuit colour, the floor is oak parquet with walnut bands, the ceiling is pale biscuit with gilded enrichments picked out in blue and brick red.



The grand staircase, looking down from the first floor. It is surmounted by a coffered dome.

The grand staircase. The walls and staircase are in Subiaco marble, and the carpet is powder blue.

backyards lost by the Victorian city fathers were the possible quadrangle of the Guildhall and the two possible cloisters of the University College—two fine *exteriors* of half a century ago. Mr. Howitt, however, has seized the opportunity furnished by the T-shaped gallery of shops and offices which fills the site behind the Council House. The dome is at the crossing. The space between the exterior dome and the interior dome far below is used for a scheme of ventilation. As we stand under the dome, we can see the frescoes in the spandrels from the brush of Mr. Denholm Davis. The vivid colours cheer one up. Mr. Davis's work, however, does not obliterate for me Goya's painting of the dome of San Antonio, Madrid: Goya boldly portrayed the men and women of the streets; Mr. Davis depicts the figures of local history with the more orderly features of well-known citizens. I should like to see a café with tables in the open in the recess of the circular space, like the café in the gallery overlooking the Piazza Colonna at Rome. Seated there with light refreshment to hand, one might look up from the inside to the huge arches which close the shorter arms of the T, as they face the street; arches which, seen from the outside, impart a touch of Roman magnitude to the side elevations.

Returning to the front, we pass through the entrance along marble pavements between marble walls and balustrade to the domed first floor, where an effective painting which symbolizes the purposes of the building faces the entrance to the reception Hall. In this, the Ionic order repeats the decor of the outside and is emphasized by a carefully controlled colour scheme of gold and blue. The blue is repeated in the curtains of the apartments which open out on either side. The oak panelling of the Lord Mayor's and other rooms is partly from old buildings and harmonizes with the carpets and furniture.

The whole edifice culminates in the Council Chamber, a semicircle which solves the problem of acoustics by bringing every member within a distance of twenty-six feet from the Lord Mayor. The chamber is completely adapted to its use. Parties are not bifurcated as in the House of Commons, but will range themselves in an unbroken series through the colours of the political spectrum from crimson to red, yellow, blue, and ultra-violet. Our English two-party system is largely due to the shape of the House of Commons, by which debate is turned into a conflict between extremes of which one must be, and both may be, wrong. It will be an interesting experiment to trace the effect of the semicircular plan on local politics.

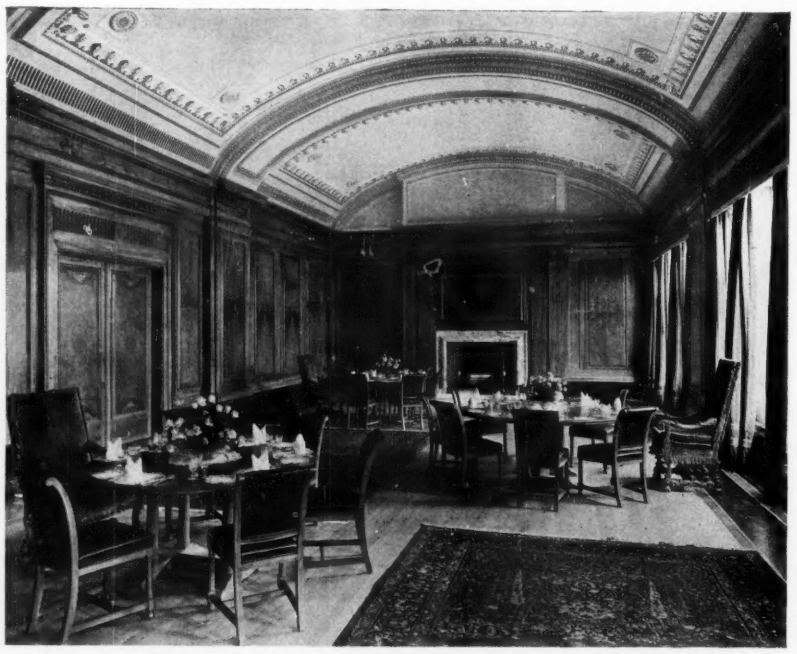
The Council Chamber would be a singularly suitable place, if it were available, for small meetings. Unfortunately, the plan of the new University buildings did not admit of semicircular lecture theatres. This, however, is of the less importance as the numerous cinemas, owing to their shape, furnish the modern city with excellent auditoria: literally, good *places to hear in.*

The illustrations which accompany these pages render it unnecessary to dwell upon the excellence of Mr. Howitt's detail. I do not see how he could have avoided the not entirely happy effect of the Ionic capitals on the dome. I prefer to leave his building with the beauty of the main staircase as the last touch of what I will venture to call a masterpiece, in the true sense, of many activities controlled to a successful result.

I have sometimes thought that if justice were thus done to the master craftsman, we might go on to praise the other handworkers on a building. (For the architect also works with his hands—at the drawing-board.) But there is a quaint combination of forces which tells against the good workman. One who is above the average tends to make things harder for the bad workman by suggesting the fear that things may be strung up. On the other hand, the employer annexing the glory of the good workman also acquires other things too. I was on a steamer some years ago making her maiden voyage. The decorations of the smoking-room had been carried out by Messrs. XYZ, and they announced the fact on the spot. The second day out, I drew the captain's attention to the fact that Messrs. XYZ could not spell. In the few inscriptions which adorn a smoking-room they had made three mistakes. The rococo language of the captain more than compensated.

The skilful supervision of the Council House, in every respect, has prevented anything of this sort. Yet I am sure that Mr. Howitt will be content to share his credit with the *unknown craftsmen* whose mysteries are acknowledged by the Corporation of Nottingham in the last word of the inscription round the dome, and by Mr. Denholm Davis in his picture on the Grand Staircase.

Mr. Minter, who has so successfully carried out the contract for the work, shall represent them. Although infinite care cannot guarantee workmen against the risks of their jobs, the fortune that completes a great contract without loss of life can only accompany a multiplied precaution. In congratulating Mr. Minter in this respect we fix upon that achievement of which he has the most right to be proud.



The dining hall with Ancona panelled walnut walls and shaped ceiling to reflect cornice lighting. The ceiling has a cream ground, and gilded enrichments picked out with tones of brick-red and brown.

Bronze kneeling torso.
Sculptor: FRANK DOBSON.

Torso of a young woman in terra-cotta.
Sculptor: JOSÉ CLARÁ.

Female torso in Portland stone.
Sculptor: FRANK DOBSON.

SCULPTURE.

Torso—II.[1]

THE torso is at once the beginning of form, its content and its context. In the building-up of it, as I suggested last month, the artist can afford to ignore any consideration of function or application; of subject or allusion; his sole care is to produce an object of pure beauty.

* * *

In making his torso the artist is free to indulge his skill in line and outline and silhouette; free to manipulate as he will his masses, planes, and structure, for it is form divested of idea; form with no afterthought of application. In its essence it is a static essay; when it sets out to express an idea it is going beyond its true function. A torso is a trunk, a stump, a fragment, but I would not assume that the real torso is a truncated body; a part of something which has by accident or design been mutilated. The real torso is a creation in itself of the most dissociated character and unaffected and unalloyed intention. I would rather assume, if the torso is felt to be an incomplete and unsatisfying work of art, that it should be regarded as the basis for the addition of head and limbs in order to secure complete representation.

* * *

In the terra-cotta torso of a young woman by José Clará, the Catalan sculptor, there arises no question of accessories. To the lover of pure form the thing suggests itself as complete. This compactly modelled, frank, healthy piece of naturalism, with its simple lines and firm flesh structure, suggests finality.

* * *

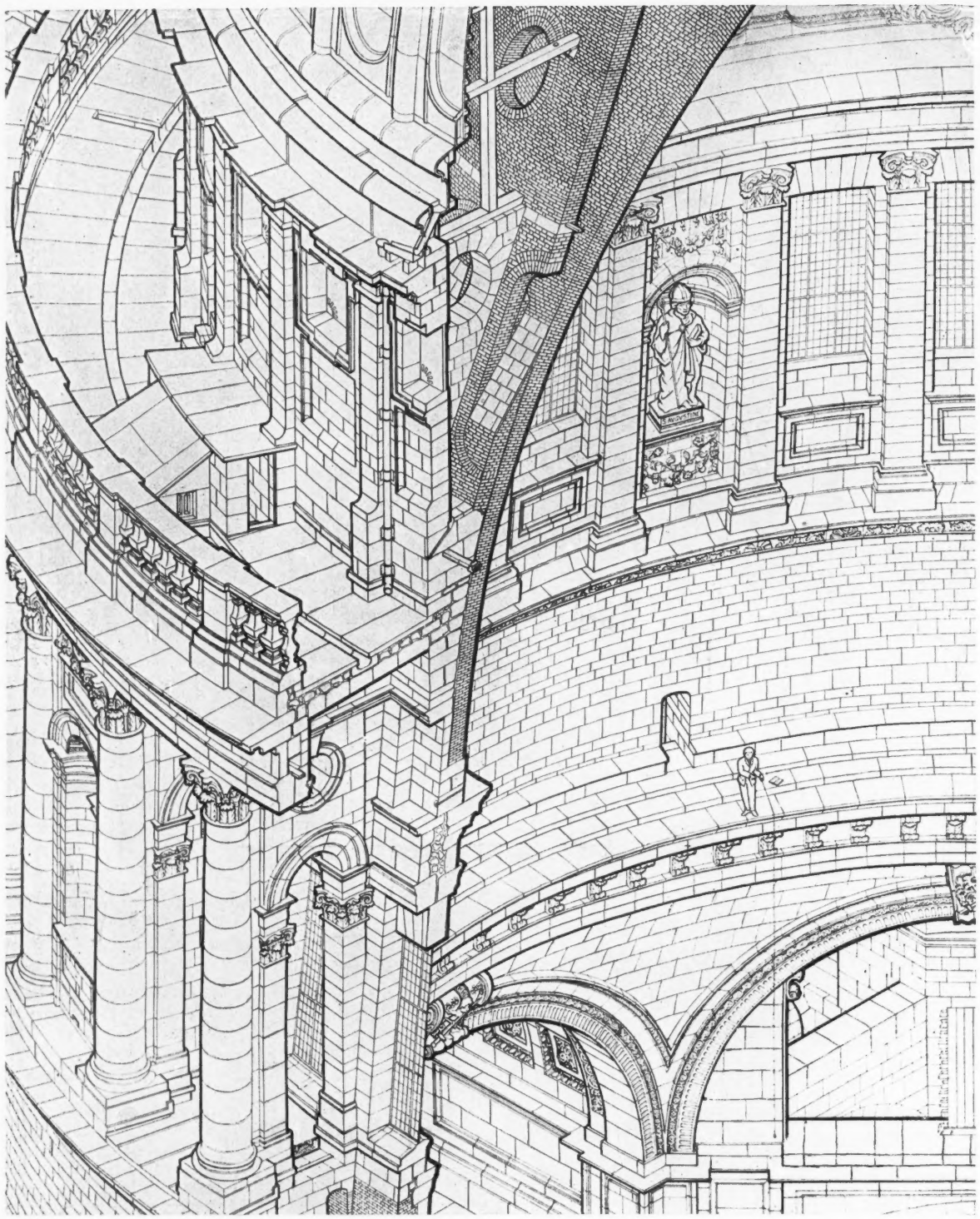
No one has done more research work in regard to the torso than Frank Dobson, and no one is more devoted to it. He has made a whole series of statuettes in terra-cotta for the purpose, and has added to them another series of torsos of which the most accomplished are complete works. The one carved in Portland stone is an example of the way in which Dobson carries to completion the torso form, with which he is obsessed. It is a finely conceived entity of suave lines and generous masses. There is also a kneeling torso of his in bronze, the trunk leaning forward, in which a not quite static pose is used to express the emergence of fleeting graces of form. Eric Gill's fine female torso on the large scale comes into the same category as Dobson's Portland stone work; but in Gill's case his torso was a statement, in Dobson's one often feels the statement is secondary to the research. Dobson is *par excellence* the sculptor who labours to free shape from matter and to build up form from observation with an ever-increasing fluency in technique.

* * *

The torso in itself is not a monumental form of sculpture, but the sheer power of certain artists gives the form monumentality. The torso is not an architectural form; it is not an architectural factor, yet it is the spiritual base of all architectural figure work. As an intellectual exercise, as a conceptual experiment, or as an exercise in mere glyptic or plastic, to the lover of either carved or modelled form it is one of the most engaging utterances in the whole realm of art.

MYRAS.

[1] An earlier note on this subject was published in the July issue of THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW.



A small portion of the amazing isometric projection of St. Paul's, by R. B. Brook-Greaves and W. Godfrey Allen, which has just been published by *The Architectural Press*. A miniature of the whole drawing is reproduced on p. 100, but the original is approximately 12 ft. by 8 ft., or five hundred times the size of the miniature. It has been reproduced after many difficulties at the feasible size of 4 ft. 2 in. by 3 ft. 1 in., and at the price of £1 10s. There is also an édition de luxe at £3 3s., signed personally by Mervyn Edmund Macartney, Surveyor to the Fabric. It is probable that no drawing of such magnitude or detail has ever been made before.

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH;

Eric Gill.

By Stanley Casson.

SPLITS.
From *Eric Gill.*

Eric Gill. By JOSEPH THORP. With a Critical Monograph by CHARLES MARRIOTT. Pp. 27. 38 plates. Large quarto. London: Jonathan Cape. Price 25s. net.

BOOKS that set out to describe the life and works of living artists not infrequently develop into one-sided monuments of hero-worship. Mr. Thorp has the modesty and moderation which are adequate to prevent such a disaster. Nor is he a professional critic: his style in consequence is simple, suitable, and comprehensible.

Mr. Charles Marriott, on the other hand, in five pages which are graced with the title of a "Critical Monograph," gives us five pages of jargon devoid of criticisms and packed with sententious truisms. Thus: "Nowadays it is generally understood that carving should not be more imitative of Nature than stone allows." Surely this is rubbish; if the sculptor carves his statue in such a realistic attitude that the limbs are too widely stretched (say in rapid action), the marble breaks and they fall off. The same applies if the work is formal and suffers from similar projections. There is no need to elaborate pontifical dogmas about what "is generally understood." It is simply a matter of common sense. You do exactly what your material permits you to do and you cannot do more. Why all this high talk? Again, he says: "It is not so much 'Nature' as substance that compels the plastic arts to be representational." I doubt if this means anything at all, but whatever meaning lurks behind these obscurantist words amounts to little or nothing worth saying.

It is with feelings of relief that I turn to the simple and informative remarks of Mr. Thorp, and with feelings of acute pleasure that I see the fine series of really superb collotype plates. Gill is one of the most interesting of modern sculptors, both for his failures and for his successes, and he has long deserved treatment on this scale. One suggestion only I should like to make to Mr. Thorp, and that is that it would have been useful to have been told the whereabouts of each of the pieces shown in the plates. Works of art, particularly sculpture, have an uncanny way of vanishing from sight for years, often for ever, once they have left the artist's hands, as anyone will find who tries to trace works dispersed even a few years ago from a collection.

Gill has astonishing merits, and not the least of these is in his powerful drawing. Two of his finest drawings (Pl. 34, a nude girl, and Pl. 36, the bust of a girl holding on by her arms to the trunk of a tree) are wisely chosen by Mr. Thorp. But Gill thinks always in two dimensions, except at very rare intervals of full plastic inspiration. *Mankind*, *The Golden Calf*, and the two versions of *Splits* (of which one was exhibited at Wembley) are almost his only works of sculpture which need not be classed in essence as reliefs. His long training in the carving of letters (which is but another of his many special aspects) has accustomed him to working on a flat surface, and so deeply accustomed him that he finds it very difficult to develop into the third dimension. But, as compensation, we can class him as almost the finest exponent living in any country of true relief carving, certainly better than Meštrović and far ahead of Bourdelle.

Always one sees in Gill's work a complete mastery of the subtleties of the human bodily surfaces (with him preferably female), so that even in a very small sculpture he can get all the nuances of a moving muscular surface, neither over-emphasizing the muscle nor making too evident the covering of flesh. Again, he never fails to see the possibilities for composition of the hair. *The Headdress* and that most lovely of all his reliefs, *Girl* (Pl. 22), make of the hair a perfect harmony of lines.

What is the most interesting for the student is what exactly went to form Gill's style. A glance at these plates will show how strong and individual a style it is and how completely dissociated from all foreign tendencies and developments. In fact, without analysing it, we are driven to the conclusion that Gill must be English in style simply

SPLITS.
From *Eric Gill.*

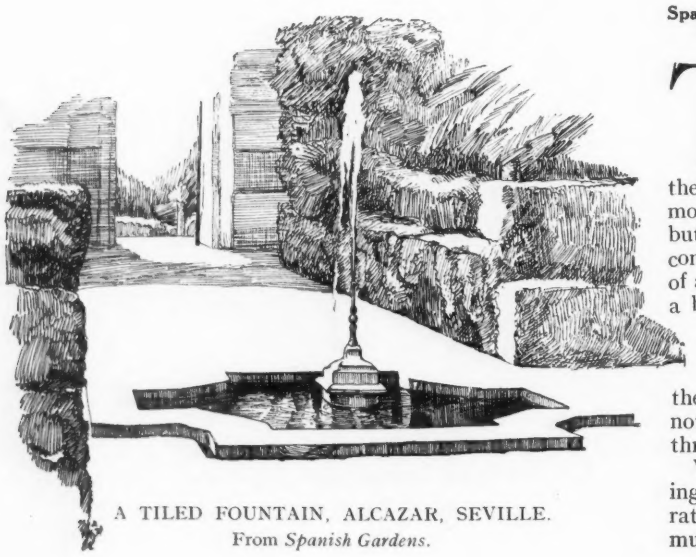
because he is so evidently nothing else. Actually, he reflects the simple style and types of Saxon and Romanesque sculpture, I think, unconsciously. In any case, he is no museum student who has worked eclectically and at last evolved a style from his antiquarian studies. He seems to me essentially to repeat a British style of sculpture that has emerged at intervals from Roman times, through Saxon times (where it was a British interpretation of the Byzantine), to the Middle Ages, where it flowered here and there but by no means everywhere. In Tudor times it flourished, as a glance at the finer Tudor tombs will show. But with the appearance of an alien and intrusive baroque that was, after all, in England a poor weed, since it was primarily the art of the Jesuits (and is still called the "Jesuitenstil"), the true British style was for the time being submerged. Now Gill, unknowing, has found it for us again. His *Stations of the Cross* at Westminster and his finer Bradford series are as British as could be imagined. They are what British Early Medieval art would have become if the influence of Italy had never penetrated and transformed it.

In another minor matter Gill is successful beyond expectation: that is, in the use of paint on stone. Here, too, he goes back to the Middle Ages and earlier. He knows exactly how to use paint, so as to emphasize the fine materials he uses.

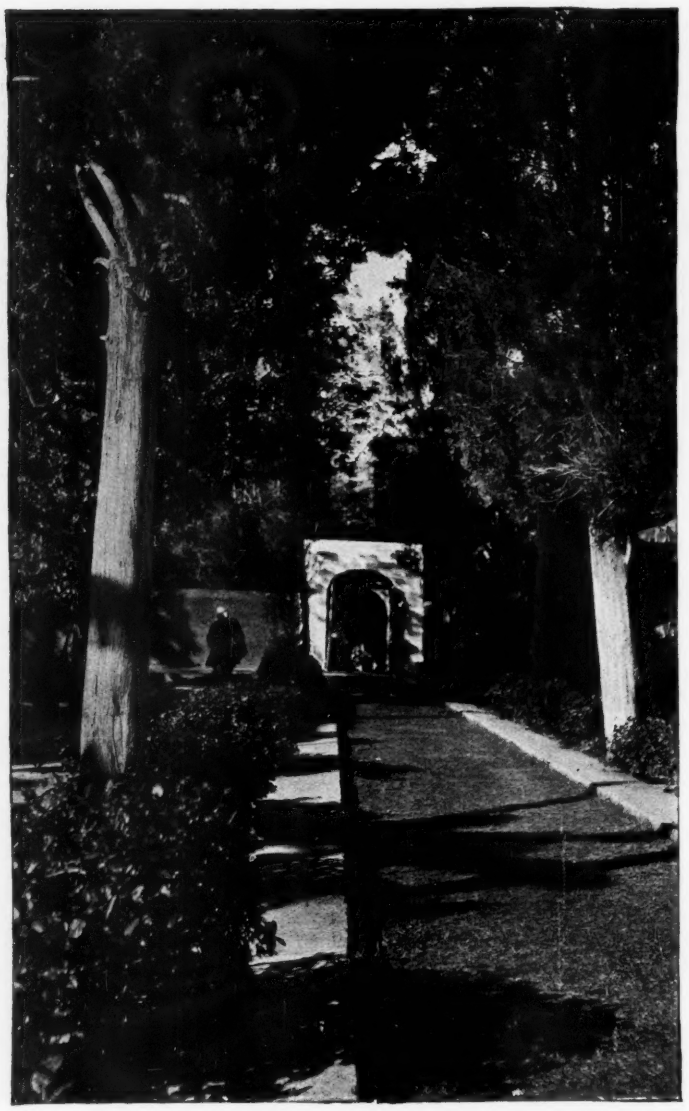
In only one matter that concerns the plates do I cavil with Mr. Thorp. In Plate I he has included a work which would wreck a reputation less solidly established than Gill's. Plate I shows the dreadful crucifix in the Tate Gallery, Gill's worst work, a work in which there is neither art nor meaning. Nor will Mr. Gill attempt to deny this; in fact he would, I think, welcome its destruction. I cannot understand why Mr. Thorp ever allowed the monstrosity into his book or why the Tate Gallery still tolerate it on their walls.

Eric Gill has, strangely enough, that rarest of qualities among sculptors, a sense of humour. Look at the *Golden Calf*, or at *Cupid*, or at *A Tumbler*. And the humour is not solely in his subject but also in his treatment of it.

Again I congratulate Mr. Thorp upon his account of Gill and on the superb plates.



A TILED FOUNTAIN, ALCAZAR, SEVILLE.
From *Spanish Gardens.*



NAWASHAHR BAGH, PUNJAB.
From *Spanish Gardens.*

The Gardens of Spain.

Spanish Gardens: Their History, Types, and Features. By C. M. VILLIERS-STUART. London: B. T. Batsford, Ltd. Price 25s. net.

TO anyone who had read Mrs. Villiers-Stuart's book, *Gardens of the Great Mughals*, it seemed almost inevitable that one on Spanish gardens would follow. The Eastern garden must have thrown too strong a web of romance to be lightly forgotten, and Spain is the one other country in the world where the spirit can for the moment be recaptured. Yet the Moorish gardens of Spain were but a shadow of those of the Mughals, with little of "the calm continuance, that one day should be like another, one life the echo of another life." It was impossible that so brilliant and delightful a book could be repeated. Although the gardens of Spain, as Mrs. Villiers-Stuart points out, gain in individuality owing to the country's varied history, they have none of that unity over a vast period of time. Because of this and the method of approaching the subject, *Spanish Gardens* is not sufficiently of one theme to grip and hold the imagination throughout.

With its easy, attractive writing, the book goes far in stimulating interest. It is the treatment that makes the book a means rather than an end to study. The gardens are considered not so much impersonally, as in the light of the impression they made

on the author's mind at the time. This gives them an artificial pictorial quality. Thus:—

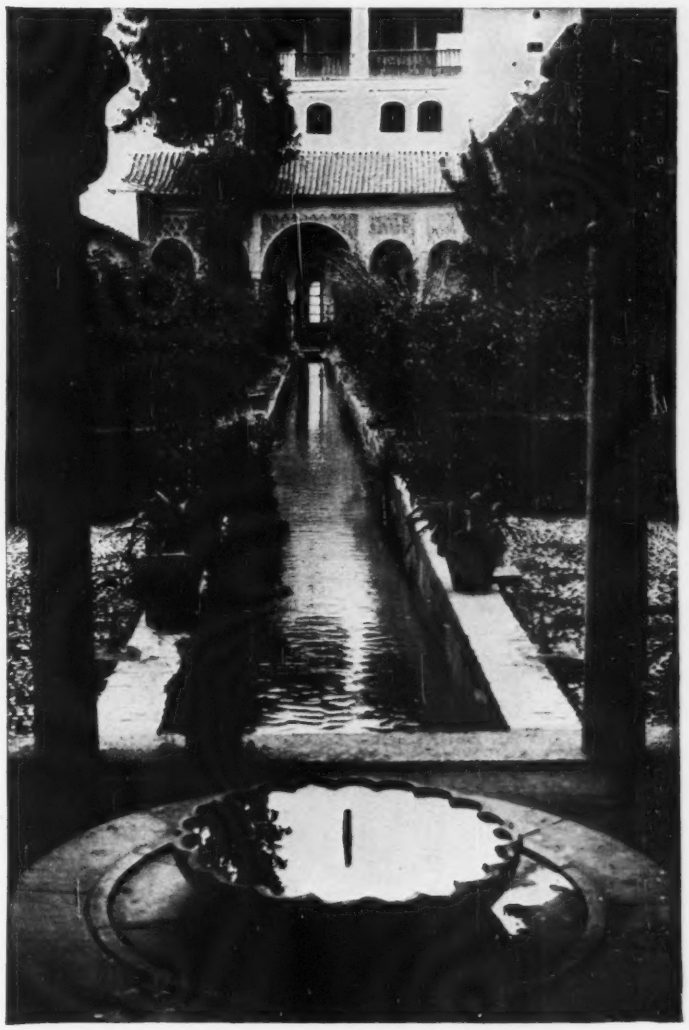
> Then I realized where we were, and what the immense building represented which had suddenly come into view, stretching from side to side across the ravine. This was the site of Medinat Az-Zahra, the wondrous palace of the Arab Khalif. The ominous peal of thunder seemed the actual voice of the Moslem holy man. . . .

The storm has coloured the author's whole view of the garden, and this fine but passing impression will likewise force itself upon every reader for all time, unless a new description comes to destroy the illusion. The illustrations, which are mainly composed of photographs, are not sufficient to give reality to these images.

Although this book, therefore, unlike its predecessor, is definitely not one for a serious architectural study, the interest it arouses is great. Many small gardens are described that must be comparatively unknown. The historical and psychological side has probably never been so carefully considered, and a charm lies in the fact that much of the description is outside the gardens. The reader enters the life of the country. The emphasis that house and garden, as in the East, are pronouncedly one, is brought home unconsciously by descriptions of interiors—a kitchen, a portrait, and so forth. As a production the book is good, though the excellent photographs are not shown to best advantage. Some watercolours are probably more in sympathy with the letterpress, while such plans as are included make one wish for more. *Spanish Gardens* is a curtain-raiser to a great subject.

G. A. Jellicoe.

THE CYPRESS STEPS, RAXA.
From *Spanish Gardens.*



GENERALIFE. THE LOTUS FOUNTAIN.
From *Spanish Gardens.*

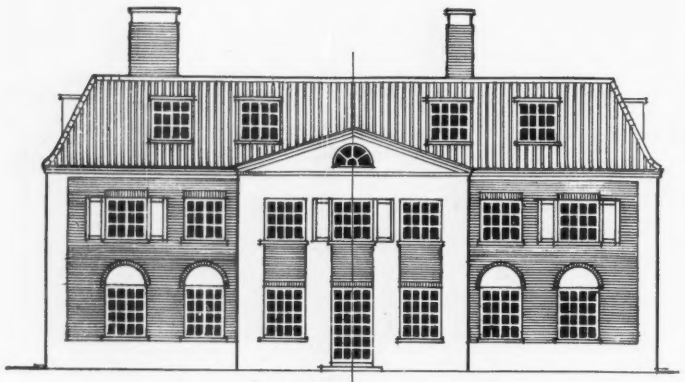
Modern Plywood.

Modern Plywood. By Shirley B. Wainwright. London: Ernest Benn, Limited. Price 10s. 6d. net.

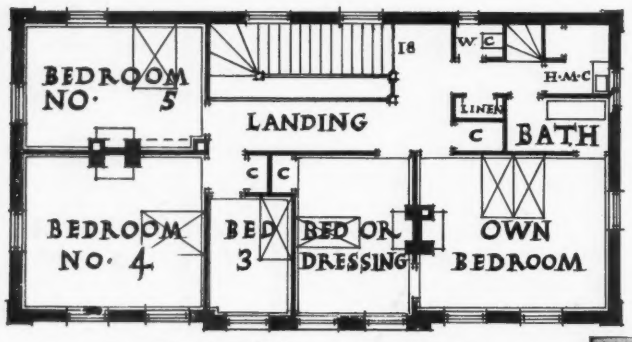
No one can deny that in the past the indiscriminate and tasteless employment of plywood by riverside bungalow constructors has produced a prejudicial effect upon what is really a valuable product possessing highly distinctive characteristics. The author very wisely points the moral by illustrating in Fig. 3 a typical instance of such misuse, and quite truly remarks that, if the arrangement and proportions of the panels had been adequately studied by a competent draughtsman, an entirely pleasing and legitimate result could have been produced.

Mr. Wainwright devotes eleven chapters to the development of his subject, and these are embellished and elucidated by numerous carefully drawn constructional details and twenty-five plates of photographic reproductions. Despite the author's modest assertion that his volume makes no claim to be exhaustive in its scope, I am unacquainted with a completer or more practical survey of the manufacture and uses of plywood.

Important as is the information which the author furnishes on the construction of the material, the average architect will probably find of more immediate and practical interest those chapters which deal with its application to building work. The suggestions offered for setting out and fixing the panels could not well be improved upon, as these are obviously the outcome of wide experience. Frederick Chatterton.



SOUTH·FRONT



FIRST FLOOR

CAVERSHAM PLACE.

Total cost £5,878.

Designed by Clough Williams-Ellis.

The English House, 1929.

Recent English Domestic Architecture, 1929. Edited by H. DE C. HASTINGS. London: The Architectural Press. Price 15s.

It is perhaps disconcerting to hear from the distinguished foreign exponent of an architecture we are prone to admire to veneration that we do nothing better than our own domestic architecture, which is itself unsurpassed by the work of any other country. It is held, and truly, that what we do with ease and spontaneity we do really well; and as our domestic architecture is as the overflowing of a deep, instinctive sense of the home, and not a striving after the expression of this and that theory or style, it is purely of ourselves, a thing without "kant" as Carlyle would say.

Time was when country houses might feebly imitate, at vain expense of pressed brick and Broseley tiles, the half-remembered glories of Elizabethan mansions. Those days are gone. No house, in this review of many houses, can have been built upon so loose and vulgar a conception. The sense of the past, if it were sadly lacking in the pseudo-Gothic vanities of the '80's, is replaced, rather than fortified, by a sense of materials, of good workmanship and true house building.

There are houses of many styles, if you must fix and date, but no mere period resuscitations. The architect today may draw his inspiration from the varied past that is about him as he lives, but he uses what enters through his senses to re-create in the best meaning of the word, adding to what he finds the peculiar essence of his own time.

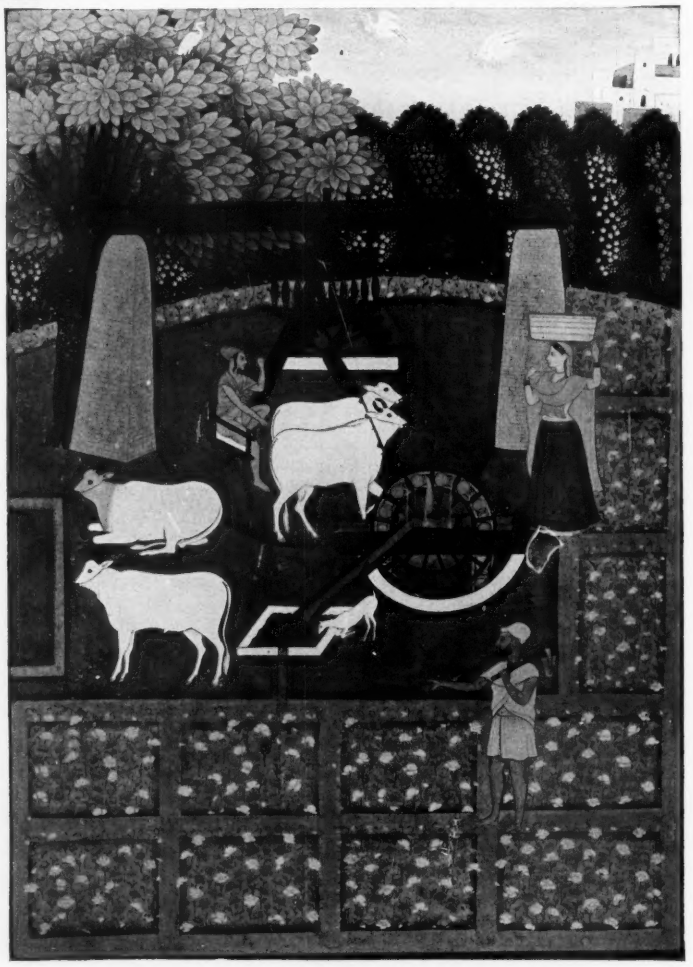
Thus it is that from this most comprehensive review of recent domestic architecture there emerges something that transcends the fashions of a decade of "architecting," and becomes a record and an intimate history of English building. The sense of locality is strong with us. Houses built in Gloucestershire, in Devon, far north in Ayrshire, in Essex, and along the coasts of the southern counties, each in its kind breathes the atmosphere of place and environment, accepting the governance of material and local manners over the exercise of individual expression, so that the range of styles which in the book are given a rough kind of chronological sequence, are, in point of fact, spread over the country, and serve to emphasize more the strength of locality than the whimsicality of personal preference.

It would be a dull sort of tradition that deprived us of all present identity, and if you will but examine some of the examples that appear towards the end of the book you will discover a something in their bearing that belongs to no style or is peculiar to any one place. May this not be the sign by which future generations will be able to say, "This is an early twentieth-century house"?

This book will be seen by others than architects. I hope it will be seen by those clients who, as part creators, are too seldom given their due.

Finally, let me praise the arrangement of the book: the photographs reinforced by plans; helpful notes to indicate the colour that a photograph just does not give, and the ever-useful cube price that makes all plans seem possible.

MAXWELL FRY.



IRRIGATING A GARDEN. KANGRA SCHOOL.
From *Spanish Gardens.*

"The Best talking film yet—and British"

—The Daily Mail.

BLACKMAIL.

Producing Firm

BRITISH INTERNATIONAL PICTURES, LTD.

Alice White	..	Miss Anny Ondra
Mrs. White	..	Miss Sara Allgood
Mr. White	..	Mr. Charles Paton
Frank Webber	..	Mr. John Longden
Tracy	..	Mr. Donald Calthrop
The Artist	..	Mr. Cyril Ritchard
Directed by	..	Mr. Alfred Hitchcock

BLACKMAIL, the most recent production of British International Pictures, is a remarkable contribution to the development of the talking and sound film. It has the additional distinction of being the first "full-length talking film" to be made in this country.

The use of synchronized speech and sound puts this film outside the scope of critical standards applicable to pure cinematic art, to the film whose effect is made solely through the medium of visual impressions. But *Blackmail*, unlike talking films of the past, is not merely a reproduction of something which could be better done by other means. This film develops a medium of expression less unique than the silent film, more closely approximating to the resources of the novel, but possessing attributes which are not possessed, or not possessed in a like degree, by either the novel or the silent film.

The art of telling a story, as distinct from the artless narrative of fact or incident, is dependent in a large measure on the relation of the manner to the matter. The bare facts of the story of this film are the unintentional murder of a young Chelsea artist by a tobacconist's daughter whom he had tried to seduce, and the subsequent blackmail of the girl and her fiancé by a loafer in possession of her glove.

From this essentially familiar basis the tragic theme is developed with a high degree of artistic skill. From its beginning to its end the film is filled with the insistent note of doom. The fears, the hopes, the suspense of the actors in the tragedy become, for the time being, our hopes, our fears, and our suspense. The dramatic intention of the film is fulfilled by its power to re-create experience, to make us, as it were, personal to these events.

But the point to which inquiry may be most profitably directed is the degree to which this dramatic fulfilment is assisted by the inclusion of synchronized sound and speech. We may say, without hesitation, that the synchronized sound and speech, as they are used in this film, have not only a definite value in drawing out the dramatic content of the film, but that they have become, in fact, integral to its structure.

* * *

The possibilities of employing the visual and aural image in an indirect relation have been discussed, on a previous occasion, in these columns. In *Blackmail* this indirect relation of sound and vision has been considerably employed. Its advantages are immediately apparent in the increase of range, the smoothness of the connection of scene with scene, and the facile management of the rhythmic sequence. Mr. Hitchcock has shown the same discernment in the selection of the aural image as we have learnt to expect from him in the choice of the visual image. Just as, in the silent film, only those images are depicted which have a significant bearing on the content of the film, so here, also, only those sounds are heard which have a definite part to play in the development of the tale or theme.

Sound and vision, in this film, have been blended into a single expressive medium. In certain directions the scope of cinematic art has been indubitably increased. But there are effects and impressions which can be achieved only through the medium of the silent film. The sound film and the silent film may exist side by side, since each is appropriate to its peculiar purpose. The standards of criticism by which the one is judged must be modified or altered for an assessment of the other.

MERCURIUS.

NOTE.—The film discussed in the last issue of THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW under the title of *The Wonderful Deception of Nina Petrovna* will be publicly shown with the abbreviated title of *The Wonderful Lie*.

Richard Sickert, Beltran-Massés, D. H. Lawrence, and Edward Wolfe.

WHEN Richard Sickert (he was *Walter* then) was at the Westminster School of Art, some of us went there to investigate his teaching. We were vastly entertained at the idea of his having a post under the London County Council, for at that time he was the very last kind of person one would have associated with municipal matters.

The method of his teaching involved putting everything into a drawing that occurred round and about the model, which often meant the inclusion of a dreary succession of the perpendicular pipes that made up the hot-water radiator, which had to be counted and put in just exactly as they were, and in exact relationship to the figure, which was, in a manner of speaking, of no more importance than the radiator.

* * *

To those of us whose method had consisted in seizing upon the main outlines of what we considered the most important, and only indicating or even leaving out parts which we thought of no significance, this system was exceedingly wearisome. But it came quite easily to those who knew no other method, and they were quickly able to do what looked like very efficient drawings.

In this system we were never allowed to anticipate the continuity of a line, but finished everything that came in its way as the pencil travelled across the paper. We were to draw by "background shapes."

We first used what he called a "tentative line," a term which almost explains itself: a faint outline with the pencil held loosely which explored the ground; then came "shading from light to shade in parallel straight lines"; and, finally, what he called a "definitive line," that is to say, a firm line which confirmed or corrected the previous tentative line.

* * *

We seldom used an indiarubber. "Be frank about your mistakes," he told us. So the tentative line remained in overlapping and enclosing the more powerful definitive line and giving the drawing character, movement, and interest.

One night every week he gave a demonstration lesson in painting, and we all crowded round him watching carefully and listening to his humorous comments as he worked. He never took himself too seriously, and, perhaps to render innocuous any criticism on our part, often laughed at himself.

He had a characteristic way of accepting the model in whatever position she might have lapsed, and altering his painting to conform to her changing attitudes. This rather shocked some of us who had been reared on more formal methods.

He used ordinary straw board of such an absorbent nature that it drank up all the oil from the paint as soon as it was applied. The paint was put on with a small brush (he had told us to get a gross of No. 1 brushes), and he scooped up the paint in little spades full and applied it in such a way that as he withdrew the brush the paint stood out in little sticky spikes.

I was reminded of all this when I visited the exhibition of Sickert's work at the Leicester Galleries the other day, and considered his practice with his precepts.

An understructure of drawing in Sickert's painting is always carefully prepared and preserved; and, although he allows the superadded paint to overflow this base, this is sometimes intentional and gives an illusion of movement, and is not allowed to interfere with or destroy the structure upon which it is placed. No matter how carelessly done a painting may appear to be, it always has underneath it this careful preparation, and even when not physically present, there can be detected in his thought an awareness of its necessity.

The portrait of Victor Lecourt (66) is decidedly the masterpiece; it was picked out for notice in these columns when it was shown at the Royal Academy a few years ago, and it looked even better here.

* * *

My chief impressions after a visit to the exhibition of paintings by Federico Beltran-Massés at the New Burlington Galleries were of pallid faces sometimes overcast with rather debased green shadows and sometimes not; and here and there stimulated by vivid dabs on the crimson lips of ladies of a rather too obvious naughtiness; of romantic posturings in gondolas under the stars; and shadowy forms waiting alluringly about landing-stages. Shadows, moonlight, starlight, and so-called romance are the chief ingredients of Massés' paintings.

However, one does not deny that this painter is technically well equipped to give sufficiently adequately the kind of things he has in mind.

* * *

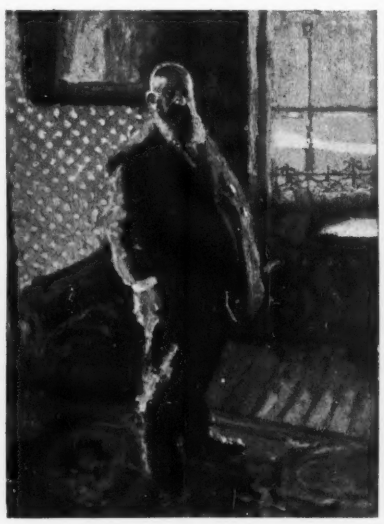
Visitors to the Warren Gallery trod on one another's heels in a scrambling effort to see the paintings by D. H. Lawrence. Whether it was their interest in painting as *painting* that produced this eagerness or because they were familiar with his work as a novelist it is perhaps difficult to say definitely; but on the whole it is fairly safe to say that the atmosphere was a literary rather than an art one.

Not being restricted by knowledge of the technical difficulties which beset the painter, Lawrence has no qualms about his ability to put down the same sort of things that he would write about. Until this little knowledge becomes dangerous, it is rather an advantage than otherwise, because it escapes the criticism that would be directed against a professional painter who did the same kind of thing. It is a very different thing to be naïve through inability to be otherwise, than to be naïve through having gone over all the ground of the painter's craft and then consciously to discard it and to put in its place naïve qualities which have been obtained through this process of elimination. The danger in his sort of work is that Lawrence begins at the end, and to go forward may entail the loss of that with which he began.

* * *

The exhibition of paintings and drawings by Edward Wolfe at the Cooling Galleries, New Bond Street, included studies made in Morocco. This young painter has a strong sense of colour (though it would be an advantage if he developed a little more subtlety), which he applies in broad patches, afterwards outlining with a fine brush those parts he wishes to define or emphasize. It seems apparent that Edward Wolfe is becoming a very interesting painter, and perhaps there may be an opportunity of dealing with his work more fully on some future occasion. At the moment I should merely like to hint that I do not honestly think this exhibition touches his high-water mark.

RAYMOND MCINTYRE.



VICTOR LECOURT.

LA PARISIENNE.

From oil paintings by W. Richard Sickert, A.R.A.

UNKNOWN WARRIOR.
From a painting
by
Edward Wolfe.

AUGUST *1929.*

Craftsmanship

The
Architectural
Review
Supplement

OVERLEAF: AT CLOSE RANGE.

THE LEGEND OF LACE.

The discussion in these pages of the necessity for getting English artists employed in the field of the decorative and industrial arts has made one thing clear at least, and that is how far other countries have forged ahead of us in securing a rapprochement between the artist and the manufacturer, design and the machine. Abroad the artist is to be found even amongst the lace-makers. This perfectly delightful piece, *The Legend of Lace*, was designed by Giulio Rosso, one of the most brilliant of the younger Italian painters, and made by girls at the workshops of Jesurum & Co. at Venice.

T CLOSE
RANGE.
E LEGEND
OF LACE.
escription of
work is given

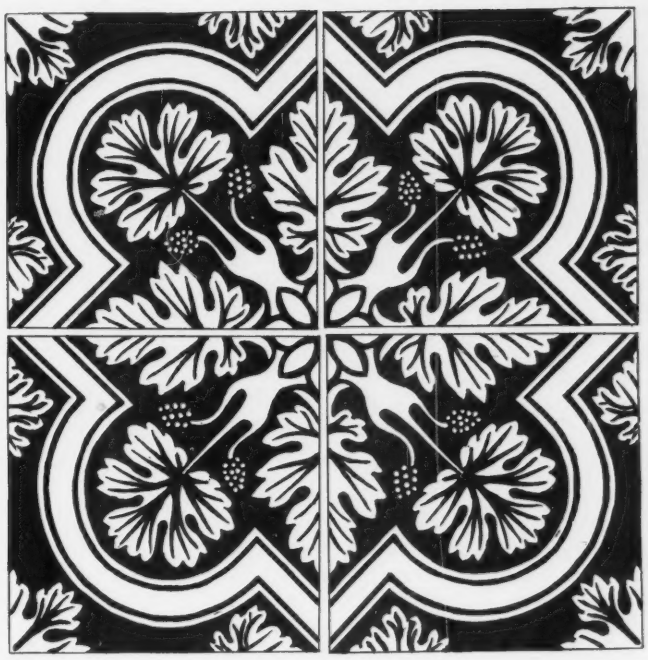


FIG. I

FIG. II.

The Symbol of the Vine.

By Arthur Ponsonby, M.P.

COMPARATIVELY little remains today of the beautiful pavements with which the monastic churches of the Middle Ages were embellished. Tile-making was exclusively a monastic industry. It flourished in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, continued for repairs and additions in the fifteenth and early sixteenth centuries, and ceased with the dissolution of the monasteries. Where clay was handy the abbey or priory had its own kiln, but only about a dozen of these have been discovered. Some excelled in the manufacture of floor tiles and supplied other houses. The intercourse between the fraternities, so far as tiles were concerned, can be traced even today by the discovery of tiles of identical pattern and make in places very widely separated. The tiles were stamped with a wooden die while the clay was soft; a white pipe clay or slip was inserted into the sunk pattern and the tile was then glazed and fired. This was the most common method, although patterns in relief without slip are also found.

While the designs showed by their variety and elaboration considerable skill in invention, the special beauty of medieval pavements was derived from the absence of machinery and the rude execution of the work by hand. The free-hand designer and the carver of the die were not hampered by any regard for mechanical accuracy, and imperfections of line and colour greatly enhanced in general effect the beauty of the pavements.

It would seem that tiles were sometimes supplied in large quantities; sometimes the stamp was lent to other houses, or again, on occasions, an experienced band of tilers may have moved elsewhere, bringing their stamps and tools with them. Evidence can be found of all these methods of distributing tiles; nevertheless, there are puzzling problems which make any accurate knowledge of the exact method adopted still beyond our reach.

Heraldic tiles were very popular, but while the presence of a particular coat of arms in one place may be easily explained, its discovery in quite a different locality can only mean that the beauty of the design was appreciated apart from its significance. Beasts, sacred emblems, figures in costume, faces, satirical subjects and an infinite variety of geometrical, floriated, and foliated patterns were the subject of tile designs. Tile letters for inscriptions may be regarded as the forerunners of movable type.

Methods of manufacture varied, and in a good many cases distinguishing marks may be found on the backs of tiles which are a very useful indication of their provenance. For instance, depressions made sometimes with a finger or sometimes scooped out with a knife were a common practice in some localities as an expedient to hasten the drying of the clay and to assist the fixing of the tile in soft mortar or sand.

Although very little literature on the subject of this monastic industry exists beyond papers in local archæological societies' collections, the ramifications of the subject are almost endless, and recent discoveries of kilns and bits of pavement may lead to a more thorough examination of what may be regarded as a lost art.

In addition to identical patterns, copies and adaptations may be found of some design which attracted attention. The Virgin's emblem, the fleur-de-lis, is, of course, very common and may be seen all over the country in endless varieties. But here an instance of adaptation will be given which is interesting as an illustration of the sort of small link of connection between tile-wrights in different localities and at different dates, which has to be taken into account in any careful study of the subject.

The vine was a sacred emblem ("I am the true vine." John xv, 1). In the seven instances shown in the illustrations it will be seen that the designers, while not actually copying, had undoubtedly come across one or other of the tiles before making their own.

It should first of all be noted that while there are considerable differences in detail, the convention of the vine in general design persists through them all. Each one is a quarter of a set of four which forms the complete pattern, and in each one the semi-circular canopy appears, which makes a very effective frame for the complete design. In a search through many hundreds of tiles and tile drawings the canopy has only been found in one or two other instances. No vine tile has been discovered without it in England, although there are several examples in France.

Fig. I is the earliest, and may be regarded as the origin of all the others. It comes from the Benedictine Abbey of Chertsey.

Fragments of it exist in the British Museum store; a complete specimen is in the Cowdray Museum, and one was discovered at Newark Abbey (Surrey). The famous Chertsey pavement of the Tristram story was unearthed between 1853 and 1861, and in 1922 the kiln was discovered, proving that the tiles were made on the spot. In addition to the large circular tiles, which depict episodes in the Tristram story, there were a number of decorative tiles for borders and smaller pavements. This pavement was the work of highly skilled artists and is considered to date from 1260 to 1270.

Fig. II comes from the Premonstratension Abbey of Halesowen. In 1870, fragments of a precisely similar pavement to that of Chertsey were discovered at Halesowen. The connection between the two houses has, so far, not been discovered. They were not even of the same order. There can be no question that the tiles could not have been sent such a long distance by road, and that, therefore, the tile-wright with his stamps would seem to have migrated to Halesowen. An inscription shows the pavement to be the work of Abbot Nicholas, who died in 1298. The Halesowen vine is a variation of the Chertsey vine with four bunches of grapes; not so graceful or successful, but, nevertheless, the work of a skilful artist, perhaps the same designer.

Figs. III and IV come from a Hampshire kiln which, so far, has not been located. The Chertsey influence made itself felt, and although the main large designs have not been discovered anywhere in the neighbourhood, some of the smaller decorative tiles came to be distributed and were copied and adapted by tile-wrights in the smaller houses. The fleur-de-lis was copied, and here we have a Hampshire version of the Chertsey vine, simplified, but treated in a similar way. Fig. III evidently became very popular. Specimens of it have been found in Hampshire and Sussex, Winchester Cathedral, St. Cross, Durford Abbey, Titchfield Abbey, Netley Abbey, Selborne Priory, and Shulbrede Priory. Fig. IV, with a more elaborate canopy, may have been struck as a variety to meet the large demand. But of this one, fragments have only been found at Durford Abbey and Shulbrede Priory.

Fig. V comes from Shulbrede Priory, Sussex, where it was made in the local kiln, discovered in 1928. The tile is much larger, 7 to 8 in., whereas the others are 5 to 6 in. It would appear also to be of a later date, probably fifteenth century, when tiles seem to have been made for parts of the domestic buildings. Adaptations of other tile patterns have also been found. The designer clearly had specimens of Fig. III before him. He did not trust himself to any elaboration or detail of leaf, but kept to a broad, rough outline. He had compasses for his canopy, but the absence of any symmetry or balance shows he knew nothing about tracing and probably used no paper for drawing, but drew free-hand on his wooden block before he began carving. A large number of fragments were found in the kiln, some specimens also on a floor, all of very rough workmanship, many only stamped and not filled with slip.

Fig. VI, found in the old House of Lords (a specimen is in the London Museum), came originally from St. Stephen's College and belongs to the same class as most of the Westminster Abbey tiles. They were not made on the spot, but may have come from the kiln discovered in 1869 in Farringdon Street, which served a number of Abbeys in the London area. It may be of late thirteenth of early fourteenth century date. Retaining the canopy, the highly skilled artist has gracefully elaborated the vine

FIG. V.

leaves and the stems which are ingeniously interlaced. But maliciously he has put the devil's head below, in a very prominent position. This is an instance of monkish satire. Perhaps he received a reprimand! Apart from accounts for the purchase of tiles, the only documentary reference to tiles, curiously enough, concerns this point.

The Abbot of the Cistercian Abbey of Beaubec in Normandy was reprimanded in 1210 in the following terms:—

> Let the Abbot of Beaubec who has for a long time allowed his monks to construct for persons who do not belong to the order, pavements which exhibit levity and curiosity, be in slight penance for three days, the last of them on bread and water. And let the monk be recalled before the feast of All Saints and never again [illegible] exception to persons of our order with whom let him not presume to construct pavements which do not extend the dignity of the order.

Fig. VI exhibits more than "levity and curiosity"; it might be called mocking or [illegible]verence. There is a worn specimen of this tile in the [illegible]l Museum, coming from Titsey near Tanridge Priory, [illegible]es not appear to be identical.

Yet another version, Fig. VII, may be seen in the British Museum on a tile from Stone (Bucks). This tile resembles in general design Fig. VI, but a fleur-de-lis takes the place of the devil's head. The leaves in no way resemble vine leaves. On the top are three small oak leaves, and on either side, large, strongly veined leaves, resembling beech leaves. Were it not for the canopy and grapes and the similarity to Fig. VI in the twisted stems, it might be taken for a different foliated design. This tile may have been adapted from yet another (or *vice versa*) which is illustrated in Owen Jones's *Grammar of Ornament* (1856). The latter also has a fleur-de-lis encircled by the stems, but the provenance of the tile is not stated. No doubt more examples might be produced by further research.

The tile-wrights, who were expert craftsmen, in all probability were organized into guilds in communication with one another, and, except in the poorer houses, were not monks or canons, but devoted themselves exclusively to the work of tile-making under the supervision and authority of the abbeys and priories.

FIG. VI.

FIG. VII.

FIG. III.

FIG. IV.

OLAMBRILLA. A modern Spanish tile used at intervals in a red-tiled pavement. Enlarged from original size (7 × 7 cm.). The colours are light cornflower blue on a cream ground.

Designers and Craftsmen:
MENSAQUE RODRIGUEZ.

A *Craftsman's* Portfolio:

XXXIX—Tiles *(continued)*.

OLAMBRILLAS. Two modern Spanish tiles. The design of each is wine-purple on a cream ground.

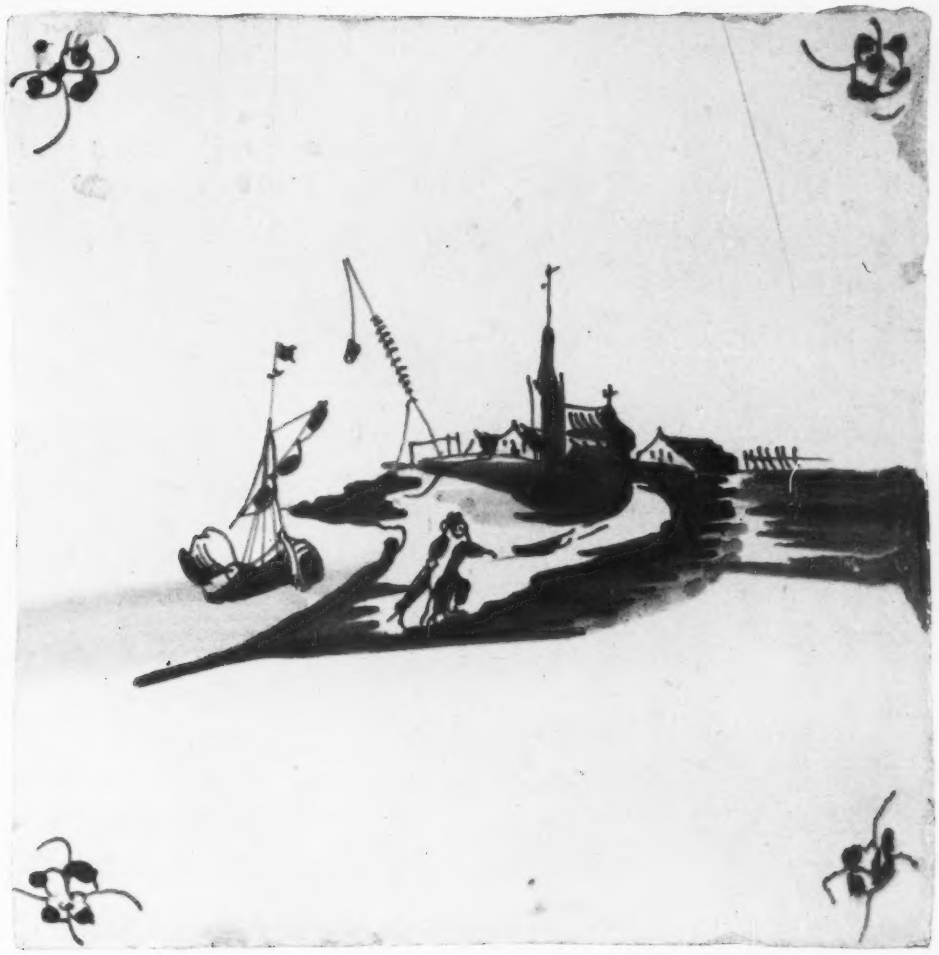
Designers and Craftsmen:
MENSAQUE RODRIGUEZ.

ROCKING HORSE. One of a set of six nursery subjects. The horse is bright yellow with a red saddle, its mane and tail are black, and it stands on bright green rockers. The sky is painted red and the ground yellow. The corner ornaments are in delft blue lined with lilac.

Designer : DORA M. BATTY.
Craftsmen : CARTERS.

NOAH'S ARK. One of a set of six hand-painted tiles of nursery subjects. The clouds are black, lined with bright yellow. The ark is bright green with blue and lilac decoration and a green and white roof. The fish are outlined in black, and the water is blue and yellow.

Designer : DORA M. BATTY.
Craftsmen : CARTERS.



An old *DUTCH* tile, dating from the early eighteenth century, made by the Blastic process. It is white with the design in a rich blue. It is one of a collection of old Dutch tiles in the possession of Martin van Straaten and Company.

WOODEN SOLDIERS. A hand-painted tile from a set of six nursery subjects. The figures are dark blue and lilac colour, the gun being yellow with a black bayonet.

Designer : DORA M. BATTY.

Craftsmen : CARTERS.

PUNTING. A hand-painted tile from a set of six sporting subjects. The ground is of a soft cream colour, the circle, sunshade, and clouds are in bright yellow, the background and trees are in dark green, and the water is blue. The figures are blue and red respectively in a red punt.

Designer : EDWARD BAWDEN.

Craftsmen : CARTERS.

A relief tile made of concrete, glazed in buss, and shaded with pale green.

Designers and Craftsmen :
THE GENERAL TILE COMPANY.

An eighteenth-century *DUTCH* tile, forming one of a collection taken from fireplaces in old Dutch houses prior to their demolition, in the possession of Martin van Straaten and Company.

Colour content and surface texture of Portland cement plaster renderings may add to or detract from the beauty of the architect's design to a greater extent than was the case a score of years ago. Twenty-five years of experience lies behind such work as that illustrated on this page. For twenty-five years the makers of "Atlas White" Portland cement—universally accorded the premier position in the cement world—have carefully watched and studiously recorded the results obtainable by the use of "Atlas White" stucco. It is no idle boast that "Atlas White" has become the standard by which all other makes are measured. Gradual elimination of all variation, eventual consistency in its pure whiteness, a constant and never-failing degree of strength and quality—all were earned by long years of work and experience. The high character of so dependable a material merits methods of application of equal grade. Simple and sound specifications ensure against careless or thoughtless operation. A copy of "Atlas White Stucco Specifications," issued to the contractor for his general guidance, has been found by many architects to be of value. Write to me for a post-free copy.

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

Frederick Coleman

ONE of the great discoveries of the nineteenth century was that art, the whole process of expression, is not a luxury, but a necessity. It was made by Ruskin and Morris in their search for something which they felt to be lacking in the life of their time. They had become conscious of the fact, not merely that pictures or sculpture then were inferior to the pictures and sculpture of the Renaissance, but that civilized mankind were losing the power of expressing themselves in all that they did and made. Neither of these great men was a philosopher ; but they felt the absence of expression, and the pretences of it, as positive ugliness ; and they saw that ugliness was not merely the lack of a luxury which a few connoisseurs had enjoyed in the past, but the symptom of a deep failure and perversity in the spirit of man. They were already prophetically troubled by that banality which now is troubling us all ; Morris, indeed, foretold that it would be cumulative and must end in some great disaster. Art, he said, is the expression of the workman's pleasure in his work; and, if that pleasure is denied to him, sooner or later he will in some way and perhaps blindly take his revenge. We can now, perhaps, express his foreboding more precisely in psychological terms. Mankind, we can say, are committed to the process of expression, of differentiation. They cannot, for the sake of immediate power or comfort, reverse the process and try to be a herd or an army, without suffering quick spiritual and then material disaster through the suppression of desires which have become part of themselves and the very reason why they wish to live. Individuals may not know why they are ill at ease, or what desire of theirs is unsatisfied, but the desire remains, and, being suppressed, produces conduct which they do not understand, rages against they know not what, blind activities that only increase their causes, mental disorder that becomes endemic and collective.

THE NECESSITY OF ART.
ART AND THE ESCAPE FROM BANALITY.

By A. Clutton Brock.

Causerie.

STORE, BUYER, MAKER.

The articles published recently in the REVIEW on the need for getting living English artists' work in the field of decoration —work which could be provided on a grand scale by the great stores like Harrods and Whiteleys, and the furnishing houses like Warings, if they would use their influence to encourage the artist to produce designs and the manufacturer to reproduce them—have shown how vicious is the circle in which the three parties, artist, retailer, manufacturer, move. The artist cannot design unless commissioned so to do by the manufacturer, who is not in a position to reproduce the artist's work unless the trade buyer will buy it; who, in his turn, cannot buy what the manufacturer has not made. The letters which follow these notes do nothing to solve the problem. They merely show that the managers of our big furnishing concerns are excellent men who are entirely in sympathy with all that has been written on this subject in the REVIEW. Yet, although presumably they have a measure of control, they appear to be powerless to move hand or foot to break the spell.

* * *

The spell is very simply broken. It needs one man with the influence of a name—one man like Lord Waring or Mr. Selfridge, or Sir Woodman Burbidge—to issue one order, and a revolution in the arts of interior decoration will have begun. "Jacobean" is dead; "Queen Anne" is on its last legs. As to what is to follow, the wholesalers and retailers are vaguely regarding the heavens for a sign. Have they not eyes to see the sign which has been vouchsafed to them in the shape of the modern movement?

* * *

It is true that if the retailers took up the modern movement as a stunt, that would in all probability be the end of the modern movement, for vulgarization would kill it. But it could never, in the first place, work as a stunt. Not the wildest of dreamers would maintain that the great British public is going to "go modern" next month or next year. What any intelligent person can see is that the modern movement is creeping—sneaking—in; that there is already an intelligent public which prefers good modern work to fake antiques; that this intelligent public would grow to serious proportions if there was *one place in London* where it could buy—not the scintillations of the French or German artists with whose crude brilliance no Englishman is in sympathy—but curtains, carpets, pottery, chair-covers, furniture, glass, designed by first-rate English artists and purchaseable at a reasonable price. To make the price reasonable—to get the thing started at all—the help is required of a big firm with the power and influence of a great name.

* * *

If some of the big firms in the world of decoration would collaborate; if, as a start, they would take the offensive and guarantee to buy certain selected designs by certain selected artists, and force the manufacturers to make them, then things would begin to move. This may be too much to hope for. But is it too much to hope that *one* of our big men will at least go seriously into the question? If he did, we believe he would find that in bringing the English artists into the field of decoration he would be opening a totally new and very profitable avenue of enterprise.

* * *

To the Editor of THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW

A letter from the Merchandise Manager of Whiteleys.

SIR,—I have read with considerable interest, and no little sympathy, the article by Mr. R. Gordon Stark in your issue for July this year.

The point which he raises is no new thing; it is one which has been exercising the minds of those in control of our big stores for the past few years.

Boiling it down, it seems that Mr. Stark feels that the buyers of our big stores are very mediocre people, and that they are sadly out of touch with modern trends in furnishing and decorating generally. He suggests that they are out of touch with their public, and are unaware of the growing desire of a certain section of the public for new things. In short, they are relying too much upon the, perhaps doubtful, creative abilit, of the manufacturers.

It is not my intention to contradict Mr. Stark, but perhaps to give him some idea of the problem from our point of view.

The natural function of a department store is to provide merchandise for the majority of people. The people whom Mr. Stark has in mind are not in the majority, but are, unfortunately, a small minority. Whilst it might be a very laudable thing for our big stores to direct their efforts in the direction of educating the majority up to the tastes of the minority, it occurs to me that their efforts would be decidedly unprofitable.

We have, in this store, made very definite efforts to follow modern sympathies in furniture and decorating, but it is only possible for us to do this within the restricted limits of the potential business to be done in this type of merchandise.

Mr. Stark's remarks concerning the desire of the buyer to maintain volume at the expense of everything else is a perfectly fair criticism, but what would Mr. Stark suggest in its place? A big store has to do a certain minimum volume before it can begin to pay its overhead expenses, and it does not begin to make a net profit to provide its shareholders with dividends until this minimum volume has been passed. Consequently, it is no matter for surprise that the buyer or departmental manager is mainly concerned with volume. The

proverbial conservatism of the English manufacturer needs no emphasis from Mr. Stark, because we, who are continually dealing with these gentlemen, are much better acquainted with it than he can be.

What I would like to emphasize, however, is that in urging a greater degree of artistic knowledge in department store buyers, Mr. Stark is knocking at an open door, because we ourselves are only too anxious for this to come about. We know from experience that a buyer who is able to give the factory his own ideas, instead of buying in a mechanical manner the articles which are submitted to him, has a far better chance of being successful than a buyer who has not this ability. People having such potentialities are in every possible way encouraged by big stores to develop their particular gifts.

In short, the position is that the stores are in business to justify their existence to their shareholders, and not to provide a training ground, with its attendant serious risks, for young artists who think they have some ability to enter the furnishing business.

The average store buyer may, in Mr. Stark's view, be a very ordinary sort of individual—he may not know enough about the modern trends as evolved in Berlin and Paris, but I want to emphasize one thing to Mr. Stark. To hold his job under modern conditions of competition, the buyer has got to be a very intelligent person. He has got to have a knowledge of finance, of psychology, of economics, and many other things which are, under present conditions, more important than the attributes which Mr. Stark appears to emphasize. If these qualities could, in all cases, be combined with better taste we would be only too delighted.

Mr. Stark has been very emphatic, but the emphasis has been unnecessary, because we are only too delighted to meet him in so far as we are able.

Yours faithfully,

H. CHOWINS,

Merchandise Manager, *Wm. Whiteley, Ltd.*

* * *

To the Editor of THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW.

A letter from the General Sales Manager of Waring and Gillow.

SIR,—Lately returned from a prolonged stay in Canada and the States, where so much more has been accomplished towards establishing the modern movement—thanks mainly to the large stores—Mr. R. Gordon Stark's remarks have tempted me to make a few comments. That many British stores would do well to copy their American cousins and Continental neighbours in appointing art directors is an idea worthy of adoption. For such persons to be wholly successful, it is vitally necessary they should have more than a rudimentary knowledge of and respect for store principles and business methods. Lamentable instances of dismal failure are on record where an educated knowledge of art only has been the sole qualification.

Unfortunately it is true that there are many buyers utterly devoid of culture and refinement or sympathy with the urge of creative progress. To more than balance matters, however, there exist in the stores buyers enthusiastic, artistically sound, with fresh outlook and a keen desire to develop all that is worth while, and whose business it is to search worldwide for new ideas.

Much of the merchandise with claims to beauty and form shown today in the world markets owes as much to the courage, enterprise, and sympathetic encouragement of the stores and their buyers as it does to the artist. During the last twenty years much has been accomplished in providing fabrics, furniture, and decorative accessories which in form and artistic merit have equalled anything worthy of the word beautiful ever made. These efforts in face of what existed in the hideous Victorian era, or the ridiculous efforts of those artists responsible for l'Art Nouveau period, are the more praiseworthy inasmuch that it was entirely owing to the effort of the stores, their buyers, and the manufacturers.

Unfortunately, those who throw themselves into creative art are generally absorbed by their ideals and are prone to be drugged with the joys of creative power to the total exclusion of sympathy with the efforts and difficulties of the commercial world, or the wants and desires of the much abused public.

Time after time encouragement to individual artists has ended in mutual disappointment because of the failure to grasp the problem of customer and merchant with that understanding necessary to successful liaison.

To deal fairly with the question it seems requisite that consideration should be given to circumstances which, although acknowledged and well known to exist, are not generally conceded to have a bearing on the reasons why fresh creative effort today finds such a difficulty in obtaining a "place in the sun."

The artist-craftsman cannot afford to ignore as unworthy of study and consideration the views of the public. The seemingly unresponsive and discouraging attitude of mind displayed by the masses is not to be wondered at when one recalls that association and sentiment weigh very strongly in their mental make-up; with the British race, the herd instinct is very strong. It is only in rare instances that education provides them with a mental measuring scale to adequately appreciate the arts.

A public that lacks the true sense of citizenship, is devoid of a comprehension of Empire, that is so apathetic that DORA still lives, that countenances the exhibition of food exposed to every filth that blows from the open street—is it not extremely encouraging and rather wonderful that, in spite of such things, understanding is growing, good taste and undoubted desire for beautiful things do exist, and in no small measure the power of appreciation.

These same people, however, are not ready to be rushed headlong on a flood tide of new forms that will strip them of treasured and, until now, highly prized and sincerely admired traditional work. Those of them whose attention has been aroused by modern movement generally ask:

Why adopt form and detail for furniture that is more fitted to stone?

Why have things devoid of comfort?

Why aggressive angles? and

Why complete absence of plastic line and rhythmic beauty?

Such queries are natural and valuable—certainly they indicate that much has yet to be accomplished before modern furniture, decoration, and decorative accessories are available in clearly related form closely attuned to the circumstances imposed by present-day modes of living.

It is easy to sympathize with the professional artist surfeited by the almost threadbare ritual associated with taking down the sets of jig-saw puzzles labelled "orders," "period," and proceeding with tongue in cheek to "arrange" as the occasion demands.

Those same overworked jig-saws, however, represent in their varied genre complete readable styles—accomplished when time, judged by present-day standards, almost stood still.

Artists, manufacturers, and buyers have yet to get together—yet to swiftly introduce definitely related and agreed principles along which rapidly and successfully to develop a contemporary style.

It must be remembered that even perfect reproductions in all types of merchandise embracing most periods have been within the purchasing power of the few until only a few years ago. In fact, not until Lord Waring showed the way and led the stores in their endeavours to sweep away the ugly, meretricious abominations which at one time formed the only merchandise available at prices the majority could afford, and to substitute merchandise founded on acknowledged standards of beauty, was there the means for the general public to appreciate the beauty of the period styles or of acquiring the knowledge of what they represent.

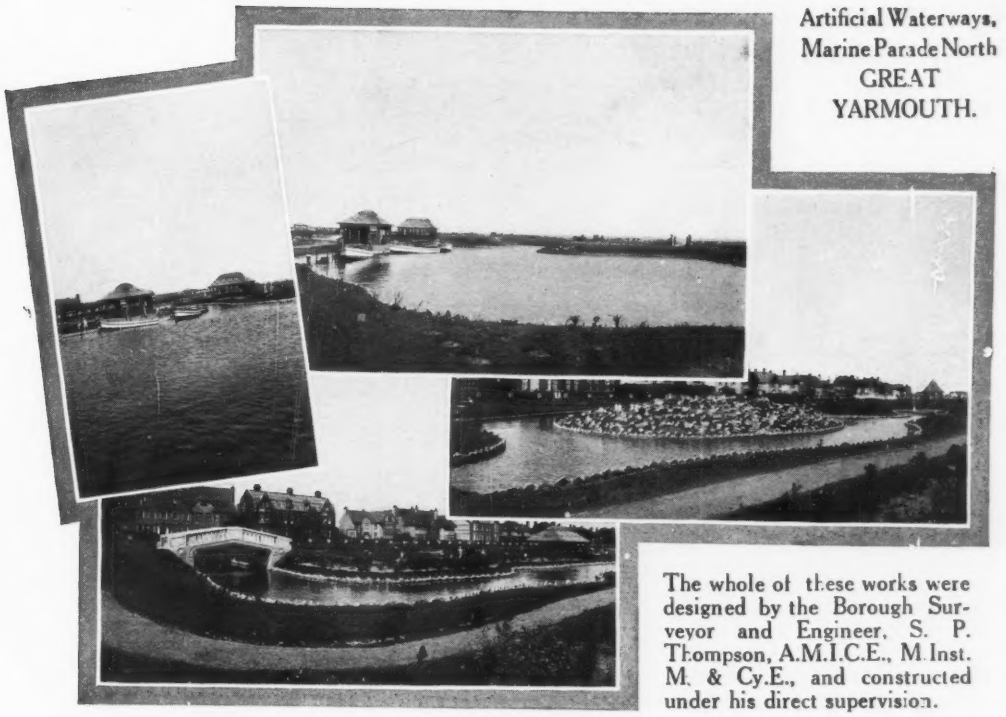
Developed gradually with sympathetic study of the requirements of the masses, there need be no fear that the individualist will be able to give free rein to his ideals, nor that he will find a market willing and able to buy all he can create.

Perhaps it would be as well to relate here exactly what has happened regarding the modern movement in the States, the country one would imagine that would more quickly respond than any other, possessing as it does, a public that is ever ready to adopt new things with avidity.

The fact is, however, that in spite of liberal Press support, in spite of all the principal stores giving lavish displays over a period of five years, expositions staged without stint, all the effort put out necessary to make them successful in every way—in the words of one manufacturer who had gone whole-heartedly into the movement, "the whole thing is at present one huge flop." It is not to be inferred that the movement is dead—far from it—but it is realized that hurried, breathless progress must give way to a carefully and scientifically developed plan of penetration, which takes time. One firm in New York has spent over £150,000 during the last twelve months on furthering along the endeavours of these individual artist-craftsmen, and many other stores throughout the States have spent not far short in like sums, and they are all still looking for signs of a monetary return.

Manufacturers and buyers have to admit that the bulk of the American public, whether newly settled with strong European associations or purely of American descent, strongly, and in no unmistakable manner, prefer the traditional styles that are at present apparently "the thing" to despise here.

The writer was at this year's Furniture Fair in Grand Rapids and, astonishing as it may seem, the majority of the producers of the highest grade furniture assured him that they had been forced to cut down their programmes of work which were to have been devoted towards the development of modern furniture, and that during the previous two years they had occasion to scrap in no uncertain manner nondescript designs which they had worked on for years, as representing true American taste, and that all their



Artificial Waterways,
Marine Parade North
GREAT
YARMOUTH.

The whole of these works were designed by the Borough Surveyor and Engineer, S. P. Thompson, A.M.I.C.E., M.Inst. M. & Cy.E., and constructed under his direct supervision.

ARTIFICIAL RIVERS & LAKES

LITTLE more than a year ago, the site of these ornamental gardens was a desolate stretch of beach. The sides and bottoms of the artificial lakes and rivers are formed of concrete made with shingle taken from the beach, and are waterproofed with a rendering of sand and cement mixed with 'PUDLO' Brand waterproofing powder. The adoption of this method of waterproofing is the best testimony that could be given to the success that followed the use of 'PUDLO' Brand waterproofer, in exactly the same way, for the waterproofing of the large open air swimming pool at Yarmouth. This work, also, was done under the direct supervision of Mr. Thompson, the Borough Engineer, and has been well tested during the seven years since its completion.

Send for the Handbook of Cement Waterproofing—post free.

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Used also for Damp Walls, Basements, Cold Stores, Garage Pits, Stoke Holes, Washing Floors, etc.
Used by the Admiralty, War Office, India Office, H.M. Office of Works, G.P.O., Crown Agents, etc.
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KERNER-GREENWOOD & CO. LTD., MARKET SQ., KING'S LYNN

B & M—ST. ***Sole Proprietors and Manufacturers.***

The word 'Pudlo' is the Registered Trade Brand of Kerner-Greenwood & Co., Ltd., by whom all articles bearing that Brand are manufactured or guaranteed.

present efforts were being turned towards the design and manufacture of furniture that was clearly reflecting, if not an exact copy of, the best traditional English furniture. All this in spite of having scores of young, enthusiastic, highly competent designers of Scandinavian, German, British and American origin.

One thing that will ensure life and progress to the modern movement in America and Canada is the very sensible efforts of artists and craftsmen to identify themselves with the buyers, the stores and the public. It is possible for a buyer to obtain, at prices not very much above those prevailing for general stock items, furniture, ironwork and fittings specially made, with promptitude and a high standard of excellence that is remarkable. It is because in large towns there are to be found several groups of artists and craftsmen who have joined together with a good sales manager, supported by workers and small but efficiently equipped factories.

They are cleverly content to turn out staple lines for the bread-and-cheese essentials, but are equipped ready and willing at all times to design and deliver promptly at reasonable prices specially made articles. This applies more especially to furniture and electrical fittings and glass. Why not follow this example at home?

If the artist-craftsman will regard the buyer not as his natural enemy but as a willing ally, one whose collaboration is worthy to be sought, much definite good will ensue. It is necessary to remember that the "periods" enjoyed a background of re-related effects, which perhaps explains partly their popularity.

For the new movement to attain ready acceptance by the buyer and public alike, it will be necessary for strong connecting links to be introduced in the design of fabrics, carpets, furniture and decorative accessories. This, however, requires time and patience. For the individualist opportunity is here, but he must be sympathetic in spirit.

In conclusion, let me say that the attitude of deploring the apparent refusal of stores and buyers to encourage the individualists, and the tendency to ignore the fact that opportunities are made and have to be sought, is pitiably like a man trying to raise himself by his boot strings.

Yours truly,

General Sales Manager, F. MARSHALL, M.C.
Waring and Gillow.

* * *

A reply from Gordon Stark.

Mr. Stark writes:—"I have been interested to read the replies which I hoped and expected might be forthcoming as a result of the opening up of this controversial subject, and I trust that I shall be allowed in an early issue to reply more fully myself.[1] In the meantime, may I briefly make one or two points?

"It seems to me that both buyers and manufacturers are sitting on the fence, and, so long as they do this, they 'won't get no forrarder.' While tacitly admitting that all is not well, they divide their time by having it back on each other and on the public. They are then sufficiently satisfied to give up the pursuit of the good in disgust and to say that, as things are, it is not compatible with money-making. I emphatically do not agree with this, though I admit that many experiments have been made that have ended disastrously from the financial point of view. (I discussed this in 'New Furniture and New Prices' in the ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW of May, 1928.) The artist combined with business-man is a *rara avis*, but does exist. I agree with Mr. Marshall that 'unfortunately, those who throw themselves into creative art are generally absorbed by their ideals and are prone to be drugged with the joys of creative power to the total exclusion of sympathy with the efforts and difficulties of the commercial world, or the wants of the much abused public.' Though it is not, perhaps, unfortunate that the artist should be 'absorbed by his ideals,' the rest is certainly a drawback, and there are undoubtedly certain 'artists' in wood who, not sufficiently appreciating their medium, design (as I have myself often remarked before) in a style more fitted for stone or concrete; who design things 'devoid of comfort,' who are guilty of 'aggressive angles'—who fail, in other words, to achieve 'plastic line and rhythmic beauty.' But there are others who do better. The former should be eliminated—indeed, they are bound rapidly to eliminate themselves; the latter should be encouraged and their designs utilized. Now may I propose something practical and constructive? Would it be of any use to either the stores or the manufacturing firms, or both, to be given the means of getting into touch with the people in this country who today are doing something notably worth doing? I would like to persuade the Editor of THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW to publish a list of such people for reference, together with samples of their individual work. And if they are considered to be sufficiently worthy of attention, and of such a quality as would recommend them to the buying public, then why not give them a trial? It should be remembered that you can have originality without suffering the bizarre, that simple line and good proportion may, without ultimately adding to cost, very well in time replace the shoddy stuff so evident in most of our furnishing establishments; and, finally, that the principles of mass-production are not altogether inconsistent with the ideals we all have in view."

[1] Yes, certainly, in the next issue.—ED.

A Constructive Suggestion.

* * *

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Mr. Stark's suggestion is very reasonable. If Mr. Marshall, Mr. Chowins, and all other "persons whom it may concern" will signify that it would be of some benefit to them to have in print an illustrated record of those living English artists who might with reason be employed in the field of decoration; and if, further, they are prepared to promise (without, of course, committing themselves) that they will seriously consider such a record with a view to using the work of likely men, we should feel more or less bound to get in touch with the artists in question and to devote a special issue of the REVIEW *to the illustration of their work.*

* * *

To the Editor of THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW.

The R.I.B.A. Conference at York—A letter from Ian MacAlister.

DEAR SIR,—I have just noticed in the "Causerie" in your July issue some remarks about the recent Conference at York. Was the writer really there or did he produce his criticisms from his inner consciousness? He says: "There were hardly half a dozen London architects at the York Conference and possibly two members of the R.I.B.A. Council."

There were, in fact, nineteen members of the R.I.B.A. Council at the Conference, and the London party numbered forty. Yes, it is clear that the writer must have been 200 miles away and just made a guess at it. He must also have guessed what the President would say in his address and his speech at the banquet, for the President did, in fact, say some of the very things that your writer condemns him for not saying!

I always enjoy my ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW so much that it is a nasty jar when one suddenly meets reporting of this kind.

Faithfully yours,
IAN MACALISTER,
Secretary.

* * *

We are sorry that Mr. MacAlister should have suffered a nasty jar. The work involved in his organization of the R.I.B.A. Conferences—always beyond criticism—must be so prodigious that it seems ungenerous to carp. The fact remains, however, that the R.I.B.A. Conference is a public, nay, a national function, supported and maintained by the architects and laymen who go to it, and if they find it a bore there is every reason why they should say so. Surely something might be done to make it either a more serious or a more amusing affair. The complaint amongst architects is that at the present moment it strikes an unhappy compromise between a genuine conference and a boy-scouts' jamboree.

As for the other points, we cannot accept Mr. MacAlister's view that the writer of the notes in question "must have been 200 miles away and just made a guess at it." In point of fact he was sitting at the banquet not more than 10 yards from Mr. MacAlister himself. But if Mr. MacAlister informs us that there was a contingent of forty from London we do not hesitate to accept his word, and to apologize for misleading information

Polygamy amongst London architects.

furnished by a member of the R.I.B.A. Council who must be nameless.

In fairness, however, it ought to be pointed out that unless one reads his letter carefully one is left with the impression that there were at the Conference nineteen members of the Council and forty London architects. This impression is erroneous, as subsequent correspondence has made clear. In a further reply to a request for the names of the forty London architects, which apparently he did not feel called on to provide, Mr. MacAlister writes :—

> In reply to your letter of the 12th instant, a list of the members who attended the York Conference appears in the R.I.B.A. Journal for the 13th July.
>
> If you will look again at my letter to THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW you will see that I did not say that "40 London members of the R.I.B.A. attended." What I said was that "19 members of the Council attended the Conference and that the London party numbered 40." That, of course, included the wives of some of them.
>
> Yours very truly,
>
> IAN MACALISTER,
>
> Secretary.

It is possible, therefore, that the information originally furnished to the REVIEW was correct after all. If, as our informant maintained, there were hardly half a dozen London architects at the Conference, it follows that there were at least thirty-six wives.

* * *

Rode Hal and Humphrey Repton.

There are many ways of obtaining jobs in a genteel way; some of our most famous architects have been past masters in the art of persuasion. Humphrey Repton, as the frontispiece to this issue confirms, believed that the pen is mightier than the word, and the box of paints mightier than either. In doing the drawing of which our frontispiece is a reproduction, he was trying to persuade Wilbraham Bootle, Esquire, to lay out his garden and park like a gentleman, to which end Repton produced a charming book, and, enclosing the drawing, presented the whole thing to his client with the following ingenuous letter of introduction on the title page :—

> SIR,—Notwithstanding you hinted to me that a written digest of the intended improvements at Rode Hall would not be requisite, yet I hope you will not be displeased that I have transcribed in the following pages the substance of the letters which I have had the honor to write on the subject; especially as the work already marked out will require some years for its execution; and tho' but few pages are filled by my remarks, yet the little volume may not be an unpleasing record, to which may be added from time to time on the blank pages, a detail of the progress in the improvements.
>
> I have the honor to be, Sir,
>
> Your most obedient humble Servant,
>
> H. REPTON.
>
> *Dec. 2nd*, 1790.

There were twenty-eight blank pages !

* * *

The book contains also a general map of the estate with Repton's remarks thereon, followed by his further remarks on the drawing itself (Plate I) :—

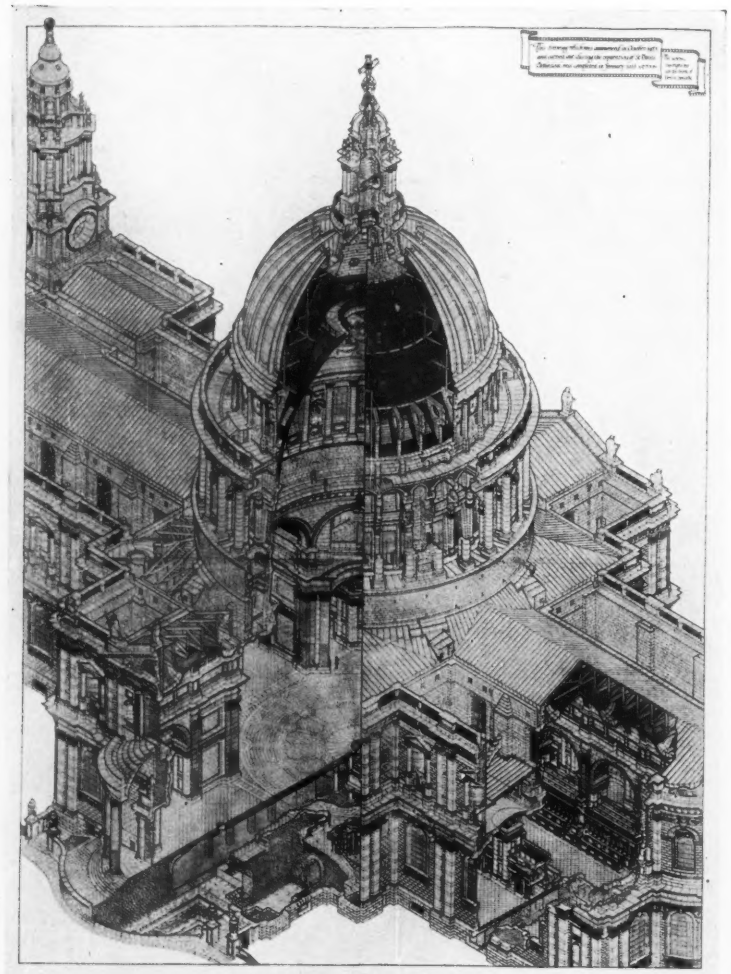
> . . . The Landscape in its present state is not unpleasing considered merely as a landscape; but it is much more consistent with the view from a Cottage or farm house than from the Portico of a Gentleman's seat; the former admits of cornfields, intersected by hedges and enlivened by Cottages, but the latter requires a Unity of Lawn—a concealment of Boundaries, and if any buildings make part of the landscape, they must either be at such a distance as not to counteract the idea of extensive property, or they must, if near at hand, be ornamented in such a manner as to become suitable appendages to the whole and not offend the Elegance of the surrounding Scenery.

Here, for a moment, one touches hands with the real eighteenth century — a civilization remote as Egypt. The savage of the twentieth surveys the cottage, the cornfield, and the hedge, and wonders what all the fuss is about.

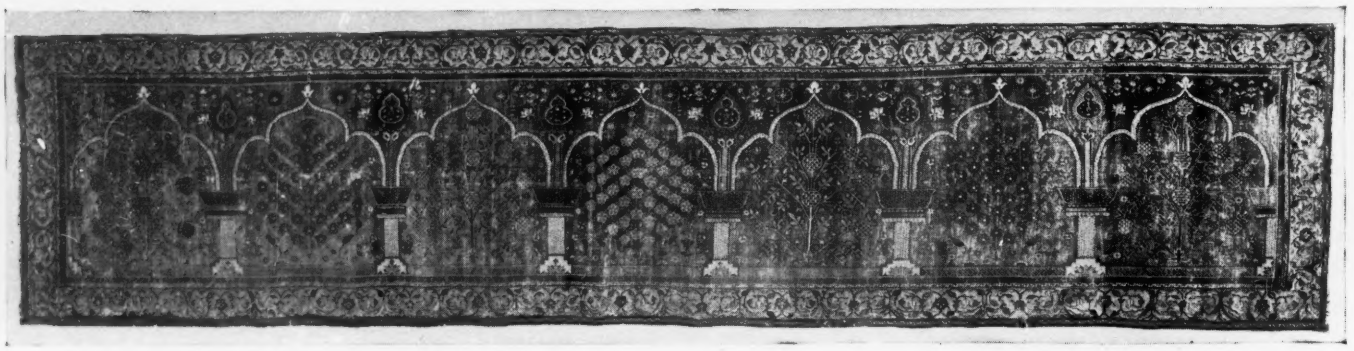
* * *

A Great Drawing of St. Paul's.

The illustration of St. Paul's Cathedral appearing on this page is a miniature reproduction of Mr. R. B. Brook-Greaves' Isometric Drawing which has just been published by the Architectural Press. Some idea of the truly colossal proportions of the original drawing may be gathered from the fact that this reproduction is barely a five-hundredth of its size, while the published collotype prints which were reduced in size as much as was possible without risk of loss of detail are approximately fifty-four times the size of this miniature. On page 82 of this issue a small portion of the drawing is reproduced by the half-tone process to the same scale as the collotype prints; but even this, though it gives an indication of the nature of the drawing and the enormous amount of detail revealed in it, scarcely succeeds in reproducing the exquisite draughtsmanship of the original, as collotype is the only printing process sufficiently delicate for work of this kind.



TO WILLIAM DUNN F.R.I.B.A.
who first suggested the idea of shewing the construction of St. Paul's Cathedral by Isometric Projection
this drawing is inscribed by MERVYN EDMUND MACARTNEY F.S.A. Surveyor to the Fabric –
Measured and drawn by R.B.BROOK-GREAVES in collaboration with W. GODFREY ALLEN
Valuable assistance has been rendered by Matthew Dawson F.R.I.B.A. & E.J.Bidwell



A definition of art which states it to be something purely ornamental and utterly divorced from the useful, a source of abstract enjoyment, is a fairly commonly accepted one in this country. Were a picture to have some other object than adorning a room it would, perhaps, in the eyes of those who hold this opinion, cease to be a work of art and become merely the achievement of craftsmanship. Art is regarded rather in the light of a luxury, as something to be acquired, if one can afford it, and the artist is often regarded by the busy man of affairs as an unpractical and not very useful member of society. It is this rooted prejudice, perhaps more than anything, which has relegated the work of the artist to the sphere of the purely ornamental and debarred him from using his talents to ends which would revolutionize the manufacture of the most ordinary useful articles, which, just because they are in daily use, have all the more need to be of the best possible design. Instead of the man of moderate means having one or two expensive *objets d'art*, his entire surroundings might be of the same high quality. All countries have not, however, held this limitating opinion. In the East, for instance, rug-making was regarded as an art which, to be well versed, needed as much skill on the part of the designer and knowledge and culture on the part of the purchaser as either an artist or a picture collector is expected to have in this country. It has been said that in culture one begins with an appreciation of that of the West and rises to that of the East. Whether one agrees with this mode of comparing the incomparable or not, the West might, perhaps, well learn that an artist is a better designer of a rug than a mass-producing factory. How wonderful in design and texture these Eastern rugs are, only the initiated can fully appreciate; but at the exhibition of sixteenth- to nineteenth-century rugs, which Messrs. Jekyll's are holding in South Audley Street, not even the ignorant can fail to recognize their beauty. Many of the rugs are unique and, therefore, almost priceless, but there are also many at such reasonable prices that they are within the reach of those of quite moderate means. The director is especially anxious that the public should be aware of this fact, for he holds that it is not, or should not be, necessary for fabulous sums to be paid for beautiful things, but that they should be within the reach of as many as are willing to spend the little more that will secure something of individuality in design and workmanship. The exhibition will be open to the public during August and September. On this page is illustrated an Indo-Persian carpet, of the early seventeenth century, and on page lxiv there is a map showing the origin of various rugs. Both illustrations are taken from Messrs. Jekyll's catalogue.

* * *

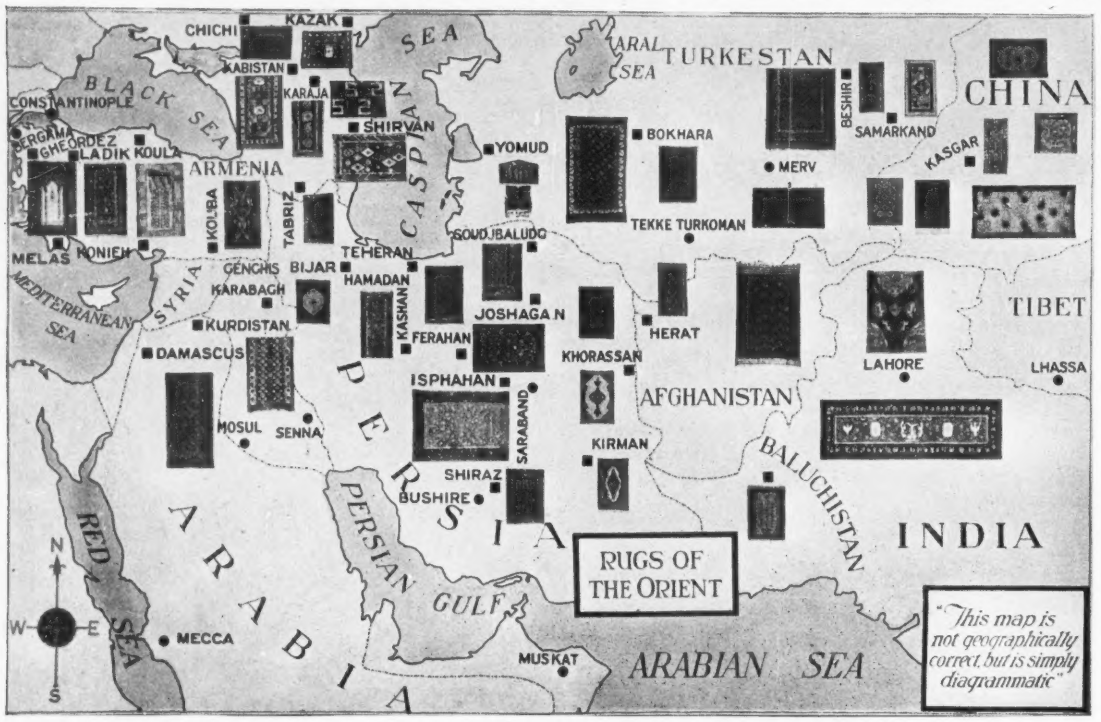
We regret to record the death of John Findlay McRae. Mr. McRae joined the staff of the Architectural Press in 1907, when he became associated with the editorial conduct of *The Architects' Journal* (then *The Builders' Journal*). During his fifteen years'

association with the Architectural Press he must have written many thousands of articles and notes.

Some of his best writing will be found in the slender volumes of *The Architects' Journal* produced towards the end of the war and just after, in which, over the signature "Diogenes," he wrote an essay on some subject of architectural interest nearly every week. He contributed also to a large number of periodicals, and was responsible for the building section of the *Harmsworth Encyclopædia*. As a man and a colleague he earned the respect and affection of all who came into touch with him, and made a wide circle of friends. His death will be widely and deeply regretted.

Trade and Craft.

The general contractors for the City of Nottingham Exchange were F. G. Minter, Ltd., and among the artists, craftsmen, and sub-contractors were the following: Moreland, Hayne & Co. (steelwork); Waygood-Otis (electric lifts); W. J. Furse & Co., Ltd. (electric light and power); Henry Hope and Son, Ltd. (steel windows); Crittall Manufacturing Co. (steel windows); Kleine Floor Co. (fireproof floors); Rosser and Russell, Ltd. (heating and ventilation); J. Whitehead and Sons, and Fenning and Son, Ltd. (marble work); Empire Stone Co. (artificial stone steps); Stuart's Granolithic Co., Ltd. (pavings); Bath and Portland Stone Firms, Ltd. (stonework); Art Pavements and Decorations, Ltd. (pavings); Carter & Co., Ltd. (wall tiles); Daymond and Son, Ltd., and S. W. Pond (stone carving); Fortis Reinforced Safe Co. (strong-room door); John Taylor & Co. (dome bells); Cope & Co. (dome clock); Gent & Co. (electric clocks); Benham and Sons, Ltd. (kitchen equipment); Sturtevant Engineering Co., Ltd. (vacuum plant); Thos. Faldo & Co., Ltd. (asphalt); J. Gibbons, Ltd. (ironmongery); H. & C. Davis & Co., Ltd. (iron staircase);



J. A. King & Co. (pavement and roof lights); Henry E. Hoole & Co., Ltd. (fireplaces); Roneo, Ltd. (steel shutters); Lewis and Grundy, Ltd. (iron ladders); Doulton & Co. (sanitary fittings); Osler & Faraday (decorative electric light fittings); General Electric Company (electric light fittings); H. H. Martyn & Co. (electric light fittings, wood panelling, interior decorations, and art metal-work); Morris-Singer Co., and Bromsgrove Guild, Ltd. (art metal-work); J. P. White & Co., Ltd., and Titchmarsh and Goodwin (wood panelling); W. J. Wilson & Son (fibrous plaster); F. de Jong & Co., Ltd. (fibrous plaster and decoration); G. Jackson and Son, Ltd. (fibrous plaster and lead dome); G. Seale and Son (fibrous plaster and French stucco); J. S. Smith, Ltd. (fire appliances); W. Macfarlane & Co. (lamp standards); Morris Artworks, Ltd. (tapestry panels); Frigidaire, Ltd. (refrigerators); Korkoid Decorative Floors, Ltd. (Korkoid flooring and special rubber stair mats); Waring and Gillow, Ltd. (furniture); J. Brooke and Sons, Ltd. (stone paving and granite steps); Sage & Co., Ltd., Harris and Sheldon, Ltd., S. Haskins and Bros., Ltd., Hopson and Auty, and J. Parker and Son (shop fittings); H. T. Jenkins and Son, Ltd. (marble to shop fittings); and A. Goldstein & Co. (glass).

* * *

The lighting of the Nottingham Council House has been carried out by the General Electric Company in conjunction with Messrs. W. J. Furse & Co., Ltd., who were responsible for the installation. Exchange Row, which is the name which has been given to the new shopping arcade in the Council House, has also been lighted to their designs. The lighting of the individual shops will be in the hands of their owners, but otherwise the lighting has been arranged by the General Electric Company. Their aim has been to produce flood-lighting in a subdued tone to contrast with the brilliant lighting of the shops. This they have achieved by concealing Gecoray reflectors fitted with Osram lamps of a moderate wattage behind the tall Greek vases placed along each side of the arcade. This method produces a soft light which will in no way detract from the brilliance of the shops below. The illustration on this page shows the lighting of Exchange Row.

* * *

BURNS MAUSOLEUM, DUMFRIES.

THE Dumfries Burns Club has decided to invite British Artists, Sculptors, etc., to submit Sketches, Drawings or Photographs of proposed designs for replacement of the present Statuary in the Burns Mausoleum at Dumfries.

Plans and Photographs of the Mausoleum, and copies of the Conditions regulating the lodging of Designs, may be had from the undersigned to whom suc. Designs, etc., must be delivered not later than 31st August, 1929.

John McBurnie,
Hon. Sec., Dumfries Burns Club,
Sheriff Court House,
Dumfries.

* * * [44]

ADVERTISER, aged 39, qualified Quantity Surveyor with extensive experience of Architectural and Engineering works, is willing to take position as assistant to Quantity Surveyor with a view to such position leading to partnership arrangement. Practice in South or West of England preferred. Replies to Box No. 881.

Mellowes "Eclipse" Patent Roof Glazing on the new buildings of Synthetic Ammonia and Nitrates, Ltd., Billingham.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 1—

The Romans and their Art	12 *noon.*	BRITISH MUSEUM
How the Bible Came Down to Us.	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Between the Old Testament and New.	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
The Romans in Britain	3 *p..m*	,, ,,
Vestments	12 *noon.*	V. AND A. MUSEUM
Ivories	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
English Porcelain ..	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Evolution of the Chair ..	7 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Enamels	7 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Italian Primitives ..	11 *a.m.*	NATIONAL GALLERY
,, ,, ..	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Some Landscapes ..	11 *a.m.*	TATE GALLERY
,, ,, ..	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Queen Elizabeth ..	3 *p.m.*	NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY
Rembrandt	3 *p.m.*	WALLACE COLLECTION
Modern Paintings and Fine Engravings of the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Centuries.	10–6 *Sat.* 10–1	THE GOUPIL GALLERY, LTD., 5 REGENT ST., S.W.1
Contemporary French Art (Third Exhibition).	10–6 *Sat.* 10–1	THE LEICESTER GALLERIES, LEICESTER SQ., W.C.
Early English Water-colours (Twenty-fifth Annual Exhibition).	10–6 *Sat.* 10–1	WALKER'S GALLERIES, 118 NEW BOND ST., W.1

FRIDAY, AUGUST 2—

The Anglo-Saxon Period	12 *noon.*	BRITISH MUSEUM
The Early Christian Period	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Craftsmen of the Middle Ages.	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Origins of Writing and Materials.	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
English Pottery	12 *noon.*	V. AND A. MUSEUM
Tudor and Jacobean Furniture.	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Stained Glass	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
The Growth of Landscape	11 *a.m.*	NATIONAL GALLERY
,, ,, ,,	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Watts and his Contemporaries.	11 *a.m.*	TATE GALLERY
Watts and his Contemporaries.	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Elizabethan Statesmen ..	3 *p.m.*	NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY
French Life and Art ..	3 *p.m.*	WALLACE COLLECTION

SATURDAY, AUGUST 3—

History of Handwriting in West Europe.	12 *noon.*	BRITISH MUSEUM
Life and Arts of the Middle Ages.	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Tour of Several Sections	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
A Sectional Tour ..	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Chinese Porcelain (1) ..	12 *noon.*	V. AND A. MUSEUM
Chinese Porcelain (2) ..	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Indian Section : Jade ..	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Raphael Cartoons ..	7 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Watercolours	7 *p.m.*	,, ,,

SATURDAY, AUGUST 3—(*continued.*)

Spanish Painting ..	11 *a.m.*	NATIONAL GALLERY
,, ,, ...	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Hogarth and Illustration	11 *a.m.*	TATE GALLERY
,, ,, ,, ..	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Selected Pictures ..	12 *noon.*	WALLACE COLLECTION

SUNDAY, AUGUST 4—

Exhibitions of Gifts through the National Art-Collections Fund.	2.45 *p.m.*	V. AND A. MUSEUM
Beauty of Colour ..	4 *p.m.*	,, ,,

MONDAY, AUGUST 5—

General Tour	12 *noon.*	BRITISH MUSEUM
,, ,, ...	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
General Tour	12 *noon.*	V. AND A. MUSEUM
Museum Masterpieces ..	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
General Tour	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
English Furniture ..	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
General Tour	7 *p.m.*	,, ,,
English Landscape Paintings.	7 *p.m.*	,, ,,

TUESDAY, AUGUST 6—

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.*	,, ,,
Continental Porcelain ..	12 *noon.*	V. AND A. MUSEUM
Modern Sculpture ..	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
French Porcelain ..	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Ionides Collection ..	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Portraits—I : Italian ..	11.50 *a.m.*	NATIONAL GALLERY
Titian	1 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Portraits—I : Reynolds, Gainsborough, etc.	11 *a.m.*	TATE GALLERY
Portraits—I : Reynolds, Gainsborough, etc.	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
The Foundation of the Royal Academy.	3 *p.m.*	NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY
Rubens	3 *p.m.*	WALLACE COLLECTION

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 7—

A Selected Subject ..	12 *noon.*	BRITISH MUSEUM
Early Greece (Crete and Mycenæ).	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Early Age of Italy (Etruscans, etc.).	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Life and Arts of the Dark Races—I.	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Chinese Art	12 *noon.*	V. AND A. MUSEUM
English Porcelain (1) ..	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Indian Section : Architecture.	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Mond Collection	11 *a.m.*	NATIONAL GALLERY
,, ,, ...	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
French Paintings—I ..	11 *a.m.*	TATE GALLERY
,, ,, ...	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Romney and some of his Contemporaries.	3 *p.m.*	NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY

THURSDAY, AUGUST 8—

European Architecture—I: Greek.	12 *noon.*	BRITISH MUSEUM
Early Age of Italy (Etruscans, etc.).	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Early Britain—I ..	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
A Selected Subject ..	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
English Porcelain (2) ..	12 *noon.*	V. AND A. MUSEUM
Architecture (1)	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Persian Pottery	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
European Arms and Armour.	7 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Recent Acquisitions ..	7 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Early Florentine ..	11 *a.m.*	NATIONAL GALLERY
,, ...	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Landscape—I : Wilson to Constable.	11 *a.m.*	TATE GALLERY
Landscape —I : Wilson to Constable.	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Mary Queen of Scots ..	3 *p.m.*	NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY
Miniatures	3 *p.m.*	WALLACE COLLECTION

FRIDAY, AUGUST 9—

Early Greece (Crete and Mycenæ).	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.*	,, ,,
Architecture (2)	12 *noon.*	V. AND A. MUSEUM
Persian Textiles	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Carpets	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Some Masterpieces ..	11 *a.m.*	NATIONAL GALLERY
,, ,, ..	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Sculpture and Figure Composition.	11 *a.m.*	TATE GALLERY
Sculpture and Figure Composition.	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
The Elizabethan Seamen	3 *p.m.*	NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY
Selected Pictures ..	3 *p.m.*	WALLACE COLLECTION

SATURDAY, AUGUST 10—

Early Britain—II (Late Stone Age).	12 *noon.*	BRITISH MUSEUM
Early Christian Period ..	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
A Sectional Tour ..	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Tour of Several Sections	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Early Renaissance Sculpture.	12 *noon.*	V. AND A. MUSEUM
Donatello	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Indian Section : Sculpture	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Illuminated MSS. ..	7 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Japanese Art	7 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Rubens and Van Dyck ..	11 *a.m.*	NATIONAL GALLERY
,, ,, ,, ..	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Blake and the Use of Line	11 *a.m.*	TATE GALLERY
,, ,, ,, ,,	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Watteau	12 *noon.*	WALLACE COLLECTION

MONDAY, **AUGUST 12**—

Arts and Customs of Ancient Egypt—II.	12 *noon.*	BRITISH MUSEUM
Records of Babylon and Assyria—I.	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Greek Sculpture—I ..	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Monuments of Egypt—II	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Michelangelo	12 *noon.*	V. AND A. MUSEUM
English Furniture (1) ..	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Rodin	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
English Furniture (2) ..	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Hogarth, Reynolds, and Gainsborough.	11 *a.m.*	NATIONAL GALLERY
Hogarth, Reynolds, and Gainsborough.	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Portraits—II : Nineteenth Century.	11 *a.m.*	TATE GALLERY
Portraits—II : Nineteenth Century.	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Some Tudor Poets and Writers.	3 *p.m.*	NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY
Nattier and Oudry ..	3 *p.m.*	WALLACE COLLECTION

TUESDAY, **AUGUST 13**—

EarlyBritain—III (Bronze Age).	12 *noon.*	BRITISH MUSEUM
Life and Arts of the Dark Races—II.	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Greek Sculpture—I (Elgin Marbles).	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Monuments of Assyria—II	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
General Tour	12 *noon.*	V. AND A. MUSEUM
English Sculpture ..	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Ivories	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
English Primitives ..	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Portraits — II : Netherlands and Germany.	11.50 *a.m.*	NATIONAL GALLERY
Dürer and Holbein ..	1 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Drawing	11 *a.m.*	TATE GALLERY
,, ...	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Lawrence and Raeburn ..	3 *p.m.*	NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY
Selected Pictures ..	3 *p.m.*	WALLACE COLLECTION

WEDNESDAY, **AUGUST 14**—

Greek Vases—I	12 *noon.*	BRITISH MUSEUM
Early Britain—I (Old Stone Age).	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Early Britain—IV (Iron Age).	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
A Selected Subject ..	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
English Painting ..	12 *noon.*	V. AND A. MUSEUM
Jade and Lacquer ..	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Indian Section : Buddhist Painting.	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Boticelli, Leonardo, Michelangelo.	11 *a.m.*	NATIONAL GALLERY
Boticelli, Leonardo, Michelangelo.	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
French Painting—II ..	11 *a.m.*	TATE GALLERY
,, ,, ..	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Some Caricaturists ..	3 *p.m.*	NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY

THURSDAY, **AUGUST 15**—

Greek and Roman Bronzes, etc.	12 *noon.*	BRITISH MUSEUM
Greek and Roman Life—I	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
The Romans in Britain—I	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Early Britain—I (Late Stone Age).	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Precious Stones	12 *noon.*	V. AND A. MUSEUM
Goldwork and Jewellery	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
French Painting ..	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Lace	7 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Alfred Stevens	7 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Francesca, Perugino, Raphael.	11 *a.m.*	NATIONAL GALLERY
Francesca, Perugino, Raphael.	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Landscape—II : Turner's Early Works.	11 *a.m.*	TATE GALLERY
Landscape—II : Turner's Early Works.	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
James I	3 *p.m.*	NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY
Dutch Genre	3 *p.m.*	WALLACE COLLECTION

FRIDAY, **AUGUST 16**—

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.*	,, ,,
Oriental Arms and Armour	12 *noon.*	V. AND A. MUSEUM
Miniatures	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
English Watercolours ..	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Italian Altarpieces ..	11 *a.m.*	NATIONAL GALLERY
,, ,, ..	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Watercolours	11 *a.m.*	TATE GALLERY
,, ...	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Bacon, the Politician ..	3 *p.m.*	NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY
English Portraits ..	3 *p.m.*	WALLACE COLLECTION

SATURDAY, **AUGUST 17**—

TheRomans in Britain—II	12 *noon.*	BRITISH MUSEUM
Early Britain—III ..	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Tour of Several Sections	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
A Sectional Tour ..	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
European Arms and Armour.	12 *noon.*	V. AND A. MUSEUM
Ironwork	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Indian Section : Mogul Painting.	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Italian Renaissance Furniture.	7 *p.m.*	,, ,,
English Pre-Raphaelites	7 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Rembrandt and Dutch Portraits.	11 *a.m.*	NATIONAL GALLERY
Rembrandt and Dutch Portraits.	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
The Pre-Raphaelites ..	11 *a.m.*	TATE GALLERY
,, ,, ..	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
French Furniture ..	12 *noon.*	WALLACE COLLECTION

MONDAY, **AUGUST 19**—

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.*	,, ,,
Ecclesiastical Metalwork	12 *noon.*	V. AND A. MUSEUM
Spanish Architecture and Sculpture.	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
English Plate	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Spanish Textiles and Pottery.	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Claude, Wilson, and Turner.	11 *a.m.*	NATIONAL GALLERY
Claude, Wilson, and Turner.	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Portraits—III : Sargent, etc.	11 *a.m.*	TATE GALLERY
Portraits—III : Sargent, etc.	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Shakespeare's Contemporaries.	3 *p.m.*	NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY
Rubens, Poussin, and Velazquez.	3 *p.m.*	WALLACE COLLECTION

TUESDAY, **AUGUST 20**—

The Greek Vases ..	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.*	,, ,,
Continental Plate ..	12 *noon.*	V. AND A. MUSEUM
Embroideries	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
General Tour	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Tapestries	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Portraits—III : Spanish	11.50 *a.m.*	NATIONAL GALLERY
French Portraits ..	1 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Colour	11 *a.m.*	TATE GALLERY
,, ...	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Portrait Sculptors—I ..	3 *p.m.*	NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY
Miniatures	3 *p.m.*	WALLACE COLLECTION

WEDNESDAY, **AUGUST 21**—

A Selected Subject ..	12 *noon.*	BRITISH MUSEUM
Early Britain—IV (Iron Age).	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Anglo-Saxon Period—I ..	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Life and Arts of the Dark Races—III.	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Stained Glass	12 *noon.*	V. AND A. MUSEUM
Illuminated MSS. ..	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Indian Section : Tibetan Art.	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Italy and Netherlands Compared.	11 *a.m.*	NATIONAL GALLERY
Italy and Netherlands Compared.	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Van Gogh, Cézanne, etc.	11 *a.m.*	TATE GALLERY
,, ,,	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Portrait Sculptors—II ..	3 *p.m.*	NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY

THURSDAY, AUGUST 22—

European Architecture—II : Roman, etc.	12 *noon.*	BRITISH MUSEUM
The Romans in Britain—I	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Monuments of Egypt—III	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Greek Sculpture—III ..	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Watercolours	12 *noon.*	V. AND A. MUSEUM
Paintings	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Engravings	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
French Renaissance Furniture.	7 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Etching	7 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Cricelli, Mantegna, and the Paduans.	11 *a.m.*	NATIONAL GALLERY
Crivelli, Mantegna, and the Paduans.	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Landscape III—Turner's Later Works.	11 *a.m.*	TATE GALLERY
Landscape—III : Turner's Later Works.	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Charles I	3 *p.m.*	NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY
Selected Pictures ..	3 *p.m.*	WALLACE COLLECTION

FRIDAY, AUGUST 23—

Greek and Roman Life—II	12 *noon.*	BRITISH MUSEUM
Greek and Roman Bronzes, etc.	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Between the Old Testament and New.	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
The Romans in Britain—II	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Raphael Cartoons ..	12 *noon.*	V. AND A. MUSEUM
Ironwork	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Byzantine Art	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Some Master Painters ..	11 *a.m.*	NATIONAL GALLERY
,, ,, ,, ..	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Technique Contrasted ..	11 *a.m.*	TATE GALLERY
,, ,, ..	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
The Civil War	3 *p.m.*	NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY
Le Moyne, Boucher, Fragonard.	3 *p.m.*	WALLACE COLLECTION

SATURDAY, AUGUST 24—

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.*	,, ,,
Musical Instruments ..	12 *noon.*	V. AND A. MUSEUM
Lace	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Indian Section : Masterpieces.	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
French Eighteenth-century Furniture.	7 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Italian Decoration ..	7 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Dutch Landscape and Genre.	11 *a.m.*	NATIONAL GALLERY
Dutch Landscape and Genre.	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Some Recent Painting ..	11 *a.m.*	TATE GALLERY
,, ,, ,, ..	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Some Italian Pictures ..	12 *noon.*	WALLACE COLLECTION

MONDAY, AUGUST 26—

Arts and Customs of Ancient Egypt—VIII.	12 *noon.*	BRITISH MUSEUM
Hittite and Hebrew Collections.	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
The Early Christian Period	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Monuments of Egypt—III	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Vestments (1)	12 *noon.*	V. AND A. MUSEUM
Italian Sculpture ..	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Vestments (2)	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Northern Sculpture ..	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Landscape : Rubens, Gainsborough, and Constable.	11 *a.m.*	NATIONAL GALLERY
Landscape : Rubens, Gainsborough, and Constable.	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Portraits—IV : Recent French and English.	11 *a.m.*	TATE GALLERY
Portraits—IV : Recent French and English.	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Shakespeare	3 *p.m.*	NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY
Selected Pictures ..	3 *p.m.*	WALLACE COLLECTION

TUESDAY, AUGUST 27—

Early Christian Period ..	12 *noon.*	BRITISH MUSEUM
Anglo-Saxon Period—I ..	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Greek Sculpture—III ..	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Monuments of Assyria—III	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Early Costumes	12 *noon.*	V. AND A. MUSEUM
Maiolica	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Costumes of Seventeenth Century.	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Illuminated MSS. ..	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Portraits — IV : English Nineteenth Century	11.50 *a.m.*	NATIONAL GALLERY
Portraits — IV : English Nineteenth Century.	1 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Realism : Its Use and Abuse.	11 *a.m.*	TATE GALLERY
Realism : Its Use and Abuse.	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Architects, from Wren to Adam.	3 *p.m.*	NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.
French Furniture ..	3 *p.m.*	WALLACE COLLECTION

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 28—

Anglo-Saxon Period—II	12 *noon.*	BRITISH MUSEUM
Life and Arts of the Dark Races—IV.	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Greek Sculpture—IV ..	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
A Selected Subject ..	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
English Landscape ..	12 *noon.*	V. AND A. MUSEUM
Costumes of Seventeenth Century.	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Indian Section : Arts and Crafts.	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Bellini and Early Venetian	11 *a.m.*	NATIONAL GALLERY
,, ,, ,, ,,	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Stanley Spencer and others.	11 *a.m.*	TATE GALLERY
Stanley Spencer and others.	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Some Later Architects ..	3 *p.m.*	NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY

THURSDAY, AUGUST 29—

How the Bible Came Down to Us—II.	12 *noon.*	BRITISH MUSEUM
Arts and Customs of Ancient Egypt—IV.	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Life and Arts of the Middle Ages.	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Greek Sculpture—IV ..	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Costumes of Nineteenth Century.	12 *noon.*	V. AND A. MUSEUM
General Tour	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Jade and Lacquer ..	7 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Rodin	7 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Titian, Tintoretto, Veronese.	11 *a.m.*	NATIONAL GALLERY
Titian, Tintoretto, Veronese.	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Landscape—IV : Recent French and English.	11 *a.m.*	TATE GALLERY
Landscape—IV : Recent French and English.	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Oliver Cromwell	3 *p.m.*	NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY
Titian, Van Dyck, and Gainsborough.	3 *p.m.*	WALLACE COLLECTION

FRIDAY, AUGUST 30—

Illuminated MSS. ..	12 *noon.*	BRITISH MUSEUM
Historical and Literary MSS.	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Origins of Writing and Materials.	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Anglo-Saxon Period—II	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Early English Furniture	12 *noon.*	V. AND A. MUSEUM
Chinese Porcelain ..	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Chippendale	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Selected Portraits ..	11 *a.m.*	NATIONAL GALLERY
,, ,, ..	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Blake and Stevens ..	11 *a.m.*	TATE GALLERY
,, ,, ,, ..	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Charles II and Clarendon	3 *p.m.*	NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY
Early Nineteenth-century French Painting.	3 *p.m.*	WALLACE COLLECTION

SATURDAY, AUGUST 31—

The Romans and their Arts.	12 *noon.*	BRITISH MUSEUM
Life and Arts of the Middle Ages.	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Tour of Several Sections	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
A Sectional Tour ..	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
English Furniture of Seventeenth Century.	12 *noon.*	V. AND A. MUSEUM
English Furniture of Eighteenth Century.	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Indian Section : Mogul Art	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Precious Stones	7 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Eighteenth-century Furniture.	7 *p.m.*	,, ,,
French Painting ..	11 *a.m.*	NATIONAL GALLERY
,, ,, ..	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Impressionism and Post-Impressionists.	11 *a.m.*	TATE GALLERY
Impressionism and Post-Impressionists.	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Dutch Landscape ..	12 *noon.*	WALLACE COLLECTION